

welfare, the church has lost one of her praying and laboring men, and those who had the pleasure of intimate acquaintance with him have lost a steady and faithful friend.

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord that they may rest from their labour and their works do follow them."

WM. G. FORBES.

### III

New London, P. E. I.,  
Oct. 22nd, 1910.

MY DEAR BRO. CAMPBELL.

I thank you very heartily for the two papers you sent me, but especially for the paper containing your account of the life of my old and dear friend Angus MacLean of Cape North. You describe the good man admirably. I see him now with my mind's eye as he prayed at the prayer meeting in the C. N. Church in the summers of 1870-71. Surely no man ever besieged heaven as he did. I well remember the first time I got my eyes on him. It was at Mrs. MacPherson's, Middle Harbour. I reached Mrs. MacPherson's on a Monday night about 12 o'clock. Next day, soon after dinner, I was sitting talking Gaelic with the old lady when the door opened and a dark, long haired, down-cast eyed man entered without knocking. No one introduced him, and he did not introduce himself, so that I was at a loss to tell who he might be, but from his rough, uncultivated and generally down-cast face and rolling eyes, I took him to be some local tramp that had dropped in to while away the time. It was a beautiful spring day and the farmers were all at their work seeding and so forth. The conversation began about the weather and the