

loyalty began to permeate the life of men and women, families and societies, cities and governments. GOD'S word was studied and loved. The Golden Rule and the Ten Commandments, the Psalms and the Sermon on the Mount, were being learned. CHRIST was making all things new. Ethics and Politics, Literature and Worship, the Schools and the Markets, were improving. The very geography of Europe and Asia Minor became sacred in the "Acts of the Apostles." All true Sciences shared in the Restitution; for genuine Religion is ever the FAITHFUL FRIEND (if not also the HUMBLE HANDMAID) of all true Science and of all good Art.

(Concluded in our next.)

## REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE.

BY JOHN MCKAY, ESQ., NEW GLASGOW.



MY forefathers, on my father's side, were originally (I believe) from Lord Reay's country, the most northerly parts of the mainland of Scotland; and those on the mother's side, from Kintail. My mother was a MacRae, and traced connection through some second or third cousin with Sir Roderick Murchison, the eminent Geologist, and President of the Royal Society of Great Britain. A grand ancestor of that gentleman was at one time Episcopal Minister of Kintail, and my mother was also a descendant, by her mother, of the same Episcopal clergyman:—his name was Murchison. My father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, were successively Pipers to the Lairds of Gairloch, and as such held free lands under successive Lairds. My great-grandfather was blind, and was known far and near under the name of "Piopare Dall," that is, the "Blind Piper." He was a Poet as well as a Piper, and some of his pieces are published in almost all collections of Gaelic songs,—especially in McKenzie's collection, published in Glasgow in 1841, in which work there is also a short sketch of the "Blind Piper's" life. The celebrated Gaelic Poet, "William Ross," was this blind man's grandson by a daughter; and thus William Ross and my father were first cousins. I have no recollection of seeing William Ross, for he died quite a young man; but I remember seeing his father, John Ross, often at our own house.

My grandfather, Angus McKay, was, I believe, a good scholar—a rare thing in the

Highlands in those days. When a young man, he travelled a good deal with the young Laird, Sir Alexander McKenzie, and they were on the closest intimacy during the rest of their lives. They both died comparatively young; the Laird first; my grandfather attending him on his death-bed. My grandfather, Angus McKay, left two children, my father and a sister. Of my grandmother on my father's side I do not know much; only that she was a Fraser, and was aunt to McKenzie of Baddachro. Baddachro and my father were thus first cousins; and the late Donald and Murdoch Fraser, Robertson Lakes, were relations of my father by the same side. Both my father and his sister had some education. My father was some time at Thurso, Caithness Shire, and was also at Inverary, in Argyle Shire, at school. He must have understood the English language well; for he was the best (*extempore*) translator of English into Gaelic that I ever heard attempt it.

My father, besides being the recognized and paid Piper of the Gairloch family, was also Game Keeper, and had charge of the woods and forests on the estate; and as a matter of course, this threw him often into the company of the Laird, and of all strangers that might get permission to hunt on the estate; and this introduced him to the best company in the place, strangers or otherwise.

This short sketch of the history of my forefathers will show, that although not wealthy, they were respectable and held a good position in the country of their nativity, and enjoyed advantages not attained by many in those days in the Highlands of Scotland. And far better than all this, I have good reason to believe they were God-fearing people; my grandfather, Angus McKay, eminently so. When Sir Alexander McKenzie lay on his death bed, his early friend, Angus McKay, was scarcely ever from his side, praying with him and for him, and counselling and instructing him in the things of the coming world. The dying man often declared, that he found more comfort in the prospect of death from the conversation and counsel of Angus McKay than from any other human source whatever.

With respect to my own father I can testify that he was verily a painstaking man. There was a large family—ten girls and two boys—besides generally a servant man. We were some ten miles from the nearest church; very few could go, and very few did go. I have no recollection of seeing a Minister in our house for the purpose of catechising. There were about ten families in the village, and my father kept worship and reading every Sabbath day for all