

TO EDWARD McCURDY.

I received your kind letter with an apology as long as a Tartar lance. In writing letters to friends I neither give nor accept of apologies, but go head foremost into the pith of the matter and stop when I have done. You have seen something of the world since you left home, and by this time you could not throw your purse far against the wind. You would soon tire of your visit to London, and, like Paddy, you would not be able to see the town for the houses. You would see the extremes of wealth and poverty on a great scale. I think that the beautiful vale of Colchester will be dearer to you than ever. You must be convinced that a poor man may be as happy in Nova Scotia as in any country, eating his own lambs, clothed with the wool of his own sheep, and looking at his cows sleeping under the long shadows of his own trees. We have not the corn of Egypt nor the gold of Ophir, but we have all the materials of a tranquil felicity, and if a man steadily abides by his calling for seven years and does not better his lot in that time, let him come to me and I will assist him.

You talk of missions in foreign lands and of bringing Jews and Gentiles under the attractions of the Cross ; but the souls of men are as precious at home as in distant lands, and one pound will go further in Nova Scotia than ten pounds in India or Africa. The young soldier goes gaily into the field of battle at the sound of the martial music and thinks of victories and triumphs, but before the night cloud has lowered he has found a gory bed and a soldier's sepulchre. There is a romance in missions as well as in the army. The soil at the door of the synagogue is very hard and the