

back home," as the Dr. had no intention of staying in America. Dr. Macdonald had a bill of exchange when he landed of £150 and the conditions of the country were such that he could not actually cash it. At last a man named Bannerman, a fellow countryman, told the Doctor he could fix it all right for him, and it was handed over, and that was the last he ever saw of Bannerman or his money. He was afraid to return with the captain and was consequently at the end of his tether when he heard of the Rev. Alexander Macdonald, P. P., of Arisaig, N. S., whom he knew in Skye. He went to him, was treated as a brother, and remained in Antigonish for some time. He went to Jamaica and remained there three years. While in Jamaica he had a severe attack of fever, in the delirium of which he tore up his diploma. He returned to Antigonish with the intention of going to Scotland, but fell in love and married Charlotte, the eldest daughter of Daniel Harrington, and never returned to his native land. In the early part of his practice he had many hardships to endure. It often happened that the roads, which were only bridle paths through the forest, were in winter so blocked up that he had to travel to distant parts of the country on snowshoes. Often too, he ran into great dangers, and he had many narrow escapes. One stormy night in winter he set out on horse-back to visit a patient at Cape George. Between the north and south lakes at Morrystown the road, at that time, wound along the top of a cliff overhanging the sea, and, as the snow had been drifting, the road was so narrow that his path lay along the very brink of the precipice. Missing the track at this point, he and his horse were precipitated over the cliff, and fell a distance of sixty feet. The horse was killed, but the Doctor was only slightly hurt. The cliff over which he had fallen was a perpendicular wall, and, as the sea washed up to the foot of it, escape from the place seemed impossible. He walked along the shore until he found a place up which he was able to climb, and after wandering all night through the snow, arrived at a house at about daybreak.

When he came to the county there were scarcely more than a half dozen primitive bridges, and the danger in crossing streams was sometimes very great. On one occasion, going to Bayfield on the ice, he had a very narrow escape. The harbour ice was strong enough, but when he reached the bay ice a strong wind had sprung up from the westward, and it was beginning to move out to sea. By the