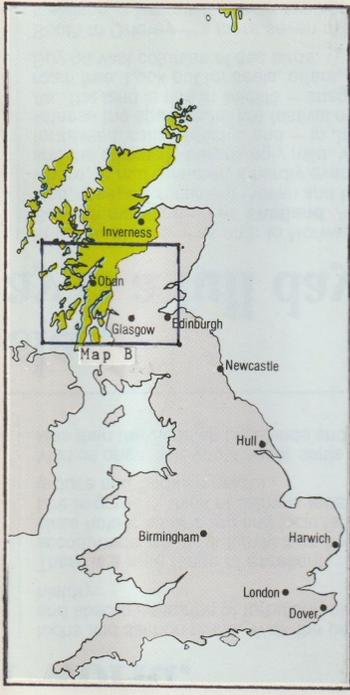


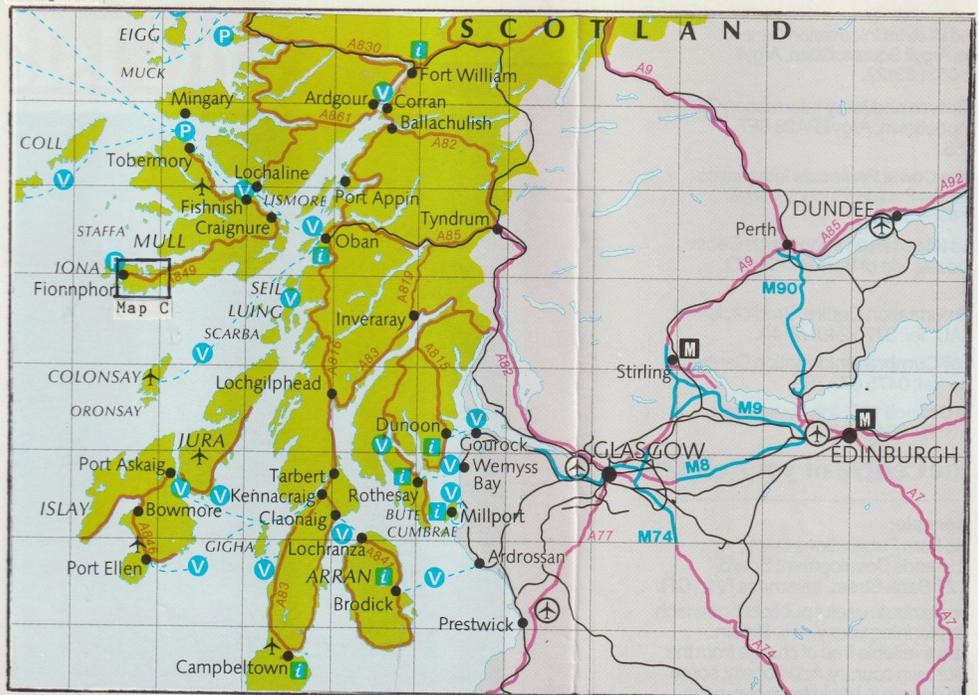
**Unwind in Scotland's
far north.**



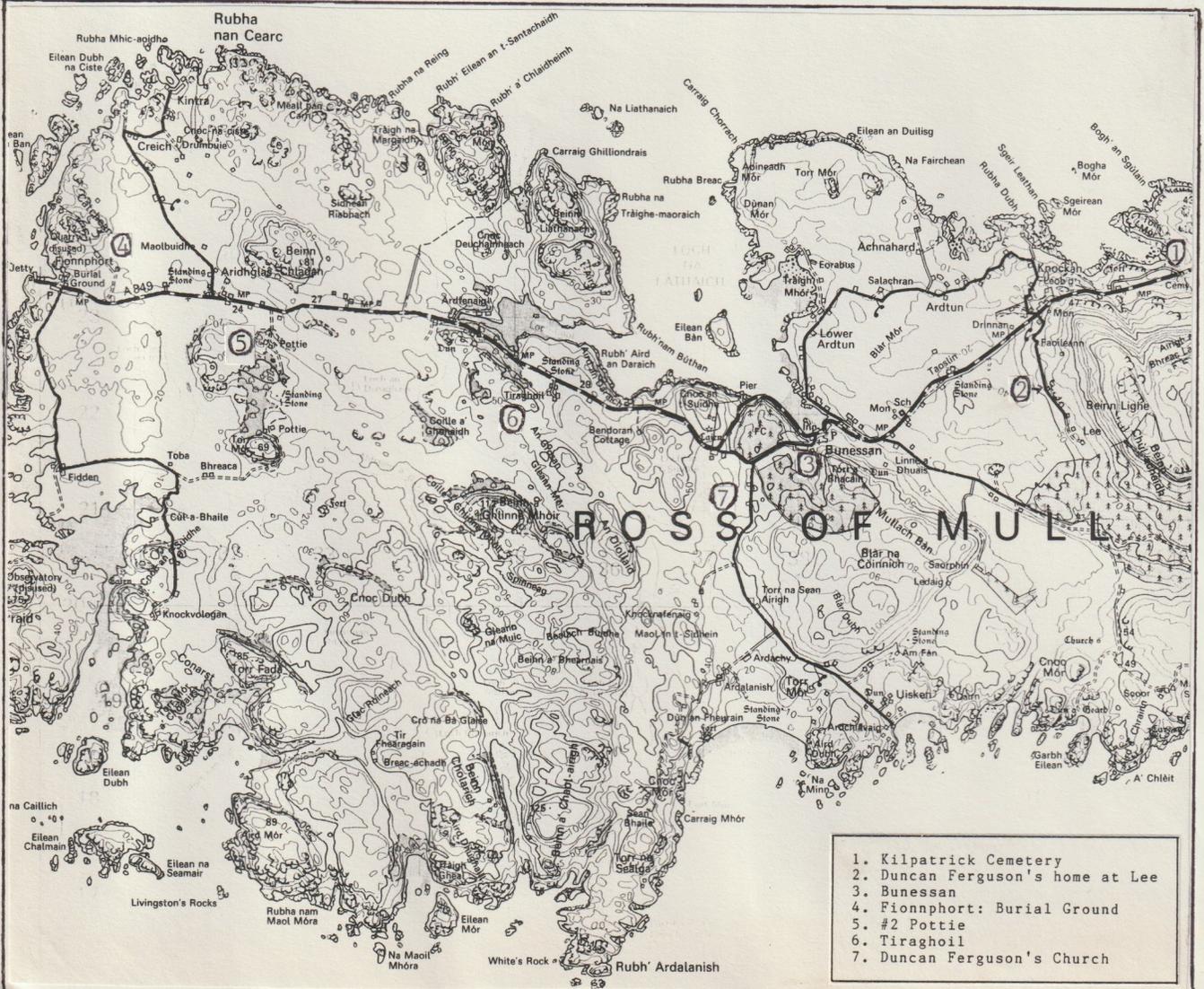
Map A



Map B



Map C



1. Kilpatrick Cemetery
2. Duncan Ferguson's home at Lee
3. Bunnellan
4. Fionnphort: Burial Ground
5. #2 Pottie
6. Tiraghoil
7. Duncan Ferguson's Church

When in Britan last summer Siân and I went in search of the roots of the Fergusson family and with the help of information from the family Bible and the family tree we had some tremendous luck. I thought that some of you might be interested in what we found particularly about my great, great, great, grandfather the Reverend Duncan Ferguson. What follows is a sort of travel journal of our day on Mull. I have included a fair bit of detail so that if one day you get the urge to go on a similar trip you can start out more well informed than we were...and it's a trip well worth taking!

I have included photo-copies which I got from Rob and Janie of a few pages from the beginning of the family Bible which give some specifics about the Fergusson family. This Bible probably first belonged to Big Daddy's grandfather Donald Fergusson (I). I have also included a biography of the poet Mary MacDonalld which gives a little local history and even mentions the Reverend Duncan Ferguson.

On Sunday, May 31st, 1987 Siân and I went to the district of Ross on the Isle of Mull in the Inner Hebrides, Scotland, the ancestral home of Big Daddy's branch of the Fergusson family. We left from Oban by ferry at 10:00 AM and arrived at Craignure 45 minutes later. It is 45 kms as the bird flies from Craignure on