

much, especially during our tour in Cape Breton, which the friends of the cause and readers of the *Canadian Independent* would like to know, and as we may be able to describe places that are little known, we make no apology for what follows.

Having obtained the full consent of our people, and arranged for the partial supply of our pulpit during our absence, by brethren Sykes and Kean, on Wednesday, the 19th October, we started by stage coach for Halifax, distant about 100 miles from Liverpool.

The road from Liverpool to Halifax is good, and the coaches comfortable, but the first ten miles of our journey was rendered far from agreeable, by our having to sit opposite two hard drinkers, who, possessed of a brandy bottle, freely imbibed its contents, and offered to treat their fellow passengers. Of course the offer was on our part respectfully declined; but not so easily could we decline a

THEOLOGICAL DEBATE.

One of them, who was a sceptic, on finding out that we were of the clerical order, desired to draw us into the arena of religious controversy. He questioned us in regard to the origin of evil, the subjects of fate and free will; and professed not to be able to see how we were responsible beings, when God made a devil to tempt us, and made man a sinner, and then punished him for sinning; more especially, when He foresaw that he would necessarily sin.

To argue with a man who is partially intoxicated, is of little use; but lest his arguments might stumble some of the other passengers, we made answer in the words of the quaint old Hutchinson: "that God did not make the devil; but He made him an angel, and he made himself a devil: neither did He make man a sinner; for He 'made man upright, but he sought out many inventions;' and as for God's punishing the sinner for sins which He yet foresaw that he would commit, this was perfectly just, since even we ourselves never felt required to excuse an injury done to us by another, on the ground that it was foreseen or ordained of God." This answer seemed to satisfy those present, and even our drinking disputant acknowledged that he had never thought on the subject in this light.

Arriving at Mill Village, ten miles from Liverpool, much to the relief of all, our tippling fellow passengers left us.

MILL VILLAGE

Is a thriving place on the river Medway, the chief manufacture of which is sawed lumber, which is shipped at Port Medway, and sent to the West India Islands. Once there was a Congregational Church here, a daughter of Old Zion, Liverpool; but for many years it has had no existence. The principal interest here is the Methodist. There is also an Episcopal and a Baptist Church, all of which have tasteful church edifices.

We like Mill Village; it is a pretty spot; its people are many of them refined and intelligent; and it is the birth-place of some of our own beloved friends and fellow labourers in the Church at Milton. From Mill Village we started for *Bridgewater*, a distance of thirty miles. The mail coach now traverses the new road to Bridgewater, which,—unlike the old road along shore, leading through thriving Dutch settlements, with the sea on the right and a beautifully cultivated country on the left,—passes through the woods, affording only an occasional glimpse of the sea. But on that clear October afternoon, even the woods were not without their attractions, for they were neither leafless nor songless; but clothed in their lovely autumnal dress of crimson and green and