

scant of the Holy Ghost, that shall be only the harbinger of the baptism of all nations."

In the first number of our present volume, we published a short account of "A Sabbath in the Wilderness," as related by the Rev. John Todd at a Missionary Anniversary held at Boston last spring. The Rev. Gentleman has lately communicated the following interesting details of his second visit to those destitute inhabitants of "the desert":—

THE SECOND VISIT.

I HAD not heard from Long Lake for a whole year, and on the return of the annual vacation which my people kindly allow me, I felt an unspeakable desire to see them again. About a month ago, I was accordingly once more penetrating the wilderness. Our course was from Lake Champlain west over the most "unsmooth" mountain that I ever passed, for about fifty miles, when we struck the Saranac. Here we procured a little boat, such a one as a man can carry on his head through the woods, from river to river, and from lake to lake. Here too, we left the habitations of men, and entered the wilderness. Our course was up the Saranac waters, through its beautiful lakes, and passing the spot where was once a village of the red men, we entered upon the ponds which empty into the Racket—at whose head is Long Lake. We must carry our provisions, and of course sleep upon the ground, *sub dio*. This did very well when it was good weather; but when we had rain day and night for six days, we found it not quite so comfortable. One of our three, too, was sick, very sick, and we began to form plans how we could carry him out on a rude bier, and to ponder over the more gloomy picture of digging a grave in the wilderness. But after some days of anxiety, God graciously raised him up, and we could go on. It was Saturday again when we reached the lake. I had procured some Tracts and a few books, as many as I could well manage to carry over the "carrying places," and now made them into as many little parcels as there were families on the lake. I found they had now increased to eleven families, and almost sixty souls. While my friend who had been sick and our woodsman were gone to find a camping place for our home during the Sabbath, I got a little boy to row me up the lake; and the first little boat we met, was the boat of Mr. S., (the man who was so profane that they did not want to hear him read sermons,) containing his family on their way to a *Temperance meeting*! It was then that I learned that there was need of this. I told them I could not conceive what need there could be for temperance societies away up in that wilderness. But they said that before they had a road, before they could get flour or comfortable food, they used to get in whiskey by the barrel! On the fourth of July last they formed a temperance society, and now, as I understood, all the little community belong to it, or act on its principles. I visited every family, having a little book and a small parcel of Tracts for each. Oh! how eagerly and joyfully and gratefully they received me and the little parcel! They had not seen a minister, nor heard a sermon, since I was there last year. But the Spirit of God had been there; and that Mr. S. who was so profane had, without human instrumentality, been led to Christ. He had become a new creature, had family worship, and was ready to do good. Some who had been professors in other years, and in other places, had been revived. They had established a Sabbath school, and in it was every child of suitable age, and around it all were clustering on the Sabbath! In all things there was evident and striking improvement. Some new families had come in, and among them professing Christians. The State too, is aiding to open a road to them, and shortly there will be a travelled road in and out, and then the beautiful lake will be filled up with inhabitants. I reached our camp late in the evening, and the little boy who had rowed me at least twelve miles greatly preferred to have a book, rather than money for compensation. I gave him Abbott's Child at Home. I found one woman, a mother of little children, very sick, without physician, or medicines, or nurse. But the neighbors, five miles off, were ready and prompt to watch with her, and do all

in their power for her. There had been no death among them the last year, and no one had gone to join the sleeper in her forest-circled graveyard.

The Sabbath again broke in silence and beauty. At the appointed hour we were on our way to church—and swiftly along came the little boats, stopping here and there just long enough to drink at the spring which gushed out of the mountain at the edge of the lake, or to pluck the wild water-lily, instead of the rose, for a nosegay. How still, and solemn, and appropriate their behavior! How eagerly they listened! How kindly they received the Word, and hung around the door all day, not one going away for food during the intermission. And what an intermission was that! I spent it in conversing with them, and in trying to lay such plans, as would be permanent. The Sabbath school was held in the meantime. In the afternoon there stood a bowl of water on the little stand by the side of a small new Bible. What could I do? They were here alone. I knew of no church or minister within 60 or 80 miles, and knew it would be out of the question to get a council there. So I took upon me the responsibility of going forward. There were eleven ready—five men and six females—and so, at the close of the service, I organized them into a church of God, by the name of "The First Congregational Church on Long Lake." I baptized eight of their children, including six little boys belonging to Mr. S., who, with his wife, was among those who wept for joy and trembled in weakness on this occasion. It was the most solemn season I ever witnessed. And when in the name of my own church, and in the name of the beloved churches of New England, I gave them the right hand, I felt safe in assuring them that we should remember and sympathize with this young and feeble sister, who was thus "now planted in the wilderness." I ventured to assure this little flock that we would not forget her; that he would pray for her, and would minister to her spiritual wants. They promised to have a weekly prayer meeting every Friday afternoon, to hold up the Sabbath by means of the Sabbath school, and to have sermons read on the Sabbath, as soon as they could get some that are suitable, and to pray that God would in his own time and way send them a pastor. When I reached home and told the story, the children of my Sabbath school immediately set about making a collection to send them books of a high order, and as soon as may be; and if any friend of Zion shall commit money or books to me, thinking I shall refuse them, he will find himself mistaken. I wish to supply them with good books, till the time comes when they can have a minister of the gospel. As soon as the road is open, population will roll in, and I may yet live to see the day when a church shall be erected on one of their beautiful islands, and a hundred little boats lie moored around, while they keep holy time. What a day will that be! and how sweet will be the notes of the church-going bell, as they float up and down and across these beautiful waters, and are echoed from the mountains which stand around and glass themselves in the lake? This little church is to be at the head of a great population! May the handful of corn scattered upon the mountains, shake like Lebanon. I left the little band feeling feeble, but not forsaken, and believing that a brighter day is to come to them. Two little boys, whom I had baptized, rowed me down the lake very late Sabbath night, after the labors of the day, to my camp, and after they had landed me, for a long time I could see their little forms in the boat, as they turned to go back to their home. They rowed away in silence and in the darkness, but I knew they were under the eye of Him to whom they had been given that day, and that they were safe. Though we were sick, and out for twenty days and nights without shelter, and in storms, I felt on my return, that it was all nothing in comparison with the joy of that Sabbath, in which the little church was "planted in the wilderness."

