

Stricken in years, his warfare done,
 He laid his sceptre down,
 Bequeathing to great Solomon,
 His blessing and his crown;
 Then hushed his harp, and calmly slept,
 Where Judah's royal daughters wept,
 In David's honored town.

But through the might of David's son,
 Who David's line restored,
 Earth's Saviour, Heaven's Almighty one,
 The great Incarnate Word!
 David at last in glory stood,
 Among the countless multitude,
 Who stand before the Lord!

HALIFAX, DEC. 8th, 1862.

M. J. K.

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THE CHURCH IN NOVA SCOTIA.

Report of a Missionary Tour in Cape Breton.

AFTER assisting at the celebration of the Lord's Supper at Lochaber, I landed, in company with Mr. McKay, in Cape Breton on the last day of September. Meeting with Mr. McGregor next day, we were all conveyed by the kindness of friends to River Inhabitants Bridge, where it was thought proper, that Mr. McKay should strike off for the central districts of the Island, Mr. McGregor and myself pursuing our journey on that night and next day, through St. Peter's to Grand River, where we arrived on Thursday evening, the 2d October. In consultation with Mr. Gunn at Grand River it was arranged that I should go to Loch Lomond and Mr. McGregor to Framboise, which is twelve miles farther down the coast. Accordingly Mr. Gunn and I went up Grand River to Loch Lomond on Saturday. The scenery on the journey up this river is varied and beautiful. There is a fine waterfall at some distance from the road, where after forming two little cascades the stream makes a noble plunge with noise and foam over a considerable precipice into a dark and awful pool beneath. The farms beside Grand River and around Loch Lomond are fair average properties and the houses indicate, that the settlers are comfortable. Loch Lomond is a long irregular lake, studded with beautiful islands and of diversified shape, having points and covers innumerable. By a happy natural arrangement it narrows in the middle, so that a bridge affords a ready communication to the settlers on both sides. The Presbyterian families here number at least a hundred and fifty. I preached in the forenoon and Mr. Gunn in the afternoon in the church. The morning was very wet but there was a good attendance. We met with some of the people in the evening. On Tuesday Mr. McGregor came from Framboise, preached and addressed the people upon the principles and prospects of the church. On Wednesday I preached to a full house on the other side of the lake; and on Thursday [9th Oct.] to a

large number of people, assembled in the house and around the door of Mr. Angus McCuish, Miller. I received there very close attention and there was evidently an interest awakened in the hearts of the people. In their minds, as in Cape Breton generally, there was a strong undercurrent of affection for the Church of Scotland, an affection which doses of misrepresentation long and assiduously administered have not sufficed to turn effectually from its ancient channels. I shall not soon forget their kindness.

On next Sunday Mr. Gunn and I preached at Ferguson's Lake, where a large number of people assembled in an empty barn. There being service in the Church at Grand River about two miles off, we considered the audience very good. On meeting with some of the people afterwards there was the same cry, "What can you do for us." On Monday we set out for the opposite side of the island, a journey of a hundred and twenty miles. This journey was tedious to me because I had no opportunity of preaching but otherwise interesting. I had an opportunity of lamenting the waste of labor at the St. Peter's canal—a discouraging specimen of colonial enterprise, and inspecting an old French fort at the same place, which was taken by the expedition that captured Louisburg. I shall not delay however enumerating the delightful places I saw in describing the good and kind people I met on the way. I arrived at Broad Cove on Friday night. I preached on Sunday to a large audience in Mr. Gunn's Church. On Monday I preached again in the same place and explained calmly the principles and position of our Church afterwards. I started that afternoon, which was both rainy and stormy, for Margaree. After travelling for five hours through bad roads, in a dark night along the shores of the raging ocean, I arrived at ten o'clock at the house of Mr. John McLean, stiff with cold. In his hearty welcome I soon forgot the discomfort of the way. Next morning at ten o'clock I preached in the little Church at Margaree to about forty people. I had great reason to be satisfied with the zeal of the people in coming out at such short notice and with their attention and kindness. I immediately performed a journey of twenty three miles back to Broad Cove, where I arrived late on Tuesday night.

On Wednesday morning I started in company with Mr. Gunn for the Lake Ainslie Church, which was at a distance of twelve miles. Meantime it began to rain and the road was very bad. The consequence was that we were an hour after the time and when we arrived there was but a dozen about the Church. A false report also prevented their coming. I went in and commenced the service, however, and in a short time there would be about fifty present. I said a very few words on Church matters after sermon. Next day [22d] we travelled to Ross River, a distance of twenty miles. I addressed a few