

cally referred to this circumstance. The date and sycamore trees are frequently referred to as saluting our Lord, and the fruit trees bending down to offer Him their sustenance. The aspen tree alone proudly refused to acknowledge Him, and shared the fate of the barren fig-tree, and at the sound of His reproach, trembled, and still continues to do so till this day. There is a very old tradition that space and time were miraculously shortened, and that the whole journey was accomplished in one night, but the poets and artists have adopted scenes of the Flight either by night or in the daytime. Angels had charge of the Holy Family, and provided them with fruits and shelter. Sometimes an angel goes before with a torch, and sometimes it is St. Joseph with a lantern. The journey from Bethlehem across the hilly country of Judea by Joppa and the sea coast would be at least 400 miles.

These legends of the Holy Infancy are told in various ways, and it is easy to see that the subject is one fruitful of variety under poetical treatment. The better opinion seems to be that only three persons were in the flight, but it is stated that St. Elizabeth and St. John were also of the party, and again Salome and three sons of Joseph are added.†

After a sojourn of two years, or as some say seven years, the Holy Family came and dwelt in Nazareth, and nothing is recorded of Our Lord in Scripture until He attained his twelfth year.

These comprise the chief legends of the Holy Infancy. We will in our next consider those of the public life of Our Lord.

FIRESIDE.

(to be continued).

The Church in Canada.

BISHOP MACDONELL.

(Continued.)

II.

The first emigration from the Highlands of Scotland to North America took place in the year 1772, from estates of Lord Macdonald, in the Isle of Skye, and of Lord Seaforth, from Kintail and Loch Broom. These emigrants were all Protestants, they went to South Carolina.

In 1773, John Macdonell, of Glenaladale, wishing to free the tenants of Macdonald, of Clanronald, from the hard usage they experienced from their landlord, sold his property, and took a ship load of them to Prince Edward, then called St. John's Island, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Not meeting with expected encouragement, many of these emigrants removed to Nova Scotia, where they remained until the breaking out of the American Revolutionary War in 1774. All who were capable of bearing arms then joined the Royal Standard, some under Captain Macdonell, and others under Major Small. Another body of Highlanders, under General McLean, also joined, and the whole corps was denominated the 84th Regiment. In 1773, at the invitation of the celebrated Sir William Johnson, another party of Highlanders emigrated from Glengarry and Knoidart, and settled in Schoharie County, in the then British Province of New York. The writer's grandfather, John Macdonell, of Scottos, Glengarry, being, as he admits, of a roving disposition and fond of adventure, was induced to join this expedition. Mr. Shaw, in his history of Moray, states that "the Macdonell of Glengarry never that I know reformed. The gentlemen of that name have their sons educated in the Scotch Colleges abroad, especially at Douay, and they return home either avowed or concealed Papists." My grandfather was born in 1728, and in 1740 was sent to Rome, probably to be educated for the Church. His father ought to have been

educated in that city. It was a maxim of the Bishop that a Macdonell should be either a priest or a soldier. Neither of my paternal ancestors seems to have had any vocation for the ecclesiastical life. My grandfather chose the military profession, and his religion being a bar to its practice in his own country, he entered the service of Spain, and was also offered a generous commission in the Austrian service. He was familiarly known to old residents of Upper Canada as "Spanish John." He died at Cornwall in 1810. His autobiography down to the time of his departure from Scotland, was printed at the instance of his old friend, Bishop Strachan, in the Canadian Magazine, Montreal, April, 1825. My grandfather was a great friend of Sir William Johnson, and to show his appreciation of that famous character named my father, who was the first of the family born on American soil, William Johnson Macdonell. My father told me an anecdote of Sir William Johnson. I have since seen it in print, but my father heard it from my grandfather, who very probably may have witnessed the transactions. Sir William Johnson had, at a certain time, just received a brand new uniform, resplendent with scarlet and gold, from his friends in the old country. This grand affair took the fancy of one of his friends, a chief of great renown among his contemporaries, who went to Sir William, and accosted him in Indian fashion: "Sir William, I dreamed last night that you gave me that fine suit that you wore yesterday." Among the Indians this is a polite formula for asking a favour. Sir William was too well versed in the Indian character to be ignorant of its meaning, and accordingly parted with the suit. A few days afterwards, meeting his Indian friend, he thus accosted him: "Chief, I dreamed last night that you gave me all the land from so-and-so to so-and-so," describing a tract of great value in the neighbourhood. The chief looked dumbfounded. "Well, Sir William, if you dreamed it, you shall have it, but I must give up dreaming, as you dream too strong for me." On the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, these Highlanders, unheeding the threats and coaxing of the Americans, who wished to detain them, and actually confined many of their influential men in prison, fought their way, under the command of Sir John Johnson, son of Sir William, to the banks of the St. Lawrence. On the way they endured great hardships, living chiefly upon the flesh of their horses and dogs, or on such roots as could be found in the forest. On reaching Canada, they were formed into a corps, under Sir John Johnson, and were called the "Royal Emigrants." At the conclusion of the war, as a recognition of their services, and in compensation for their losses, lands were granted them in Upper Canada, and they settled, some on the Bay of Quinte, and some on the shores of the St. Lawrence, in the section now known as the counties of Glengarry and Stormont, the former being so called in honor to the emigrants from Glengarry in Scotland. Aware of these facts Mr. Macdonell went to London about the year 1803, to lay the claims of his destitute countrymen before the then Premier, the Right Hon. Henry Addington. Mr. Addington received Mr. Macdonell with great cordiality, complimented him on the bravery and loyalty of the Highlanders, and assured him that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to afford substantial proof of the good will of His Majesty's Government towards them, inasmuch as of all His Majesty's subjects, the Highlanders were always the readiest to come forward at their country's call, and the only class from whom a complaint had never been heard. Mr. Addington further assured Mr. Macdonell that nothing gave him deeper cause of regret than to see those brave and loyal subjects reduced by adverse circumstances to the necessity of quitting their native land to seek in a distant country subsistence for themselves and their families. Mr. Addington wished, however, to induce Mr. Macdonell to take a colony of his countrymen to the Island of Trinidad, then recently ceded by Spain to England. He offered 80 acres of land to every head of a family, and as much money as would suffice to place four slaves on every farm, to send a physician and schoolmaster to the new colony, and (*horresco referens*) to provide

† Though St. Joseph was a widower when he espoused the Blessed Virgin, the weight of authority seems to be that he never had any children and that he was a virgin.