

JOHN THOMSON'S, Saturday, 22nd October, 1808.

MY DEAR LOVE,—

Yesterday I received your kind letter. I am sorry for the sickness of Elizabeth, but I am still more concerned for you, lest you should have sorrow upon sorrow. I hope that by this time she is much better, because I have received no farther word. We must lay our account with many difficulties and afflictions in this very sinful and mortal state; and if we do not live by faith, in love to God and the Saviour, to truth and holiness, we never can live at all. But faith, by giving us superiority unto them, will remove for us difficulties immovable as mountains to worldly and selfish men. It will lift us above all those little inconveniences which disturb little worldly minds.

I have been at New London. I preached only one sermon. The people there are well. They, especially Mr. and Mrs. Simson, have their best wishes for you. I have also been at Bedeque. To-morrow and next Sabbath I intend, God willing, to be here in Princetown. And on Monday after, the last day of October, I intend to leave Malpeque; and then, if health serve, if God prosper and permit, I hope to see you in good health and high spirits on the first or second of November.

Keep up your heart, my dear,
Let nothing ding you down,
I pledged my love to you
In the merry month of June.
Tho' I be far away
And you may find a lack,
My love to you, my dear,
Will surely bring me back.

During these few days past I feel myself stronger and in better spirits than formerly. Give my good wishes to all the household and all inquiring friends. If anything singular happen write me immediately, and if not give yourself no concern, for the distance of time and place which now separate us will soon give way. If there be any little necessary which you particularly want from town, you would better have a letter waiting me there. I have received a letter from Mr. McGregor. He speaks highly of Mr. Anderson. They have accepted him. Mr. Keir is not yet come, but daily expected. They have their kind wishes for you. I will show you his letter when you come along. The people in this place are well and in their ordinary way. Many of them have asked kindly for you. I have nothing more worth the mentioning at present. My love, wishing you every blessing,

I am, your affectionate Husband,

PETER GORDON.

These letters indicate what was now becoming apparent to his friends, that these labours thus hopefully begun were not to be long continued. Even before he left Scotland there were indications that the seeds of consumption were sown in his constitution; and amid the toils and privations of a missionary life, in a new country, the symptoms gradually increased. Still he laboured on, and probably, under the singular delusion as to his own strength characteristic of the consumptive, would not be induced by any indications of increasing weakness to relinquish any portion of his ministerial services. In the winter of 1809, when his disease was far advanced, he undertook a journey to Princetown and adjacent settlements. Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Keir had arrived in the previous autumn, and was now preaching in that part of the island. But he was not ordained, and Mr. Gordon was sent for to dispense the ordinance of Baptism. He left home in circumstances of anxiety, Mrs. Gordon having been confined only two or three weeks previous, and the state of his health being such as to cause his friends much uneasiness. And as the journey proved his last it will be interesting to mark his last communications with