

You ask me, by the way, to tell you something of a learned and much-respected dignitary of that church without whose pale you and I are to be found. I know very well, that, stiff-necked Presbyterian as you are, you greatly admire him, and your enquiry is proof of your interest. In honour of this accomplished son of Erin, upon whose head the 'Nine' have laid bountiful hands, it is in my power to say but little, 'though I have all the will' to say much. But his late accession of professional rank, which deprives Halifax of his great eloquence, unrivalled social charm, and active beneficence, has not removed him from our memories. There are many who miss, when they gather their choicest guests around them, his unaffected urbane smile, and intellectual yet most natural and flowing converse; and there are many more who well and warmly remember the devoted priest, who, following faithfully the example of his holy master, was found day after day in the midst of famine and pestilence, healing and ministering, until the scourge he strove to alleviate for others, laid its fierce grasp upon himself, and held him hovering between life and death for many a weary hour. All praise and prosperity *to him*, while you and I, and many another 'heretic,' who with such proud complacency congratulate ourselves upon our heresies, may profitably emulate his noble example.

I deem it also creditable to your taste that you have not forgotten the lovely lady, the beauty of whose wondrous youth is still a familiar theme in Nova Scotia; nor you, nor I, saw her morning prime, but we have both seen her beautiful matronhood, and can easily believe all that our more fortunate predecessors can tell. Possibly, you do not know that a Californian sun shines upon her head, and could the warm rays convert the dust beneath her feet to gold, many a heart in her far-off native land would rejoice for her sake; just think of her as we can all remember; recal the slight erect figure, with its graceful airy movement, the tiny hands and feet, the perfect radiant face, whose—

"Brown eyes had looks like birds,
Flying straightway to the light,"

Surrounded with the small, dark, drooping, ringy curls, and hope with us that the dews and sunlight of Acadia may fall upon her declining days. Some of our native emigrants to the deceiving shore have sent back tales of her gentle deeds; and if sympathy and tenderness from almost any hand be dear to us in our need, think what these blessings must be to the eyes of our home and heart-sick wanderers, when they look into such a face as her's and find it that of a ministering angel. May the golden land prove to her, and all who are dear to her, an El-Dorado indeed.

I fancy I have nearly satisfied your late demands, as I find that the concluding desires of your last epistle refer to the 'present condition of the garden,' my estimate of a friend whom you know only by report, and the mental and physical well-being of a certain enslaver of the fair, whom I remember you were charitably desirous of seeing involved in an *instructive* flirtation, upon the