

work. For fourteen weeks these meetings have been held—and they are increasing rather than lessening in interest. Let all unite in prayer for the revival of true religion throughout our country, remembering that the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong, and that the results are to be achieved not by might nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord of Hosts.

D. I.

Missionary Intelligence.

NANAIMO.—BRITISH COLUMBIA.

November 14th, 1868.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE RECORD.

MY DEAR SIR,—My heart was gladdened by the intelligence received from the respected Convener, the other day, that the Rev. Mr. Aitken was really to set sail for this place early in October. I am expecting him, therefore, every steamer now, and my prayer is that God in his goodness may bring him safely to his desired haven. The Convener, Mr. McLaren, has laid the whole Church under great obligations to him for his indefatigable and persevering efforts to supply this colony with another missionary; and, that he has been met with so much apparent indifference and so many disappointments, is assuredly no fault of his. Our want has been painfully felt, and our cry for help has been most earnest, and now that such an esteemed and experienced fellow-labourer has been sought out by the Convener, and has so heartily given himself for the work, we may well feel relieved and “thank God and take courage.” I hope there will soon be another secured. For nineteen months, I “have had the care of all the churches,” and I have been endeavouring, though very inadequately, to discharge the far too weighty obligations thus imposed upon me. Last fall and winter, I was unable to do anything outside of Nanaimo, except by correspondence, owing to the severe and protracted illness of my wife. During that time, however, I am thankful to say I was able to attend to most of my congregational duties, and never missed a Sabbath’s service, though for many weeks I would not have been astonished had I been met with the announcement on my return that death had been there before me. The very recollection is yet painful, though I trust not unprofitable. Since June last, I have given a few Sabbaths to New Westminster (not nearly so many as I wished, nor as they deserve), and have been alternating between this place and Victoria as regularly as the erratic movements of the steamer would allow. It has been a most egregious mistake on the part of Canada and the home churches allowing Victoria to remain so long unsupplied. In giving what supply I was able to New Westminster and Victoria this summer and fall, I have been in all two months absent from home, and have travelled (by steamer) about one thousand six hundred and fifty miles. The expenses have been borne by the people here. I have been particularly indebted, in Victoria, to the unbounded hospitality of the brothers Messrs. A. & W. & T. Wilson, from Quebec.

Thus, Mr. Editor, have I been going forth and owing the precious seed, but who is to return bringing the precious sheaves is yet to be seen. These few lines are intended as an answer to the not unnatural question, if asked by any of our people, “What is he doing?” On the 10th of next