

his own native tongue. Two brothers and two sisters died, aged respectively, ninety-eight, eighty-two, seventy-three, and sixty-seven years; there are now living in Cornwall two brothers and one sister, aged eighty-eight, eighty-one, and seventy-eight years. The second son, John, studied for the priesthood, and soon after his ordination was an assistant at St. Raphael's thence he was removed to Perth, where he suffered many hardships for ten years. He was Vicar-General of Kingston and parish priest of St. Raphael's for many years, and died at Lancaster on the 16th of March, 1879, in the ninety-seventh year of his age.

This latter was a man of very determined character and somewhat stern in his treatment of his flock, who one and all obeyed him as little children. It was no uncommon thing in those days to see a man with a sheep-skin on his head or a wooden gag in his mouth—a penance awarded by Father John. A pulpit was a conventionality that he scorned; he always addressed his people while walking to and fro behind the Communion railing. If any luckless wight incurred his displeasure he was pitilessly and publicly rebuked, though sometimes the worm turned. For instance:

"John Roy MacDonald, leave this church." Dead silence. "John Roy MacDonald, I say *leave this church*." John Roy MacDonald rises and goes slowly and solemnly out, stepping carefully over the far-apart logs that did duty for a floor.

Father John proceeds with his sermon, when creak, creak, creak, back over the logs comes John Roy MacDonald and calmly resumes his seat.

"John Roy Macdonald, did I not tell you to leave this church?"

"Yes, Maister Ian, and I will be for to go out of the church for to please you, and now I wass come back for to please myself!" It was not the ancient Scotch custom to call the priest *father*; hence Father John was always spoken to and of as Maister Ian.

Through great and manifold hardships have these people worked their way to comfort and ease. Coming from a life of freedom, and in many instances careless, idlenesss, in a sea-girt home where a wealth of fresh fish was always to be had for very slight exertion, agricultural labor was almost unknown to them. In Canada they found themselves obliged