

These reasons were strongly enforced by the additional consideration, that the time is going by, when the work could be done in any thing like a satisfactory manner. Most if not all of Dr. MacGregor's cotemporaries are gone. There are but one or two persons living, who knew him previous to his arrival in this country, and these are now in their dotage. Those who had reached years of maturity when he arrived in Nova Scotia, are all gone to the land of deep forgetfulness, and in a few years there will be none living able to speak from personal knowledge of his early toils. The written documents, which throw light on his history are also perishing, and many are irrecoverably gone. "There is a time for every thing," but the time for doing justice to the memory of Dr. MacGregor is nearly past. But in a short time it will have gone for ever, and what is now difficult will be then impossible, and what can now only be done imperfectly can then not be done at all. And during the collecting of the materials for the following memoir, the writer has had many warnings to remember the divine admonition, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Several individuals, who might have afforded information have passed away, while he was contemplating an effort to obtain their reminiscences, or he has visited others, only to find their memory a blank, and their intellect quenched by disease or infirmity.

Impelled by these considerations, the author has devoted, he cannot say his leisure time, for leisure time he has not known for ten years, but such intervals as he could snatch from engrossing avocations, to gathering and arranging the materials of the present volume. He is aware that it will disappoint many, and none can be more sensible of its deficiencies than himself. But it is only fair that he state the difficulties in his way. In the first place he cannot speak of the subject of the memoir from personal knowledge. Two scenes exhaust his personal recollections. The one is the remembrance, deeply engraven upon the mind of childhood, of a tall dark-complexioned man entering the room being the signal for a rush to him