

great impulse when Rev. Mr. McEachern arrived in 1792. He personally directed the settlers' labors in united action—hewing down the forest, erecting dwellings and building boats. Clad in his plaid he moved among them, inspiring them with his own vigor. Soon a roomy mansion, built of the red sandstone of the country, was erected for himself at Savage Harbor. It was a veritable "Chastel Ruiadh," and it is a matter of regret that it was taken down in 1867. It stood near where Mr. A. Peters' shooting lodge stands at the present time. Its front looked down the tiny bay to the wooded island once the burial place of all the Micmacs, and whose banks now reveal many relics of them such as arrow heads and stone axes. The rear windows of this house gave a view of the blue waters of the gulf, between the sand dunes, which flanked the harbor entrance. But not much of his time was spent in this beautiful retreat; his duties called him to all parts of the Island, among a scattered population, so that he was almost continually on the road. And such roads! Along shores and by uncertain trails, fording rivers or ferrying on rafts; where possible on horseback. During winter the various bays and channels, which lay along the north shore from St. Peter's to Cascumpec, with various stretches of land travel and sometimes parts of the shore ice, formed the Joggins route. When the snows lay deep snowshoes were the only means of travel. As an illustration I give the words of a very aged Micmac: "I have seen Bishop McEachern, and remember passing St. Andrew's before there was a church there. I was camped at mouth of Morell after big snow. About dark one evening saw man coming on the bay on snowshoes, and pretty soon the *Goluck Padlessey* came up. "Anything to eat, brother?" "Nothing but heel padle." "Well, eel very good, my son." The Micmac pointed out to him that another storm was impending, as the fox ran barking along the river, but he said, "I must reach the portage to-night, sick man