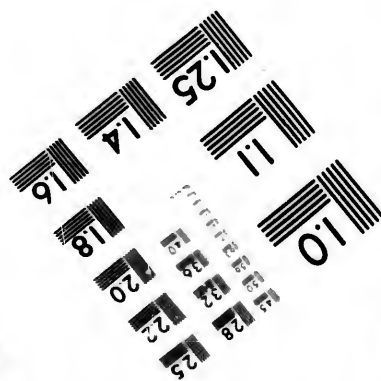
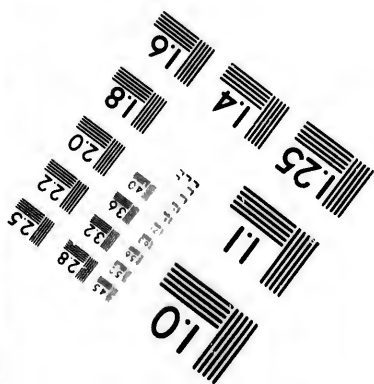
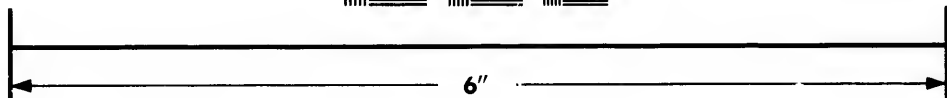
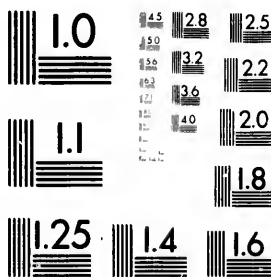


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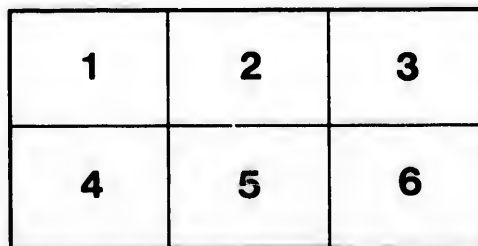
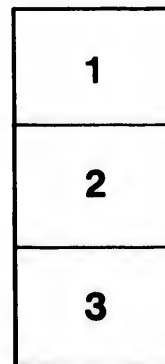
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OF THE LATE

Rev. Donald McDonald

WITH AN APPENDIX

BY EWEN LAMONT, ELDER

"Tha cuimhne na thuit a tigh'n suas,
Gnìomha bliadhna nam buadh a bh' ann;
Nuair theirinn mi'n tus o'n chuan,
Air Innis is uaine gleann."

—Oss.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.
JOHN COOMBS, STEAM PRINTER, QUEEN STREET
1892

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A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF THE LATE

REV. DONALD McDONALD

(1783 - 1867)

WITH AN APPENDIX

BY EWEN LAMONT, ELDER

"Tha cuimhne na thuit a tigh'n suas,
Gnìomha bliadhna nam buadh a bh' ann;
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INDEX.

	PAGE.
Introductory Remarks.....	I
Certificates	3
The goal of his youthful ambition.....	4
His Alma Mater.....	4
His disappointment the turning point of his life.	5
The untimely death of his patron.....	5
Emigrates from his native Highlands.....	6
Lands in Nova Scotia.....	6
Goes to Cape Breton.....	6
Remains there for two years.....	6
Narrow escapes from death while in Cape Breton	7
Comes to Prince Edward Island.....	8
His brother's family.....	8
Results of his visits to the neighboring Provinces	8
Attracts public attention as a revivalist.....	9
Assaulted on the Market Square, in Charlottetown	11
Governor Ready favors him.....	11
Some ministers of the Gospel discountenance the revival	11
Subjects of the revival interviewed.....	12
Dr. St. Croix's remarks.....	13
First Sacrament after his conversion.....	14
His experience under conviction.....	15
His conversion.....	15
His personal appearance.....	16
His manner of preaching.....	17
Visible effects.....	19

	PAGE.
Predictions	20
Refuses a fixed stipend and parish	21
Provision for his maintenance	21
Encounter with a skeptic	21
The M. H. Road Settlement Pioneers	22
Belief in witchcraft	23
Preaching at Birch Hill	24
The man and the snuff-box	24
Pastoral visits to the M. H. Road—Results	26
The Imitator	26
Second revival	28
Publications	29
Last illness, death and burial	30

APPENDIX.

Meeting at DeSable—Its results	34
Meeting at Orwell Head—Its results	36
Rev. James McColl	37
Call to the Rev. Mr. Goodwill	38
Meeting at Orwell Head to consider the question of Union	39
Union rejected then	39
Mr. Goodwill arrives at Orwell Head, is engaged for both sides of the Hillsborough	39
Orwell Head congregation joins U. Pres. Church	41
Presbyterial action at Brooklyn	42
Another remarkable revival in progress under the ministry of the Rev. John Goodwill	43

A Biographical Sketch

OF THE LATE

REV. DONALD MCDONALD

34
36
37
38
39
39
39
41
42
43

RECENTLY, during some casual conversation with different parties, I was asked by some of them whether I could satisfactorily explain the reason why none of the contemporaries of the late Rev. Donald McDonald, or of those who were familiarly acquainted with him since the time he had become celebrated as a revivalist, till his death—why none of them had taken in hand to write a sketch of his life and labors for the information and benefit of those anxious inquirers who never saw him, or heard him preach?

One of those who spoke to me on the subject above alluded to, is a prominent citizen of Charlottetown, whom I have known since the time of his boyhood, and whom I have always found more than ordinarily

friendly. He spoke to me very seriously on the subject. He suggested that if any of those who were eye witnesses from first of that remarkable revival which characterized the ministry of Mr. McDonald—if any of them would be considerate enough to transmit to posterity a written account of it, such a narrative, he believed, would be gladly welcomed by many. He asked me, "Why would not I undertake it?" I said, "That as far as I was concerned, the task appeared to be impossible. That as Mr. McDonald left no autobiography, kept no regular journal, or diary, and as there is nothing in print that would help me, except a few obituary paragraphs, now beyond my reach, I would have to depend chiefly on my memory as a source of supply." "Go on," he said, "and draw upon your memory."

Before parting with my friend, I gave a reluctant promise that I would do what I could to satisfy him and others of a like mind. Hence the occasion.

In fulfilment of my promise, I do myself the pleasure of committing the following brief sketch to writing—perhaps to print, at no distant day.

Although I was intimately acquainted with Mr. McDonald for about thirty-six years, yet I never kept a memorandum of any of his sayings or doings, except in memory.

Perhaps some persons will complain of the obscurity of my statements, as they appear through this medium, as an ancient Celtic bard complained of the obscurity of the traditions of his time, when he sang:—

* * * * *

* “ Cha’n fhaicear ach claon na bh’ ann,
Mar dhèarsadh na gealaich ’s i faoin,
Air linne tha caol ’s a ghleann.”

