

be of no use to me further, owing to the great depth of snow, started on foot to cross the mountain to Lake Ainslie—took 4 hours in travelling 6 miles—sometimes half the body under the snow, creeping on hands and knees for a considerable distance. The sun had set and the shades of evening were gathering around—tumbling in the snow with a heavy overcoat produced a profuse perspiration—when at a distance a light was discovered, to which with a hope of rest I steered. It was a very humble dwelling, the abode of a new settler, with a cow and calf to keep me company along with the inmates.

“If another mile had to be travelled, my covering for the night would have been the deep snow. As the housewife had a few potatoes, a mess of mashed potatoes and milk recruited my exhausted strength, and with my soles to a good fire, the floor for my bed, a wisp of straw for my pillow, the morning light found me fitted to reach Lake Ainslie.”

Rev. Murdoch Stewart, a saintly, scholarly man, father of Rev. Thomas Stewart, of Dartmouth, and Dr. John Stewart, of Halifax, who having labored zealously many years at West Bay, was called to the congregation of Whycocomagh, which was his last charge.

I am indebted to Mrs. Charles Archibald, of Halifax, for the following few extracts from her extremely interesting paper on “The Early Scotch Settlers in Cape Breton”—recently read before the “Historical Society of Nova Scotia.”

“Rev. Murdoch Stewart instances a journey he once took to Sydney from West Bay in the winter time, which occupied 6 days, he having left West Bay on Tuesday, travelling chiefly on the ice and not reaching his destination until the following Wednesday evening, with the 9th horse employed after leaving home.” On