

leaving Baddeck on a cold morning, he relates: "I had to come out of the sleigh and hold my horse by the head opposite Red Head, till a squall of snow and drift cleared up so far that I could see Kempt Head (the opposite shore some 3 miles distant) then jumping into the sleigh and driving as hard as the horse could go, with the snow up to his knees, in order to reach the other shore before the next squall came on. I did so just in time to avoid not the next squall, merely, but a whole day of drift and intense frost." He describes this storm as being so wild and terrible, that 3 or 4 persons in different parts of the Island who were overtaken in it, perished. He was so fortunate as to reach shelter before night came on, and the next day arrived at the Hon. T. D. Archibald's house at Sydney Mines and thence went to Sydney. Nearly a month elapsed before he could again return to his home in West Bay, where the anxiety of his family can be better imagined than described."

Rev. Mr. Stewart also mentions amongst their trials and privations, the long and fatiguing journeys they were obliged to undertake on foot, there being absolutely no roads, and the fording of rivers often rendered dangerous by swollen mountain streams. He speaks of his colleague—Rev. Mr. Farquharson—suffering much in this way, so that he was accustomed to carry leeches in his pocket to apply to his sore and swollen feet when they were very bad and when he chanced hapily to reach a house where he could rest for a day or two in comparative comfort.

The accommodation, even at the best of these houses, was of the scantiest and the food of the poorest kind, although given with a hearty Highland welcome.

It is related of three of these godly men, that on