I insert here the following documents, which will throw some light on what I have taken in hand :—

“ It is hereby certified that the bearer, the Reverend Donald McDonald, has acted as Missionary Minister, on the Royal Bounty, in Glengarry, a district of the Parish of Kilmanivaig and Presbytery of Abertarff, for the last eight years. That he emigrates to America an unmarried man, and in the full possession of all the privileges of a clergyman of the Church of Scotland.

“ Attested this 24th day of June, 1824, by Duncan Macintyre, minister of Kilmallie ; Joseph Cook, J. P. ; John Cameron, elder ; Alex. Cameron, elder ;

“ That Mr. Donald McDonald, Missionary Minister of Glengarry, within the Parish of Kilmanivaig and Presbytery of Abertarff, was ordained on the second day of August, 1816, a Minister of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, by the said Presbytery, is attested at the Manse of Boleskine, this 26th day of April, 1825.

“ WILLIAM FRASER, Clerk.”

It is stated in Campbell’s History of P. E. Island, that he was born on January 1st, 1783. If that be true, he was baptized when four days old.

The following is a copy of the record of his baptism :

“ Donald, lawful son to Donald McDonald and Christian

* “ Events of the time that has been,
Are by memory dimly shown ;
As streams in a valley are seen
By the light of the waning moon.”

Stewart, in Drumchastle. Baptized January 4th, 1783. Extracted from the Register of Births and Baptisms of the Parish of Logeirach, on the 6th of August, 1851.

“By DONALD DUFF, Clerk.”

I could relate many affecting anecdotes and incidents of his early years, both before and after he was licensed to preach the Gospel, if I were not restricted to relate only what I *know* to be true. I think that I shall be excused if I leave unrecorded what I cannot authenticate.

From Mr. McDonald's early youth the acquirement of knowledge was his ruling passion. He was eager to master the higher branches of learning, but the ministry of the Gospel, at first, had no attraction for him. Worldly pursuits were his aim. Perhaps that was owing to what he overheard his mother say about him at a certain time.

A relative happening to call at his father's house one day spoke to his mother about him. He said that so promising a boy as her son Donald was, should be encouraged to study for the ministry of the Gospel.

“No,” she answered, “I would rather by far to see my Donald follow the occupation of a shepherd; wear his plaid and carry his crook, than to see him strut in the canonicals of a clergyman.”

A situation of emolument in the Civil Service of India, was the goal of his ambition, till he became a student of divinity. St. Andrew's University was his *Alma Mater*. An unsuccessful application for the

position above-mentioned, became the turning point of his future course. Then, and not till then, did he decide on studying for the ministry.

I heard him relate all the incidents connected with that unsuccessful application, in detail, but a record of them would take up too much space here.

As far as I know, he never expected to leave his native land to come to this side of the Atlantic, until after the untimely and melancholy death of his kind patron, the Chieftain of Glengarry. The sad event happened as follows :—

The Chieftain, while on a tour through some of the Hebrides, accompanied by his daughter, had occasion to board a steamboat, which was to call at a certain port, which he intended to visit. As the boat was nearing the quay, he tried to get ashore by jumping off the gunwale of the boat. He jumped off; but instead of gaining a safe footing ashore, he fell head foremost. A sharp stone penetrated his forehead. He was carried to the nearest inn. He called for a mirror. As he gazed at the ugly wound, as reflected by the looking glass, he said as he wiped the streaming blood off his face: "This will not kill a Highlander yet." But the accident proved fatal. The brave Highlander died! Another melancholy circumstance connected with the sad event remains to be narrated. His bereaved daughter accused herself of being the cause of her father's death. While her father was balancing himself for his desperate leap, she attempted to prevent him, by grasping his coat

tail. She was too late. Her interference only baffled him. It was the opinion of those who witnessed the sad occurrence, and who knew the strength and agility of the Chieftain, that, if he had not been interfered with, he would have accomplished his daring feat with safety.

In the summer of the year 1824, Mr. McDonald left his native Highlands, never to return. He took his passage in a ship bound for Nova Scotia. He landed at Pictou, but disliking that place he left it and took passage to the Island of Cape Breton. That Island was then a wild place. It was but sparsely settled. Its inhabitants were rude in their manners, and poor in their worldly circumstances. However, it appears that he intended to make it his home for the remainder of his life, for he took up a homestead there. Its locality is still named after him, * "*Rugha mhinisteir.*" He remained in Cape Breton for about two years. I frequently heard him speak of the hardships to which he was exposed while there, in travelling from one settlement to another. He frequently had to travel alone, through trackless forests, with only a pocket compass to guide him. Trudging on snow shoes, Indian fashion; wearing rawhide moccasins; in danger of been torn and devoured by wild beasts. One day as he was thus travelling towards a distant settlement alone, with his pocket compass in hand, he espied a large wild cat right before him, and, as he thought, in the attitude of making a bound at him. He stood, motionless with terror, expecting no other

* The Minister's Point.

fate than that his mangled body in a few moments would be quivering in the claws and teeth of the savage brute. But, to his unexpected relief, the brute, instead of springing upon him, bounded away, and was soon out of sight. He continued his journey through the woods. As he came in sight of the settlement to which he was going, a partridge crossed his way. He picked up a stick to kill it, but before he had time to smite the poor bird, his conscience smote *him!* "Ungrateful wretch," he said to himself, "kind Providence has just now shielded you from instant death. Is the killing of a harmless creature going to be the first expression of your gratitude?"

From the following strange occurrence, it appears that he had worse enemies to fear than wild beasts.

One night, while travelling to a distant place to which he had been invited, he came to a bridge which spanned a deep and rapid river. Hearing a dog barking behind him, he turned round, and as he did so, the dog passed him, stood between him and the bridge, and would not let him advance another step. The minister then looked at the bridge, and on scanning it closely, noticed that a part of its covering was removed and a gap left open, too wide for any man to step over. That if he had not been obstructed by the dog, he would inevitably have fallen into the river and been drowned, the night being very dark. The dog, a large, shaggy one, then took hold of one of his coat sleeves, and led him off the main road to a cemetery near the bridge. The dog then let go his grasp, and

began to claw and scratch the ground. Then, after uttering a loud whine, he bounded away, and the minister saw him no more. He had many other narrow escapes from death while he remained in Cape Breton, evidencing that his sojourn there was not without its troubles.

As Mr. McDonald left his native Highlands never to return, so he left the Island of Cape Breton, never to return thither. At what time of the year 1826, that he came to this Island, I cannot now exactly say. Neither do I know what were the motives that influenced him to come. Perhaps his strongest inducement was to see his brother Finlay and his family, who then resided at Doctor's River, in King's County, and who afterwards removed to Orwell Head. His brother's family consisted of four sons and six daughters. That family have all passed away except three, two sons and one daughter. One of the surviving sons, Duncan, never married. The youngest, Peter, still occupies the old homestead at Orwell Head. He has, in my judgment, several points of resemblance to the late minister, his uncle.

Mr. McDonald never left this Island while he lived, except on a few solicited visits to the neighboring Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

There were clear proofs that the people who invited him to visit those Provinces were specially benefited through his ministry there; though he could not spend much of his time with them, on account of the extent of his field of labors on this Island. It

was customary for many of them to attend the yearly Communion Services, both at DeSable and Orwell Head, while Mr. McDonald lived.

