

Friendly Reminiscences

OF

DONALD CATTANACH, ESQ.

DEDICATED TO

HIS WORTHY WIFE,

AND

HIS CHILDREN AND GRAND-CHILDREN.

By Mrs. A. MacDougall.

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## FRIENDLY REMINISCENCES

OF

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When Ontario was one of the two Canadas, and was, comparatively speaking, a wilderness; when the Indian allies of the British Crown hunted and trapped through long reaches of silent country; when the sites of what are now great cities and thriving villages were green solitudes where deer and woodland creatures lived their life, the Government of England saw the need there was of peopling these waste places with men. At the same time fashion, in hunting coats, was invading the Highlands, bent on transforming the crofter's fields into the loneliness in which the red deer and the muir fowl love to dwell.

The dearth of men in one fair land, and men where they were not wanted in another, led to the colonizing of parts of the County Glengarry with Highland Scotch settlers. They obtained from Government free farms instead of rented fields, and became Canadian yeomen in place of being Scotch crofters. Scotch like they took root and flourished, being favored and fostered by Government.

Following these favored settlers, allured by the reports of their prosperity, came their kinsmen and neighbors, all clansmen from the straths and glens of the much loved land, who took root also in the new country and flourished, making Glengarry a thoroughly Gaelic settlement. Farmers and farm laborers, tradesmen and shepherds, men of means and men of culture, townsmen and herdsmen, Catholic and Presbyterian, all flocked into Glengarry and created there new homes. The Scottish Kirk was raised on new soil, the accustomed form of worship, so dear to Scottish hearts, was inaugurated, and

Scottish psalms were sung in the Gaelic tongue. Every effort of the new settlers tended to make Glengarry as like a bit of Scotland as possible. Indeed in the memory of comparatively young people it was possible to travel a day's journey through that section and hear no sound of any language but the Gaelic; nor could they escape a hospitality that was as free and bountiful as ever made the Highland welcome a proverb.

Glengarry, since its first settlement, has been a wonderful nursery for men who were gentlemen. Sons and daughters of Glengarry have migrated far and wide, have made their way in every walk of life, have fairly won and nobly worn their full share of the honors which their adopted country had to bestow, and have written the story of their success in that country's history. In every place Glengarry men have made themselves conspicuous for the elements of success which they carry along with them, and for being emphatically clansmen and gentlemen.

No history of Glengarry can be written without making mention of Donald Cattnach, who filled a noticeable place there for over fifty years. It is a pleasure to us to piece together such fragmentary recollections of one of the fast disappearing pioneers as we have been able to collect. It is not possible for any one to picture him as he lives in the fond, grateful recollection of his own family and friends, but what we can do we will do gladly. He was born in Badenoch, Inverness-shire, Scotland, 7th September, 1799, the year after the Irish rebellion, if any one cares to note that fact. He was educated at the parish school, that good inheritance of education to which the Scottish youth are born, one of the many bequests of Knox to his country. He was educated also on the rugged mountains and heath clad moors of his native land into bodily strength and physical endurance. He grew up handsome and strong, keen of eye, skilful of hand, he knew well the haunts of the red deer, where the muir fowl and ptarmigan loved to stay, and all the deep secrets of successful argling.

In those days, as now, many a Highland lad drifted away from his native hills into the army of fighters, or the ranks of thinkers, to mingle in the stir and struggle of life, to make their mark on every field of manly endeavor. With the adventurous spirit of the hills, young Donald Cattnach left his native home for honorable employment in England. He was noticeable there as being essentially a clansman, proud of

