

bility of uniting, in some way, what some imagine to be impossible, politics and religion.

I spent a delightful but an exciting Sabbath with the congregation. In the morning I preached to a large audience in the village of Florenceville, which assembled in the Independent meeting-house, and in which there is a large and flourishing Sabbath school, presided over by the minister. In the afternoon I was honoured to open the new church, in which the services, alike to my own heart, and, I believe, to the hearts of the people generally, were eminently profitable, and will long be remembered with sacred pleasure. In the evening, after a drive of seven or eight miles, over a road next in badness to that road of roads in Cape Breton, between Loch Lomond and Bras d'Or, over which my dear brother Mr. Ross and I travelled, when prosecuting a similar mission, (I wonder if it be still there,) I preached at Glassville to a large gathering of my fellow countrymen and fellow Christians, who, but a few years ago, left Scotland to settle in the wilderness of New Brunswick, with the intention, and the hope, and the power to boot, as aided from on high, of turning the wilderness into a fruitful field, and of causing it to rejoice and blossom as the rose. It was a blessed meeting. The laws of association were at work, and the spirit of God, through them, made us both sorrowful and joyful in this house of prayer. It is but right to mention that the meeting-house is new, only built in the course of last year—large—finished on the outside, with, as I understand, funds on hand to complete it in the course of next year. There is no doubt, that with such a worker as Mr. Bernard, and with such materials to work with as are here furnished to him, he will rear up under the Great Master-builder a spiritual temple composed of living stones, in which there shall be offered, from age to age, spiritual sacrifices, holy and acceptable, through Jesus Christ our Lord. But the holiest and the most tender, the closest and most heavenly fellowship in the church is conditioned by her circumstances. I could willingly have remained among this people for days together,—as it was, I spent the greater part of the forenoon of Monday with a family from Aberdeenshire, who often heard me preach some five and twenty or thirty years ago, and who were on terms of intimacy with families belonging to my congregation in Aberdeen. It was worth while travelling all the way to Glassville to meet them, and to hear from the racy lips of a godly Scotch woman, sensible as godly, the very texts one preached from almost a life-time ago, as well as of the chances and changes which have fallen out to those who were dear to us as our own souls. We had

to return, however, early in the afternoon, as we had another service in the new church in the evening. The leading people in this section of the congregation were present, as well as a considerable number of others, and after public worship was closed, we attended with interest and zeal, which are not to evaporate with the occasion, to the best methods of managing the outward business of "the house of God," and recommended and enforced accordingly. And so my labours closed in this young, though old congregation; for I believe it is one that has been connected with some of the oldest congregations in the Province. May the fruit of these labours remain and increase, and may this little one in our spiritual Israel, have rest and be edified, and walking in the fear of the Lord and in the comforts of the Holy Ghost, be multiplied.

ROBERT SEDGEWICK.

### Springfield & English Settlements, New Brunswick.

NOTES BY REV. P. G. M'GREGOR.

In the division of labour mutually agreed upon by my colleague and myself, for visiting the congregations lying contiguous to the railroad between Sussex and St. John, it devolved on the junior partner to enjoy a Sabbath day's work with the Rev. Mr. Jack, at the places named above. This, my last excursion in New Brunswick, was as gratifying and pleasant, as any which preceded; its brevity being the only circumstance on which one looks back with a feeling of regret.

Leaving St. John on Saturday morning, after an early breakfast, the Norton station is reached in something less, I think, than two hours. Here, through a little misunderstanding, I had to wait for a couple of hours, but the time did not hang heavily, for I had a companion in trouble, Dr. —, who was waiting for the arrival of his carriage. My friend was a young man practising medicine in this part of the country, and had been a surgeon in the American army during the great conflict. He informed me that he was now *totally blind*, having lost his eyesight by the sand and heat and exposure of one of these great campaigns in Virginia. No one could converse with him without admiring the spirit of contentment with his lot, and submission to God, which his whole conversation displayed, and I felt it would be my own blame if I did not gain a benefit from my detention. "Springfield," he said, "is a fine country, and the scenery rather interesting, so I have been told, for I have never seen it and never will, though it is now my home."