

him to avoid such exposure. Naturally ardent in temperament, determined in what he undertook, and adventurous in disposition, he seemed most at home in encountering difficulties, which most other men would have regarded as impossibilities. Instances of this might be given, for example of his starting from home on Monday and riding all night, and over the roads as they then were, to attend a meeting of the Presbytery on Tuesday forenoon at Tatamagouche—of his travelling to New Glasgow after a freshet, which had carried away every bridge between the East River and Glenelg—of hearing of his mother's illness after dark, and mounting his horse at ten o'clock, to ride all night in the mud of December roads, and through the long stretch of dark woods lying between Pictou and St. Mary's, to reach her home only to find that she had breathed her last before his arrival—of his crossing Pictou harbour when the ice was so bad that on arriving at the town he was obliged to have planks placed from the ice to the wharf to land his horse—of his returning home from a fatiguing mission to Guysboro' and Canso on Saturday evening, finding letters from Cape Breton informing him that a congregation there was distracted, and in danger even of being destroyed by the efforts of sectaries, and starting on Wednesday, riding the whole distance on horseback, arriving on Saturday and preaching the same day at once encountering the dogs who were tearing the little flock to pieces, and ceasing not his labours until he had seen it established in safety. Such feats, for we can call them nothing less, so long as he had health, were his life and pleasure and were thought and spoken of as ordinary occurrences. We believe that at the time of his death there was not a man in Nova Scotia that had ridden as many miles on horseback as he had done.

WONDERFUL DELIVERANCE.

In his early labours he met with many incidents, some ludicrous, some serious and some even dangerous. We shall give one which he regarded as the most remarkable deliverance from death, which he experienced during his life. It occurred a year or two after his ordination.

He had been engaged to assist the late Rev. Mr. Patrick at his communion in Merigomish, in the month of March. The winter had been stormy and the snow lay heavy on the ground. He proceeded thither by way of Antigonish, travelling as usual on horseback. He reached that place the first day and spent the night at Mr. Trotter's. At that time there were only two routes thence to Merigomish, the one by the post road round the Gulf shore, the other over the Antigonish mountains. The

latter was over steep hills and the road extremely rough, but it was at least ten miles shorter, and this circumstance induced many travellers to prefer it, as they could generally accomplish the distance in a shorter time and with less fatigue to their horses than they could by the other. Mr. C. was led to choose this route on this occasion, and the next morning started after breakfast. He had, however, not proceeded far on his journey till snow commenced falling. Not anticipating danger, he still pressed onward, but the snow continued even heavier than at first, and the wind rose, till he was involved in a regular snow storm. He was by this time too far on to think of turning back, or at all events he was so accustomed to go through with what he undertook, that he thought only of going forward. The road having been but little travelled was somewhat deep and difficult even at starting, but as the snow continued it became worse and worse, ere long he found it impossible to continue riding, and he was obliged to dismount, take the bridle in his hand and go ahead, tramping the snow before the horse. On the most level spots the snow was deep, so that this involved an amount of toil, which those only who have tried to go any distance in deep snow or storm, can understand; but there came bank after bank, in which for a time his horse would sink, so that it required great exertions on the part of both to extricate him. Thus he continued all day, and night came upon him when little more than half of his journey had been accomplished. There were very few settlers on the mountain, and owing to the failure of crops for some years, several of them had left. He had therefore toiled all day without meeting a place where he could obtain shelter for either himself or his horse.

Those who have travelled the mountain road will recollect a deep valley about half way across. There the road made a long and rather steep descent on the one-side, to mount by as long and steep an ascent on the other. Night came upon him as he reached this place, and the storm was scarcely, if at all, abated. The strength of both himself and his horse was by this time nearly gone. He managed, however, to descend the valley, but on attempting to ascend the other side, the snow had accumulated to such a depth under the shelter of the hill, that with a few plunges, the horse got so deeply immersed in a snow bank as to be utterly helpless to extricate himself, and his owner was equally unable to do anything for his relief.

His case now seemed desperate. He was utterly unable to rescue his horse, and his own strength, from the toil of the day and want of food, was so nearly gone, that