We have been kindly favoured with a copy of "The Wesleyan-Methodist Almanac, for Canada," for the year 1843, published at Toronto, by Rev. A. Macnab. It is well "got up," and contains much valuable information not generally found in works of the kind. It will doubtless be appreciated by the religious body for whose use especially it is designed.

THE Anniversary meeting of the WESLEYAN METHODIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY was held in the St. Anne St. Chapel in this city, on Wednesday evening last, and was numerously attended. The chair was taken by P. Langlois, Esquire, and several interesting addresses were delivered on the occasion.—The amount of the collections taken up at the different services, is stated at £40. On Sunday last, when the preparatory sermons were preached, we are told, that notwithstanding the unfavorable state of the weather hindering the attendance of many friends of the cause, the amount collected was larger than that of the preceding year.—*Quebec Gazette*.

TEMPERANCE AMONG BOATMEN.—The following interesting facts are mentioned in the report of the Bethel Society:—

"Going up the lake a few weeks since, in a steamboat, I talked temperance to the crew, and found a drinking man among them who was unwilling to sign the pledge. I succeeded at length in getting his name for six months—he did not think he could keep from drinking longer; but that which decided the poor fellow, was the countenance and support promised him by his shipmates; this is one only, of many similar cases. Then, again, vessel owners are refusing to employ any other than pledged total abstinence men. Engineers and Captains of steamboats are doing the same with respect to 2d engineers and firemen. Vessels are entering our ports with the Temperance flag flying. Reformed drunkards (sailors) are found seeking employment as officers, and resting their claims for a berth upon the fact of their sobriety. In addition to the above, there has been a great augmentation of temperate seamen on Lake Ontario, the results of the movement in Temperance along the lake shore during the past winter. At Oswego, Sacket's Harbour, French Creek and Ogdensburg, large accessions have been to the ranks of the temperate, from among the hardy sons of the lake."

MISCELLANEOUS.

HIGHLAND COMMUNION SCENE.

THE celebration of the communion in the parish of Ferintosh took place on Sabbath last, and attracted greater numbers even than usual. The Gaelic congregation on Sunday must have numbered from 10,000 to 11,000, and the church, where the English service is performed was crowded to excess. The situation for the tent or out-preaching is particularly suitable for hearing. The tent is erected in a small glen or valley, on each side of which the people seat themselves, or are perched, in the form of an amphitheatre. The sound consequently ascends to the audience, and is not drowned or taken away. Close to the tent a rivulet gurgles through the valley, and by the side of the stream the tables are placed. From these upwards, the congregation accommodate themselves, and a more picturesque and truly grand scene cannot be imagined than the *tout ensemble*, particularly during the time of prayer, and the singing of the Psalms. The Gaelic psalmody is peculiarly sublime. A wild melody prevades the simple lay as it dies away in the lower, or swells in the higher, cadences, which equally transport the mind; and as the thousands stand uncovered, with the canopy of heaven above, re-echoing the animated and fervent petitions of the preacher between them and their all-powerful and all-merciful Father, the effect is in the highest degree solemn and inspiring. The behavior of the people, too, is devout, and it is evident from the general demeanor that no trivial purpose has collected so many human beings to worship their Maker. The sacraments at Ferintosh may be really viewed as a pilgrimage without its superstition. Many from near as well as remote parishes think that there a more sanctified intercourse may be vouchsafed, and in consequence a vast concourse assembles. This state of things is, no doubt, mainly induced by the genius and piety of the respected pastor of the parish, the Rev. Mr. Macdonald, who may be denominated the Chalmers of the Highlands. We refer particularly to Mr. Macdonald's preaching in the Gaelic language, which is alike redolent with eloquence and pathos.