

Through that district the iron horse now runs, carrying behind him, with the speed of the wind, mails and passengers from the great lakes and busy cities of the western world; and it would be interesting to know whether John McLean lived to see the advent of this black monster, and if he did, whether he kept his senses when he saw him, and how far he ran, when his horrible screech broke in on the solitude of Salmon River and Antigonish.

Changes as great as, in things material, from no horses nor roads to horses and iron roads, have come over Pictou and Nova Scotia in things spiritual. The very year (1759) General Wolfe died victorious on the plains of Abraham, there was born at the foot of the romantic Loch Earn, in Perthshire, a young man—James McGregor—who well deserves the chapter devoted to him in this interesting book, and also well deserves the name of the Apostle of Pictou. At the bidding of the supreme court of his church, James McGregor left his country, his kindred, and his father's house, to go into a land that God was to show him. In the fervor of early youth he entered on his work in Pictou in the year 1786.

"The majority of the settlers," Mr. McGregor tells us, "were in extreme poverty. . . . Their houses were of round logs, with moss stuffed in between them, and plastered with clay. Their furniture was of the rudest description, a block of wood or a rude bench serving for chair or table. Money was scarcely seen. Not a loaf could be afforded of our own bread. There was no mill to grind it. We had scarcely any tradesmen of any kind."

Such a state of things as described above may, we believe be found in the back woods in certain sections of Canada at this very moment; but it is to be hoped that no township in our broad Dominion is now in the spiritual condition in which James McGregor found Pictou. On the first Sabbath after his arrival he preached in a barn. His first text was, "This is a faithful saying," etc, and the first words he heard after pronouncing the blessing were from an old soldier calling to his companions, "Come, come, let us go to the grog-shop." On the second Sabbath he complains that the conduct of those in attendance was as disorderly as before. "Their