

Number of Scholars on Roll,	120
Officers,	4
Teachers,	16
Average attendance,	104
New scholars,	27
Scholars added to church,	8
Number of books in library,	250

RECEIPTS.

Balance from last year,	\$78 14
Collect'ons in school,	119 13
Collection at anniversary, (Feb. '87),	23 54
Sale of old library books,	15 00
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	\$235 81

EXPENDITURES.

For a new library,	\$90 00
For Sunday-school papers, supplies, etc,	90 69
For repairing church,	34 05
For N. B. Sunday-school Association,	3 00
For other purposes,	9 19
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	\$226 93

Balance on hand, \$8 88

J. E. EDWARDS,
Secretary-Treasurer.

NOVA SCOTIA.

MILTON.

My labors with the church in Milton closed with the first week of the New Year. I never can forget the services at the church Lord'sday morning and evening. All nature was redolent with glory. 1888 was ushered in amid the ringing of bells, and the many congratulations of friends and acquaintances. Music, sweet music, soft and harmonious, floated on the breeze, and the strains of melody gave an inspiration to gladden the heart and inspire us onward and upward to immortality.

In our morning's discourse I recounted the labors of the past year, and noted some of the changes time had made in the ranks of the church in Milton. I paid a tribute to the memory of the lamented Silvanus Morton. The very walls of the church spoke of his worth. I regretted the church bell he and Sister Morton had furnished, could not be rung. I felt as though everything animate and inanimate, should join in the praises of the Most High. My prayer is that the hand of Time with His magic touch, may deal gently with dear Sister Morton. May God richly bless her in her widowhood. She is ofttimes lonely and in pensive sadness wanders back to him who travelled so long with her, amid joys and sunshine, storms and trials. Nevertheless, she need not wish him back again to battle with life's woes. No, for in motley vision I see him rejoicing in that grand cathedral, in that sweet home beyond the dark sea.

In the evening my heart leaped with joy when I saw the new lamps all aglow, and the church putting on new strength and wearing an additional air of peace and joy, prosperity and happiness. My theme was *The Path of Life*. How important that all should tread it, for *life* is what we all desire. Yes, and how many before another year arrives will have passed away. How solemn the thought. In the language of Prontice, "Tis a time for memory and tears." We stand like the Roman Janus—looking forward and backward. In pensive sadness I could but exclaim,

Bright are the scenes in memory's store,
Still bright are the hopes which go before,
While much have I seen on life's rough way,
Seems now to recall to our closing day,
But the weary heart turns backward still,
To its dreams of joy up life's long hill.

Having made arrangements with Mr. Goddard, the Congregationalist minister, the week of prayer was observed by holding services alternately at the two churches. It was truly a time of refreshing, but I had to leave on Friday the 6th inst. for Kempt, a distance of some thirty miles. I shall never forget the kindness I received at the hands of a large number of the citizens of Milton. In fact, as a rule, I think the Nova Scotians are as kind and hospitable as any people upon the globe. The many souvenirs and expressions of kindness, conferred upon me will long be remembered with deep emotions of joy and gratitude.

My journey to Kempt on the coach was rough, but not altogether uninteresting. I enjoyed the company of Mr. McVicar, graduate of Acadia, and Mr. S. Morton, graduate of Dalhousie. The former teaches at Annapolis, the latter at Yarmouth. We were rehearsing reminiscences of college life, and singing the old, old songs of college days. Yes, in fancy's weird domain, we were again treading the classic halls. I became enraptured. The flush of youth glowed on my vision. My young heart leaped with joy, whilst the rainbow of hope cheered me onward. I thought I was again poring over tasks, and dreading the recitation room. Once more I was surrounded by the works of science and art, volumes of seeming enigmas. I looked around and my room gleamed with a faint, sickly ray of light from within, while my thoughts were stretching out into the future, filled with pictures of pleasure and success. But my journey by coach is ended.

KEMPT.

Bro. David Freeman having kindly met me at Caledonia, in order that I might reach my destination the same evening. Here I found one of the most pleasant homes in the family of Bro. Freeman. He is well known in many of the New England cities as being one of the best in scientific fishery and hunting. His name frequently occurs in a work on "Fish, their Habits and Haunts," by Lorenzo Prouty, of Boston. Consequently, gentlemen of wealth from different cities, annually pay him a visit, and remain for weeks at a time. I do not wonder at this, for it is just such a place as one would like to rest after the care and bustle of city life. O such beautiful lakes nestling among the hills. And then, the quiet brooks meandering through the meadows and the groves. O, yes, and then the music. Why, the wildwood echoes immortal strains, and the wild animals roam too and fro. Here the partridges fly into your arms and into your homes. The other day I was a guest at the parsonage in Caledonia, and the Rev. R. S. Stevens showed me a partridge that flew in his arms when returning from church. Why, it reminded me of the Israelites. Then, again, the moose, the rabbit, and the bear. O, I wish I had time to do more than simply allude to them. But I am lost in pleasing dreams, amid the beauties of the groves, amid the sanctity of mighty. However, I can only say, I am under lasting obligations to Brother and Sister David Freeman, and wish never to forget them. May God bless them forever, and may a crown of life be theirs in the coming Kingdom.

