

~~148~~
~~21~~

Pam
F1089
0203

Cape Breton Worthies

Life Sketches of Notable Men in the
early Presbyterian Church

by

Rev. M. Campbell



"Cuiream Clach air an Carn"

CAPE BRETON WORTHIES

LIFE SKETCHES OF NOTABLE MEN IN
THE EARLY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
—EMINENT FOR PIETY AND TALENT—

BY

REV. MALCOLM CAMPBELL

GABARUS, N. S.

SYDNEY, N. S.
PRINTED BY DON. MACKINNON
1913

Pam
F1039
C 2 C 3

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

By M. D. MORRISON, M. D.

The author of this little book has flattered me by requesting permission to publish as an introduction, an extract from an article that I prepared a short time ago, entitled "The Early Scotch Presbyterian Settlers of Cape Breton." As the extract in question deals with a phase of life in which the "Worthies" were much in evidence, the appropriateness of such a preface may not be called in question. The Reverend Gentleman in issuing this pamphlet has undoubtedly merited the unspeakable gratitude of all who admire the physical courage, the moral worth and the spiritual devotion exemplified in the "Cape Breton Worthies."

M. D. MORRISON, M. D.

Dominion, N. S., March, 1913.

"I will not attempt, as it would be utterly impossible within the compass of a short paper like this, to narrate all the characteristics of these people. But as it was the religious propensities that marked them pre-eminently I shall now devote a few minutes to a description of their religious customs and practices. At all times they seemed to regard themselves as being under the direct observation of God and as liable to immediate punishment if engaged in wrongdoing. Deprived for the most part of spiritual teaching at the hands of an ordained minister, they found themselves gradually coming under the spiritual influence of a number of talented old men whose names, even to-day, are revered in many a household in our land, and whose work is memorialized on the minutes and records of our Church courts. Mira, in Cape Breton County, and Boulardarie and Middle River, in Victoria County, were the homes of a number of these

men, whose knowledge of Scripture lore, and whose eloquent proclamation of Scripture truth were phenomenal. That they were not imposters thriving on the ignorance of their fellow-country-men is abundantly shown by their relationship and association in Christian work with the ministers who first came to the country, such as Mr. Farquharson of Middle River, Mr. Fraser of Boulardarie, and Dr. McLeod of Sydney. These clergymen hailed with unspeakable delight a day or two in the company of the above men. They were very strict in having the Catechism taught to the young, and in having family worship conducted in the homes. Once or twice during the week, and at least twice on Sunday, they held public services, aided by the lesser luminaries who were equally fervent though not so talented. But the great event of the year, and the one that most prominently declared these men, was the Communion. Types of the manner in which the old-time Sacrament was celebrated have come down to the present day, and can be seen as such in some parts of the country, but they are little more than miniature types. For weeks before the occurrence, preparations were being made to accommodate the expected crowd. The people came from far and near, arriving at their destination on Wednesday, the day preceding the commencement of the services. From Thursday till Monday evening these services continued almost without intermission—the nights being given up to prayer, praise and exhortation. Thursday was called the day of Fasting, in Gaelic “La Thrashk,” and as such was literally observed by the faithful, who abstained entirely from food until the afternoon, and then indulged only in slight refreshment. Friday was known as the Question Day, “La Ceist.” After the preliminary singing and the invocation of the Divine blessing the minister called for the “Question.” Immediately some old noted Christian inquirer stood up, read or quoted a Bible verse, and asked

for its interpretation, which virtually meant a differential diagnosis between saints and sinners. The minister invariably led off in the discussion that followed and then, from a list previously prepared, called upon those who addressed the assemblage. Let it be understood that no definite information of the special topic under consideration could possibly be acquired previous to its announcement by the propounder; and the eloquent extemporaneous presentation of the argument, fortified by quotation and authority from Scripture in abundance, testified loudly to the mental ability of these men, as well as to their familiarity with the Bible and with Christian experience. The emotion displayed at this service has been described as something unparalleled in public worship. Old grey headed men, with their silver locks occasionally streaming to the gentle summer breeze would, now and again, shout out their exclamations of assent and satisfaction; old women, their heads bent on the breast and covered only with a cap and handkerchief, their bodies swaying rhythmically backwards and forwards, could be seen sobbing quietly, their cheeks wet with running tears. Such scenes as these more frequently occurred when one of the old gladiators I have already alluded to would, metaphorically speaking, soar up between earth and heaven and there give vent to his enraptured soul.

On Saturday afternoon, at the conclusion of the preaching for the day, the candidates for Sacramental admission presented themselves for examination as to their knowledge of the doctrines of the gospel, their experience of its saving power, and their performance of religious duties. Many and trying were the questions put and answered, and sorrowful indeed was the condition of the poor person "put back" for another year. Matters reached their culmination on Sunday when the Sacrament was dispensed in the open air. Nobody, however flippant, could gaze upon the slowly advancing men and women, mostly past

Introductory Note

middle age, who rose up from their places on the ground and proceeded, while a psalm was being sung, to the white-covered communion table—I say nobody could gaze upon these people without being impressed with their sincerity and seriousness, with their conviction that their experience was a blessed reality and not a vanishing dream. It was one of the most grand and sublime sights the world ever beheld, and compelled one to think of Him who preached to the multitude on the shores of Gennesaret, with the ripple of the waves on the strand as the undertone of the words of life that fell from His lips.”

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

In Cape Breton, P. E. Island and other parts of Canada where Highlanders settled during the early part of the 19th century there existed a class of men that has since entirely disappeared. In Scotland they were spoken of as "the men" a designation that had no reference to sex but to the fact that they were not ministers. The term arose from the necessity of distinguishing between the ministers and the other speakers at a fellowship meeting. In this country however that term has not been much in vogue.

