

On Monday at four o'clock, we attended at a large school house between East and West Lakes, near brother Lambert's, where was a crowded house of very attentive listeners. At this point, as well as many others, the people know much more than they put in practice. On Tuesday afternoon we held a meeting on Long Point or Point Petre—not a very large meeting, but a very attentive one. This is near the residence of brother Palin who keeps the revolving Light House on the Point. In company with brother Bentley we had the gratification of seeing it lighted up and in operation. The revolutions are performed once in 70 seconds by an enormous gearing of clock-work. After making many calls and some visits on Wednesday, we journeyed on Thursday to Hillier near brother Ainsworth's, the place of meeting for Saturday, and Lord's day ensuing. But in the mean time finding nothing to do there, we journeyed to Brighton, at which place brother Stone took stage for Oshawa, and I alone retraced my steps to Hillier to fill the appointment there. About half an hour before meeting on Saturday, your coming to join me in the labours of the two days, was indeed like the coming of Titus. At the close of this large and very interesting meeting, I made my way homeward, and reached here on Tuesday night, fatigued, and the lameness of my shoulder much worse from the journey.

Time cannot erase from my mind all the scenes, incidents, and impressions made upon it during this tour of two weeks. The new acquaintances—the renewal of old ones—the great kindness and manifestations of friendship and brotherly love of brethren and sisters too numerous to mention, I am sure I can never forget. How often do I think of brethren Spencer, Ainsworth, Platt, Bentley, Trumpour, Lambert, Palin, Ketchum, Mastin, Post, Whitney, and many others, and many excellent sisters. And shall I ever forget the pleasant ride and ramble in company with brother and sister Trumpour and others across the sand beach, and over those beautiful sand hills, high indeed as the trees, and clean and white as the driven snow. How often does this short ramble remind me of the promise of rambling in that glorious land “where saints immortal reign”—where, instead of inscribing our names on trees high upon the pinnacle of sand hills, we can have them inscribed high up in the Lamb's book of life—where, instead of descending down with quickened pace, we can forever remain high up to gaze on the beauties of the land of purity.

The hills and vales and groves are fair—

We'll meet our friends in glory ;