I must also make honorable mention of Bro. Israel Cushing. It was my privilege to have met him eleven years ago in Caistor, Ontario. I was then preaching for the church in Wainfleet, near the shores of Lake Erie. Happy memories of the long ago come thronging before me. We were attending a large celebration. Thousands were coming from the east, the west, the north, the south. I was chaplain for the day. My escort on that occasion was killed four years ago in Manitoba. O, the dim memories of faint, gleaming remembrances! How they hurry over our minds whenever we think of a future life.

"My pensive memory lingers o'er
Those scenes, to be enjoyed no more,
Though distant far away.
Yet pain, 'tis still a pleasing pain,
To view those days and hours again,
And sigh, alas, adieu."

I am now preaching for the church in this place. Some have confessed the Saviour and wish to be baptized next Lordsday. This is truly a good field for missionary work. There ought to be a good, live preacher here all the time. Then there could be a church built up in Harmony, Grafton, Caledonia, Maitland and Lake May. My work for the last two months has been largely pastoral work. I have averaged three visits a day, going from house

to house. Nevertheless, I have also preached or lectured about every day. But my work during the week has been too much scattered to see immediate results. However, I trust that it will be like the seed cast beyond the waters, the fruits seen by and by.

I have been extremely pleased with the Christian kindness and courtesy manifested by the different denominations. I shall long remember with gratitude the right royal hospitality of Dr. Colo of Caledonia, the Rev. R. S. Stevens of the Methodist Church, the Rev. Mr. Kinney of the Free Baptist Church, and the Rev. Mr. Blakoney of the regular Baptist Church. Each of these ministers placed their churches at my disposal, and every act of courtesy extended that brotherly kindness could suggest. I shall ever pray and labor to this end, that all that believe in God may be one—one in heart, one in faith and one in practice. So mote it be.

SUMMERVILLE.

I preached a few times for the church in Summerville, while I was at Milton. The brethren here keep up a Sunday-school, and weekly prayer and social meetings, and are in right good earnest. The Free Baptist Church, near by at Port Matoun, was kindly extended to us, and I preached here a few evenings to a full house. The interest manifested on the occasion was excellent, and I think the day is not far distant, when a union will be effected between the Christian church at Summerville, and the Free Baptist Church at Port Matoun. A preacher ought to be stationed here, however, and in the course of time the field might be self-sustaining. May God hasten the day when love and unity, peace and happiness may everywhere prevail. O, I dream of this good time coming, in the deep slumbers of the night when, wrapped in the embrace of Morpheus, I am hoping, trusting, longing, praying to cast anchor on the strand.

On the fair horizon gleaming,
That enchanted smiling shore,
Of the happy future thinking
Of the glories just before.

W. K. BURR.

Died.

MACGREGOR.—At her home, Lot 48, Queen's Co., Nov. 9th, 1887, Sister Susannah MacGregor, died (as we say), aged 39 years. It was our privilege to visit our Sister more than once—the last time very near the end of her "earth life," and from what we know of her Christian character and strong faith and bright hope, as the body wasted day by day, we would rather say "she sleeps"—sleeps in Jesus, having the utmost confidence that she "died in the Lord." Her last words in the body were: "The Lord Jesus is with me." Notwithstanding, we have consolation from God, how much would we not give to know what were the first words of the ransomed spirit, as the glories of the spirit land burst upon the enraptured vision.

GORDON.—At the residence of her husband, Roseneath, Lot 52, Jan. 4th, 1888. On the fourth day after the fiftieth anniversary of her marriage, Mrs. Barbara, beloved wife of Peter Gordon, Esq., and daughter of the late James MacDonald, Kingsboro, Lot 47, closed her eyes in death, (aged 70 years), after a short but severe illness, (congestion of the lungs), from which she, from the first, believed she would not recover. Death, however, had no terrors for her, because she knew whom she believed, and in her last hours she said, "My hope is good." About thirty-six years ago she confessed Christ, and was baptized by the late Rev. John Shaw. Our Sister leaves a husband, six sons and three daughters in sorrow, but not in a hopeless sorrow, as they know that wife and mother lived and died in hope of a better home than any which can be provided by the most tender hands and loving hearts on earth. One of Sister Gordon's seven sons preceded her to the spirit land, having died on the ocean, far from home and mother's care. The others may wait a little while, and then, they, too, will pass over. May it be to enjoy a happy and eternal union.

O. B. EMERY.
Montague, Jan. 20th, 1888.