Whatever were his disappointments and difficulties elsewhere, or whatever were the motives that prompted him to come to this Island, I think it is evident that God overruled them all for his good and for the good of others.

The revival under his ministry was in progress when I came to this Island (1830), but I did not see or hear him till the following year, (1831). When I first saw him, there was a deep scar in one side of his face, the scarcely healed orifice of a morbid swelling, caused by severe exertions and exposure to cold and wet, before he left Cape Breton.

The sphere of his ministerial labors was then westward of the Hillsborough, but disparaging rumors of him and the revival were afloat in all directions. The strenuous and persistent efforts that were then put forth by his enemies, I still remember as if they were but the events of yesterday. The object of their efforts was to prejudice the public mind against him by every possible means. I have known many, who claimed to be very religious, who would never speak of him except in such contemptible epithets as, "McDonald the jerker," "Kicker McDonald," etc. Those rumors referred to, were as diversified as they were false. To give an idea of their nature, I shall here specify a few: "He is crazy," (the expression then was "Out of his head.") "Wherever he happens to be a guest for a

night, he peremptorily orders the dog, the cat, and the rooster to be killed ; asserting that the devil is in them all. He dissuades people from the observance of Sabbath, maintaining that Saturday is the Bible Sabbath. He is very immoral. Illegitimate children are born to him here and there. Wherever he happens to preach, he puts people out of their head ; makes them dance—skip about—tear off their clothes, and play all manner of revolting capers. All such mischief comes from his snuff-box, for he is master of the 'black art.' He was taught it in college. All ministers learn it, but none, except a bad one like him, practices it." Those who were not credulous or superstitious enough to heed such silly reports, would have their prejudices strengthened by other different stories, such as : "He is no minister. He was never ordained. He was thrust out of the Church of Scotland, etc."

Threatening rumors would be brought to Mr. McDonald's own ears, also : "He is sure to be way-laid in some sequestered spot and maltreated ;" or, "a band of Indians is to fall upon him at night, drag him out of bed and murder him."

Pretended friends would say : "Surely Mr. McDonald should be warned of his danger, and advised to leave the Island." Evidently such rumors left him apprehensive, for he would not travel at that time night or day, alone. And before retiring to bed at night, he would insist on having the outer door barred and bolted.

I am not aware that he ever was personally assaulted, except that on a certain day he met a man on the market square of Charlottetown, who, after belaboring him with much tongue abuse, gave him a violent kick. The minister, in the hearing of all who were present, said: "Sir, will you give me another such kick, this day twelve months?" That man did not live to see the end of another year. I do not relate the above incident from hearsay, I had it from the minister's own mouth.

Once, during the administration of Governor Ready, certain parties lodged a complaint with the Governor against him as a dangerous character. That he was setting people crazy by his terribly vehement harangues, wherever he happened to preach, and that he should be stopped. The Governor told them that Mr. McDonald, a few days previously, laid his credentials before him, which appeared to be valid, and that he must be left in the exercise of his ministerial functions unmolested. Ever after that, he had full immunity from any interference of that kind. Moreover, he was not under the jurisdiction of any Ecclesiastical Court on this Island. If he were, there is little doubt but that he would be summarily dealt with, for the ministers of the Kirk Presbytery of this Island did not, at that time, look with favor on the revival ministry of Mr. McDonald. An old Presbyterian of my acquaintance once told me that, having heard Mr. McDonald preach, and seen the powerful influence by which his hearers were agitated, he asked his pastor whether he could explain

to him what caused that work. His pastor replied, "that he believed it to be a kind of epilepsy." "I cannot agree with your reverence," the old man said, "for I have known many who were afflicted with that malady, but I have never heard any of them pray for mercy, or praise the Lord for his redeeming love and grace while under its influence, as I have heard the people do under the influence that manifests itself under Mr. McDonald's preaching." Afterwards, that old man, as long as he lived, was a constant adherent of Mr. McDonald.

The revival was not long in progress when it became a topic of general conversation in town and country. A few learned men of Charlottetown agreed to avail themselves of the first favorable opportunity of hearing him preach, in order to find out whether he preached sound doctrine or not, and whether the work under his ministry was from God or from the devil, for they considered themselves sufficiently enlightened to distinguish truth from error. With that object in view, they attended divine service on the following Sabbath, at the Malpeque Road, a few miles from Charlottetown. As soon as the minister noticed them, he invited them to a seat near where he was standing, as if he understood their object. When the services were over, the minister beckoned to a young female to stand up. She did so. "Now," said he to the men, "you may ask any questions you choose of that young girl concerning her experience." The same girl was powerfully under the work during the services. They asked her many questions, in order to ascertain

what was the state of her mind while under the influence which they saw. She answered all their questions clearly, candidly and intelligently, to their full satisfaction. Shortly after the same men interviewed another young man, whom they knew to be a subject of the revival. They asked him whether he knew of anything that would stop that work. "Yes, I do," he answered, "If I join in with any vain, frolicsome company, it will stop; but when I meditate on my condition and pray, I will have it again." Dr. St. Croix, who was one of their number, said: "That work is from God. We must not oppose Mr. McDonald, or revile the work which is seen under his ministry."

There is an old widow woman yet living, who was one of the Doctor's servant girls at that time, and who has a clear recollection of the circumstance related above. She says that the Doctor appeared to be a changed man after that. That she often saw him on his knees, wrestling in private prayer. That she never saw him after that with a prayer book before him at his family devotions.

Still, the tongue of detraction, defamation and ridicule, was busily at work against Mr. McDonald and his adherents, and the work under his ministry continued to be mocked. It was often that people would find the roads ahead of them barricaded with stumps and fence poles, when going to, or coming from their places of public worship.

I do not record these things out of any feeling of

animosity towards the memory of such anti-revivalists. They now belong to a generation that is past. I mention them to show with what difficulties the minister had to contend, and under what adverse circumstances the revival attained to its permanency. I mention them to show that the awakening spread and flourished in spite of all the efforts that were put forth to extinguish it. I record them in order to expose the folly of those who would, by contempt and ridicule, hope to cause a man of living faith to relinquish such principles as he believes to be just. Especially when he believes that Heaven seconds his purpose to maintain them. The revival at first progressed but slowly. The first Sacrament that the minister dispensed after his conversion, was dispensed in a private dwelling. The number of communicants was only eleven. Although their number was small, the minister made the encouraging remark, that likely there was no Judas among them, as they were but eleven.

There is reason to conclude that the revival began in himself. In other words, he was revived himself first. When he was brought under real conviction, he discontinued preaching. He shunned society as much as he possibly could. He was thought by some to be deranged.

