

year), were too young for the journey, causing crushing care to the parents—who had to make nine removals in one year—and thus Mrs. Maclean was brought under dreadful sufferings from acute diseases, which ended with her life in 1805, her husband died in 1810.

Of the peace of 1783 Mr. Maclean wrote long afterwards to Peter Hunter, Esq., Governor of the Province: "Nothing of all my trials ever grieved me so much as having to dwell from under British sway." Thus with such loyal views he sought the wilds of Canada because they were his sovereign's possession.

Bereft of means, and exposed to dangers and hardships almost incredible, they came by Lake Champlain, Laprairie, and Montreal, Niagara being their destination, crossing the St. Lawrence and ascending its rapids in their canoes; one of which filled with water and wet their books, detaining them six weeks to dry them.

On their way, having passed where Brockville now stands, they turned in for the night into a little bay or gap in the granite shore of the river, at the foot of the "Thousand Islands." They pitched their tent in the unbroken forest, the place being known long after as "Oswegatchie, in the Province of Quebec."

Winter coming on, their boats too frail to coast stormy Ontario, and without provisions for the journey, they remained, cleared, sowed the land, and got good returns. The log shanty was succeeded by a larger house, where now the old home stands.

Thus while the pastor became the framer of a new government, to whose constitution he gave much of the Presbyterian aspect, his "dear people," forced beyond the haunts of civilisation by his party, became the pioneers of a "New Dominion."

Without roads, mills, markets, merchandise, medicines, or medical men, and without means of education or of grace, and cradled in hardships, "necessity" became to the family now growing up "the mother of inventions."

Did space allow we might mention a number of most ingenious contrivances to which the members of the family were led in the circumstances in which they were placed to betake themselves; as, for instance, how, in order to lay out the forest in correct survey, one of the sons formed a theodolite, the first he had ever seen; and how another, without instruction, became able to put together the parts of a watch, and to make astronomical observations.

But the want felt most of all was a preached Gospel. This was met with the most earnest heed to sustain the "church in the house." For years no sermon was ever heard from the living preacher, and there the dead were made to speak in their read sermons; and as others settled around a godly band of praying men met in that house regularly, and conscientiously did they agree together to sustain the means of grace without a minister. Thus they laid the foundation of the first Presbyterian Church and Sabbath School in a vast portion of Canada.

While they prayed God they also petitioned the churches of the father land and of the sister-land for a pastor. Though many came from the States and saw their wants yet none remained. Three were successively invited, and one was on the eve of coming, the Rev. Mr. Kirby, of Staten Island, who was prevented by a fall. The correspondence of these times is exceedingly interesting, and may yet be given to the churches through the *Record*, if deemed advisable. At length the Rev. Wm. Smart, young, ardent and devoted, the fellow student of Morrison, the missionary of China, came, and was settled as the first pastor, who, with his brother pioneer the Rev. Robert McDowal, found an open mission field of scattered families from Montreal to Niagara.

From the settlement of a pastor till about a fortnight before his death, did Mr. J. Maclean, with Abraham-like care, gather to God's house with his partner and their children. This care was followed with happy results in the case of some of the family, whom God took in the morning of their days.