

rode toward the scene, which was some miles distant. In the meantime word had circulated among the Romanists, and their suspicions were excited that his coming was connected with some designs upon the faith of the departed. They accordingly assembled, determined to resist to the death any attempt to convert him to Protestantism. As Mr. C. drew near, he was met by some of his own people, who entreated him not to go near the place—saying that the Irish had gathered and would do him bodily harm—that his life even would not be safe among them. With his usual boidne s, he laughed at their fears, and held on his way. As he approached the house, sure enough he saw the Romanists gathered in a group in the pathway, right in front of the house, and he could see in their sullen countenances that mischief was in their hearts. However, he never drew rein, but came boldly forward, and as he came up to the group, seeing that they did not move or show any disposition to let him pass, he plunged his spurs into his horse, which was a lively spirited animal, and at one bound the faithful creature sprang into the midst of them, scattering them right and left. Before they could recover from their surprise, he was through them, hearing such exclamations after him, as, "Ah, he's a bould fellow," while none followed to molest him.

Tying his horse, he entered the house, and spent some time with the afflicted family ministering such consolation as he could, the disconcerted party outside, meanwhile hovering around, still doubtful as to what design the Protestant minister might have on their departed brother. He then left the house, and mounted his horse, and as he did so addressed them, "I suppose you thought I intended to take M. and make a Protestant of him after he was dead. No, I came to comfort the living, to do the widow and fatherless any good I can." After adding a few words explanatory of the Protestant opinion on the subject, he started for home.

#### WONDERFUL PROVIDENCE.

We may be pardoned for mentioning here a case of deep interest, which he met with, though it is more closely connected with the biography of another. In the Memoir of Dr. McGregor, is mentioned a case of his preaching a sermon in English for the sake of one man. The incident is related in the following terms: "Being at the Upper Settlement of the East River, he (Dr. McG.) was asked to preach both sermons in Gaelic. He said that if all present understood it, he would. He was told that there was just one person, a stranger, who did not understand Gaelic, and he did not seem to care about preaching. He replied, "Oh, he has a soul to be saved,—and

who knows but this sermon may be the means of saving that soul, and making it happy to all eternity.

Mr. Campbell now met this man as a member of his congregation, and found his history so remarkable that he had it taken down in writing from the old man's lips. He was a native of an English rural village, from which he had run away in youth, and to which he had never returned. Soon after he enlisted in the British army, and was sent to Spain in the expedition under Sir John Moore. He passed through all the sufferings of that general's retreat, fought at the battle of Corunna, saw Sir John fall, and raised from the earth after he had been struck, escaped all the dangers of the engagement, and returned to England with the army. Here he deserted, but only as he described it, to fall out of the frying pan into the fire, for almost immediately after he was seized by a pressgang, and obliged to enter the Royal Navy. Here his adventures were almost as remarkable as in the army. Having obtained his discharge, or rather if our recollection serves us right, having taken it without asking, he at length drifted to the East River of Pictou, where he fell in with Dr. McGregor in the manner above described. He informed Mr. C. that not on the one occasion referred to merely, but on all the days of his preaching at the Upper Settlement during that winter, the Doctor preached in English for his benefit, when all the rest of the people there understood Gaelic,—that he also conversed frequently with him in private, instructing him in things pertaining to the kingdom of heaven. The result was that the man became to all appearance a changed man. He afterwards married and settled in St. Mary's, was attached to Mr. C's ministry as long as he had charge of Glenelg congregation, and only recently was called home. He brought up a family in the fear of God, who are still good members of Society and useful members of the Glenelg congregation. The case is one which certainly shows the wonderful arrangements of Divine Providence, by which God gathers his chosen into his fold.

In connection with his early life and settlement in St. Mary's, as described in our last No., the following extract of a letter which we have since come across, written on the occasion of the death of the Rev. John McKinlay, of Pictou, may be of interest, to show how he traced his success to

#### PRAYER ANSWERED.

"I have some very agreeable reminiscences of him. I attended the Grammar-School when he taught it and recollect his appearance when in the full vigour of youth and health. He visited St. Mary's in 1836, a year before I came. The congregation was vacant. He dispensed