I heard him relate what his experience was at that time. "For seven months," said he, "I was in very great afflictions. The burden of my sins was almost unbearable. I could draw no consolation from the fact that my head was stored with literary knowledge, and that I was a preacher for many years. It was

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rather an aggravation of my misery. Fully convinced that my condition in the past was that of a man dead in sins and trespasses; a child of wrath; under the curse of the broken law; obnoxious to all the punishment due on account of my sins—liable to all the miseries of this life, to death itself, and to the pains of hell forever. I strove for relief in various ways, but I found all my efforts as futile as those of a condemned criminal in prison, clanking the chains which he cannot break. One day, being at my wits' end, I withdrew to my bedroom, and fell on my knees. But I had no utterance in prayer. My head seemed to be as dry as a piece of cork. But thanks be to God, I was relieved. My bands were burst asunder. My soul was brought out of prison. Old things were passed away, and all things were become new. I was filled with all joy and peace in believing. My closed lips were opened, and I spoke aloud in these words: THE UNBOUNDED MERCY OF GOD, AND THE ALL SUFFICIENCY OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST. My head became a fountain, and tears of joy flowed from mine eyes in copious streams. My host heard me. He came in and asked me in anger, "Are you beside yourself?"

HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE. HIS MANNER OF
 PREACHING, AND THE APPARENT EFFECT OF
 HIS PREACHING ON THE AUDIENCE.

Ere I attempt a delineation of the above, I must unroll anew the volume of my memory.

Now, suppose it is a fine summer morning in the

year 1832, and that you and I, reader, decide to go and see Mr. McDonald, and hear him preach. We make an early start, as we have several miles to travel. We are joined by others as we walk along. We see others coming to the main road from lanes and by-paths. Look at that barn yonder, with some people standing in front of it, and some others squatted on the grass near it. Mr. McDonald is to preach there to-day !

We are now at the barn. Let us go in. Now, let us climb this ladder to the loft before the place gets too crowded. We notice that the seats are but boards and planks laid over blocks of wood. Many of the seats are already occupied. Do you see that empty chair near the back door? It is the pulpit. The young men sitting on both sides of it are young converts ; ruling elders of future congregations. There is a crowd coming up from the gate. The man that you see walking leisurely in front, wearing a black suit and a beaver hat, is the minister. He comes in and occupies the chair. There is now a rush for the seats, until the place is crowded to its utmost capacity. The lofts are now crowded with young boys, and every one of them appearing to be thoughtful and serious. Since you never saw Mr. McDonald, you are bound to scrutinize his looks and motions. You conjecture his age to be between forty-five and fifty years. You notice that his stature is below average, but that he is uncommonly stout in body. His head is large. His hair, which he wears short, is sprinkled over with grey. His forehead high, broad and massive. His

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eyes, deep set, and of a hazelly color, and full of expressiveness. His nose long and aquiline. His cheeks pale, but slightly tinged with red. His mouth small, his lips compressed. His chin short and pointed. His neck short and stout. His hands small and white. If you would describe his looks in one word, that word would be, *careworn!*

See! He is about to begin the service. First, he directs the young converts to sing a few short, evangelical hymns, and cautions them to avoid a low, listless, drawling manner. You notice that every one in the audience that *can*, sings. As soon as the singing begins, the audience becomes visibly affected. You hear the clapping of hands here and there among the people. You hear expressions of mental distress and sorrow; and some of joy and gladness; and you cannot tell which of the two kinds predominates. You hear some of the young boys occupying the lofts, utter piercing cries, as if shot.

The minister now stands on the chair, takes a pinch of snuff, puts on his spectacles, reads a Psalm and sings a few stanzas, he himself leading as precentor. Then he offers his opening prayer, remarkable for its fervency and childlike simplicity. When his opening prayer is ended, he orders all the stricken ones among those occupying the lofts to be taken down and placed near himself. Before he announces his text, he comments on the responsibility of his position as a messenger of Christ, and warns his hearers against the danger of slighting his message. His text is, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are

written in the book of the law to do them."—Gal. 3: 10. He begins in a conversational manner. The expression of his face is calm. There is no attempt at oratory. No written notes. No theatrical gestures. No furtive glances at a manuscript sermon. He quotes nothing from uninspired authors in support of his views. His quotations are from the Bible only. As he enters more deeply into the theme of his discourse, his countenance becomes flushed and animated. His utterances increase in force and pathos. The tone of his voice now becomes loud and solemn, almost as monotonous as the sound of a mountain torrent. His voice is never tremulous; never rises into shrillness, or drops into a whisper. His whole body is in motion, as if thrilled through and through by the extreme energy of his mind. He holds a napkin in his hands, folding and unfolding it, as if unconscious of what his hands are doing. Now and then he takes the napkin in one hand and wipes his face and neck with it, till it gets too wet to be used. Now you see the sweat commingle with his tears, and run in streams over his face; and you can see that the collar and bosom of his shirt are wet as if taken out of the wash tub. Now the sermon is ended. He reads a Psalm, and sings a few stanzas as before, offers his concluding prayer, and pronounces the benediction.

Having heard the discourse, can we epitomize it? We might give the words of it, but not the life and energy in which it was delivered. He began by dilating on the woeful misery incurred by man for time and eternity, by the breaking and dishonoring of the

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law of God. Then he enlarged on the inexorability of the law. Then, on man's utter inability to satisfy the demands the law. He showed that the law demanded full and complete satisfaction in all its points, and cried for vengeance upon its transgressors. That man, stripped of his original righteousness and swayed by the carnal mind, which is enmity against God, could never yield perfect obedience to the law ; which is spiritual, just, holy and good. He then spoke of the covenant of grace, its ample provisions, and its suitability to fallen man, in all his exigencies. Spoke of Christ as its surety, and that He, by His vicarious sufferings and death on the cross, purchased not only eternal redemption, but also an eternal inheritance in the regions of glory for all who would accept of Him, as He is freely offered in the Gospel. He then concluded by an earnest call to sinners to turn from their evil way, and from the evil of their doings, and to flee from the wrath to come, by coming to Christ as the only refuge for sinners.

The people are in no hurry to dismiss. You hear sobs and cries among them. Some run out, as in a fright ; others are standing at the door, with grinning, mocking faces, and some standing outside, laughing. But the people inside show no inclination to leave. Some are crying earnestly for mercy. Some are leaping and praising God, with a loud voice in the ecstasy of spiritual joy. The services are further protracted. The minister calls on some of the elders to lead in prayer, then to sing some hymns. You know that the minister approves of those extraordinary

movements by his quoting of some countenancing passages of Scripture, such as : "Then shall the virgin rejoice in the dance, both young men and old together." "All people clap your hands to God." "There was a noise, and behold a shaking." "Ask ye now and see whether a man doth travail with child? Wherefore do I see every man with his hands on his loins as a woman in travail, and all faces are turned into paleness?" etc.

Now, as the people are leaving, let us retrace our steps. As we return, we notice that the young folks are forming themselves in groups and bands, and singing as they go to their respective places of abode.

It was predicted by many that the revival would dwindle away, and become extinct, before the end of three years. But finding that at the end of that time the work was still spreading and strengthening, they began to modify their prediction, by admitting that it might continue during the term of Mr. McDonald's natural life, but no longer.

