

one occasion they were journeying together after a Communion season at some distant locality, and losing their way on the mountains, they wandered, footsore and hungry for hours, until at last they espied a small hut, to which they joyfully directed their steps. The good woman of the house, seeing such an unusual sight as three men approach her lonely dwelling, fled into the woods. The ministers entered, and to their delight, beheld a large pot boiling over the fire. They sat in silence waiting for the return of the good wife for some time; but it is chronicled, that before long, one, whose appetite was increasing, approached the fire, and, lifting the lid off the pot, looked in; the second followed, and seeing that it contained potatoes and fish, went so far as to try a potato with a fork to see if it was done. At this point, the three lifted the pot off the fire, and honestly giving way to hunger, all sat to enjoy a good meal. This purely human act of weakness so convinced the good woman of the house, who was quietly watching their proceedings through the window, that there was nothing to fear from her clerical guests, that we are told in the quaint words of the correspondent that she forthwith returned and made savory diet for these saintly men, who are now in the Paradise of God, where they neither hunger nor thirst any more.

Rev. James Fraser, of Boularderie, was a man not to be forgotten in the annals of Cape Breton. What he did for Boularderie tells to this day.

Rev. Peter McLean, of Whycocomagh, was a flaming evangelist—a man whose name is “as ointment poured forth.”

In 1837 he accepted a call to Whycocomagh. He preached almost daily over a wide area of country. The people crowded to hear him, and eagerly followed