

the villagers. None understood English but himself; and there were no Gaelic books in those days. Even the Bible could not be got in Gaelic. My father translated from the Bible; and from Boston, Baxter, and Dyer; and then after the reading was over and the villagers dismissed, the family exercise would commence. He was very exacting upon his children in these exercises, and insisted on the strictest compliance with all his requirements in the matter of our tasks and lessons. My father had one way of dealing with his children, that I never saw practiced in any other family. When a daughter or a son arrived at the age of fifteen, he would on a Sabbath evening call that one up in presence of the rest, and then explain to him or her the import of the Baptismal vows, and how he (the father) had become bound, on behalf of the child, for its godly uprearing, until it (the child) came to years of discretion. And now that it was of such an age, he placed the vows on its own head. Young though I was, I can never forget the solemnity of those scenes.

I was born at the south side of one of the largest and most picturesque fresh water Lakes in Scotland. It is in length something over twenty miles, and its breadth is from two to four or five miles. I do not know its depth, but believe it to be very deep, from the fact that no part of it ever freezes. It abounds in trout and salmon. The River Ewe, by which it discharges its surplus water, after a run of something less than two miles, is celebrated for the excellency of its salmon fishing. There is a range of high mountains along the north side of the Lake running nearly its whole length, rising sheer out of the Lake to the height of from three to four thousand feet. The bases of these mountains are covered with Scotch fir, and coppis wood of birch, ash, and hazel; while their bare and sterile backs are raised high in their savage grandeur of craggy rocks and precipices, covered for ten months in the year with snow. Along the north side of the Lake, in its whole length, there were only two places giving room for cultivation between the mountains and the Lake; and pretty places they are:—"Lotter Ewe," and "Ard Lair," two seats of the McKenzies of "Lotter Ewe,"—a branch, I believe, of the Gairloch family.

The formation of the lands on the south side of the Lake differs greatly from that on the north. Here the mountains are thrown back, leaving a broad margin of comparatively low grounds between them and the Lake, with a good deal of arable and cultivated land. Three small rivers fall into the Lake from

this side, each forming a considerable Strath or *Dal*, (Dale); and at the time of which I speak, there might be ten families residing on each of them. My father farmed one of these straths for many years; and there I was born in 1794, and there I passed my childhood and boyhood until I was eleven years of age. O! how well I do remember, even at this distant period, those haunts of my childhood where I roamed at large without care or thought, enjoying the wild luxuriance of the scenes around me! The green grassy glades—the giant oak trees—the rivers, and brooks, and water falls—the rent and rifted rocks,—and especially the smooth and glassy surface of the Lake, with its yellow border of golden sand, and its trout and wild geese and swans and ducks! About the middle of the Lake, and, as far as I can guess, three miles from my father's place, was an island; it would be a mile and a half or so in circumference. It was covered with heath, and here and there large boulders of white stone lying scattered on the surface, as if sown broadcast in primeval time. On this island thousands of herring gulls hatched every year. Three boys of the place, not older than myself, used to go with me in the dead of night, take my father's boat, row to the island, moor our boat on the sand beach, sleep until daylight, and gather eggs until our baskets were filled. This was surely delightful work for boys. We sometimes came across a gray goose's nest with its five eggs, sometimes a duck's nest with nine eggs, and sometimes a moor fowl's nest (red grouse) with twelve eggs: this, however, being a Game Bird, we dare not take the eggs. If we did, we were sure of a thrashing. In this way we went to the Island at least once a week during the month of May; after which time the birds were allowed to hatch their young undisturbed; and in this way I passed my early boyhood. Can it be wondered at, that these scenes were the subjects of many of my after night and day dreams? We left the Lake and came to Pictou in the summer of 1805.

(To be continued.)

THE friends of Disestablishment are sore over the defeat of the resolution in Parliament to take up the question of Disestablishment of the Church in Wales. The vote on the resolution was 158 to 261. In the negative list appears the name of John Bright. Mr. Chamberlain has written a letter on the subject, in which he intimates that the cause of the failure of the resolution of Mr. Richards was due to the Welsh confidence in Mr. Gladstone.