We had men on this side of the Atlantic as eminent for their piety and their talents as any of those in the homeland of whom so much has been written, and yet no attempt has been made at a record that would keep alive the memory of these noble servants of God. It is not yet too late to gather a few particulars respecting some of these worthies; but even this if not done speedily will never be accomplished.

Something has been done to preserve the memory of our pioneer ministers, but their right hand and true helpers, the elders, who served the church as catechists and lay preachers, are rapidly passing into oblivion.

This is not as it should be. In essaying the task of gathering a few facts I keenly feel my inability to render the subject anything like justice. I may however succeed in preserving a few memorials, however inadequate, of those who were leaders in the Presbyterian Church, in Cape Breton, during the greater part of the 19th century.

Some of these men I knew personally, others I knew only by repute: of the latter I might mention Duncan Bain of Boularderie. Roderick Campbell of

the same place I knew slightly. Among those I knew, and listened to with pleasure and profit in my young days, were: Malcolm McLeod, River Dennis; Donald McDonald, North River, St. Ann's; Angus McLean, Cape North; Donald Campbell, Big Baddeck; Donald McAulay, Red Head and Angus McLeod, Hunter's Mountain. I should be glad if readers of this booklet would take the trouble to collect the stray particulars that may be available in reference to any of these, or of others who were leaders in the church in the early days.

Cuiream clach air an carn.

CAPE BRETON WORTHIES

ANGUS MACLEOD

Angus MacLeod of Hunter's Mountain, or Angus Liath as he was often called by reason of his prematurely silvered hair, was a native of Lewis. He was born in the parish of Uig on the western coast of that romantic island. He and the celebrated Rev. Peter MacLean (Mr. Padruig) were natives of the same place. Mr. MacLeod was born in 1798. When a young man he came out to the Canadian Northwest as an employee of the Hudson Bay Co. It would be interesting to know where in that vast territory he was stationed. After spending a few years in that country he returned to his native isle where he was married to a country-woman of his own. Two years after, in 1821, he took passage to Cape Breton. He settled with his young wife at Hunter's Mountain. There he resided for more than half a century and reared four sons and three daughters.

In those early days the word of God was precious, there was no open vision. It was not until 1834 that the Rev. Alex. Farquharson, first missionary from the Church of Scotland, arrived in Cape Breton. He was settled at Middle River and Mr. MacLeod was his first elder. Mr. Farquharson was born in Strathardale, Scotland, in 1793. He was thus five years the senior of his elder. He labored at Middle River for 23 years.

till his death on January 25, 1858. During a great part of his ministry Mr Farquharson was very often absent from his pulpit at Middle River. On these occasions, Mr. MacLeod was always prepared to conduct a Gaelic service in the church. After Mr. Farquharson's death some time elapsed before the settlement of Rev. Donald MacKenzie. Mr. MacLeod had then full charge of the services, as he had also during the vacancy between Mr. MacKenzie's return to Scotland and the settlement of the Rev. Adam MacKay. It will be remembered that in those days not many ministers were available for supply.

Mr. MacLeod was not the owner of many books but those he possessed he read and made his own. The works of Boston, Flavel and Bunyan with a few others might be seen in his home on the same shelf with the Bible and his addresses were deeply tinged by their teaching. His own soul was fed on strong meat and he was able to take out of his treasure things new and old. He had a powerful voice that could be heard at a considerable distance. His enunciation was clear and distinct and his train of reasoning easily followed. When he stood up to speak, he threw back his head and shoulders and puckered his lips in a manner peculiar to himself. In appearance he was of medium height, well built and of a ruddy countenance—in fact had the appearance of a man that could endure hardness.

In addition to his labors in his own parish, Mr. MacLeod was in demand at every open air communion throughout the length and breadth of the Island. On "Ceist" days he was never passed over, however

large the number of available lay speakers, and the more thoughtful among the people heard him gladly. He died in 1878, and in the eightieth year of his age. He served the church as an elder for 50 years and as a catechist about the same length of time.

Middle River has produced excellent and God-fearing men since then, but none of them possessed, in the same measure, the natural gifts of the late Angus MacLeod.

DUNCAN MACDONALD *

Duncan MacDonald, better known among his contemporaries as Dunchadh Ban, was a native of Coll, and was born in 1785.

Coll is one of the smaller islands of the Hebrides but its history is charged with romance, and it figures prominently in song and story. The island was for many years the property of a sept of the great clan MacLean. The Laird of Coll was the last of the Highland chiefs to keep a bard in his retinue. The elegy composed to Alasdair Ruadh, 15th of Coll, at his death in 1835, by John MacLean the Laird's own bard, may be looked upon as the last formal lamentation over a dead chieftain by his bard. Bard Tigh-earna Cholla came to Nova Scotia and died in Glenbard in 1848. The Rev. A. McL. Sinclair is a grandson of the bard.

I may mention that, like too many other Highland estates, Coll has passed out of the hands of the ancient owners. The island was sold in 1856 by Hugh the 16th and last MacLean of Coll.

* See Appendix I.

The spirit of restlessness which began to pervade the Highlands towards the close of the 18th century reached Coll early in the 19th. The people began to be dissatisfied with circumstances at home and many of them sought to better their condition by going abroad. Among those who came to Cape Breton during the first quarter of the last century was Duncan Ban. He was married and had at least one child when he came to this country. His wife was Sarah Kennedy, a country-woman of his own. On coming to Cape Breton he settled on a farm in Boularderie where he lived during the remainder of his life.