Shortly after his conversion, a delegation waited on him from a district of this Island, inhabited by Presbyterians, with the offer of a fair stipend, if he would consent to become their pastor. He asked permission to withdraw for a short time to consider their proposal, as it was an important one. When alone, the following mandatory words in Gaelic were indelibly impressed on his mind. * "*Tha thu saor—fuirich saor.*" He then presented himself before the dele-

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gation, and said: "I am free and shall remain free."
He acted on that determination while he lived.

I happened to be present when a man asked him how much was his yearly stipend. The minister's reply was: "If you will tell me how much was the Apostle Paul's, I will tell you the amount of mine." He detested the idea of looking on the preaching of the Gospel as a money-making business. He chiefly depended on the free-will offerings of his people for his maintenance. The manner of ascertaining the amount of the offerings so given, was as follows: In every meeting or preaching station, an elder would be appointed to keep a record or list of the contributions of every individual. Then on the Monday following the communion service, those lists would be added up, and handed to the minister. He would read publicly the amount of every list, (but not the names of individuals) and their sum total. Then, occasionally, he would pass some remarks on the amount received: "If you consider the sum too small for me, add to it; if too much, take from it. I receive just what my Master sees fit for me. No more, no less."

If any one would venture on measuring lances with him in religious controversy, that man would meet with such treatment as would make him repent of his temerity. He had no toleration for religious hypocrites. He would make quick work of getting rid of infidels and skeptics. A skeptic who happened to hear him preach, asked him at the close of the service: "Who is that mythical being that you called the devil?"

The minister acted at first as if he did not hear him. He fumbled for his snuff box and took an ample pinch. He then looked the man straight in the face, and with an ominous frown, and in a voice of thunder said: "YOUR FATHER, SIR!" The man looked as if bewildered. But soon collecting his scattered wits, he boldly faced the minister, and challenged him to a public discussion. The minister, pointing to the Bible, said, "I will meet you there, Sir, and nowhere else."

HIS FIRST PASTORAL VISIT TO THE MURRAY HARBOR ROAD.

Previous to the years 1829, 1830, both sides of the Murray Harbor Road to the shore settlements, were but wild woods, uninhabited except by a few families, who emigrated from Scotland in the year 1821. In the years first above-named, many emigrants from the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, chiefly from Skye, made choice of the lands bordering on the Murray Harbor Road, as their future homes, to the number of about ninety families, for a distance of about six miles; a large settlement, comprising within its limits the several localities now named Uigg, Kinross, Lyndale, and Grand View. As far as I am aware, they had no capital beginning, except their brave willing hearts and strong limbs. By the assistance and example of their friends and fellow colonists occupying the shore settlements since the year 1803, they soon learned to fell and chop trees, and build their own dwellings. Thus, in a short time, all the immigrants were provided with dwelling houses of their own. These

did not hear him. He had an ample pinch. He had a face, and with the sound of thunder said: "I looked as if be-cattered wits, he chalenged him to a writing to the Bible, and nowhere else."

MURRAY HARBOR

On both sides of the settlements, were by a few families, in the year 1821. In the Murray Harbor, many emigrants from the north, chiefly from Skye, and on the Murray Road, to the number of about six miles; in its limits the settlements at Kinross, Lyndale, and elsewhere, they had no unwilling hearts and example of occupying the shore. They soon learned to build their own dwellings. The emigrants were provided with their own. These

houses were but small, round log huts, roofed with slabs, or the bark of trees, with the seams between the logs tightly calked with moss. A few hands would build one of them in two or three days. The course of the main road itself could be easily known, the trees in its line being conspicuously "blazed," and windfalls and brush removed, in order to make sleighing in winter possible.

These people were brought up at home under the ministry of the Word, in the enjoyment of Gospel ordinances, and receiving Church privileges. Some of the old people could read their Gaelic Bibles, and the most of their young folks were well versed in Gaelic literature. But in spite of their advantages, and in spite of their claim to morality and religion, the superstition of bygone days tainted the minds of many of them. Some of them firmly believed in the existence of fairies. They believed that the power of wizards and witches to do mischief, far exceeded common belief. They believed that they could, if they chose, by the performance of some mysterious rites, and by the reciting of some incantatory rhymes, known only to themselves, abstract from some milch cows all the virtue of their milk, and enrich the milk of other cows by the same.

The Murray Harbor Road thus colonized, contained about 450 of a population in its vicinity, without any place of public worship, or regular gospel ministry. But they were not altogether destitute. One of their number, a man of acknowledged piety, a good Gaelic,

English and Latin scholar, used occasionally to conduct public prayer meetings for their edification. Such was the condition of the people referred to, and such was their position when the fame of Mr. McDonald reached their ears.

The revival under his ministry then extended eastward, as far as Birch Hill, Lot 49, distant from the Murray Harbor Road Settlement twelve or fourteen miles. Some of their youth of both sexes went there to hear him preach. Many of them were awakened under his preaching. They came back under "*McDonald's work*," as the revival was then misnamed by its enemies. The news of that fact spread like fire through the settlement. The old people, heads of families, were aroused. They must search further into the matter. They must ascertain whether Mr. McDonald is a true minister of Christ, or is he in league with *Moisean* to lead people into a state of fatuity and fascination. They deemed the question to be of too much importance to be indifferent about it. In their dilemma they thought of the man who used to conduct their prayer meetings in his own dwelling. They called on him and earnestly entreated that he would go and hear Mr. McDonald preach, and then let them know his opinion of him, and of the work that accompanied his ministry. When he consented to comply with their request, they cautioned him, at his peril, not to partake of Mr. McDonald's snuff! He solemnly promised that he would not touch his *Bucas*, or partake of *any of its contents*. He started for Birch Hill, early on the morning of the following Sabbath.

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He arrived at the place of meeting, a private dwelling, a while before the services of the day began. The minister was conversing outside with a crowd of people who came to hear him preach. The man stood at a little distance off, as he was a stranger to them all. He was of a prepossessing appearance; then in the prime of his manhood, wearing a plaid of the tartan of his clan. The minister, attracted by the striking mien of the Highlander, walked over to where he stood, spoke to him in Gaelic, and as a further token of welcome and cordiality, handed him the well filled *Bucas*. The man took a pinch between his fingers, but, mindful of his solemn promise, instead of inhaling it into his nostrils, he let it drop out of his fingers unobserved by the minister. He heard the minister preach, and remained till all the services of the day were over. After his return he declared in the presence of those who sent him, that, although he heard many a sermon, he never before heard the Gospel preached in such perspicuity of language, nor with such thorough earnestness and apparent good effect, as he heard it preached at Birch Hill, last Sabbath, by Mr. McDonald. As for the snuff story, he declared it to be simply a device of the devil to prejudice the minds of the people, to their own hurt, against a true messenger of Christ. That man was subsequently ordained into the eldership by Mr. McDonald. He overlived him many years, and was a hundred years old when he died.

To return to my narrative. The man's words caused a revulsion of feeling in favor of the minister.

