

And look the future world also in the face with heavenly peace and love.

We have also been enabled to help several other congregations in P. E. I. and in N. S., at communions, church opening, revivals and other services. The most remarkable instance was with the congregations of the late Rev. Donald McDonald. I was appointed to take a friendly charge of them in their destitution. Our first meeting at Murray River was not very encouraging. At our second meeting I had the charge of dispensing the Lord's Supper among them at Orwell Head, in their principal church. I found them most kind, obedient, and devoted. In my third visitation in March, 1874, I spent a fortnight in Revival services among them daily, with the help of the devoted Elders, at Orwell Head, Lot 61, Murray River, and St. Peter's Road. This was a season of dear Christian fellowship. The congregations stood up as one man for temperance, and those meetings were the harbinger of our own revival in Georgetown. My fourth meeting with them was the crowning season of their communion in July, 1874. Then they stood up as one man for self-surrender to the Lord; and again they stood up as one man for Union among the Presbyterians of the Dominion. I shall never forget that day. It seemed the dearest triumph of my life. I could not refuse to go to DeSable and complete the covenant among them all. There, too, they stood up in like manner, "a willing people in His day of power!" It melts my heart whenever I think of it. And now those patient congregations are renewing their youth like the eagle's age. Their Sabbath schools and their prayer meetings are flourishing anew, under the care of their devoted Elders. In proof of their healthy life and loyalty, the Orwell Head Parish has given a unanimous call to the Rev. John Goodwill, with a guaranteed stipend of \$900 yearly. Those who speak against them cannot surely have understood them well. Again and again have I proved their Christian submission and generous liberality. Only, of course, they require that we bring them the Lord's message, not man's, and that we love souls very sincerely, and do to them as we would have them do to us. And they are right in

this. May God our Saviour be ever with them!

The great revival visitation in Georgetown began in March, 1874, during our fervent struggles against intemperance. The traffic had grown daring and insolent. We laboured and prayed very anxiously, humbly and unitedly. We engaged many in the good cause. The children of our Sabbath school stood up unanimously for temperance. The congregation soon followed their example in the prayer meeting. We formed a Temperance League, with written pledge subscribed, as our forefathers entered into their Solemn League and Covenant. We gained three hundred signatures. We assembled in the church every evening for prayer. Night after night the meetings were so large that we dared not give them up. Still we had a hard struggle. We prayed for revival, but the spirit of prayer appeared to withhold. We waited and toiled long, and almost to despair. We asked help of more favoured congregations in vain. We were in extreme danger of giving up hope, and effort too, when the dear destitute church at Orwell Head heard our cry, and at once sent two of their choicest Elders to our aid, Messrs. Ewen Lamont and William McPhail. That very night, while they prayed with us, we saw the sign of revival. Though it was but as a little cloud like a man's hand rising from the sea of Divine grace to the brazen sky of human despair, yet the word was spoken, "Behold he prayeth!" Others followed quickly after, and, from that night forward, the drops fell from heaven until the clouds became so heavy as to be awful. Many cried out in terror and in tears, "Is there mercy yet for me? O Lord, deliver my soul, I beseech thee!" Then the Lord's handmaids came up to help with His servants, and trampled the fear of man under foot. Scoffers shut their mouths in awe. Young men and maidens, old folk and children, boldly testified for Jesus, and joined publicly in His service. Who can ever forget those days and nights of spiritual travail? Who can ever forget the Lord's mercy in our extremity? Who can ever forget the dear people who came to our aid, though without a minister themselves? Others came afterwards, and we remember them