

He would leave his horse in charge of a kind-hearted French-Acadian, who looked for the black horse and his rider about the middle of July, with as much certainty as he did for the appearance of snow in November on the face of the Sugar Loaf Mountain in the vicinity. Semion Cormeau, though a Roman Catholic, would receive the jaded and worn out Presbyterian minister with as much kindness and native politeness as if he had been his parish priest. Next day would commence the most arduous part of the journey—the crossing of the great “Barren” and climbing of the Grand Anse mountains. Cormeau with saddle bags on his back, which contained the minister’s wardrobe for the next two months’ service, acted as advance guard and pioneer of the expedition, the minister bringing up the rear in his shirt sleeves, with his black coat thrown over his shoulder. When over the morass and on the brow of the first hill, the saddle bags were transferred from Cormeau’s back to that of the minister, and the minister’s last half sovereign would slip into Cormeau’s pocket. Then the friends departed, both well pleased with each other’s kindness. Late in the evening the first station would be made—Grandtosh, or properly Grand Anse. The news soon spread abroad that the minister had arrived. What a sensation! Should the Premier of Canada or the greatest orator living make his appearance, he would not cause half the enthusiasm. Then commenced his labors for two months, not leaving a house unvisited between that and Cape Smoky. October would bring him back by the same route, or by the other side of the Island, where he is yet so well remembered by the old inhabitants as the devoted minister, and one of the most laborious missionaries that ever was in Cape Breton.