

WONDERFUL DELIVERANCE.

THROUGH the kindness of Dr. Patterson, Green Hill, N. S., we are enabled to give the following incident in the life of the late Rev. John Campbell, one of the Pioneers of Presbyterianism in the Maritime Provinces.

In his early labours he met with many incidents, some ludicrous, some serious and some even dangerous. We shall give one which he regarded as the most remarkable deliverance from death, which he experienced during his life. It occurred a year or two after his ordination.

He had been engaged to assist the late Rev. Mr. Patrick at his communion in Merigomish, in the month of March. The winter had been stormy and the snow lay heavy on the ground. He proceeded thither by way of Antigonish, travelling as usual on horseback. He reached that place the first day, and spent the night at Rev. Mr. Trotter's. At that time there were only two routes thence to Merigomish, the one by the post road round the Gulf shore, the other over the Antigonish mountains. The latter was over steep hills, the road extremely rough, but it was at least ten miles shorter, and this circumstance induced many travellers to prefer it, as they could generally accomplish the distance in a shorter time and with less fatigue to their horses than they could by the other. Mr. Campbell was led to choose this route on this occasion, and the next morning started after breakfast. He had, however, not proceeded far on his journey till snow commenced falling. Not anticipating danger, he still pressed onward, but the snow continued even more heavily than at first, and the wind rose, till he was involved in a regular snow storm. He was by this time too far on to think of turning back, or at all events, he was so accustomed to go through with what he undertook, that he thought only of going forward. The road having been but little travelled was somewhat deep and difficult even at starting, but as the snow continued it became worse, and worse; ere long he found it impossible to continue riding, and he was obliged to dismount, take the bridle in his hand and go ahead, tramping the snow before the horse. On the most level spots the snow was deep, so that this involved an amount of toil, which those only who have tried to go any distance in deep snow or storm, can understand; but then came bank after bank, in which for a time his horse would sink, so that it required great exertions on the part of both to extricate him. Thus he continued all day, and night came upon him when little more than half of his journey had been accomplished. There were very few settlers on the mountain, and owing to the