the Highland hills and keen to uphold the honor of the tartan. During his residence in England his father's family left Loch Erricht Side for Canada and settled in the maple woods of Glengarry. Their letters in praise of the fair and fertile green wilderness, which they soon learned to love, drew him to them over the sea in April, 1826. His eldest brother, the late Col. Cattanach, who was then employed by the Government as Provincial Land Surveyor, encouraged him in beginning business as a merchant at Priest's Mills, called afterwards Alexandria. The change from the old civilization of Britain to the free, new life of young Canada is often trying to the new settler, who finds it difficult to get adjusted to the altered state of things. They may not expect "a' the luxuries of the saut market of Glasgow," as Bailie Nicol Jarvie would say, but the change is very great indeed. What is missed of accustomed conveniences is more noticed at first than the solid advantages gained. Mr. Cattanach in common with many others felt rather hopeless about the condition of the country, which was pretty primitive at that time. It was dreadfully new, and wanted so very many improvements for comfort and convenience. He soon became acclimatised, however, and also keenly interested in the progress and improvement of the new country. Its needs were apparent enough. There were long stretches of primeval forest, traversed by deer paths, dotted with lakes, intersected by rivers, waiting to be broken into clearings and developed into farms, and requiring passable roads above all things instead of paths. Rivers required to be spanned by bridges and utilized for saw and grist mills.

There is something in the fresh life of a new country so hopeful and progressive, so full of stir and struggle, trial and endeavor, that all new comers are soon drawn into the stream of efforts. It was so with young Donald Cattanach: he was not the less Highland and clannish that he became an earnest-hearted, patriotic Canadian, seeking the welfare of the land he lived in and the benefit of the people among whom he dwelt, as well as his own. The prosperity of the individual and the progress of the country are bound up together.

The want of roads is the chief want of settlers in a new country. The icy way of a river, the hard packed snow through the forest, were the backwoods Canadian's only road out to the front, as the older settlements on the St. Lawrence were called. They were thus practically shut in the greater part of the year. We can hardly realize the hardships en-

dured by the stout-hearted settlers who were the pioneers of civilization in the Canadian wilds. To travel in winter one hundred miles to Montreal to do their trading was no uncommon thing for Glengarry men. To ask for goods on credit, to be paid for "on the next snow"—no security given but the security of their own word—was no uncommon thing either. There is no record of that Glengarry man who was not worth his word in those days, or who failed to keep it. Many a backwoodsman, later even than this, carried a bag of grist on his back over a path through the woods for many a weary mile to the newly built mill that brought the appliances of civilization so much nearer to them. Many a man dragged a hand sleigh through the bush a week's journey, carrying his grist to the same mill. To travel fifteen miles or more to attend church was counted no hardship. The writer remembers hearing an old lady tell how, in her younger days, she had walked on foot to Montreal, carrying her baby in her arms, one hundred long miles to get him christened. Where conveniences were few, and distances so great, the question of roads was an important question indeed. One of Mr. Cattanaach's first efforts for the benefit of the new land was in this matter of roads, and he was appointed a Commissioner. Some of the young men who earned their first wages at that work under him are now in their old age independently wealthy. Truly Canada makes a good stepmother to her adopted children.

In 1830 he was appointed magistrate. Law and lawyers were delightfully scarce in the newly settled parts of Canada at this time. A Celtic opinion that it was mean to appeal to the law to settle a dispute with a neighbor was very perceptible in Glengarry many years later. Strength of arm had often the advantage of strength of intellect, the knock down argument being counted very convincing. Magisterial duties in these early times were exceedingly various. They solemnized matrimony, in consequence of the dearth of ministers; they settled cases arising out of the bewitchment of cows and of people—the belief in witchcraft emigrated with the early settlers, and it lingered long in some parts,—they had perplexing cases to settle arising out of quarrels about line fences, individual rights being pertinaciously defended; they had various other causes to try arising from original sin or backwoods pugnaciousness.

In 1832 he married Catharine McDonell, widow of Mr.

Duncan McMillan. In the same year he removed to lands he had purchased in Kenyon, on the Lochiel border. He called his place Laggan, in loving remembrance of his far-away early home in Inverness-shire. Here he lived his life, a not unnoticeable figure in the history of Glengarry for the next fifty years.

