

and may-hap more interested in Parliamentary affairs than in the immediate business then engaging the attention of his pious constituents, nevertheless condescendingly reciprocated the kindly feelings between the congregation and their Catholic neighbours which had been appropriately referred to in the pertinent "charge to the people" on that interesting occasion. How much the conduct of the very celebrated Bishop MacDonnell had to do in the cementing of these fraternal ties, we shall not now stop to enquire. That his conduct however was somewhat anomalous for a votary of Rome, is confirmed by many Protestants. It is reported that, when acting as chaplain in the British army, he was wont to administer mass to the adherents of his own faith, and then with great stretch of charity turn round and preach a Gospel sermon to his Presbyterian countrymen. And, after he had subsequently emigrated to America, and was placed among his countrymen in Glengary, it is reported that his conduct here, was of a piece with his former course—so much so that the more faithful votaries of the Virgin complained to the Bishop that he had made a grand mistake in "sending them a minister and not a priest." At any rate it is believed by all that he held a warm side to the Church of Scotland and lived on friendly and most intimate terms with the rulers and adherents in Glengary. In view of this no marvel that others besides Catholics should cast more than a curious glimpse at his ashes, which, as is well known, have been disturbed after a repose in their native bed of more than a score of years, and brought here for exhibition to a thousand admiring gazes, and then re-entombed in the midst of a people who shall ever retain his memory embalmed in their hearts.

But enough of these fraternal and social traits. What we wish more especially to remark is their moral and spiritual character, and particularly their unflinching devotion to the interests of our Zion there, during the long career of difficulties and trials through which they had been called upon to pass as a Church. Without entering into the details of the settling of these hardy colonists, who had afterwards assumed the form of a Church, we may state that the first band of them, numbering a few hundreds set out from their native Glenelg in the year 1795. After being tossed about, their lives imperilled and their stores reduced to a scanty allowance, for 18 long weeks on the angry Atlantic, their shattered and unsafe barque at length reached the New World, and discharged her cargo of adventurers on the shore of Prince Edward Island. Here the hardy emigrants spent the first winter, but on the opening of the ensuing season resumed their journey in a boat, until they halted at length amid the forest of Lochiel. A few years subsequent to this another party of friends followed; and these again were

very soon followed by a third from the same sequestered parish of Glenelg, Inverness-shire. It is needless now to talk of the many privations of their new home, their hard struggles in clearing the forest, the want of roads to convey their scanty produce to far distant mills, the great distance in reaching market and the very little to be effected when reached, and all the other hardships incident to new settlements. But it is worthy of remark that amid all their struggles in quest of temporal comforts, they were not unmindful of or insensible to the value of higher blessings. Although immersed in such cares as would seem calculated to efface the hallowed recollection of Scotland's Zion, yet she was not forgotten in their forest abode. On the contrary the same spirit which animated the exiled Israelite by the river Chebar, prompted him to say like him, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. . . . If I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." Accordingly but few years have elapsed before they had earnestly set to work in erecting the walls of their Scottish Zion. But the difficulties attendant upon such a laudable undertaking as this, from the nature of the case, are more easily conceived than enumerated. A people in their own Glen seldom called upon *directly* to do much for the support of the Gospel; the scarcity and high prices of the necessary materials, brought in part over almost impassable roads, together with the high wages for labour; the very limited means of a congregation less than a *third* of their present number, occupying but partially cleared farms—these and such like drawbacks would seem sufficient to discourage the most sanguine intentions in an undertaking of no little magnitude. Nevertheless, "the foundation of the house was laid." Nor was the contrast with "Mr. Colin's" church such as to extort "tears of sadness from the ancient men who had seen the former house." Rather was the favourable comparison calculated to elicit tears of gratitude and evoke songs of praise to Zion's Head. On this foundation the *superstructure* was in due time reared and completed; and there it stands now with its towering spire, after weathering the storms of nearly half a century, the remaining monument of the active faith of "the chief of the fathers", who now in silence and repose sleep underneath its shadow, and may we not here take occasion to remind their well-to-do and more numerous offspring that the closing lichen, which obliterates the inscription on their fathers' slabs, cannot cease to upbraid *them* until this venerable but now decaying structure is supplanted by an edifice of more lasting material and of greater dimensions. Certain it is that, if the present generation evinced the spirit of their departed sires, in exerting themselves in any approximate degree commensurate with their superior advantages and numbers, few seasons would

roll around ere a building could be seen which many might think unnecessarily extravagant for a purely rural charge.

But how little avail to have erected the walls of Zion unless the *herald* is found to take his stand thereon to proclaim the King's mandates—unless these walls are made to re-echo the gladsome tidings from Zion's King. In this respect, we regret having to state, this Congregation from the very commencement had had their faith repeatedly put to the test. During the whole time of their existence as a Congregation they have enjoyed the advantages of a settled ministry but about 15 years. Their first pastor, the Rev. Mr. McLaren, inducted about the time the Church was building, resigned his pastorate after a 3 years' settlement. Then a long vacancy of 9 years ensued, owing mainly, as is supposed, to the difficulty of securing the services of Gaelic ministers. This breach the Divine Head of the Church was at last graciously pleased to repair in the person of the Rev. Mr. McIsaac from Scotland. The memory of Mr. McI., as an acceptable preacher, a faithful pastor and of sympathising heart, shall long remain with the people of Lochiel. This was the longest pastorate they have ever enjoyed; and perhaps this circumstance, apart from his sterling worth as a faithful minister of Christ, is the *main* reason why the remembrance of him is so fondly cherished by the people up to this day. And perhaps also it ought not to be regarded a trite circumstance to add, as additional reason, the amiable qualities of his wife, who was worthy the relation she sustained, as sister of an eminent Free Church leader in Glasgow, and whose memory, no less than that of her devoted spouse, shall be revered by the parishioners of Lochiel so long as they are not insensible to true benevolence, meek condescension, and the best traits of Christian character. But Mr. McI.'s pastorate, although the longest, was not long. After a lapse of time tantamount to that of the vacancy, this devoted shepherd was compelled by ill health to relinquish the charge of a flourishing flock, to their great sorrow and the apprehended loss to the Great Shepherd's interest. Besides the disruption of the ties uniting the Pastor and his flock happened in an evil day. It was nearly coincident with another era in Church history, the date of which is sufficiently marked to every Church student even beyond the land of Knox by that ominous phrase, "The memorable *Disruption*." But on the events imported by this significant phrase it is far from being a pleasure here to dwell. The many heart-burnings it has caused, the envy and jealousy it has engendered, and the animosity it has aroused between very friends, we would rather seek to bury forever in the darkest and deepest recesses of oblivion than in the least degree be instrumental in probing the wound so as to renew the sore. Let *by-gones* then be forever such; and com-