Duncan Ban feared the Lord from his youth. It would appear that, like John the Baptist, he was filled with the Holy Ghost from his mother's womb. He had no recollection of the time when he did not love his Saviour. A remarkable thing related of him is that the first prayer he remembered hearing was his own. When he was of age to attend school he was known frequently to part with his playmates and go aside to pray. The spirit of devotion remained with him through life. To him was verified the promise, "The anointing which ye have received of Him abideth in you." As he grew up he became an earnest, active Christian, and on coming to this country took a prominent part in establishing the church he loved.

The Rev. James Fraser came to Cape Breton in 1835. He was settled in Boularderie which he made his headquarters. But his pastoral duties in those years often called him far afield. There were only

four Presbyterian ministers in all Cape Breton in those early days and they parcelled out the land among themselves. "Mr. Fraser's bishopric covered with slight variation the territory now under the superintendence of the Presbytery of Sydney." He had as assistants as many as four catechists, one of whom was the subject of this sketch. Mr. Fraser's estimate of these and others of the same class is given in a letter to a friend: "The people hear the word from the lips of devoted catechists who labour under the supervision of the Presbytery, and whose labours are so manifestly acknowledged by the Great Head of the Church."

It is asserted by some who knew him that Duncan Ban never conducted a meeting without visible results. Instances such as the following are given in support of that statement. When on his way to Mira for the first time Duncan while passing through Leitche's Creek announced a meeting at the home of a man who, up to that time, was utterly indifferent to the things that matter. At that meeting both husband and wife were awakened to a sense of their need of salvation and the man became afterwards an elder in Dr. MacLeod's church.

Like Enoch, Duncan Ban walked with God all the days of his life, and the secret of the Lord was with him. It was impressed upon him on one occasion that a certain man intended to commit suicide. Duncan walked six miles to see this man and on arriving demanded the weapon which the man had concealed on his person. The instrument was yielded up at once. Mr. MacDonald rebuked the poor man

sharply for his rashness, counselled him wisely as a father and in prayer committed him tenderly to God's care and protection. The man became afterwards a very saintly and useful Christian.

Another man in a similar state of mind was, by Dr. MacLeod's instruction sent to Duncan Ban. The afflicted person remained with him for a week and at the end of that time returned to his home completely rid of his suicidal mania.

On "ceist" days Duncan Ban was always counted as one of the most effective and interesting of the speakers. All felt that the "ceist" was only touched superficially until Duncan Ban had said his say. At a communion in Whyccomagh in the days of Peter MacLean it was late in the afternoon when Duncan was called on. He wished to refuse but Mr. MacLean would accept no refusal. He was not long speaking when scarcely a word could be heard above the sound of weeping. He paused and was on the point of stopping when Mr. MacLean seized him by the arm urging, "Go on, Duncan, go on." And Duncan went on speaking, to the great satisfaction of the hearers. On another occasion several of the speakers were very severe in their strictures on the conduct of professing Christians. When Duncan arose his very first remark was a masterly counterstroke. "It is not to tear the lambs that the sheep have horns." (cha'n ann gu bhi tolladh nan uan a chuireadh adhaircean air na caoraich). This note is still remembered: "Jesus refused to drink the proffered cup of vinegar, but He took His Father's cup and drank it to the very dregs. Your hell-deserving soul was in

that cup." Similar remarks, striking in their originality, were carried away by the people and are still quoted.

Physically Duncan MacDonald was of medium height, of good appearance, and scrupulously neat in his habits and dress. He had a fair English education and an excellent command of the Gaelic—his mother tongue. He was appointed by Mr. Fraser as a catechist in 1838. He served the church in that capacity until his death on the 17th of February 1854. His son Donald succeeded him as elder and catechist. He too was born in Coll and died in Boulardarie in 1897 in the 63rd year of his age. He was a son worthy such a father.

DONALD MACDONALD

An account of the Cape Breton Worthies would be incomplete which did not include Donald MacDonald the catechist, of North River, St. Ann's. Mr. MacDonald was a native of Gasadar, in the parish of Uig, Lewis. Of late years tourists visit this part of Lewis every season to view the celebrated stone circle of Callernish, one of the most remarkable antiquities in Scotland. Not far from these remains of pre-historic ages, Mr. MacDonald was born in 1815. He came to Cape Breton in 1841. Landing at Sydney Mines in July of that year, he proceeded to visit friends who had come out about 14 years earlier and who had settled at North River. There he intended making his home, but not being fully satisfied with the state of religion at St. Ann's at this time, and

being greatly interested in the celebrated Peter MacLean, then settled at Whycocomagh, he left North River in 1843 with the intention of making his home at the former place. He went as far as Middle River on this journey when, to his dismay, the news met him that Mr. MacLean had returned to Scotland.

To some readers of to-day it may seem strange that the minister of Whycocomagh could demit his charge, collect his belongings and depart for Europe before the news reached St. Ann's. But be it remembered that the day of the telegraph and telephone was yet to come, and that the daily paper and daily mail were conveniences of the distant future. Transportation facilities were of the crudest. Even Sydney at that time, and for years after, had to be content with the leisurely weekly mail coach from Halifax.

On hearing that his friend had removed from Whycocomagh the place had no further attraction for Mr. MacDonald and, turning aside, he took up a farm on Middle River, afterwards the property of John MacRae (Buey). He lived here for two years under the ministry of the venerable Mr. Farquharson and occupied part of his time in teaching school. But in 1845 he returned to North River where he spent the remainder of his life.

The Rev. Norman MacLeod was then minister of St. Ann's. Opinions differ in regard to this remarkable man. He was certainly a born leader of men. That he was eccentric to a degree cannot be denied. A most pronounced "exclusionist," but withal a man of great zeal and earnestness, he hated sin and denounced it in no measured terms. He left St.

Ann's in 1851 accompanied, or followed afterwards, by many of his parishioners, and ultimately settled in New Zealand.