On the Sabbath following, many of the people, old and young, went to hear him. Some were awakened. When parting with the minister, they asked him if they might expect a visit from him at their own settlement? He readily consented, and asked if they could prepare a suitable place of meeting, where he could preach next Sabbath? One of the men answered, "that, as their dwelling houses were but small, he could not think of a more suitable place than a barn; and as his was as suitable as any other in the settlement, he would freely give it." He told them "that God willing, he would be at their settlement next Saturday." Some of the people went to meet him on his way coming. When he saw them he was overcome with a feeling of compassion, and cried, with tears: "*Sheep* WITHOUT A SHEPHERD." Word was sent through the settlement that he was to preach in such a man's barn, on the Sabbath following. On Sabbath morning some timorous parties met at a neighbor's house to decide whether it were safe to hear Mr. McDonald preach. The good man of the house volunteered to attend the morning service as judge. The rest agreed to await his return. He came back and reported unfavorably. He said that he was much annoyed by the tantrums of a young woman that kept on continually clapping her hands and dancing. That sometimes she would drown the minister's voice by her loud speaking. He then stepped on the floor and began to imitate her by clapping his hands and dancing. In doing so, he struck his head against one of the loft beams. He put his hand to his head. He

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looked at his hand. It was covered with blood. "JUDGMENT!" he cried. One of the women present offered to tie a napkin around his head. "No!" he said, "Let the guilty head bleed." That man also was afterwards one of Mr. McDonald's elders. He survived him several years, and died in his ninetieth year. The minister preached on that day with great acceptance and manifest effect. The Presbyterians became greatly attached to him, and he to them, with the exception of a few who made themselves odious by their gainsaying and mocking.

The Murray Harbor Road settlement soon afterwards became one of Mr. McDonald's preaching stations. Many of its people professed to have come to the knowledge of the truth, as it is in Jesus, through his instrumentality. Many of them were brought under conviction of sin ; and some of them professed to be filled with all joy and peace in believing. After a few of his pastoral visits, none of their barns or dwelling houses could accommodate the large crowds that were flocking to hear him. They soon found it necessary to build a meeting house. Their first Church building cost them nothing beyond their own labor, except a small outlay for nails and windows. It was built of large hemlock trees, that stood in sufficient numbers near its selected site, and hewn to the proper size. Its roof was covered with pine shingles. The crevices in the wall were tightly calked with moss. The crevices thus calked, used to be a source of disturbance to the worshippers within, especially at the times of communion, affording to outside mockers a

chance to thrust sharp pointed sticks through the moss calking to the annoyance and bodily injury of those sitting close to the walls within. There are some people yet living who may recollect how they used to be pestered in the same way, when worshipping in houses similarly constructed. However, that building served its purpose for a period of ten years, after which a larger and more comfortable house was erected. *It* also suited its purpose for a further period of twenty years; at the end of which time the present Church building was erected, being the year 1862. The minister dispensed the Sacrament in it for the first time in the eightieth year of his age.

Of all his regular preaching stations on this side of the Hillsborough, namely those on Lots 48 and 49, and those at the Murray Harbor Road, Point Prim, Belle Creek, Murray River, and Brooklyn, that at the Murray Harbor Road was the most central and populous. It was looked to by the people of the other stations as their headquarters; being the place where they used to partake, yearly, of the elements of the Lord's Supper, under the ministry of Mr. McDonald.

In the summer of the year 1861, a remarkable religious movement affected the young people of the several preaching stations of Mr. McDonald, almost simultaneously. Scarcely a corner of his extensive field of labors remained uninfluenced. Likewise many of the old people who were subjects of the awakening that began over thirty years before, publicly declared that they were benefitted afresh by its inspiring flatus. I have

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known young children, down to nine years of age, to be visibly affected. So conspicuous was it in its manifestations, that it became the subject of several articles of comment in the public newspapers. It was a surprise to many, and was not expected by any. The minister named it *The second revival*; and predicted that there would be a *Third revival*, "but" said he, "who of us will live to witness it?"

None appeared to be so much astonished as those who attributed the work that was to be seen under Mr. McDonald's ministry to his personal magnetism. For they well knew that he was then bordering on his eightieth year, and that bodily infirmities and loss of memory were gaining rapidly upon him.

The sphere of his ministry continued to extend, and the number of his adherents to increase, until he became incapacitated, by old age and bodily infirmities, to minister to their spiritual necessities.

Orwell Head and DeSable were his central preaching stations, where he used to dispense, yearly, the elements of the Lord's Supper to many hundreds of communicants. He composed and published many hymns in English and Gaelic. He was equally at home in both languages. He published a Treatise on the Millennium, another on Baptism; a third on the Plan of Salvation, unfinished, was found in manuscript, among his papers, and published after his death. He was never married; never had a home of his own. He lived with his people and for his people, ever a welcome guest. Always taking a lively interest in

their prosperity, and sympathizing with them in adversity. Ever ready to assist the poor and needy, irrespective of their creed or nationality.

After a few weeks' illness, he died at Southport, on the 22nd February, 1867, in the 85th year of his age; trusting in the merits of the Redeemer. His remains were interred in the Orwell Head cemetery, where a monument is erected to his memory, bearing suitable inscriptions in Greek, Latin, English and Gaelic.

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APPENDIX TO THE FOREGOING SKETCH.

As a period of over twenty-five years has now elapsed since the death of the man whose life and labors I have been reviewing in the foregoing sketch, I suppose the reader would expect me to mention the changes, if any, that have taken place, up to the present time, in the religious condition of the people over whom his ministry exerted such controlling influence. Let the reader peruse what follows :—

When it became evident that Mr. McDonald was getting to be unfit for the active work of the ministry, on account of his old age and his daily increasing infirmities, speculation was rife as to what would likely befall his people after his decease, which, according to the course of nature, could not be far off. Would they hold their standing as a distinct Christian sect, or cast in their lot with other Presbyterians? was a question frequently discussed both by themselves and by others not belonging to their religious society.

At the time referred to in the above paragraph, a man who paid him a friendly visit, asked him what rules did he prescribe for his people, and in whose charge was he going to leave them when they would be deprived of his ministry? "I direct and charge them to follow the rules and precepts of the Gospel : and I commit them to the care of Christ, the good

Shepherd, who gave his life for the sheep," was his prompt answer.

Another minister of the Established Church of Scotland, who called to see him, spoke to him of the dangers to which his people would likely be exposed in the event of their not being subjected to the immediate, direct, and active control of the Church before his death. "I compare you and your people," said he, "to a string of beads. When the string is broken, the beads are scattered in all directions!" He received the following reply: "Well then, when the string is broken, you look after the beads."

While Mr. McDonald lived, his adherents were visibly united as one ecclesiastical body, guided by the same rules, professing the same belief, yearly sitting at the same Communion Table, no matter how far they might be apart as to their different localities. I think it is right for me here to mention their numerical strength and social importance at the time of Mr. McDonald's death. From their small number of eleven, as at their first Sacrament, they increased to the number of many thousands. From the insignificantly small sect slurringly called "Jerkers," "Kickers," etc., they became a large, influential, and respected body of people, who could, by their united votes, either sustain or upset a Government. Moreover, they would be more than welcome to join any branch of the Presbyterian Church. But after his death changes came and divisions arose, as might be easily foreseen.