At Laggan he followed store-keeping; he lumbered; he farmed; he kept the post office; he dispensed justice; he encouraged farmers and mechanics to settle around him, giving employment to very many in his various enterprises. French-Canadians drifted over the border from Lower Canada in among the Highland population, in search of employment, and prospered. There were always some of these most industrious and peaceable people among Mr. Cattanach's employees. The writer remembers the surprise felt when hearing a little child conversing fluently in English, French and Gaelic, and with equal facility. Mr. Cattanach's kindly concern for the French Canadians in his employ was, perhaps, one cause of the interest which he manifested in the French Canadian Missionary Society, and which he felt from its very beginning. He attended the first meeting held in Montreal, seventy miles away, when travelling was a different thing from what it is in these days of railways. He aided the society with heart, hand, purse and influence.

His wife, dying young, left him with two children, Alexander J. Cattanach, now barrister-at-law, of Toronto; and Catherine, who married the Rev. Hugh Campbell, of Cornwall; and a stepson, John Cattanach McMillan, now of Toronto. In 1839 he married Flora, daughter of John McKenzie, of Kenyon: a woman of whom it may be truthfully said, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." A woman of resources, a woman of tact, one who had power to weld the family she governed into one, and love enough to make herself such a mother to the motherless that they have crowned her with such love and honor as will be a glory to her while life lasts. For fifty years Donald Cattanach was the central figure in the country round Laggan, with a hand to aid in everything he believed to be for the benefit of the country, and whatever he was engaged in he entered into with a staid grave enthusiasm which was peculiar to himself.

He began early, and was very earnest and constant in Sabbath School work, and established Sabbath Schools in various places. As preaching was rare and irregular in those

days, old and young flocked out to his Bible classes, which were sometimes held in private houses, sometimes in the log school-houses of the period, which we have often seen crowded to the door. In the early days of his Sabbath School work, and in the primitive condition of society then, Roman Catholics, as well as Protestants, swelled the number who attended, some of whom excelled in repeating from memory chapters of the Holy Scriptures, the bishop and priests of those days making no objection. Indeed, when church service of any kind was a rarity, lectures and other forms of mental recreation entirely unknown, the Sabbath Schools kept up so unflinchingly by Mr. Cattanach were a benefit to the community that can scarcely be estimated in these days of great opportunities. He did stand firmly at the post of duty, and taught in Sabbath School, not only the children, but the grandchildren of his first scholars in some cases. He was the means of procuring Sabbath School libraries for some schools, and the "weel hained" books still in existence are dated in his handwriting as far back as 1837. Many a tender recollection from hearts still in Glengarry, and from others scattered far and wide, returns to the little log school-house in Lochiel—long since abolished—where in Sabbath School and prayer-meeting they met with Donald Cattanach. He was, from the first, member and office bearer of the Upper Canada Bible and Tract Societies, and lent help and influence to spread the Bible and pure literature among the people. How many McSweyns and McGillivrays, Campbells and McLeods, McLennans and McMillans, remember and like to speak of benefits received from his instructions.

When his attention was called to the subject of temperance, which took earlier and deeper root on this side of the sea than in Scotland, he studied the matter carefully. Before coming to Canada, he had never even heard of the idea of total abstinence; no sooner was his attention called to the matter than he felt that it must be right. As soon as he saw his duty he accepted it, and this involved no small sacrifice. From his hospitable nature, and the customs of society then, it cost him a greater struggle to have the courage of his convictions than we of the present time can realize. To abstain from social drinking, to refrain from offering strong liquors to his guests, or using wine at his own table, required strong courage, and he had it. He spoke in public and in private against the prevailing custom of drink. In platform speaking, his being

equally at home in Gaelic or English, was an advantage. Temperance effort was not unnecessary. The mountain dew of the Highlands being, comparatively speaking, an innocent beverage compared to the fire water of the new world. The evils of drink are very apparent in a primitive state of society. Hard drinking, with its train of woes, takes the place of the thousand and one dissipations of more advanced civilization. Donald Cattanach was too clear sighted not to see the evil, and too courageous not to protest against it. In his capacity of squire, he saw so many troubles which needed the intervention of the magistrate before they could be settled, which never would have arisen but for strong drink; he saw death and destitution arise from its use; he saw the fair gifts of the new world made of no effect because of it, and it is one of his titles to our respect that he was the uncompromising foe of drink in all forms during the rest of his life.

