

believe, have been much blessed. The meetings were largely attended, and the services were solemn and impressive. We understand that Mr. McCunn was recently made the recipient of a gift of \$60.

**ROGER'S HILL.**—The spirited congregation of Roger's Hill have, of late, vastly improved their Church both *outwardly and inwardly*, and can now worship in it with comfort and some degree of pardonable pride. The work has been done by the skilful, tasteful hand of George McKenzie, Esq., of Four Mile Brook.

**MCELLEAN'S MOUNTAIN.**—We learn, with much pleasure, that the Rev. W. Stewart, of McLellan's Mountain, has returned from his native land, after an absence of three months, improved in health, and invigorated in spirit.

#### CAPE BRETON.

It rejoices us greatly to learn the good news presented by Mr. McLean in the following Report of his labors there, as to the interest manifested by our attached people in the ordinances of religion. It is to be hoped that ere long they will be able to welcome one among them who will regularly break unto them the Bread of Life:—

*To the Editor of the Record:*

DEAR SIR:—It is now so long since I have left Cape Breton that an account of my work seems to be out of place; but, as some of your readers may be anxious to know what I was doing, and as my delay in writing was unavoidable, I will, even at this late hour, send you a short report.

After I had fulfilled my appointment to River Inhabitants, I went to Loch Lomond, where I was to labour during the rest of the summer. Here I received, from young and old, the Highland welcome,—*'Se bhur beathadh an d'ughaich.* Around the Loch are settled about one hundred and twenty families, all of whom are Presbyterians, but, as a matter of course, some belong to the "auld" and some to the new Kirk. They have two churches, both of which are finished outside, but the inside of each is found wanting. In the Kirk, (St. Columba), we assembled for public worship twice every Sabbath and once each week. It may be interesting and profitable to some of the readers of the *Record* to know how these meetings were

attended, and what sacrifice some had to make to be present at them.

On Wednesday afternoon, at about a quarter to 5 o'clock, you might see men, women, and children, wending their way to the place of worship. Some of these walked four or five miles to be present at the prayer meeting; and, after we had poured out our common supplications at the Throne of Grace, they re-walked every step of the way home. During the busiest seasons, they scarcely ever missed a meeting. It has often been said that it is easier for country people to attend religious meetings than it is for city people. This will be readily acknowledged if it can be proved that it is easier to walk five miles than it is to walk one quarter of a mile. As for other things, there is no difference. A dollar in the country is worth a hundred cents, and it is worth no more in the city. Sixty minutes invariably make one hour in the country, and, if I am not mistaken, when I lived in the city, sixty minutes never failed to make an hour. But let us look at the Sabbath-day attendance when city and country people are on equal footing, as far as dollars and cents are concerned. At Loch Lomond, nearly every Sabbath, wet or dry, every inch of the church was occupied. Even the aisle was at times so crowded that one could scarcely press through from the door to the Bible-stand opposite at the end of the building. I have even seen so many that we had to leave the church and conduct the worship outside. But how far did they travel to attend public worship? There was one family—father, mother, and three or four children,—who travelled fifteen miles to church regularly every Sabbath. The father and one of the boys rode on horse back, but the rest walked. To accomplish this task, they had to get up at 4 o'clock in the morning, and leave at six. They always waited for the afternoon service, which dismissed between five and six, and then very often walked home again that night. Besides, the road they had to travel was principally through woods, and was so bad that city people cannot form any conception of it. Different families walked twelve and ten miles regularly every Sabbath morning to church, and they were always in *good time*. It is doubtful if one of a hundred of the city people would ever hear the Gospel if they had to walk fifteen miles for it.

The attention paid to what was spoken was as remarkable as the attendance. Even lads, I have been told, when they went home at night, could repeat in order most of the address. From these circumstances, we would naturally look for some