

caught us, as we dashed down the angry current on our way back to St. John. We learned how very different it was to go against the current and with it.— It took us twelve hours going up from Fredericton, and only five to come down the same distance. I suppose the same is true of all streams, and the river of life is not an exception. On reaching home I found myself impressed with several very deep convictions, and among others, that going a distance of 300 miles up stream and back to attend a Presbytery meeting, near the first of May, was neither very profitable nor very pleasant.

GEO. J. CAIE.

LETTER FROM REV. JOHN GOODWILL.

WALLACE, MAY 27TH, 1869.

Mr. Editor,—Having visited the Halifax Presbytery and received the appointments of the Pictou Presbytery, I set out on Saturday, 17th inst., from Riversdale, for Salt Springs. On arriving at the West River station, I did not find it convenient to make my way to the manse, a distance of eight or nine miles, but remained with my friend Donald Graham, whose son drove me to the manse on Sabbath morning. I was sorry to see my good old neighbour and friend, the Rev. Mr. McMillan, still suffering from a severe attack of the measles of some weeks standing; but I also felt thankful, at the same time, that he was in a convalescent state, and on the fair way of recovery. Mr. McMillan, who is punctual in all his engagements and an active labourer in the Master's cause, is doing well, and is much loved by his people. This is customary with the most of people at first, but I should like to see it continue. The congregation was not as large as it would have been had the arrangements been made for English preaching. I had taken it for granted that as the majority preferred the English, it would be so, and came with the intention of addressing the people in that language, and did so. The collection, I was told, amounted to something over fifteen dollars. I left Mr. McMillan undertaking to preach the second discourse, notwithstanding all my attempts to dissuade him from it. My charioteer now set out for Gairloch, a distance of six or seven miles over horrible roads, and we arrived a short time before Mr. Brodie had finished the afternoon service; after which I addressed the congregation. There were a large number present, but there was no collection taken up for the Foreign Mission scheme. I do not know whether they were prepared or whether they were disposed to give any or not. If they were not prepared, it is very probable that the good people of Gairloch will contribute on the first opportunity. Before the benediction was pronounced, I requested Mr. Brodie to announce that I would hold a meeting at the West River station on Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock, and that a collection would be taken up.

After the service I returned with my young friend to his father's, where I remained a couple of days, and employed my time in writing. On Tuesday evening I addressed a pretty large audience in the Station house. Mr. Marshall, the Station master, was kind enough to give us the use of the building, and he made himself very useful in furnishing seats and accommodating the people. A collection of four dollars was realized; the reason of it being so small was that the greater number of those present had contributed at Saltsprings' Church on Sabbath.

On Wednesday I returned to Truro, in order to visit Dr. McCulloch's people. The Doctor, who is minister of a large and respectable congregation of the sister church in Truro, shewed his kind regards for and interest in the mission, by requesting me to address his people on the subject of missions, which I did on Wednesday evening. The attendance was pretty fair, considering that it rained heavily during the day, and that the roads were bad. The Doctor himself