St. Ann's parish was thereafter vacant for five years, until 1856, when the godly Abram MacIntosh was settled therein. During those years Mr. MacDonald did good work in holding religious services on Sabbath and week days wherever he could get the people together. Nor did his labours become much lighter after the congregation secured a pastor. The field under the care of the young minister extended in one direction from Smokey to North River, and in another from Big Hill to Cape Dauphin. All the lay assistance that could be secured was urgently needed. No man could be more ready to share in the service than was the catechist of North River.

Mr. MacDonald was elected an elder in 1856 and performed faithfully the duties of that office for 40 years until his death in 1897, aged 82 years. He was married to Jane MacLean of Lochs and had a family of sons and daughters. The Rev. A. A. MacLeod of Lochaber, N. S., is a grandson. Mrs. MacDonald in her young days would probably enjoy the benefits of the ministry of the celebrated Mr. MacRae (MacCrath Mor) a man who furthered the cause of religion not only in the parish of Lochs but also throughout the whole island of Lewis.

It may not be generally known that Mr. MacDonald was the last of a class of men who served the church faithfully in its early days in Cape Breton, viz., the lay catechists. These men made regular

visits to the outlying and sparsely settled sections of the country to hold religious meetings and give instruction, mainly in the shorter catechism. The truths implanted by these Christian workers were of lasting benefit to the people. As Mr. MacDonald was for some years the only survivor of that noble band he may be regarded as the last link which connected the past order of things with the present.

It is a pleasure to dwell on this long life of faithful service. Of him it could truthfully be said "there was no chasm in his life between precept and practice. Sound judgment and great common sense combined with true piety characterized him through life. He was eminent for his instinctive insight into Divine truth. At his funeral one of the ministers present, very appropriately, quoted the words of David in reference to Abner, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel."

MALCOLM MACLEOD*

Malcolm MacLeod of River Dennis occupied a prominent place among the "men" of Cape Breton during a great part of the 19th century. He was a native of Stornoway, Lewis, and came to this country in 1826.

The island of Lewis, from a remote period, was owned by a branch of the once powerful clan Leod. Leod, the progenitor of the clan, had two sons, Tormod and Torquil. Tormod got for his possession

* See Appendix II.

the entire island of Harris and a large share of the island of Skye. Torquil became proprietor of Lewis. From these brothers sprang the two main branches of the clan known as Siol Tormoid and Siol Torquil respectively. The Torquil branch retained the island of Lewis until about the middle of the 17th century, when they were dispossessed by the MacKenzies. Representatives of Clan Leod, from Eilean an Fhroich, are met with to-day in well-nigh every part of the world.

The subject of this sketch was born in 1805. In 1824 he was married to Catherine, daughter of Thomas Young, a wheelwright of Stornoway. Two years later he came with his young wife to Cape Breton. Their first child was buried in Scotland. On coming to this island he settled on one of the Marsh farms of River Dennis. There he lived for several years and reared a family of two sons and six daughters. He afterwards removed to another farm in the same settlement, where he spent the remainder of his useful life. During those early years he added to the income of the farm by working occasionally at his trade, which was that of a carpenter.

For long years after Mr. MacLeod came to Cape Breton there was no settled Presbyterian minister on the island with the exception of Mr. Miller, of Mabou, who did not speak the Gaelic, and Mr. Norman MacLeod of St. Ann's, whose methods were not always approved of by those outside his own immediate following. Malcolm MacLeod was about eleven years in the country before Mr. Farquharson came to Middle

River, and 17 years before the Rev. Murdock Stewart was settled at West Bay in 1843.

Mr. Stewart, on learning of the spiritual destitution of River Dennis and surrounding districts appointed Mr. MacLeod a catechist for that part of the Island. The duties of that responsible office he faithfully discharged up to the measure of his ability.

In 1852 the Rev. Wm. G. Forbes was settled at Plaster Cove (Port Hastings); his parish included River Dennis. He soon came to know and value Mr. MacLeod as a faithful co-worker and almost immediately had him appointed as one of his elders, an office which he adorned until his death 25 years after.

The affection which subsisted between elder and minister during all the years of their fellowship was of the true David-and-Jonathan type. Travelling together on one occasion to a communion in Boulardarie they lodged at the home of the late John Ross (father of the Hon. Wm. Ross). It is still remembered how Mr. Forbes addressing Mrs. Ross said, "I don't care how you treat myself if you be kind to my elder." We may be sure however that minister as well as elder was hospitably treated.

At that time the custom of Christian leaders was to attend as many as possible of the open-air communions throughout the Island. The journey, whether long or short, was as a rule made on foot, and the travellers set out early or late in the week according to the distance they had to go. Mr. MacLeod's custom was to travel leisurely, calling at wayside farm houses when tired, and having prayers

with the family before resuming his journey. Wherever he stopped for the night the neighbours were called in and he set before them the bread of life.

The "men" of Cape Breton were strongly individual. Mr. MacLeod had characteristics different from his contemporaries of the same class. His mind was peculiarly contemplative. From his childhood he was under strong convictions. He early felt his need of a Saviour, and as the years passed his spiritual life strengthened. He spent much time in meditation and drank deeply at the fountain of Divine truth. He was more widely known as a man of piety than as a speaker, although he was by no means destitute of the gift of speech. One of our ministers, who, when a student, visited Mr. MacLeod on his death bed affirms that the effect of his visit to the dying Christian remains with him to this day. It was not so much the words that were spoken as the manner of utterance that made so profound an impression upon the young man.

