

On my arrival in the district I set about to organize a Sunday School, but my report on this head is not so pleasing though not the less instructive, as perhaps suggesting hints for the wise, to whom "a word is enough." Mr. John Matheson, of West Bay, with praiseworthy zeal for the benefit of the young of the district, was at the personal expense of securing a stock of suitable books, tracts, and apparatus for Sabbath School use, which, however, went down for simple lack of teachers and scholars. In other quarters, where similar efforts were made, the success was no better. In seeking to account for this discouraging feature of my work, I was led to compare the week day with the Sabbath day schools, and subsequent inquiry and observation only confirmed me in the impression that the relation of the one to the other is very close, and that, if the former had been better patronized, the latter might have proved more successful.

My visits to the sick and poor were frequent and repeated, and if I was made the instrument of comfort to others I surely reaped a double blessing myself. At burials, my services were twice put in requisition. In one case (that of a mother whose son was at the time of her death, sailing on the ocean,) the sad procession had just come in view of the lovely "point," forming the site of the burying ground, when a young man in sailor's attire was seen running up from the beach where the vessel, out of which he had just sprung, lay rewlly anchored. It was the absent boy, and as a young woman (following in the train of mourners) rushing out to meet him, embraced her brother, while they wept as only they can whose heart floodgates are driven open by a first and great bereavement) the episode was felt to be not a little affecting.

It is a pleasing feature in the Cape Breton character to note the spirit of toleration pervading religious parties.

The bitterness characteristic of Protestant and Catholic differences elsewhere, is unknown in Cape Breton, where the partial success which attended my labors in connection with Catholics only stimulated a desire to exert myself still further in this department of Christian work. I feel that little might incline me to devote myself wholly to this special work, being persuaded that a great and glorious field for the operation of the Protestant sickle is fast ripening in this interesting island.

The people of Cape Breton within the last three years have sustained great losses and endured great hardships. The storm of August, 1873, sweeping over the entire length and breadth of the island was fearfully destructive of life and property—the small farmers suffering most. The work of destruction was not confined to the land, for, engaging more or less in fishing at this season, the islanders, in their little dories out at sea, encountered the full fury of the gale, and few families escaped the ravages of the storm in the direct or indirect loss of relatives or of property. And the narrative of fatalities borrows appalling interest from the fact that it was the very flower of Cape Breton manhood which the hurricane overtook. The winter of 1874 too, was a hard and trying one, rendered not the less severe by the previous year's calamities, to the record of which should be added the inadequate harvest. Many of the farmers, indeed, did not raise enough to winter their cattle, numbers of which, in consequence, died, or had to be killed for sheer want of food, and, when I first visited the island in the early Spring, a studied effort to disguise their poverty was ineffectual to hide their actual condition, which in the case of a number revealed considerable destitution. Many were living on bread and water, and by the end of Autumn, no less than 1500 able-bodied men out of employment, in the coal districts alone, had resolved, as a *dernier resort* to petition