

did their work effectively, and have our best thanks. Wednesday noon of the 16th July, found us at

*Yarmouth*, after passing a night of thunder, lightning and rain on the Bay of Fundy. In *Yarmouth* we shared the hospitality of our old friend and brother, Mr. McIntosh, pastor of the Tabernacle Church. Here and at *Chebogue* we remained a week, assisting in the installation of Brother Davey (doing duty in the Tabernacle on the Sabbath for Mr. McIntosh, who went to supply at *Truro*), and collecting for the College, in which, as on a former occasion, we were quite successful.

I need hardly say that our Brother McIntosh is strongly intrenched in the affections of his people, and in the esteem of the community. Ten years had elapsed since we had been in *Yarmouth*, and much as we missed from their former places in the congregation such familiar faces and time-honored helpers as Capt. N. R. Clements, Freeman, Dennis, and the brothers Horton, it was a joy to find in some cases their children, or near relatives supplying their lack of service, both in the church and the varied industries of the town. At midnight on Thursday, July 24th, we landed at

*Liverpool*, *Queen's Co.*, and here and at *Milton* and *Brooklyn* (adjacent churches), we spent the next two weeks, preaching, lecturing and collecting, in which work we were ably assisted by pastors Watson, of *Liverpool*, and Cox, of *Milton*. This last-named place had been our home for eleven years, and the sphere of a most successful and enjoyable pastorate, around which clusters many happy memories. We were received by our former flock with every demonstration of affection; and very greatly did we enjoy preaching once more in the pulpit where we had so often in former years proclaimed the words of life. All too short was our visit to *Milton*; but the claims of affection had to yield to the call of business; and comforted by the conviction, that in Brother Cox our people had an able and devoted minister, whom they well knew how to appreciate, we, on the morning of Thursday, July 7th, reluctantly departed from the hospitable home of Deacon W. H. Freeman, for

*Greenfield*, and the *Milego Gold Mines*. Thither

we were taken by our old friend, Richard Knowles, and his son, our namesake, Robert Black Knowles. A drive of ten miles through the woods brought us to *Greenfield*, at which place we embarked on a tiny steamboat, and after a lovely sail of fourteen miles on the romantic *Milego lake*, whose banks and numerous islands are clothed with the primeval forest, we were landed at the *Gold Mines*.

Yes, dear readers of the *INDEPENDENT*, don't be startled at the report; not simply *a gold mine* but *gold mines*; ten or a dozen of them, in one of the most rocky spots of *Queen's County*, and all within an area of a few miles.

Two years ago and this country known as "The Barrens," was the resort only of sportsmen, or women and children in their search for wild berries; but now it is the head-quarters of a most prosperous and profitable industry. Gold was discovered in the quartz rock, at no great depth from the surface; and hence the mines worked by Canadian and American capitalists, and giving employment to hundreds of workmen. We were taken through one of the quartz crushing mills, by the obliging manager, who informed us, that while in gold-mining circles, a mine is said to pay well, if half an oz. of gold is extracted from a ton of quartz rock, their mine had yielded of late, three ozs. of gold to the ton of quartz. We were shown some of the precious metal in its consolidated state; but there being no likelihood of our obtaining any of it for College purposes, our stay at the *Milego mines* was but short; and so after bidding farewell to our *Milton* friends, we left in company of the Rev. W. Peacock, who had come thus far to meet us. Tea at the parsonage, *Pleasant River*, and a lecture and collection for the College at *Ohio*, the same morning, was all we could do in that district; but contributions will be taken up by the pastor at a more convenient season. Sabbath, August 12th, found us at

*Kingsport*. On our way thither we were joined by our old friend and fellow student, Rev. Enoch Barker, of *Toronto*, whom we met at *Grand Pré*. Pleasant and comfortable were the Sabbath services, and it was easy to talk about the College to a people who had so recently settled over them one of our own College graduates, Mr. Churchill Moore. The Church in *Kingsport* at present worships in a hall or "upper room," and there we