Mr. MacLeod also differed from the majority of Christians at that time in regard to his attitude toward the temperance question. It was then the rule among good Christians to take a glass of liquor on occasion. The sentiment against drunkenness was probably nearly as strong then as it is to-day, but whiskey was considered a good gift from God for which all men were bound to give thanks. Mr. MacLeod, however, in advance of his age, was for many years a total abstainer. Calling at a friend's home one day he was offered a glass of liquor by the lady of the house. He shook his head saying,

“ There has not a glass of liquor gone to my lips in fifteen years.” Taking the glass away she emptied the liquor into a cup remarking with more hospitality than sound logic, “ you can still say so.” But the sophistry proved unavailing. “ No, no, my good woman,” he replied, “ It is all the same, what I will not take from a glass I will not take from a cup.”

As a speaker Mr. MacLeod was clear and solemn, his words were carefully weighed, and he spoke from the depths of his own large experience.

In appearance he was tall and well proportioned. His features were dark and wore a calm and mild expression. To a stranger he might appear somewhat reserved, but under the slight austerity was a heart of warm affection and of a genial kindly nature. His last sickness, which was painful and protracted, he bore with exemplary patience and entire resignation to the Divine will, and finally, on the 24th of January, 1877, in the 72nd year of his age, he fell asleep.

DONALD CAMPBELL

Donald Campbell, of Big Baddeck, came to this country in 1830. He was born in Harris, that island of bonny glens and rugged mountains. This island was for more than 500 years owned by the Siol Tormoid MacLeods. The chief was generally styled MacLeod of Harris. This part of the estate, however, had to be sold, owing to the extravagance of Norman

MacLeod, the chief at the time of the "forty-five." The island passed permanently out of the hands of the MacLeods in 1834, the purchase price being £60,000 sterling.

Mr. Campbell was eleven years of age coming to Cape Breton. His father, Neil Campbell, had a fair education and taught school for some years after coming to this country. He died in Mira. where he is buried.

As young Donald was not physically robust he was given the best educational advantages Cape Breton afforded at that time. The school at St. Ann's, then conducted by the Rev. Norman MacLeod, was known to be superior to most of the common country schools of that period, and thither the lad was sent. He always remembered with affection the family of Hugh MacLeod (Uisdean) with whom he stayed till he was far enough advanced in his studies to qualify as a teacher. This he accomplished while very young. He adopted the teaching profession and followed it for many years, retiring in his old age with a small pension from the Government.

Mr. Campbell was married in 1847 to Ann Morrison, daughter of Archibald Morrison, of Big Bras d'Or. Her family emigrated from Harris to Cape Breton when she was an infant. Mrs. Campbell belonged to the same clan as her countryman Iain Godha, the famous Harris Bard. John Morrison (Iain Godha) was one of the ablest men that Scotland ever produced. Had he written in English he would have been world-famous. His

poetry, collected and published in two volumes by the Rev. Mr. Henderson, U. F. Minister of Scotland, should be in the hand of every Highlander.

Mr. Campbell made his home in Bras d'Or for some years after his marriage, and had charge of the school in that section. Four of his children were born there. In 1858 he moved to Big Baddeck where he had his home for the rest of his life. Here he became better known as an earnest and self-sacrificing Christian.

As an educationist, his qualifications were probably not equal to the scientifically trained teachers of the present day. Nevertheless he gave a working knowledge of the essential branches of a common school education—a knowledge that stands in good stead to many of the fathers and mothers of the present generation. But also, and especially, was he solicitous of laying the foundation of a good moral character in the young minds under his care. His efforts in this direction, we believe, are still bearing fruit in many lives. Moreover, wherever he taught school he conducted a weekly prayer meeting which was generally largely attended.

He was noted for the reverence he showed for the Lord's day. All necessary preparatians for the Sabbath were scrupulously attended to on Saturday in order to avoid, as far as possible, any secular work on the day of rest.

Mr. Campbell was gifted as a speaker, but in no respect was he more valued than as a leader of the

service of praise. He was especially pleasing as a precentor in Gaelic. At the open air communion his place was in front of the "tent" and he was often the leading precentor, chanting the lines in his own inimitable way. That mode of singing is especially adapted to the beautiful Gaelic version of the psalms. The song service in our modern Highland churches seems to lack the impressiveness of the olden days. Mr. Campbell had a clear musical voice which, although not strong, possessed a remarkable carrying quality. He was precentor in the Big Baddeck church until disabled with age. He was elected an elder in 1858, shortly after the Rev. Kenneth MacKenzie came to Baddeck. Mr. MacKenzie during a long ministry of 37 years had charge of the wide field which to-day forms the two congregations of Baddeck and Baddeck Forks. During all these years Mr. Campbell was one of his faithful elders. He conducted a prayer meeting in the Forks church every second Sabbath, when the minister was in the village church. He lived for nine years after Mr. MacKenzie's departure and thus served the church in the capacity of elder for 45 years. He died on the 19th of December, 1900, aged 81 years. His widow survived her husband a little more than a year. He had a family of four sons and six daughters.

By Mr. Campbell's death one of the old landmarks of Baddeck Forks was removed. His unassuming and faithful services are still gratefully remembered. A friend who knew him intimately for many years truthfully speaks of him as "a good, kind and honest man, a Nathanael without guile."

DONALD ROSS

Fifty years ago the most prominent layman in the Presbyterian Church in Southern Cape Breton was Donald Ross, the Catechist of Cow Bay, now Port Morien. Mr. Ross, with others who were among the leading men in C. B. in those days, was a native of Lewis and was born in the parish of Uig in 1797. Ross was not a rare name in Lewis in the past centuries, but none of those of that name is better known to us to-day than the fair Marion Ross, the object of the Gairloch Bard's unrequited affection, and in praise of whom a number of his beautiful and touching lyrics were composed. It is very possible, were we able to trace the connection, that Donald Ross was closely related to that nymph of Thule who, like Highland Mary, owes her place in history to the ardor of a poet's love.

