

the classics and but little of philosophy, he was well acquainted with his bible, and could tell the simple story of the Cross in his native tongue with a pathos and an unction that seldom failed to reach the hearts of his hearers. It was the privilege of the writer to spend a week with him in the winter of 1847. I was sent to Nottawasaga with the Rev. Mr. McMillan to dispense the Lord's Supper. He was to preach the Gaelic, I the English. We both enjoyed the hospitality of his shanty during our visit. A blazing fire of hard maple and hickory, in an open fireplace in one corner of the shanty, supplied heat and gave it an air of cheerfulness and comfort. During our stay the humble cabin was filled every night with visitors, young and old, who came to profit by the visit of the strange ministers. The nights were spent in religious conversation, reading the Scriptures, and prayer. It was on those occasions that I had an opportunity of judging of his various gifts in dealing with the young, in drawing them to Christ, and conversing with the old on experimental religion. I was impressed with the deep and heart-felt piety of Mr. Mair himself. His whole heart was in his Master's work; and he was never happier than when engaged in religious conversation and social prayer with the young, or in the public services of the sanctuary. He was ever ready to sow the everlasting seed beside all waters. In the house and by the wayside, he ever aimed to win souls to Christ. With a zeal that never abated, and a love that never waxed cold, he laboured in an extensive region of country north of Lake Simcoe when the country was thinly settled, and the roads, especially in spring and fall, of the worst kind. He was the only representative of our Church for a time in that region. He visited at different times all the settlements along the shores of Lake Huron as far as Owen Sound; in other directions, West Gwillimbury, Oro, and round the east end of Lake Simcoe as far as Thorah and Eldon. It was on one of these missionary tours, that Dr. Burns, who accompanied him, met with an accident that nearly cost him his life. The sleigh in which he and Mr. Mair were travelling, in rounding a hill was upset, and the horse tumbled into a snow-drift. Mr. Mair went for help to a house at some distance. In his absence the Doctor, having on his buffalo over-coat, was seen by a man from his house at a distance as he was bending over the horse to see if he could help him up, who, mistaking him for a bear, called for a gun, supposing that the animal was about to tear the horse; but the Doctor at that instant standing up and turning his face towards the man, he saw his mistake and came to his assistance.

Mr. Mair was a welcome visitor through the extensive range of country in which he laboured. His weekly prayer meetings and his household ministrations told with effect on his Sabbath services; he visited them in their humble dwellings, and they came to visit him in the church. His memory is still fragrant in many a log cabin that he visited in his labour of love. On him the Master's yoke was easy and his burden light. His extensive and laborious work began to prey on a constitution, at best not very strong. During the last four years of his life he seldom or ever left the house. His sufferings, at times severe, were borne with cheerfulness and resignation; while the outward man was perishing the inward man was renewed day by day; his faith became strong in the Saviour whom he loved so well; and on the 14th day of April last, at the age of 66, he rested from his labours, and his works follow him.

W. K.