

these are works which will require long breath, as the French say, and they are only a few out of many that might be mentioned. It is a great task that we have undertaken; but we may take comfort from the words of the poet

"O'er grovelling generations past
Upstood the Doric fane at last,
And countless hearths, in countless years,
Had wasted thoughts and hopes and fears,
Rude laughter and unmeaning tears;
Ere England Shakespeare saw, or Rome
The grand perfection of her dome.
Others, I doubt not, if not we,
The issue of our toils shall see."

COMMUNION AT PICTOU, Etc., 1845

(From Dr. Norman McLeod's Memoir.)

PICTOU, Friday Night.—This has been a truly delightful day in all respects. We went to church; it is a neat building capable of holding about eight hundred. As we drew near we saw the real out-and-out Highland congregation; old men and women grouped round; one or two of them were from Mull, and asked about all my aunts and uncles. It looked like speaking to people who had been dead. But the scene in the church was most striking. It was crammed, and the crowd stood a long distance out from the doors. Such a true Highland congregation I never saw; and when they all joined in singing the Gaelic Psalm, how affecting was it! John preached a splendid sermon in Gaelic, and I preached in English to the same congregation.

Monday.—Yesterday is a day never to be forgotten; I do not think it possible to convey the varied, solemn, and strange impressions which were made upon my mind. The weather was beautiful. Many hundreds had remained in town all Saturday night. On Sabbath morning dozens of boats were seen dotting the surface of the calm bay, and pulling from every part of the opposite shore towards Pictou. About one thousand people crossed during the forenoon. Hundreds on horseback and on foot, in gigs, cars, carts, were streaming into town. At eleven o'clock, Dr Simpson and I went to the church in our pulpit gowns.—I in my dear old Loudoun gown, which has covered me in many a day of solemn battle. The church could not contain anything like the congregation. Dr. Simpson preached and exhorted the first communion table, I exhorted other two, and this was all, for the Ross-shire notions of communion are prevalent here. I occupied some time in my second address in trying to remove such sinful and superstitious ideas as

are entertained by many. While Dr Simpson gave the concluding address I went to the tent;* it was on a beautiful green hill near the town, overlooking the harbor and neighboring country. When I reached it I beheld the most touching and magnificent sight I ever beheld. There were (in addition to the crowd we had left in the church) about four thousand people here assembled! John had finished a noble Gaelic sermon. He was standing with his head bare at the head of the white communion table, and was about to exhort the communicants. There was on either side space for the old elders, and a mighty mass of earnest listeners beyond. The exhortation ended, I entered the tent and looked around: I have seen grand and imposing sights in my life, but this far surpassed them all. As I gazed on that table, along which were slowly passed the impressive and familiar symbols of the Body broken and Blood shed for us all in every age and clime—as I saw the solemn and reverent attitude of the communicants, every head bent down to the white board, and watched the expressions of the weather-beaten, true Highland countenances around me, and remembered, as I looked for a moment to the mighty forests which swept on to the far horizon, that all were in a strange land, that they had no pastors now, that they were as a flock in the lonely wilderness—as these and ten thousand other thoughts filled my heart, amidst the most awful silence, broken only by sobs which came from the Lord's Table, can you wonder that I hid my face and "lifted up my voice and wept?" Yet how thankful, how deeply thankful was I to have been privileged to see a sight here in connection with the Church of Scotland which the Highlands of Scotland, even the Lowlands, could not afford! Oh that my father had been with us! what a welcome he would have received! An address signed by two thousand has this moment been presented. Forty deputies from the Churches came with it.

5th.—We reached Gairloch, fifteen long miles off, about three o'clock. When we reached the summit of a hill, we saw the church on the opposite declivity; rows of gigs and horses showed the people had come. I spoke an hour and a half on the Headship of Christ. Thank God! we said all the good we could of our opponents, and nothing bad. While John was speaking, I went out to rest myself. I strolled for about a quarter of a mile, and stumbled on the tent, used sometimes in preaching. You could not imagine a more striking spot for a

* The "tent" is a species of movable pulpit used for open-air services as in Scotland.