Both as magistrate and superintendent of schools he took a special interest in education. In those days of fierce disputes over school sites, and the perplexities of forming and bounding new school sections to suit the increasing needs of a rapidly growing population, it took both grace and talent to be able to do right and fear not. In those days the plurality of offices which he held, that were not by any means sinecures, involved a good deal of hard work. Business at that time was done in a loose fashion. In very many cases the poor settler's title to his farm was incorrect and illegal. Of course the consequences of all mistakes and inaccuracies fell upon the poor man ignorant of law. Farmers in this bad case came to him with their troubles, and he exerted himself that they should have legal titles and enjoy their possessions undisturbed. In politics he was a Reformer, although not taking a very public part in political effort, he was deeply interested in the questions that came before Parliament in his time, following them minutely through all their stages. He was once nominated as member, but retired from the contest in favor of his friend. He was a staunch supporter of the Hon. Sandfield MacDonald, in the early part of his political life, and of his brother, Hon. Donald A. MacDonald. In religion he was by birth, training and conviction, a Presbyterian, but he loved every one who loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.

When the wave of Disruption reached Canada, he went out with the Free Church, received the deputations from Scotland,



getting up meetings for them, and accompanying them through the country. His activity in the cause of his own church was wonderful ; he was elder, delegate, to arrange difficulties, or advocate, to redress grievances. He was agent for the Presbyterian Board of Publication, Philadelphia, and did much good through colporteurs to scatter good seed over a wide field.

His hospitality was unbounded, his thoroughly Highland welcome made his house a place of free quarters. There might be met the Rev. William Fraser, the Baptist minister *in* of Breadalbane, well known as one valiant for truth ; the Rev. Mr. McKillican, Congregationalist, strong in faith and doctrine ; the mild-voiced, polite French Canadian missionaries from Lower Canada ; his own favorite minister, the Rev. Alex. Cameron, now of Arderseir, Scotland ; Rev. Daniel Gordon, and many another well known and well-beloved name. At his house, for a few short weeks, we heard the voice of the saintly William Burns, who ended his labors in China ; and the pleadings for God of the beloved James Drummond, who by God's grace, lit a fire in Glengarry that still burns. We heard there those men of God, Dr. McLaughlin and Alexander N. Somerville, John Roy Fraser and Mr. McTavish, Dr. McLeod, Dr. Burns, and many another eloquent divine, whose praise is in all the churches, and we have not forgotten the privilege. At sacrament time, that white house on the hill had an expansive power that would have done credit to an eastern caravansary. No one ever saw it too full, or found that the excellent house-mother was unable to accommodate more guests.

Donald Cattanach enjoyed dispensing Christian hospitality more than most, but few could realize how much of the bountiful sharing was due to the executive ability of his admirable wife ; for God gave him His best gift in a good wife as helpmeet for him. It was often a high privilege to be guest at his house, to make one of a circle where Highland hospitality, high intelligence, genial good nature and piety reigned.

No one ever saw Mr. Cattanach at his best until they saw him king in the bosom of his family. And, therefore, he raised a flock with no black sheep among them. His family have prospered, and earned respect and esteem wherever their lot has been cast, showing to the world that the old saying of the old book concerning training, has life in it.

He served his generation in every post (and they were many) to which the confidence of the people advanced him.

What is more, we believe, he served God in his day and generation.

He lived a calm, unworried life, was singularly free from the feverish activity that besets modern business lives, but went contentedly to the performance of whatever his hand found to do, and generally succeeded in doing it. Never very rich, always with a competence, he went through life cheerfully satisfied.

