

—no dangerous storms; for our vessel lay in the harbor in calm repose till the next morning's sun gave us the usual amount of daylight! The 18th was spent pleasantly on the waters of the Bay of Fundy, our vessel making encouraging progress toward the haven where it was destined, a point near Cornwallis Bridge, some one hundred and forty miles from the city of St. John. A second night was spent in the little cabin of our little "Flying-Cloud," wherein I enjoyed the medicine of as pure and sweet sleep as any cabin on sea or land could afford.

Soon after noon on the 19th our vessel came to anchor not far from the mouth of the Cornwallis river, and late in the afternoon I availed myself of the opportunity of stepping on the tide-washed shore of Nova Scotia, in the township of Cornwallis, a few miles from Percu. Left brother Trumpour on the vessel, to land at Horton, near which point we met next day. The first house I entered after landing and putting foot on the soil of New Scotland was that of friend W. H. Church, who happened to be from home; but those of the household whom I saw were exceedingly kind.

Journeying a few miles, a home was found during a day or two's stay with the family of the exemplary brother J. A. Wood. Lord's day 22^d, spoke twice at the brethren's temple in this vicinity, and enjoyed the Lord's day feast at the Lord's own table with a company of friends, the names of some of whom are brother and sister Jonathan Wood, brother G. E. Barnaby, two or three brothers and sisters Jackson, sisters Woodworth, Loomer, Burbidge, Patterson, and others. The senior brethren Stephen and Joseph Jackson, long known and esteemed as taking an active and prominent part in the things of the kingdom, are feeling the weight of years, and hence unable longer to serve in the house of the Lord as formerly. For this reason, and for *two* other reasons, the Lord's cause prospers not in this physically beautiful section of Nova Scotia.

After speaking on the evening of the 24th at what is termed the Upper Dyke village, spending a few hours very agreeably with Isaac B. Jackson and G. E. Barnaby, and seeing friends Livingston, Webster, Cox, Moore, Kellam, Ruscoe, Loomer, Rockwell, James and J. H. Eaton and sundry others, we were taken by the very kind brother J. A. Wood over to Falmouth, and halted for one night at the residence of the family of Harvies. Mother Harvie not only entertained us affectionately, but father Harvie took us on to Newport, next day, a distance of something like twenty miles. The longest stay at any one point, from the day that we left Canada to the time of our return was made at Newport; and here I publicly spoke to the people at four different times in as many different neighborhoods, and held social intercourse and religious interview with brother and sister Vaughan and their christian family, father and mother Stevens and their sons and daughter-in-law, all of the household of faith, the brethren Harvies and their sister companions, brother and sister Bailey, brother and sister Canavan, and though not at the residence of brother Cassey, I was with him sufficiently to perceive that he was a whole-hearted, perpendicular, outspoken disciple.