

and once or perhaps twice, to River John and Tatamagouche. This is the most that any person (except this blacksmith) ever heard of his attempting.

But further, he estimates the distance travelled on the one journey he took to Fredericton as 500 miles. Now I think that 20 miles a day would be considered a good day's journey on snow-shoes. I read the other day in the life of Henry Alline of his travelling 40 miles on snow-shoes, which he seemed to think a feat, but it took him five days or at the rate of eight miles a day. In early days the journey from Pictou to Truro in winter occupied three days, and Millar mentions the case of a party that were a whole week going that distance. Dr. McGregor and Mr. Ross both visited Stewiacke in winter, and although the distance between the settlements on the Pictou and Colchester sides was only 20 miles, they had to spend a night in the woods each time. But allowing 20 miles a day, this journey must have taken 25 days, or with Sabbath days, a whole month, without allowing for storms, when it would be impossible to travel. After travelling such a distance he could scarcely stay less than another month among the people, and allowing another month to return, the whole journey must have taken about three months. Will any person who carefully considers the case believe that the Presbytery (for there was a Presbytery here years before there was a blacksmith on Mount Thom) ever made such an appointment. Or that his congregation would be satisfied with an arrangement by which they would be deprived of his services for such a time at that period which was religiously devoted to pastoral work in his congregation, and that for a journey which would be simply a foolhardy risking of his life.

Passing over other difficulties about such a journey, I think it not too much to say that it was simply impossible. To travel 500 miles each way, 1000 in all, in a New Brunswick winter, with such storms and falls of snow as they have there, on snow-shoes, alone too, and that he should have done so and never mention it, and his family and intimate associates never have heard it is simply incredible.

How then could such a story arise. Well we know that in the one journey he did take to Fredericton he arrived home in November, travelling on horse back. In travelling through the woods horses

are apt to cast their shoes. What more likely than that arriving at Mount Thom he should go to the blacksmith shop to get his horses' shoes fixed, and I have seen enough of the way in which ignorant people mix up things to say that I have known stranger things than that this should get mixed up with some story of his travelling on snow-shoes.

GEORGE PATTERSON.

THE LAST WORDS

OF HENRY WARD BEECHER'S LAST SERMON.

We are all marching thither. We are going home. Men shiver at the idea that they are going to die; but this world is only a nest. We are scarcely hatched out of it here. We do not know ourselves. We have strange feelings that do not interpret themselves. The mortal in us is crying out for the immortal. As in the night the child, waking with some vague and nameless terror, cries out to express its fears and dread, and its cry is interpreted in the mother's heart, who runs to the child and lays her hand upon it and quiets it to sleep again, so do you not suppose that the ear of God hears our disturbances and trials and tribulations in life? Do you not suppose that He who is goodness itself cares for you? Do you suppose that He whose royal name is Love has less sympathy for you than a mother has for her babe? Let the world rock. If the foot of God is on the cradle, fear not. Look up, take courage, hope and hope to the end.

Be silent when blamed and reproached unjustly, and under such circumstances that the reproachful and injurious person will be likely, under the influence of his own reflections, to discover his error and wrong speedily. Instead of replying, receive the injurious treatment with humility and calmness; and He in whose name you suffer will reward you with inward consolation, while he sends the sharp arrow of conviction into the heart of your adversary.

On the 14th of December Miss Marion Oliver, M. D., arrived in Bombay. She is the second lady medical missionary sent out by our Church to labor in Central India.