

Highlanders of Nova Scotia. Sooner will the refluxing tide stand still, and the seasons change their courses, than we hear of a staunch, sensible, and devout congregation in our midst begging for an organ, harmonium, dulcimer, sackbut, or any other instrumental music, to aid them in worshipping God! The thing is preposterous. Go, improve your choirs. Teach your congregations psalmody. Learn to guide the melody as Spurgeon does,—now gravely, now plaintively, different airs for different strains, but all by the human voice—that divine organ, the noblest and best, the “glory of man,” as the Psalmist calls it; but, O, bring us not again under the power of carnal ordinances that kill (2 Cor. iii. 6), whose successful resistance once cost our martyred fathers their blood, and whose use now will diminish the *spiritual* as it increases the *sensuous* element. In this matter, I trust to remain a true conservative to the Church of my Fathers, of Knox, and of the Covenanters.

Manse, Pictou, Feb.

A. W. H.

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For the Monthly Record.

THE MANSE, WEST BRANCH, }
20th January, 1865. }

My dear Mr. Pender :

The enclosed communication has just come to my hand, accompanied by a request that it might be published in the *Monthly Record*. I consequently forward it to you for publication, and have no doubt but you will find a suitable place for it. I am sure Mr. Gunn's remarks must prove very interesting to your readers. Perhaps there is no portion of this Province of which so little is known by the inhabitants generally, as Cape North, and, consequently, any information given of that isolated portion of our country, and the character and circumstances of its people, shall, we are sure, be received with pleasure. Mr. Gunn's historical sketch of the place from its first “settlement,” and the present position of the people in regard to the ordinances of religion, will be read with much interest. We leave his very excellent communication to speak for itself, by merely saying that if the Presbytery of Pictou shall do nothing to supply the wants of Cape North, it shall be from inability, and not from any want of sympathy or of well-wishing.

Yours truly,

S. M. G.

Cape North.

A GREAT divine has surmised, if not actually asserted, that it is one of the wiles of the devil to tempt some of the human race to emigrate as far “north” as possible, so as to send them out of the way of the Gospel. However that may be, had Edwards lived in our time, and, sailing round Cape North, been cast ashore at the Bay of Aspy, he would be glad on perceiving the farm-houses

along the banks of the river, and at the foot of the mountains. Entering any of them, he would be well received; and, should he pass a week among the inhabitants, the earnest preacher would, of course, give them one or two sermons. When, at parting, after having now calmly surveyed the wild scenery but fertile valleys, and been told of the mines and minerals, and treasures of the deep here, he would only regret that his admiring hearers are so far removed from all the benign and salutary influences of a stated Gospel ministry.

They are eighty miles from a minister, on either side of the Island.

Here, the first settlement dates fifty-two years ago, by three or four American families, whose descendants are connected with no particular denomination, only they call themselves Protestants. Not long after them, came the Scotch Highlanders, now numbering one hundred families. At present, they have no minister, no schools, no churches, though of the latter, three are required here, owing to the distance, and the steep hills separating the four settlements of Grandance, the Bay of Aspy, the Bay of St. Lawrence, and Ingonish. The Roman Catholics, here, though less numerous, have two chapels—one in the Bay of St. Lawrence, the other at Ingonish.

The front land is mostly taken up. The rear is a complete wilderness, thirty miles square, consisting of hills and lakes, bogs and barrens, naturally claimed by the moose and the caribou, as their rightful, permanent domain, till the end of time. Here, hundreds of these noble animals roam at large, happy in the enjoyment of their primeval liberty and independence. And the Legislature of the Province ought, betimes, to devise measures for their protection from the unsparing hand of inconsiderate man. The scenery of Cape North is uncommonly striking at first view, distinguished from the rest of the Island by the steepness and tremendous gorges of its massive hills, especially of one entire chain of mountains, the highest in this country, extending from the point of the Cape, in a straight line through the centre, twenty miles inland, and terminating in the barrens. This dark, stupendous wall of mountains, viewed from the east, is a great sight. Here sublimity is at its climax.

The roads here have much improved since twenty five years ago. Then I had to walk on foot here, picking out my way by means of a blaze; now I can take my horse. In twenty years hence, a man can keep his saddle all the way; and people can drive their wagons on the east side of the Cape; but how soon on the west must be left to the Engineers and certain Honorable Gentlemen to decide. Ten thousand pounds would do it in no long time. The “snake road,” here, up hill and down hill, ought, forthwith, to be discontinued, and the money expended on a circuitous route, along the sides of the mountains. Riding on horse-back here, at any time, is a giddy exercise, and, in winter, is highly dangerous, when the mountain side is one sheet of ice; only, should man and horse slide down, both will stop at the first tree.

Here, the first preacher was the first settler, John Gwynn, an American Refugee, in 1812. He owned a vessel, in which he traded round the Island; and, when in port would hold meetings for prayer, reading the Scriptures and exhortation, at Margaree, the Strait of Canso, and Sydney. And the savour of his good name, and pious efforts, in this way, still lingers with a few of his surviving contemporaries, at these points. This preacher did not a little good, at a needful time, here; and some of his numerous offspring are found walking in his footsteps. I rejoice