

the Highland members of the congregation, and I have heard that many of the other adherents stood at their doors waiting impatiently to hear the verdict of their Gaelic friends. The first that came along was, I think, Ewen Cameron, a fine enthusiastic Highlander, and when he caught sight of my father and John MacGill, he threw his arms up, and cried, "Doctor, he's just grand !, the finest preacher I ever heard ! If he does as well in English he'll tak' ye off your feet !"

And, sure enough, "Macintosh the minister," as he was invariably called, was a wonderful preacher. All timidity, all awkwardness vanished when he put on the gown and bands, and in the pulpit his tall figure was erect and commanding, the dark face lighted up, and his voice was peculiarly solemn and impressive. He was a born orator with a wonderful dramatic power of expressing himself, and his sermons were nearly always extemporaneous. I have heard my father say that he would sit in our little parlor, where there was usually a knot of politicians discussing secular matters, until the sma' hours on a Saturday night, and when my mother, concerned, good soul, over his next morning's work, would say "Why didn't you tell the minister to go, he should have been at home at his sermon." the answer would be, "How could I send the man away ! I gave him the hint more than once, but he just stayed on." His preaching seldom suffered, however, and one day after an excellent sermon on some public event my father could not help asking him how he managed to get up such a fine discourse (he having left our house at two o'clock the previous night.) The answer was that he had chosen the text at his breakfast, placed the "heads" while dressing, and the "application" came to him as he walked to church. His questioner, who was a deliberate thinker and slow writer, stared at him in amazement, and exclaimed "Man, you're a wonder !"

But after all, oratory is not everything. I do not know how long he remained on the Island, but after the first year or