His letters to friends and to his family would fill a volume by themselves, but we have no room for more than an extract or two to remind the little ones what manner of spirit this Christian gentleman carried. In answer to a congratulatory letter received on his 78th birthday, he writes :—

“ Many thanks for your sincere congratulations to the 78 who is really renewing his youth since his arrival in the metropolis. From day to day Mrs. C. and I are privileged to mingle with the excellent of the earth, forming many new acquaintances and renewing many old ones. We have joined in two successive Sabbaths in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, at which we trust the Master was present to bless us. If we would yield to entreaties we would remain here a much longer time than we intended, but we will not tarry. Hoping to see you face to face.”

D. C.

In reference to some of the family leaving for Winnipeg, he writes :—

“ We were delighted with the despatches from Winnipeg. In the state of matters in this imperfect world, the rose and thorn invariably go together. In this matter our thorn will be the breaking up of the happy family of poor old Laggan sooner than we thought. However, if we know ourselves we have no other desire in this or in any other matter than that of the Divine Will. May he give counsel and direction. I have not a word to say, we leave it first to the Lord and then to yourself. It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps. I thank God that I am divested of selfishness to such an extent that I never can put obstacles to hinder in a way that we consider the path of duty. Let not the consideration of leaving us alone prevent. The Lord will provide us help.”

After fifty years of residence he left Laggan, for Winnipeg. His daughter, Jessie Flora, married to Mr. Ross, M.P., resided there, also his daughter Maggie, wife of Mr. Malcolm McLean, merchant; and his daughter Anna, Mrs. Perry, and Mrs. Panton, his youngest child, having moved to that place, he moved there also.

His leaving Glengarry was like the departure of a father. His old friends and neighbors presented him with the following address, which was published in the *Canada Presbyterian*:—

D. CATTANACH, Esq.

"*Dear and Respected Sir*,—We, thy friends and neighbors, on this occasion of your leaving us, would embrace the opportunity of recording our feeling toward you, and that feeling is regret and sorrow at losing you, who in time past have been, in every sense of the word, a father and a friend, a counsellor and adviser, a sympathiser in our troubles and a comforter in our bereavements. You have also been the fearless upholder of right against wrong, the bulwark of truth and righteousness, and the standard bearer and leader in every good work. You have ever and on all occasions been ready and willing to uphold the Cross of Christ, and to show, by example and precept, the way heavenward ; and in all this you have been ably and judiciously assisted by your ever-to-be-remembered help-meet, who, in her own particular sphere, was ready at all times to minister to the wants of those around her, either temporal or spiritual, and of whom it may truthfully be said she was a mother in Israel, and has been, like yourself, ready to carry out the works of charity and mercy, and for these and other kindred duties will be sadly missed by those you leave behind. But what is our loss will be the gain of those nearest and dearest to yourselves, and we hope you and they will be long spared to enjoy each other's society. May health, peace, and happiness be yours in your new home ! and when the shadows of evening are drawing around, may the sustaining power of Him whom you have at all times been ready to serve be near to support, cheer and sustain you in the final victory ! Our parting here is only for a season, and may it be the sincere prayer of each of our hearts that we may all meet

" Where all is joy, peace and love,  
Where parting is unknown ;  
When with delight we join the saints  
Around the Saviour's throne."

(Signed by REV. W. FERGUSON and many others.)

In a strong cavalcade they escorted him to the distant station where he took the train ; for he had formed and retained in Glengarry many life long friends. He had more friends and fewer enemies than often falls to the lot of man. His stay in Winnipeg among his children was only a visit of nine months, when he was called to go up higher. His last illness was neither severe nor long ; his faculties were undimmed to the very last. The faith he possessed in Him in whom he believed grew brighter as he passed away. In the bosom of his family, enjoying the ministration of his friend and pastor, the Rev. D. M. Gordon, he entered into rest on the 29th of May, 1883, at the ripe age of 84 years.

