

will dwell in my remembrance to my latest days.

It was a very fair evidence of the care with which ministers had been selected for Cape Breton, that when the disruption in Scotland took place in 1843, they all stood to their principles. In all the other colonies there was exhibited a sad defilement, a melancholy preference of Mammon to Jehovah. Here it was very different, and the evidence of real conviction comes out still more clearly when I add that while the Free Assembly contented itself with a single letter of appeal, addressed to the Presbytery of Cape Breton as such, the Residuary Assembly shewed more tact, by addressing a letter specifically to every minister. Principle, however, carried the day, and now a fairer "garden of the Free Church" the sun does not shine upon than this interesting island. Between twenty and thirty thousand cling to what they rightly term "the Church of their fathers," and the "Auld Kirk" can scarcely count its adherents even by units.

The arrival of Dr. Macleod, of Logie, Easter, first, as a Deputy from the Free Church, and afterwards as Minister of Sydney, is one of the leading events in the religious history of the island. A man of ability and experience was earnestly longed for by the pastors already settled, and such a one they have had in Dr. Macleod. By his personal exertions in Cape Breton, in Nova Scotia, in Canada, and in the United States, he has succeeded in obtaining the necessary funds for raising churches in several parts of the island. These neat and commodious places of worship raise their white spires in all directions. Among these, at Myra, not far from Louisbourg, is a large and handsome, but plain structure, capable of holding two thousand hearers; and stormy as the Sabbath was when Dr. Macleod and I preached there, a dense collection of people, to the number of fifteen hundred, met us, gathered, some of them, from the distance of twenty miles. Dr. Macleod has six churches under his own immediate care, and assuredly the Church at home would do well to strengthen his hands by sending out additional laborers. In the meantime I rejoice that he has in his immediate locality two such associate fellow-laborers as the Rev. Matthew Wilson, the esteemed pastor of Sydney Mines and Bras d'Or, and the Rev. James Frazer, of Boulardrie, now the oldest resident minister in the island. Boulardrie is an island *within the island*, eighteen or twenty miles long by four or five broad, a spot characterized no less by fertility of soil, in many parts, than by its being a stronghold of evangelical truth and experimental religion. The number of inhabitants exceeds sixteen hundred. With a few exceptions they may be said to be all of the Free Church. Mr. Frazer is the only resident minister of any denomination on the island, and the number of intelligent "men" who strengthen his hands is large. I preached to 500 persons on the afternoon of a week day in harvest, and in a lovely hollow encompassed with trees, where the communion had been dispensed some weeks before. The scene was deeply interesting, and the grasp of the hand, and the tear in the eye, were unmistakable marks of a hearty spiritual welcome.

The three churches at Wycokoma, Bedeque, and St. Ann's Bay, forming one extensive and beautiful vale, are supplied by three excellent ministers, Messrs. Mackenzie, Macintosh, and Ross, who had all been students at the Halifax Free College, and are now fellow-laborers in localities bordering on one another. We had week day services in each, and the number of hearers in two of these exceeded 400, while in the third, St. Ann's Bay, it reached nearly 900. The settlements at Middle River, North Cove, and St. Peters, the want of time prevented me from visiting, and the sail in an open boat from

Boulardrie to West Bay, sixty miles, was so retarded by want of wind, that the hour fixed for service was long passed before we arrived at the place, and the painful intelligence met us, on our reaching the house of the intelligent and pious ministers, the Rev. Murdoch Stewart, that two days before, his barn, his horse, and his hay had been burned to ashes by the hand of a deranged young man in the vicinity. We passed the night under the hospitable roof of the excellent minister, and next morning he accompanied us twenty-five miles, to Plaster Cove, where the Rev. Mr. Forbes labors, and where I gave my last discourse in the island. After enjoying the hospitality of kind friends, I crossed the Strait of Canso, which is here narrow but extremely picturesque, and went on next day, sixty miles, to the house of my worthy old friend the Rev. John Stewart, of New Glasgow. With him and his excellent family I stayed two days, preaching to a good audience on Friday evening. The Sabbath following was spent at Pictou, where we had two crowded audiences and a well attended Sabbath School. On Monday I went on to Roger's Hill and Salt Springs, on my way to Truro, preaching in both places. Wherever I have been the people have come out well, even on week days, although on these later occasions the pressing labors of harvest did sensibly, as was reasonable, affect the audiences.