Pursuant to public notices, two consecutive public meetings of elders and other male adherents were held. The first at DeSable, the second at Orwell Head, to deliberate and decide upon the best possible means of supplying the vacancy caused by the death of their late lamented leader. Previously their ecclesiastical affairs used to be conducted by the elders, constituted as a Presbytery, over which their late minister, as moderator, held great sway. In him they placed unbounded confidence. They would ever follow his directions with unanimous alacrity. But now the case is different. The elders meet to deliberate upon a question of much more importance than any question ever brought before them. The one who used to preside with so much ability and acceptance is absent when his presence appears to be most needed.

In giving a cursory, retrospective glance over the transactions of those two meetings, if I am obliged to to light upon some things that bring a feeling of sadness upon me; it is with pleasure that I am enabled to state, that, at no time, did their discussions degenerate into angry disputations. Every one that spoke received a patient and respectful hearing. Indeed, all were urgently entreated to give public expression to their thoughts upon the question that was then under their deliberations. But when a considerable number of the elders had spoken, it was painfully evident that they did not see eye to eye, and that their wonted unanimity was about to encounter a violent shock.

When we bear in mind that the Christian Church, even in apostolic times, was frequently disturbed and perplexed by disputes and divisions, need we wonder if the like would now occur? When we reflect upon the fact, that such eminent apostolic men as Paul and Barnabas disagreed about whom to choose as their minister, and that the contention was so sharp between them that they departed asunder one from the other about that question : need we think it strange that the elders and brethren at those meetings could not unanimously agree upon whom to call upon to fill the vacancy above referred to ?

At the DeSable meeting an elder while expressing his views, complained of undue haste and informalities in calling the meeting. Another said in reply that no harm could possibly follow, as the proceedings of the meeting could be considered as only preliminary, and the questions mooted left open for the discussion and final decision of another public meeting to be held at Orwell Head, sure to be held in due time and order. Some counselled delay, and to wait patiently until the chief Shepherd would send them a supply for their spiritual wants in His own good time and way. But others would not consent to a suspension of the ministry of Gospel ordinances, fearing that their people might seek them at the hands of men of other denominations. A majority of the elders present spoke in favor of accepting the services of friendly Kirk ministers until a successor to their late minister would be appointed in accordance with that clause in his will which says that he must be a "duly qualified

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and recognized minister of the Established Church of Scotland." Here a sharp contention ensued about the phrase "duly qualified." How was it to be truly defined in this case? Then an elder spoke to this effect: If that clause recognizes the appointment of a man devoid of the spirit of Christ, having merely the form of godliness but denying its power, though otherwise qualified and recognized as a Kirk minister, I for one would not hesitate to reject the ministry of that man; and moreover, I would not hesitate to disregard that clause. And further, I contend that the phrase "duly qualified" in that clause, never recognizes the absence of spiritual qualification. I believe that the spirit of that clause demands that our late minister's successor shall be a converted man; fitted by the grace of God to nourish and feed the flock; endued with power from on high. After a pause which lasted a considerable time, another elder said that, although he agreed in sentiment with the last speaker, and though he was prepared to act under like circumstances just as *he* said he would act, and though he freely admitted that there were ministers in the Kirk unworthy of her bread, and unworthy of the name they bear, yet, he rejoiced in the belief that there are men within her pale that would stand the test of the standard of qualification insisted upon by the last speaker. He was cheered as he sat down. But a respectable minority of the elders present expressed their dissent from the proposition of the majority. Several of them spoke, one after another, to the following effect: That although Mr. McDonald discharged his ministerial functions in

virtue of his being licentiated and ordained in the Church of Scotland. Though he never disavowed her doctrines as epitomized in her Shorter Catechism; though he never intended to alienate himself from her; yet when a work began under his ministry which work was not only slighted but publicly denounced by the Island Kirk ministers of that time as a delusion, it was then that he found that if he would continue to own them as brethren he would also have to repudiate and condemn that work. They withdrew from *him* and he from *them*. Thenceforward he was free, and he left us free. Now we fear that such men as they were may come in among us, through a misconstruction of the clause aforementioned, to discountenance and ridicule the work that is yet seen among us, and to entangle us with the yoke of bondage. Some may come in privily to spy out our liberty. Let us beware! Let us remember the warnings of our late minister, earnestly and solemnly sounded in our ears, at more than one sacramental gathering: "Elders, learn! learn!! You do not know how soon you may have to perform these duties yourselves. Never! never!! allow an unconverted minister to stand at the head of this table." In conclusion they quoted several passages of Scripture in proof of the authority of elders to labor in the word and doctrine.

Their deliberations were brought to a close at the meeting which was subsequently held at Orwell Head. No new topic was brought forward. The question discussed at DeSable and here was put to a vote. The right to vote was vested in two elders from every

meeting or preaching station on both sides of the Hillsborough. Twenty-one elders voted. Fourteen in favor of the views of the majority. Seven in favor of those of the minority. No compromise. Thus the die was cast. Formerly they were visibly one. Now they are split into two parties, with this peculiar exception, that some would occasionally sever their connection with the minority and join the majority. And *conversely*, others would sever their connection with the majority and join the minority. Is there not an invisible bond of union uniting all true Christians of every sect and denomination, one to another and to their invisible Head, that all the powers of darkness cannot sever? A Paul and a Barnabas may quarrel and separate. Will that sever the bond of their spiritual union?

The minority after a long but unavoidable delay, appointed some of their elders to the lead, and to dispense the ordinances of the Gospel. But after a time, the spirit of discord troubled them. They disagreed and split. They became two parties; and so continue to this day.

The majority likewise had their troubles. They too disagreed and split, and became two parties, though under somewhat different circumstances, and so continue to this day, as will be shown hereafter.

The first regular ministry employed after Mr. McDonald's death, by the majority, was that of the Rev. James McColl, who, like the writer of this sketch, was

more at home in Gaelic than in English. He resigned his charge after a few years' service. He left the Island in answer to a "call" from a Nova Scotian congregation. After remaining there for a short time he emigrated with his family to his native Highlands. By the retirement of Mr. McColl, the field in which he labored again became vacant. In the summer of 1874, a call from the people interested in this matter on this side of the Hillsborough, was sent to the Rev. Mr. Goodwill, then on his way home from one of the South Sea Islands, where he spent five or six years as missionary from the Kirk in the Lower Provinces to the heathen. In the summer aforesaid, the ministers of both branches of the Church of Scotland on this Island (Free and Established) together with their congregations, joined the United Presbyterian Church of the Dominion of Canada. But the "Macdonallites," so named by some, stood aloof. They were a large body of people then without a minister. They never objected to the name given them in public print: "*Church of Scotland unattached.*"? What were they going to do? Were not many of their leading men known to be in favor of uniting with the new Presbyterian Church? Should they not be cordially invited? No time should be lost. The Rev. Mr. Goodwill was known then to be on his way to the Island. If he would find the "Macdonallites" in the Presbyterian Union on his arrival, he would be likely to follow suit.