He left a fragrant memory as an inheritance to his children, and a sad blank in the heart of his faithful and affectionate wife. Rev. D. M. Gordon, of Knox Church, Winnipeg, after preaching from the words, " Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," made the following reference :—

"Since last we met there has passed from earth into the communion of the church above, Donald Cattanach, ripe in years and rich in the esteem of all who knew him. Mr. Cattanach joined us only last autumn, coming to the Northwest at the advanced age of 83, that he might spend the remnant of his life with those members of his family that had already made their homes here. Many of us had heard of him before we saw him face to face, for his praise was in all the churches. When he left his old home in Glengarry the deep regret called forth by his removal was a proof of the universal esteem in which he had been held. It was like the grief of Highlanders mourning their lost chieftain, almost like that of children mourning a father's death. He was not long spared among us, yet long enough to endear him to all who formed his acquaintance, long enough to prove that he well deserved the praise bestowed on him by those who knew him best. It was my privilege to stand by his death-bed, to speak with him only a few minutes before his voice was hushed in eternal silence. I have never seen such perfect calmness, such happy Christian assurance in dying. Death had no terrors for him; he had so long been walking with Christ as friend with friend, that death was to him only as the passage into the clearer knowledge and closer fellowship of Him "whom having not seen he loved."

In a community like ours where the aged are few in number, where the active and strong are always busy, and where for the vast majority life seems full of promise, the thought of dying may not often take hold of us. And yet the sentence is universal, "Dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return." We know not how soon the strongest among us may be called to submit to that sentence. Surely it is well for us not only to pay tribute to the memory of those who fall asleep in Christ, but also to learn the lessons which their life and their death may teach us, and to strive to follow them as they followed Christ. To the friends who have been bereaved I am sure we all join in offering heartfelt sympathy, while we commend them to Him who is a "husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless."

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

They brought his body home to Glengarry, and buried him among his own people.

So one after another of the men who laid the foundations of the prosperity which their children enjoy, passes away from among us, and their memory should be dear to us who inherit the fruits of their labors.

## ADDENDA.

NOTICES OF THE DEATH OF MR. DONALD CATTENACH, TAKEN FROM  
DIFFERENT PAPERS.

From the *Scottish American* :

Mr. Donald Cattanach, whose death took place in Winnipeg, Manitoba, on the 29th ult., in his 84th year, was born in Laggan, Badenoch, Scotland, in 1799, and emigrated to Glengarry, Canada, in 1823. He afterwards settled at Laggan, Kenyon, Ont., as a farmer and storekeeper. He was a Justice of the Peace, and being a man of a powerful frame had more than once to put his strength in practice to maintain peace and order. He was enthusiastic in the cause of temperance, and often lectured with great effect on that subject. He also took an active part in establishing Sunday schools, and in holding religious meetings. At the Disruption he hailed with delight the advent of the Free Church, a church of which he was for many years a ruling elder. About nine months ago he removed to Winnipeg, to spend his last days among his family there.

From the *Canada Presbyterian* :

OBITUARY.—D. Cattanach, Esq., died at Winnipeg, Manitoba, on the 29th day of May, 1883, in the eighty-fourth year of his age, and was buried in the family burying-place at Dalhousie, in the county of Glengarry, Ontario. His remains were followed to the place of interment by a very respectable assemblage of friends and relatives. The deceased gentleman was born in Invernes-shire, Scotland, and came to Glengarry nearly sixty years ago (at which time the means of grace and knowledge were few and far between in that county); but he soon showed his Christian philanthropy and exerted himself in establishing the cause of Christianity throughout the county. He took a deep interest in Sabbath schools, and organized such in several localities. He was a zealous and able advocate of the temperance cause, and by precept and example in that line he was the means of doing much good. He filled the office of elder in the Presbyterian church for a long period of time, and often sat as a commissioner in the highest court of the Church. He was for a length of time employed as a lay preacher and catechist, which office he filled with ability and acceptance. His hospitality was unbounded, his house being always open to the wayfaring man and the stranger—to which high and low, rich and poor, often resorted, and were hospitably received and entertained. He was of a kind and genial disposition, a true and faithful friend, and a highly esteemed and devoted Christian. He has now ceased from his labours, and has entered into the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