At Truro we had the pleasure of spending a few days under the hospitable roof of our esteemed friends Dr. and Mrs. Forrester. The Educational College and Provincial Training Establishment, over which Dr. F. was three years ago called to preside, is an honor and a blessing to Nova Scotia. We attended, on two successive days, the various examination and lecture meetings, previous to the closing of the session. The eminently lucid, practical, and pointed addresses and expositions of the Principal; the aptness to teach, as well as the science, exhibited in their varied departments, by the teachers, in English Literature and History, Mathematics, Algebra, and the kindred sciences, as well as in the subsidiary sections of Physiology, Botany, Geology, and Agricultural Chemistry, to say nothing of Aesthetics, Belles Lettres, and Music; and the warm, enlightened, and liberal, religious spirit which pervaded all, accompanied, as the whole was, with encouraging and eloquent appeals by Messrs. Archibald and Creelman, Members of the Legislature and Commissioners of Education, all these furnished to my mind a treat, intellectual and moral, of very rare enjoyment. Truro is one of the oldest and wealthiest of the settlements in Nova Scotia, and its prevailing type is Presbyterianism, of the Scottish Secession Church. That religious body has lately erected a commodious Theological College in the village. Its session had just been opened, and the venerable Principal, Dr. Keir, who had given the inaugural address, was suddenly called away by death, amid the deep regrets of that section of the Christian community which had so long enjoyed his valued labors.

On a retrospect of my visit to Cape Breton, my impressions as to its religious state are very favorable. Under the labors of the present faithful ministers, those of Mr. Farquharson, lately removed by death, and those of the Rev. Mr. Maclean, of Lewis, Scotland, who ministered four years in the island, revisiting it afterwards, preaching daily once or more for three months, and realizing "fruit unto life eternal,"—the cause of Christ has remarkably prospered.

In reviewing the history of the Free Church in Nova Scotia generally, a careful observer of Providence must be struck with the large number of witnesses for the truth whom her annals have presented to us, as glorifying God

in their lives and by their deaths. It is also interesting to notice the representatives of varied classes of witnesses as standing out in bold relief to the eyes of the careful observer. Do you desire a specimen of befitting qualification for duty, zeal in its discharge, and success in the preliminary training of young men for the ministry? The lamented Professor Mackenzie, cut off in the very dawn of his usefulness, may be honorably named. Do you wish to see the picture of a pious laborer who, for a quarter of a century or more, toiled in a very unpromising field, but who lived down his difficulties, and saw very clearly the fruit of his earlier and later toils? We point you to the Rev. Alexander Farquharson, the pioneer in Mrs. Mackay's band of pious heralds to Cape Breton, and the father of its infant but promising Church. Do you desiderate a second specimen of the same class more recently? You have it in the late Rev. Murdoch Sutherland of Pictou, over whose early grave the residents and visitors at Rothsay, Scotland, will long shed a tear of respectful sympathy. Do you look round for one among the rising hopes of the College of Halifax, ripening fast in attainment and already an active and successful missionary, but gathered prematurely ripe, as we would say, into the garner? The image of the late Mr. John Macdonald rises before us, while, as one of the great cloud of witnesses on high, he seems to beckon his surviving fellow students to catch his mantle as he ascends. Do you desiderate one example out of many, on the roll of departed Christian citizens, who, amid diligence and toil and humble integrity in secular life, have never lost sight of the paramount claims of the Cross of Jesus? I would name the late Mr. John McIntosh, of Halifax, associated under the ministry of the lamented Mr. Robb, as one of the early leaders in the Free Church movement in that city; and whom all its members lamentingly revere as the very beau ideal of a devoted and judicious lay brother in Christ. In fine, do you look for a pattern of Christian humility, decided principle, and active usefulness in a female member of the Church, and a mother in Israel? You may see it in the late Mrs. Mackenzie, of Pictou, who has so lately finished her course of rare godliness with triumphant joy. With most of these I was more or less acquainted. Memorials of each have been laid before the public, and I would deliberately give it as my opinion, that a Church, within whose orbit such a bright galaxy has been seen, cannot fail to be honored by her dead with many additional evidences of his approving smile.

It is to me a matter of the deepest anxiety, —yea, a matter around which my warmest wishes and most earnest prayers unfeignedly rally,—that the Free Church of Scotland should see it her duty to retain within her affectionate and liberal embrace the Church in those islands I have visited, and in the British Colonies of the West at large. Yea, she will not do her duty if she does not find ways and means of planting the standard of Zion in the valley of the Saskatchewan and in British Columbia. Her children wandering thither in pursuit of earthly settlements, are at this moment in extreme danger of being soon found as "sheep without a shepherd." The "letter of adherence" on the part of Dr. Wilson, of Bombay, dated "Smyrna, June 19th, 1843," and now before me, contains many suggestions which deserve to be written in letters of gold. I close my sketch with the following suitable remarks: "The mighty efforts which require to be made for the diffusion of the Gospel in the vast field at home must not be pleaded as an excuse for feeble efforts in the immeasurable field abroad. We are in a state of safety and of soundness, as spiritual men and as an united Church, only when we exercise all the func-