

to visitors then, and though the chief interest was in the religious services, there was also a good deal of pleasant social talk and entertainment as well in many of the houses.

On one of these occasions I chanced to be passing through there, and called at a house not far from the church for a drink of water. A smart young girl opened the door, and invited me to walk in and take a seat while she went to the spring for a pail of fresh water. A number of old Highland women were sitting on the edge of the beds at the far end of the room, and one of them said to the others,—“Some of the young folks are getting so proud now they won’t let on that they can speak the Gaelic any more. Who knows but this young man can speak it, too.” I tried to keep on a straight face, and to interrupt this embarrassing talk, I asked the man of the house about the state of the road ahead of me. Then he turned to the old women and said,—“There is not a word of Gaelic in his head, his English is so hard!” (Meaning it has such a clear ring.) I had to make for the door or laugh right out, for my Gaelic was much better than theirs at that time.

The Heroic Side.

Some one has said that the life of the humblest individual, if properly recorded, would be of interest to all men. Then the history of Canada so far is mainly the history of the early settler; but it has not been written yet, and probably never will be. His life work was commonplace enough in many respects, but