Why so many of the natives of Lewis occupied a prominent place in the church at the time of which we write may be accounted for by the fact that that island had the advantage of an earnest evangelical ministry at a time when many parts of the West Highlands and Islands were in comparative moral darkness. Many men whose souls were enlightened in early life in Scotland took their religion with them to this country and became themselves, in the land of their adoption, centres from which the light radiated into the surrounding gloom, their light

appearing all the brighter owing to the general darkness. One of these was Donald Ross, a man who feared God from his youth.

Mrs. MacKay of Rockfield, the eminent Edinburgh philanthropist, who, with other ladies of kindred spirit, did so much for Cape Breton, became acquainted with young Ross and encouraged him to emigrate, giving him at the same time some financial aid. This is only one instance of much that C. B. owes to the society of which Mrs. MacKay was the most prominent member. Nearly all our pioneer Presbyterian ministers, as well as a number of lay catechists and teachers, were sent out by this noble band of women. Among those who came to Cape Breton under the auspices of the "Edinburgh Ladies' Association" was Miss Gordon, who for years taught school in different parts of the island, and who afterwards became the wife of the late Rev. Hector MacQuarrie. Among them also was Alex. Munro, the Grammar-School teacher of Boulardarie, and afterwards School Inspector for the County of Victoria. How many more lay agents were sent out it would be interesting to know. Mr. Ross on coming to Cape Breton, with his parents and the other members of the family, settled for some time at Peter's Brook, Victoria County, but about 1844 he removed to Port Morien. He lived for a year in what is now known as Birch Grove. From there he removed to False Bay Beach. He afterwards bought a farm owned by one Donald Campbell, near Milton, where he spent the rest of his life. The entire south-east side of the island, where we have

now no fewer than 16 organized congregations, was then entirely dependent for divine ordinances on such scant supply as could be given by Mr. Fraser of Boulardarie, Mr. Farquharson of Middle River, Mr. Stewart of West Bay, and Mr. MacLean of Whycomagh during the five years he remained in the country. All these devoted ministers were far away and had more work on their hands nearer home than they could overtake. The field was wide and needy, and Mr. Ross had ample scope for exercising his gift as a speaker, and his was not the nature to neglect an opportunity or shirk a duty. He it was, with a few others, who kept alive an interest in things spiritual among the people in those years of destitution. It was not until the year 1850 that Dr. MacLeod came to Cape Breton and took charge of this wide field, and Mr. Ross for many a day was his right hand man. In the Ferry church he was the precentor when the Dr. was present, and the preacher when the Dr. was absent, which was the case quite frequently. He had a good common English and Gaelic education, and made excellent use of his knowledge in his own quiet and unobtrusive but effective way. He had a fair knowledge of the science of music, and taught singing classes for years, in addition to his other duties as catechist and elder. Mr. Ross was active in the Master's work to the close of his life. In the summer of 1877 he attended communion at Morien, where the late Rev. D. MacDougall was settled at the time. At the close of the service on Sabbath Mr. Ross was called upon to lead in prayer, which he did with much freedom.

That was his last appearance in public. In the following week the summons came calling him up higher, when in the 80th year of his age. By his death the church lost one of her ablest and most acceptable "Ceist" day speakers.

Mr. Ross was married to Miss Creighton, who predeceased her husband about a year. They had four children, three sons and one daughter, all of whom are now dead except one son, Daniel, of Glace Bay. Hugh Ross, Esq., a leading barrister of Sydney, is a grandson.

DONALD MACAULAY

Donald MacAulay (Domhnall Mhurchaidh Bhain) as he was often styled by his intimate friends, was born on the shores of bonny Lochalsh, one of the many charming fiords or salt-water lochs by which the west coast of Scotland is indented.

The MacAulays were an ancient, though not a powerful clan. We meet with three different branches of them in Scottish history. The first Aulay, whose offspring were known as Aulay's sons or MacAulays, lived in the days of Alexander III of Scotland (1249-86). Their chief seat was a turreted mansion in Dumbartonshire, which passed into the hands of the MacDougalls in the 18th century. The MacAulays of Lewis and the MacAulays of Loch Broom were closely related, being descended from the same progenitor. Members of the Lewis stock are

well known. Of these were the Reverends Aulay and John MacAulay, father and son, who were ministers of Harris and Uist respectively in the time of Prince Charlie. Zechary, John's son, was the renowned slavery abolitionist, and father of Lord MacAulay. The connection the subject of this sketch had with these celebrities is now impossible to trace; but certain it is that if he had enjoyed in his youth the educational advantages that they possessed, his reputation would have been more than local.

Very little is known to-day of Donald MacAulay's early years. He was born in 1819. Two years after his parents emigrated to Cape Breton. Landing at Sydney, they ultimately, in 1825, settled at Red Head, now the property of Prof. Bell, where their son spent the rest of his life. Donald MacAulay could say with Obadiah of old that he feared the Lord from his youth. At about the age of 25 he was known as a leader of religious meetings. It was no easy matter in those days for a young man to take this stand when so much frivolity and irreligion prevailed.

He was married in 1854 to Mary MacDougall, of Whycocomagh, a sister of the Rev. D. MacDougall, the late lamented minister of Baddeck. By this marriage he had six children, one of whom is the respected J. D. MacAulay, Elder, Baddeck. Mr. MacAulay was married twice. His second wife was Margaret, daughter of Donald MacKenzie, Plaister, by whom he had also six children, four sons and two daughters.