Soon a movement was made in the direction indicated. A meeting was publicly announced to be

held on such day in the Orwell Head Church, to consider the question of "Union." The meeting was accordingly held and numerously attended. Three "Union" ministers were present: The Revds. Mr. Melville, of Georgetown; Mr. McLean, of Belfast; and Mr. McLeod, of Charlottetown. After these ministers had expatiated with glowing eloquence on the bright prospects before the United Presbyterian Church of the Dominion of Canada, a Resolution was placed in the hands of the chairman, which, if submitted and passed, would decide the question in favor of Union. But there were so many angry expressions of decided opposition to it, that none would make a motion in favor of it. When another Resolution to counteract it was called for, a man stood up and cried excitedly: "We want no Resolution. Let us alone!" So the question was dropped, and the meeting brought to a close.

Mr. Goodwill shortly after came to Orwell Head. He preached there on the first Sabbath after his arrival. A meeting was announced to be held in the Church on the following Monday to ascertain the result of the "call." The meeting was duly held. Mr. Goodwill was present. Two elders from the west were present also. When the meeting was duly constituted and declared ready for business, Mr. Goodwill standing in the pulpit, spoke to this effect: I have heard of the "call" you sent me, though I never saw it. I do not wish to see it. I cannot comply with its conditions, for I have found out that they would confine my ministerial work to this side of the Hills-

borough. Are there not people on the other side equally in need of my services? Here an elder from the west spoke and said that he and his brother elder were sent to solicit for the DeSable Parish a share of Mr. Goodwill's ministry. The minister said that (D. V.) their request would be granted. A voice to Mr. Goodwill, "What about your stipend!" He replied, "That's your business, and not mine." Another voice, "What are the DeSable people to us?" Then another voice, "Humph! The DeSable people want but a share now; by and by, they will take all." One of the elders from the west, Mr. John Bell, referring to the minister's stipend, said that he had no fear but that the people concerned would provide a stipend as fair as that of any minister on the Island. Two Resolutions were passed by small majorities. One in favor of DeSable Parish being included within the sphere of the minister's pastoral labors. The other in favor of leaving their present subscription lists for the minister's stipend undiminished as to their amount. The meeting was closed, and the elders from the west left for their homes, thankful for the success of their mission.

A few words in reference to the dropped "call." To it was attached a legal bond, guaranteeing a stipend of \$800 and a free parsonage. The writer was one of its sureties. When the stipend lists were received and their sums added up, they were found to be short by \$200. How was the deficiency to be supplied? Easily. Announce a picnic. Call the rowdies. Furnish plenty of beer with, perhaps, a "stick" in it to

make them lavish. Bring the cakes and sell them, slice by slice, at fancy prices. Erect the drinking booth and the dancing stage. Put up the swing, though to the danger of life and limb. What of that? Prepare the "tug of war," where energy of brain is at a discount, but where energy of brawn is at a premium; so that money may come in for the cause of Christ; that godliness may be cherished and promoted in the land. Does not the end justify the means? Ochoin, Ochoin!

I should mention in justice to Mr. Goodwill, that no portion of his salary was raised in that questionable manner, either here or elsewhere. I am mistaken in the man if he would take it, if procured in that way. For about eleven years Mr. Goodwill continued his arduous labors, having the Orwell Head congregation within the bounds of his field of work. But a split was about to take place between that congregation and the people of DeSable Parish, and no man was found able to prevent it. The people of that Parish, having learned that the Orwell Head people were preparing to sever connection with them and join in with another Church, they sent over nine of their most prominent men, the most if not all of whom were elders, in order if possible to dissuade them; but all to no purpose or avail. A split followed. The Orwell Head Church was incorporated in the year 1883. Mr. Goodwill dispensed the elements of the Lord's Supper in it for the last time in July, the twelfth day, 1885. It was received into the United Presbyterian Church of the Dominion of Canada, in the year 1886.

It must not be inferred from the above that the Orwell Head Parish as a whole entered the "Union." All the other stations over which the late Mr. McDonald presided on this side of the Hillsborough disapproved of the move and kept aloof, as well as many of the people of the Orwell Head congregation itself. That is why Mr. Goodwill holds yearly Communion Services at Birch Hill. And that is why the Orwell Head congregation found it necessary to join with a section of the Belfast Parish, for without doing so, they would not be a self-sustaining congregation. They would be too weak to make the minimum stipend up, which is required by the Union Church for her ministers.

To the record of such events as I have noticed, and of which I was an eye witness, and a close observer in the past, I have the following to add. And I plead with the reader to ponder it, because the transaction to which I solicit attention has been misrepresented by some as a shameful proceeding, and by others as a disgraceful row.

At Brooklyn, in July last, on the Saturday before the Communion Sabbath, while the elders were in session, as is usual on such occasions, some grave charges were brought before them, by men of unquestioned veracity, against some intending communicants present, namely: That those arraigned, maintained and taught that no portion of the human race was to be consigned to endless misery, let them be ever so wicked in this world. That no person need fear hell

as a place of endless torment. That even Judas Iscariot is not lost. That the wheat in the parable represents all mankind, and that the tares represent no part or portion whatever of the human race. The whole proceeding took place publicly before the whole assembly. As the arraigned denied none of the charges preferred, and as they would not acknowledge their views to be wrong, they were suspended from Church fellowship, until they would publicly renounce their heresy.

May the example set by the Brooklyn Session cease not to be followed wherever it is needed, until heresy be no more !

In the foregoing "Sketch" and "Appendix," I have briefly recorded some incidents of the past, as they were imprinted long ago on my memory, concerning that notable revival of religion that began over sixty years ago on this Island under the ministry of the late Rev. Donald McDonald, of which I was a subject, and to which I was an eye witness. Now in my old age, it is my happy lot to be an eye witness to another remarkable revival, began a few months ago, under the ministry of the Rev. John Goodwill, and which I believe to be essentially the same as the other two revivals referred to in my "Sketch," if not more powerful in its influence and more rapid in its progress ; many hundreds, old and young, and of different nationalities and sects being affected already by it. I would advise any person who, when comparing the characteristics of past revivals with these of the pres-

ent, finds a disparity in some things, to ponder the following passage of Scripture : " Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. And there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord. And there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God who worketh all in all."—1st Cor. chap. 12, verses 4, 5, 6.

We know that wheresoever and whensoever genuine revivals take place, the enemy will try to counteract their influence, for he knows that God by their means delivers many a precious soul from the power of darkness and translates them into the kingdom of His dear Son.

A person purposely witnessing this revival, and going away without being convinced of its reality, is, in my opinion, lacking in spiritual discernment, having eyes that do not see, ears that do not hear, and a heart that does not understand.

Slan leibh, 'n latha chi's nach fhaic.

EWEN LAMONT, *Elder.*

Lyndale, P. E. I.,
March 1892.



