

part in the services, which were, I trust, instructive and profitable for the people, who, on their part, showed that they were not altogether without life under the preaching of the word, but gave evidence that "the word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." The number of communicants who sat down at the Lord's table was upwards of 400.

On Monday, after the service of thanksgiving was ended, we had our Missionary Meeting. Mr. Robertson, who was also present, spoke for a considerable time, and gave a very interesting account of the heathen customs and manners of life, in Western Polynesia, and showed what the gospel has done for those who received it. Your missionary did not speak long, because the convener, by an unmistakable sign, intimated to him that as some of the people had a long distance to go, and as it was now towards evening, it was very desirable not to protract the services. The number who on this day returned to give thanks, was large. The collections taken up, both on Sabbath and Monday, amounted to something over \$100, of which about \$45 were given for the Mission. I may state that I enjoyed this communion very much. The people are kind and benevolent; and with respect to Mr. McColl, who is doing well and is much respected, "the lines are fallen to him in pleasant places, he has a goodly heritage." On Monday evening a kind man drove me into the city to the Hon. J. Duncan's—always my home while in Charlottetown.

On Tuesday, at 5 o'clock, a.m., I took the boat for Cape Breton, and on the way called at Pictou for an hour or two. On leaving we got some more passengers, among whom were Willie and Andrew Herdman, whom I parted with at Alexander Cameron's, Strait of Canso. The boat arrived at Hawksbury at 7.30 p.m. As we were sailing from Port Hastings, formerly "Plaister Cove," to Hawksbury or Ship Harbour, I saw a man driving like Jehu, if not faster. I think that I am quite correct in saying he was not slower, for he was too many for our steam boat. This charioteer turned out, as I anticipated, to be a man coming to meet me. I had not stepped upon the wharf when my young friend, Angus Cameron, son of Roderick Cameron of River Inhabitants, grasped me by the hand. We then drove up to Alexander Cameron's, where we had some refreshments, and then we set out for River Inhabitants, and arrived about midnight.

On Wednesday morning, the 28th ult., the Rev. Mr. Fraser and I drove to Broad Cove, where we arrived in the afternoon, and received a very hearty welcome from the Hon. Alex. Campbell, M.P.P., and other friends. Early on Thursday morning the Rev. John Gunn called on us at Mr. Campbell's. We would have called on his reverence had he not been from home on one of his visits of love, or doing good as pastor among his flock. Nothing would do but to come and stay with him, and partake of his hospitality. Mr. Fraser returned by way of Whycomagh to River Inhabitants. In the afternoon, Mr. John Gunn, son of the Rev. John Gunn, and Superintendent of Schools, drove me out to see some friends, who showed themselves friendly and interested in the Mission by giving gifts.

On Friday we had a meeting in the Church; the attendance was very good. The people of Broad Cove, especially the ladies, are taking a deep interest in this movement, and are sending in webs of cloth for the heathen. I was somewhat astonished at, and much pleased with, the spirit manifested by the people in this part. It shows that they themselves value the gospel, and wish to make it known to others. The collection given for the Mission will be nothing short of \$20. The Rev. Mr. Gunn, who is a good and pious man, is spending and being spent for the good of souls. And we believe his work shall not be in vain in the Lord, but shall be profitable for his own soul and to that of others; for he who watereth shall also be watered himself.