Baddeck had no settled minister until the year 1857, when the Rev. Kenneth MacKenzie took charge of the field. For some time prior to that date, James MacDonald, a man of great religious enthusiasm, held meetings for prayer in the village and surrounding districts. This talented man was however cut down in his prime, while prosecuting his studies in Halifax. During these early days when there was so much religious destitution young MacAulay, without any reward except the gratitude of his hearers and the approbation of his own conscience, kept up religious services usually either at Red Head or at Baddeck Bay. He was elected an elder probably as soon as the congregation had a settled minister if not before. The closest intimacy always existed between him and his minister, to whom he was a faithful counsellor and firm friend. Mr. MacKenzie after a worthy ministry of 34 years in a large and scattered field retired in 1891. In the following year Mr. MacDougall accepted a call and served the congregation faithfully until his retirement in 1907.

Mr. MacAulay died on the 6th day of August, 1886, in the 67th year of his age. Up to the end of his life he was an active worker for the Master. His Sunday evening meetings were always enjoyed by those who thirsted for the sincere milk of the word. At the summer communions throughout the island no speaker was in greater demand. None of the "men" of his day surpassed him in eloquence; few were his equals. The writer often felt it was no small privilege to sit at his feet and listen to his counsels so rich in wisdom and so impressively spoken. His soft,

musical voice added greatly to the charm of his address.

Mr. MacAulay was dark in complexion. He had a fine open countenance. His smile of welcome was exceedingly attractive. Owing to a slight defect in one eye he formed in youth a habit of keeping it half closed. Through the force of habit the eye was kept in that position evidently without conscious effort, and with his genial smile it added rather than detracted from the comeliness of his appearance.

Mr. MacAulay was an excellent conversationalist. He was of a cheerful disposition. Indeed, there was nothing gloomy or morose about him. Young and old loved and respected him while he lived, and mourned for him when he died. "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.

ANGUS MACLEAN*

Angus MacLean, the Cape North catechist, was born in Duthaich 'ic Leoid, isle of Skye, in 1817. He was 24 years of age when he came to this country.

There were in Skye at that time men, both lay and clerical, who were eminent for their piety. The Rev. Roderick MacLeod of Bracadale, and afterwards of Snizord was then in his prime, and wielded an immense influence among the people of Skye. Foremost among the gifted and godly laity was Donald Munro the blind catechist, whose memory is kept green by Iain Godha's elegy "Domhnull

* See Appendix III

Munro nam mor bhuaadh."

Angus MacLean in his young days had frequent opportunities of hearing the truth from the lips of these men. He was thus well versed in Christian dogma. This and his natural intelligence made him, when he experienced a change of heart, competent to instruct others, and fitted him for a career of usefulness in the church.

In 1841 he took passage with other immigrants in "The John Walker" which sailed from Loch Uig, Skye, in July of that year. The vessel arrived at Sydney Harbour in 21 days and landed a number of passengers. She then proceeded to Quebec with those whose destination was "Upper Canada."

Angus MacLean chose for his future home the isolated shores of Cape North. He settled first at Poulett's Cove and afterwards removed to Aspy Bay. Here he married Ann MacPherson of Portree and had children.

The people of Cape North at that time were almost entirely dependent for a livelihood on their own resources. Their wants were few and were mainly supplied among themselves. Like the inhabitants of Laish they were in a place "where there was no want of anything that is in the earth." For a time they had little or no communication with the outside world. A trackless wilderness of about 40 miles lay between them and their neighbors to the south. They were thus a people by themselves. In the course of time however there began a traffic with St. Pierre by which cheap liquors were freely im-

ported. The results of this blighting traffic, while it lasted, may be more easily imagined than described.

The bad old days are over. The people to-day are sober, intelligent, and God-fearing. The Gospel has done much for Cape North. Owing largely to the difficulty of reaching there the people were for years much neglected by the church. The Rev. Alex. Farquharson, I believe, visited the place some time after his arrival in Cape Breton in 1833. Apart from that short visit I cannot learn of any Presbyterian service being held there until the good and beloved Rev. John Gunn began his yearly visits.

Mr. Gunn came to this country from Scotland in 1840. He supplied Grand River for a year and then accepted a call to Broad Cove (Strathlorne) where he laboured with acceptance for 30 years until his death in 1870. On coming to Broad Cove he learned of the spiritual destitution of Cape North, and at once undertook the arduous task of a journey over the Cheticamp Mountains that he might break unto the people the bread of life. He was received joyfully, and for many years those visits to Cape North came to be an established part of his ministerial work. Not until Cape North had a settled pastor was this labour of love discontinued.

The Rev. Donald Sutherland was the first minister of Cape North. He was inducted into that pastoral charge in 1860. He left, however, in a few years. He was afterwards, in 1875, settled in Gabarus where he labored faithfully for 28 years until his death in 1903. During the long vacancy that ensued Cape

North was supplied, in summer, by student catechists until the Rev Peter Clerk, from Scotland, was settled there in 1873. He died in 1887 having served the church for 14 years. A fellow student of his described him to the writer as being from his youth a Nathanael in whom there was no guile. Others have faithfully served the church in Cape North since that time but they are still with us doing the Master's work in other fields.

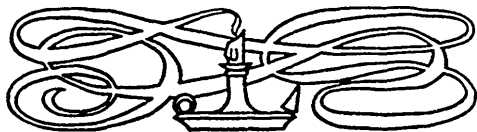
During those years of storm and calm, cloud and sunshine, Angus MacLean held to his post as a faithful catechist, using his utmost endeavor to stem the careless current of irreligion. He labored during the greater part of his life under serious difficulties. His was the thankless lot of the prophet in his own country with its many drawbacks and scanty rewards.

In the winter of 70-71 and the following summer, a wave of religious awakening passed over many parts of Cape Breton. Angus MacLean entered heartily into the movement. His meetings at that time, held at North Shore, St. Ann's, are still remembered, and there are still living a few of those who owned him as their spiritual father.

