

that during all the time she had been there—fourteen Summers—they had heard but one sermon, and that was from a Presbyterian minister (Rev. D. Sutherland, Cape North), and she thought there had been none for many years before.

On SABBATH the 24th of August, so sadly memorable to many parts of our own country, it was, though nothing like so dreadful as in Cape Breton, yet blowing a gale; and it was thought by us not advisable to take the boat to South East Bay. Mr. Smith and I were therefore put ashore and we walked it. At first, full of life, we went springing from rock to rock like hinds, but by degrees we walked soberly enough, the wind ceased to exultate and began to exhaust us, and, where it was possible, the delightfully soft springing carpet which the moss at first had seemed, was gladly avoided. The miles on this pathless waste proved much longer than our good roads or streets, and the time we had given ourselves was quite insufficient. This, however, was not of so much consequence as in town. As a man in the North coast of Newfoundland said, when making an appointment with a doctor, "We're not particular about a handful of minutes or a couple of hours." When we got there we found that the Long Island people had not crossed, deterred by the severity of the gale, and probably thinking that as they did not see our boat, it would not come. After a little rest, the service was begun, and I preached the truth I deemed most suited, from what I had gathered as to the spiritual state of the congregation, in my conversations of the day before. Afterwards we were invited to dinner by the lady whose acquaintance I had made on Saturday. Well prepared we were for it, and a splendid dinner it was, though the surroundings were rough. It must be remembered that even fishermen who are very comfortably off, content themselves with rough accommodation during their Summer stay in Labrador, and this will explain the incongruity between the appearance of our hostess and her house and furniture. The house or hut was leaning to one side, the roof was covered with spruce bark and turf, a small square hole served as window, and cracks between the logs secured healthful ventilation, and in the gale of that day admitted wind enough to send the peat reek and ashes in more directions than up the rude chimney, and to necessitate keeping on my reefer over my coat, while a beam which stretched across served to teach one foresight and humility. A large crew of men had to be cooked for, and cooking utensils were therefore on a large scale and as few as possible. A huge bake pan and pot monopolized the fire; it was wonderful

what good things came out of these two. The men had their dinner first, then came the family and guests. The bake pan produced curlews, fat and delicious, the first we had tasted. And the pot—it seemed inexhaustible, for, so far as I could observe, there came from it pork, cabbage, duff, (the substitute for potatoes) and dumpling. We had got our Labrador appetites on board, the toilsome walk in the wind, and the subsequent exertion and waiting had whetted them to the keenest edge, the dinner was really delicious, and our host and hostess were hospitality itself—and the inference is easily drawn. Yet when tea immediately followed—the *sine qua non* there—and I declined eating anything more with it, our kind host gave me a doubtful, enquiring look, as if half hurt, and suspicious that I had not liked what was prepared.

Thus refreshed and strengthened in body, I was ready to preach again, and so once more I was permitted to be the hand by which Christ knocked at the door of the people's hearts. Oh glorious privilege! Oh sweet labour!

I also spoke to them about our Book and Tract Society, and suggested that it would in some measure meet their needs if a colporteur were sent on the coast for part of the Summer. They took the idea up warmly, declaring, like many others on the coast, whom I had seen, that it would be a great boon to them, and suggesting that I should take their names and get a collector to call on them after their return to Newfoundland, when, their fish having been sold, they would know what they could give.

Then, nothing would do but we must have tea with another family, and here again the hospitality of our entertainer exceeded my capabilities. When I declined having more than a small second helping of preserved bake apples, the host looked at me, and asked me if I didn't like them. Think of it!

By this time the wind had moderated somewhat, and they thought it would be safe to put us home in a boat: so a large "Jack boat" partly decked, was prepared, and off we went. We had on our long boots and rubber coats and lying flat, or sitting so as to keep well covered, the spray which dashed over us could not wet us. We had good large seas and plenty of wind, but beyond carrying away the block of one of the main sheets nothing went wrong. On the way I had a very interesting conversation with one of the men, who seemed the subject of the strong drawings of God's Spirit. More earnest speaking than usual to our own crew, at family worship, closed the day's labours.

(To be continued.)