

forest-preaching. It was in a forest bay. The tent was shaded by the trees, which swept in a semicircle around it. Immediately before it was a cleared knoll, capable of accommodating four thousand people, with stumps of trees and large bare stems rising over them. I was told many thousands have sat on that knoll, hearing the word; and when I visited it in quiet and silence, and pictured to myself the scene which a communion Sabbath evening would present, it made me feel how unspeakably great was the blessing of the preached gospel in the wilderness—how it truly made it bloom and blossom as the rose! And how fearful seemed the sin of being a covetous Church, grudging to send the bread of life to a poor, morally starving people!

*Wednesday, 16th.*—Rose at five, and started to preach at Wallace, forty-three miles off. Another gig, with a lady and gentleman, accompanied us all the distance “just to hear the sermon and address!” The day got fearfully hot, about 85° in the shade; it has kept at 80° ever since! The drive was the more sultry as we had to keep through forest almost the whole way. But with coat and waistcoat off, blouse and straw hat on, and a good supply of cigars, I got on jollily; the roads were so so. By c’enching my teeth, and holding on now and then, the shocks were not so bad. While the horse was baiting, about twelve miles from Pictou, I walked on, gathering strawberries, which are everywhere in abundance, and keeping off a few mosquitoes by smoking. I saw a log-hut near the wood, and entered it. A man met me, evidently poor, who could hardly speak a word of English; yet he was only five years old when he left Mull! He was married, and had six children. He seemed amazed when I spoke Gaelic; welcomed me to the house. But he no sooner found out who I was than I was met by a storm of exclamations expressing wonder and delight. He told me two of his children were unbaptized; and, as the gig had come up, I left him with the promise of returning to him next day on my way home.

We baited the horses at an old fellow's house, who came here when a boy from Lockerbie in 1786. What changes had taken place here since then! He remembered only six “smokes,” where there are now probably forty or fifty thousand—one house only in Pictou; no roads, etc. He said he was driven out of Isle St. John, now Prince Edward's Island, by the mice, in 1813. A mice plague appeared in that year over all Nova Scotia and Prince Edward's Island. They filled the woods and villages; they filled houses and crawled over beds, nib-

bled the windows of shops, ate up crops and herbage; they swam rivers; they were met in millions dead in the sea and lay along the shores like coils of hay! If a pit was dug at night it was filled by morning. Cats, martens, etc., fed on them till they died from overgorging. Oh! it makes me sick to think of it. Yet such was one of the forms in which danger and starvation met the early settlers.

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*Thursday, 17th.*—We soon reached the poor Highlander's house where I was to baptize the child. The gigs drove on to an inn to bait the horses, and I entered the log-house. I gave him an earnest exhortation, and baptized both his children. They were neat and clean. It was strange to hear them talk Yankee-English, and the father Gaelic. I was much affected by this man's account of himself. He had much to struggle against. He had lost a cow, and then a horse, and then a child. Little wood had been cleared, and he was due thirty pounds for it. “But,” he said, handing me a large New Testament, “that has been my sole comfort.” I was much struck on opening it to find it a gift from “the Duke of Sutherland to his friends and clansmen in America.” What blessings may not a few pounds confer when thus kindly laid out. The tears which streamed down that poor man's face while he pointed to that fine large printed Testament would be a great reward to the Duke for his gifts, had he only witnessed them as I did. The poor fellow accompanied me on the road, and parted from me with many prayers and many tears. It is this parting with individuals and congregations every day, never to meet again, which makes our mission so solemn and so mingled with sadness. As a congregation dismisses, you can say with almost perfect certainty, “There they go; when we next meet it will be at Judgment!”

## CHURCH MEMBERSHIP.

BY REV. J. LOUGHRAN SCOTT.

**I**t is a fact not generally known that our church is more Catholic in her terms of communion than any other Orthodox Protestant sect. With a persistent adherence to creed and testimony this may seem strange. Still the fact remains that nothing save a bare statement of personal faith is even required. We believe in the confession and catechism, but no communicant finds either at the threshold of the church. There may be exceptions where