Angus MacLean was pre-eminently a man of prayer. At times when he was blessed with freedom of expression, it was noteworthy how aptly he employed the language of Scripture; every quotation was perfectly rendered, and faultlessly appropriate. Listening to him on such occasions reminded one of Jacob at Penuel, clinging with intense earnestness to the Angel for the blessing, and, as a prince having

power with God and man. The gift of prayer was his in fuller measure than that of any man the writer has ever listened to either in pulpit or pew.

In appearance Angus MacLean was of medium height, with dark skin and dark bushy hair which he always wore long after the fashion of his youth. His face was thin and sallow. His voice had a slight rasp, probably owing to much speaking. His appearance was that of an ascetic, but nevertheless he was a genial companion in the social circle where he sometimes exhibited an unexpected vein of quiet humor. He slept with his fathers in 1892, aged 75 years, and was buried in the little God's acre at Middle Harbour. There also sleep nearly all of the generation to which he belonged—the pioneers of Cape North.



APPENDIX

I

Port Hawkesbury, C. B.

March 23rd, 1911.

MY DEAR MR. CAMPBELL.

Your esteemed favour of the 20th inst. to hand, also the Article on the life of that good man "Donnachadh Ban an Ceisteir," and although I knew him from my childhood I cannot add anything that would be of interest to the general reader, to what you have.

He used to make my father's his home, when on his regular rounds on the north side of the Bras d'Or Lake, then known as the "Slios." My mother being from the Isle of Mull seemed nearer to him as a "Collach" than the others from Lewis and Harris who composed the majority of the settlers. Although I was very young at that time I had more than ordinary respect for "Donnachadh Ban" and heard many of his discourses, and saw several extraordinary scenes during his preaching which seemed to be accompanied by a power that I have not seen during the preaching of any other person. I have seen strong men and women very much worked up during those services and exclaiming "What must I do to be saved and inherit life eternal?"

I have seen some of his services when someone of the hearers had to be moved to another room in order that the meeting could be continued and the "word" heard by the rest of the congregation.

He was a good help to the minister (Mr. Fraser) in those days.

Yours sincerely,

A. BAIN.

II

IN MEMORIAM

“At River Dennis, C. B., on January 24th, 1877, Malcolm MacLeod, a native of the town of Stornoway in the Island of Lewis, in the 72nd year of his age.”

During the three last years of his life, his dear Saviour saw it necessary to visit him with a lingering and painful illness, which he, under the conviction that all things work together for good to them that love God, endured with that meek and patient submission to the will of Heaven which Jesus alone can and will impart to his own suffering children. At length the appointed period or moment arrived, when his soul, purified in the furnace of affliction, forsook its clay tenement and was wafted to the regions of immortality and bliss. He is now in the enjoyment of that sweet rest that remaineth for the children of God. He has now found Him whom his soul loved and sought many years sorrowing. From his earliest years he was under strong convictions of the truth and importance of religion, and as he was advancing in years a vein of serious godliness was pervading his entire life. He cordially appreciated Gospel ordinances and the distinctive principles which characterise our beloved Presbyterianism. They were his daily bread. He adorned the Christian profession by a life and conversation becoming the Gospel of Christ, and perhaps it might be difficult to find one so guarded and circumspect in word and deportment. He often gave expression to the feeling that he feared to be left to utter any word or act in any way inconsistent with his profession and thus bring reproach on the holy cause of Christ. This was a very prominent feature of his character.

Chosen to the office of Elder and Catechist in our church which he filled with honour and satisfaction for over 25 years, in the exercise of which his unaffected modesty, blended with gentleness and kindness procured for him general esteem, we all have sustained a heavy loss in his death. The settlement in which he resided has lost one who sought its

welfare, the church has lost one of her praying and laboring men, and those who had the pleasure of intimate acquaintance with him have lost a steady and faithful friend.

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord that they may rest from their labour and their works do follow them."

WM. G. FORBES.

III

New London, P. E. I.,
Oct. 22nd, 1910.

MY DEAR BRO. CAMPBELL.

I thank you very heartily for the two papers you sent me, but especially for the paper containing your account of the life of my old and dear friend Angus MacLean of Cape North. You describe the good man admirably. I see him now with my mind's eye as he prayed at the prayer meeting in the C. N. Church in the summers of 1870-71. Surely no man ever besieged heaven as he did. I well remember the first time I got my eyes on him. It was at Mrs. MacPherson's, Middle Harbour. I reached Mrs. MacPherson's on a Monday night about 12 o'clock. Next day, soon after dinner, I was sitting talking Gaelic with the old lady when the door opened and a dark, long haired, down-cast eyed man entered without knocking. No one introduced him, and he did not introduce himself, so that I was at a loss to tell who he might be, but from his rough, uncultivated and generally down-cast face and rolling eyes, I took him to be some local tramp that had dropped in to while away the time. It was a beautiful spring day and the farmers were all at their work seeding and so forth. The conversation began about the weather and the

sowing, etc., but all at once he broke in with: "Have you been sowing seed yourself since you came to the place?" in Gaelic. I was surprised at the question and did not know how to take it at first, but he soon made it clear that the question was intended in the spiritual sense. Gradually it dawned on me that my interlocutor could be no other than the Angus MacLean of whom I had heard so much from my predecessors in Cape North—William Grant and Samuel Gunn. So I brushed up my mystical theology and talked to him as best I could in his own peculiar way of conceiving and expressing religious truths. Well, the upshot of it was that we came to understand each other thoroughly, and in leaving he thanked God for sending me to Cape North, and prayed that I might be richly blessed in my person and work. We were good friends from that day till his death.

Yours truly,

JOHN MURRAY.