

In 1818 he came to Nova Scotia and cast in his lot with what was then, or soon after, called "the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia." To become thoroughly acquainted with the country of his adoption he took appointments, as a missionary, from the Presbytery of Halifax. Without waiting for good roads, good carriages, good stipends, or good dead men's shoes, he threw himself at once into his Master's work, toiling from village to village and from settlement to settlement, preaching to the destitute and scattered population over the length and breadth of the Province. That done, he accepted the pastoral charge of the united congregations of Windsor and Newport, where he is still affectionately remembered. About four years thereafter he accepted a call to a more extended charge in Musquodoboit. Under his ministry there the Communion Roll was increased from 100 to 250 names.

It became evident to himself and his brethren that in a field so wide and rugged, the labours of his growing charge were sure to advance with his declining years. He was therefore advised to resign the charge of Musquodoboit proper; and as a labour of love and healthful recreation he continued his visits to Sheet Harbour and the other scattered settlements of the Eastern Shore until late in life. The membership of the Church in those out-lying districts enlarged from 25 to 80; and among them he claimed to have seals of his ministry more precious than the gold fields recently discovered among their rocks.

The jubilee of this remarkable pioneer was celebrated at Musquodoboit ten years ago. But he continued to improve open doors of usefulness until his friends found it impracticable to convey him longer to a place of public worship. It was a singular fact in his long and laborious history that he never seriously felt the infirmities of age until after his fourscore years were past, and nearly half of those years had almost escaped from his once retentive memory. But it was a redeeming feature of that partial blank in his memory that the remainder of it was filled, and well filled, for thirty years behind it, with the good he had seen and known, and nothing worse, in his youth and prime of life.

As a preacher, our lamented Father did not attract crowds of hearers. But he seldom failed to gather around him the thoughtful and well-disposed; upon whom he made a good impression by the enunciation of sound and practical views, by the terseness of his language, the singular originality of his utterances, and the unction of his prayers. He was the last of a noble band of ministers who came over from the old world to the new when the new was a wilderness in more senses than one. Like his predecessors and contemporaries, his arrows were not so much tinged with the colours of the rainbow as sharpened on the tables of the Law and dipped in the blood of the Atonement. Of those arrows he had always a well furnished quiver ready for use on the shortest notice, which he could discharge with the high and well-directed aim, through grace, to make bad men good, the good better, and the better best. How far he succeeded, time has told in part, and eternity shall fully make known when the day shall declare it.

There is an important element in the ministry of the word in this new and rough country, that for convenience may be called *mileage*. The subject of this sketch was far travelled both at home and abroad. He crossed the Atlantic seven times, and sailed on many other waters. Before he thought of taking his ease, he had travelled, according to a moderate calculation, one hundred thousand miles. But his toils were borne with great cheerfulness. He trod the wilderness with a firm step and a light heart, and only regretted that he had done so little for so good a Master.

He was on the best of terms with ministers and people outside the pale of his own denomination, and could afford them a helping hand and a hearty God-speed. More than most others he was welcome to their pulpits, and at home by their fire-sides. This fraternity of feeling and action was well reciprocated. It did much, it should have done more, to sweeten the waters of