*Canadian Post, Lindsay :*

Death has taken one of our oldest and most esteemed citizens in the person of Mr. Donald Cattanach, late of Glengarry, Ont. Most of Mr. Cattanach's family reside here. His daughters are all married here, viz. : one to A. W. Ross, M.P., ; one to M. A. McLean, once of Manilla ; one to Mr. Perry, and another to Mr. J. Hoyes Panton, M.A., lately professor of science in the Guelph Agricultural College. Desiring to spend the little left of an unusually active, exemplary and Christian life in the bosom of his own family as much as possible, he moved here, accompanied by Mrs. Cattanach, less than a year ago. From the quiet, pure and singularly exemplary lives which this, aged couple lived, all who knew them 'twas but to love them for their consistency of Christian character. It was comforting to them to find when the sands of life were nearly run that all their family were filling positions of trust and usefulness and much esteemed. One son, Mr. A. J. Cattanach of Crooks, Kingsmill & Cattanach, barristers, Toronto, is very much esteemed for his personal worth as well as his legal standing. The many warm friends of the family at Manilla, where they are well known, will sympathise with them in their bereavement. The Rev. Hugh Campbell, pastor of the Presbyterian church of Manilla fourteen years ago, was married to Miss Cattanach.

*Inverness Courier, Scotland :*

DEATH OF A VENERABLE PATRIARCH IN CANADA.—Donald Cattanach, Esq., late of Laggan, Glengarry, died at Winnipeg, Manitoba, on 29th May last, in the house of his son-in-law, Mr. J. Hoyes Panton, at the ripe age of nearly 84 years. Mr. Cattanach was a native of Laggan, Badenoch, and emigrated to Canada half-a-century ago. He was a man of great natural talent and force of character, a capital speaker in English and Gaelic, and quite ready at any time to give an evangelistic address in a destitute locality in the backwoods, or address a Friday question meeting, or the Presbytery, or Synod, or General Assembly. He was mighty in the Scriptures and in prayer. His name was a household word among the Presbyterians of Canada as a respected elder and magistrate. Mr. Cattanach was never wealthy, but he had always a competency. Indeed he was the Gaius of Glengarry, for his was an open house for all ministers, missionaries, and good men who came his way. With the exception of his only son, a distinguished barrister in Toronto, the rest of his family, all daughters, with their husbands, went to Manitoba. Last September the aged parents were carried away by their children from the old home in Glengarry to that wonderfully rising country, where the venerable man died, in the bosom of his family, after a brief illness. His end was perfect peace. His youngest daughter, writing to a friend in this country, observes, as we might expect, he had no more fear of death than if one were passing into the next room. The old country, especially the Highlands, may well be proud of furnishing our colonies with such settlers. There are several references to Mr. Cattanach in the memoir of the Rev. W. C. Burns.

## In Memoriam.

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We are grieving and we are rejoicing ;  
 We sit sorrowing underneath the cross ;  
 We hear from far celestial hallelujahs,  
 And yet we feel the sorrow of our loss.

We miss—when round home's altar in the morning,—  
 His voice that called on God's thrice blessed name,  
 With prayer and praise, in precept and in warning,  
 In loving tenderness his accents came.

We miss him sorely, he who joined our praises,  
 Who led our thoughts up to the mercy seat,  
 His voice among the ransomed now he raises,  
 In the new song where saint and Saviour meet.

Death did not come like to a frost untimely,  
 Blighting the flow'ret in the morning time ;  
 Nor like the scythe among the meadow grasses  
 Cutting them down when in their noonday prime.

Nor like the hurricane among the maples,  
 Levelling the forest giants in its rage ;  
 For like a shock of corn full ripe, our father  
 Is garnered home now in a good old age.

To us remains the obligation sacred  
 To follow nobly in the path he trod,  
 And the inheritance secure and precious  
 Of having for our God our father's God.

We bless Thy name Thou great God of our father,  
 Our sorrow's note is a thanksgiving hymn ;  
 He served Thee, loved Thee ; Thou wast his Redeemer,  
 Order our footsteps till we go to him.