

On Saturday morning, Mr. John Gunn, an excellent young fellow, drove me to Middle River. We had the mortification of breaking our waggon along the rough road over the mountains from Lake Ainslie. We brought it to a smithy, but found it locked up; we then, after consulting a while, made our way to John McLennan's. We arrived in good time at Mr. McLennan's to do something to the waggon, so that it might be taken home, and one way or other we spliced it up and bound it round with rope,—a work, considering the circumstances in which we were placed, which shows that we were not altogether devoid of ingenuity. We rested for the night, hospitably entertained by Mr. McLennan.

On Sabbath morning, August 1st, we drove to the Church, whose neglected and filthy condition is not more discreditable than its deplorable cause; for it will be remembered that this is the spot round which the great battle of modern days among Presbyterians has been fought. As I contemplated the scene, I felt that it was disgraceful to our common Christianity, and very inconsistent with its heavenly teaching. Here, but, alas! more in a literal than a metaphorical sense, the lamb and the wolf lie down together. The Church was well filled, and, after giving addresses in both languages, a collection of \$4.34 was taken up. Immediately after service, Mr. Joseph Hart of Baddeck drove me to his own place. In the evening we had service in the Church occupied by the Secession body previous to the Union. There was a considerable number present, and a collection of \$8 was taken up, to which a friend added another dollar. Our friends in Baddeck are building a very handsome Church, but as they are few in number, it would be but right for our large and wealthy congregations to assist them to finish it, so that they might at any time meet in it for worship. We have some excellent Kirkmen in Baddeck. Mr. Hart has given upwards of \$40 in articles, at first cost, in order to make up a box of clothing for the Mission.

On Monday, Charles Hart drove me to Whycocomagh, to his brother's. The Rev. Mr. Fraser arranged that I should address a meeting at 6 p.m.; but others, with good intentions, as the communion was held at this time, and it being the day of thanksgiving, thought it better to have me address the people immediately after the services were concluded, but I am sorry to say that I did not know of this movement until it was too late, so that some of the congregation, after being dismissed, met us two miles out of Whycocomagh; but as I did not get along in time, the Rev. Mr. Stewart of the sister Church was good enough to announce that the meeting would be held at 6 p.m. Here I addressed about 250 people in the Church, which is a large and substantial building.—After addressing the people in both languages, Mr. Stewart asked them to take up the collection, which amounted to \$8, to which a friend added \$2 more. Mr. Stewart has a very large charge, and as he is advanced in life, it must be very heavy on him, but I heard him in no way complaining. It is a true saying, "where there's a will there's a way."

Early on Tuesday morning Mr. Jacob Hart drove me to River Dennis, where I had a meeting at Mrs. Cameron's at 11 a.m. There were but few present. A collection of \$3.50 was taken up. In the afternoon, one of Mrs. Cameron's sons drove me to our good friend, Roderick Cameron's, of River Inhabitants.

On Wednesday, Mr. Fraser and I drove down to Black River, where we had a meeting, and realized \$12.25. They are busy here repairing the old Church, to which they also intend to add a spire, which always gives a Church a dignified appearance. This is one of Mr. Fraser's stations, so you may understand that the work is pretty much carried on under his superintendence.

On Thursday at 11 a.m. we had service at River Inhabitants, and realized \$12.20 from the collection. The carpenters are about done with the work, and this Church is a handsome and neat little building. With its towering spire, it