

us an unexpected though not unpleasant circumstance; the more so, that we have reason to believe, from subsequent conversation with the woman and enquiry, that it was so of a truth.

The friends at Manchester seemed much cheered and quickened by our visit, and would certainly desire a young minister, a wish in which brother Dairen participated; as, feeling that he is no longer adequate to the duties of the pastorate, he would gladly resign in favour of a younger brother.

Both here and at Cape Canso there were many who affectionately enquired after our brother Snider, whose preaching and labours here will not soon be forgotten.

On the Tuesday following we were driven by one of the friends of the cause a distance of about eighteen miles, to the Straits of Canso, which separate Nova Scotia from Cape Breton. From Port Mulgrave, where the Straits are only about two miles wide, we were conveyed across in a small boat to Plaster Cove, so called from the white cliffs of plaster of Paris, which are the most conspicuous objects from the Nova Scotia shore.

Had we been suddenly transported from the shore of Nova Scotia to the the west Highlands of Scotland, the change would have been hardly more remarkable than that which we observed when we crossed the Gut of Canso into Cape Breton. The people of Manchester are for the most part of American descent, and their speech bewrayeth them; but here in Plaster Cove, and for seventy miles above it, all is Highland. Nearly every man you meet is a Scotch Highlander, or the son of one, with the same hardy look and strong and bony frame. One hears scarcely anything but Gaelic in the hotels, Gaelic in the stores, Gaelic on the streets.

As we drove along to Maton next day, over excellent roads, through a fertile and well cultivated country, with the sea upon our left and the lofty mountains in the back ground to the right, we almost fancied ourselves in our own loved Scotland again. Our driver, some of whose ancestors might have fallen on Culloden Muir, fighting for bonnie Prince Charlie, amused us by singing or whistling snatches of Jacobin songs, pibrochs, or strathpeys. Had the hills only been covered with the purple heather, and had we occasionally been confronted by some ancient feudal castle, or got a glimpse of a kilt, or heard the strains of the pibroch, we should have believed ourselves upon the Grampian Hills, where "our father fed his flock." It seemed as if we should know everybody we met, and indeed we were treated as if we were well known; for, being in a locality where there were no hotels or taverns, and having occasion to call at the house of a Scotch Highlander to get dinner, our host indignantly refused any remuneration, though he had hospitably entertained the driver and myself, declaring that he never took anything from a stranger, but especially from a countryman. Nevertheless he gratefully received a few tracts, though he was a Roman Catholic.

The greater number of these Highlanders are Roman Catholic, but they are good settlers and loyal British subjects, many of them having volunteered to go to Halifax and fight the Fenians during the recent threatened invasion. Two days more brought us to Margaree, our point of destination, about eighty miles from the Straits of Canso.

The Margaree, or Marguerite, as it was formerly called, is a lovely river, originating in Lake Ainslie, and having two main branches, one called the North-East Branch and the other the South-West Branch, both of which unite at a place called the Forks, and empty into the sea at Margaree Harbour, about eight miles below. The North-East Branch passes through a succession of