

## CAPE BRETON.

MR. EDITOR,—It may be interesting to the readers of the *Record* to know something about the present state of matters in Cape Breton. By Presbyterian appointment, I spent three weeks assisting our clergymen in that Island while dispensing the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. My expedition afforded me very much pleasure, as I had thus an opportunity of spending a short time in the genial companionship of the Rev. James W. Fraser, my former college friend and class-mate. But as my tour was not one of pleasure so much as one of work, I wish to direct attention to what is doing among our people in Church matters.

I landed at the Strait of Canso, where I was met by Mr. Fraser, and after a drive of a couple of hours, we arrived safe and sound at his quarters, at which place a truly highland welcome awaited us. On the following Thursday we held services in River Inhabitants Church preparatory to the administering of the Communion. The weather was all that could be desired, and the season of Communion altogether very enjoyable. It was rendered doubly so to me from the fact that the Rev. Mr. Fraser and his good people have gone to work, built, and lately completed a neat little Church. Too much gratitude cannot be rendered to the persevering exertions of this Minister and the good sense and self-denial of his people. Things look very bright indeed in this part of the Island, and the reason why we find matters so was fully expressed to me in one sentence, by an old man who, shaking my hand with his two, said concerning the church, at the door of which we were standing: "Ah, sir, it it were not for Mr. Fraser, she (meaning the church) would be growing in the woods yet." And I may be permitted to add that my old highland friend and I are of exactly the same opinion. It is to Mr. Fraser's common sense and prudence that the church owes its existence. Here we were joined and assisted by the Rev. Mr. Brodie, who by forced marches made his appearance at ten o'clock on Saturday night, and who preached Gaelic on the two following days in his usual impressive, touching and eloquent style. We were sorry to lose his company and assistance, but on Monday he had to leave for Pictou, so that Mr. Fraser and I were left alone to our own resources.

The young men of River Inhabitants deserve very great praise for the manner in which they seconded the efforts of Mr. Fraser in the building of their church. This they did without aid or supplement in any way. Money they had not, but such as they had they gave; viz., the labour of their hands. In this way they have erected a building which is a comfort to themselves and a credit to their minister, and an ornament to the country-side. But River Inhabitants is not the only place in which the evidence of Mr. Fraser's labour is seen. At West Bay, 12 miles distant, he is at work rebuilding an old church, and, judging from the already improved appearance, it will be, when completed, a comfortable and convenient place of public worship. In it I conducted a short service on a week day. The aspect of matters delighted me very much. When I arrived in sight, there seemed to be preparation for almost anything rather than devotion. Men were on the roof stripping off old shingles, others were hammering here and sawing there, while a number, like Gadarene Demoniacs, were wandering among the tombs. On arriving, my first impression was that I had mistaken the day. I at once made enquiry as to whether they expected service or not; to which a strong and handsome young highlander, with a polite touch to his forehead (for his cap was on the back of his head), replied: "Yes, sir, we have been waiting for you." The work was stopped instantly—planks were extemporised into pews, the work-bench constituted the pulpit—and after a short service the work was resumed, the old shingles began to fall in showers from the roof, planes and hammers resumed their work, and I took to the road on my return journey through delightful