east Mull to Fionnphort on the western tip of Ross and the single-lane road covers about 60 kms. The road is a well maintained one, probably because it is a principle tourism artery--the famous medieval monastery on Iona is a 10 minute ferry ride from Fionnphort.

Our first stop is Kilpatrick Cemetery, 4 kms east of Bunessan where, according to the family tree, Big Daddy's great grandfather, the Rev. Duncan Ferguson is burried. We found the tombstone in the south-east quadrant of the cemetery. It contains both English and Gaelic inscriptions:

IN
MEMORY OF
THE
REV. DUNCAN FERGUSON
WHO WAS 46 YEARS PASTOR
OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH
ROSS OF MULL,
DIED 23RD MAY 1882,
AGED 82 YEARS

ERECTED BY HIS SON HUGH

ANIS FHUAIR MI GOIR'S AN DICMREAGHD
GUR H-AOIBHINN IEAM AN SEALLADHSO
SMI FAICINNGNUIS NA TI SIN
AGHIANNACH MI FO'N MHALLACHDA
FHUAIR MI CRUN DOCHLOIRANN
IS DEIS A RIHN MO CHOMHDACH
SON MHAIREAS DIA NA THE OCAIR
MO STORSA PITHIDH MAIREANNACH

A Translation

Now I have found justice and the _____
(so) that this sight pleases me.
I see the face of that individual
I _____ under the curse.
I found a _____ crown.
It is after (I?) made my shelter
for the god of mercy will live
my wealth will be everlasting.

A Literal Translation

A NIS FHUAIR MI COIR 'S AN DIMREACHD
now found I justice and the ?

GUR H-AOIBHINN LEAM AN SEALLADH-SO
that pleasant with me an sight this

'S MI FAICINN GNUIS NA TI SIN
it is I seeing face of the one that

C
AGHIANNACH MI FO 'N MHALLACHDA
? I under the curse

FHUAIR MI CRUN DOCHLOIRANN
found I crown ?

IS DEIS A RINN MO CHOMHDACH
it is after did my shelter
covering

SON MHAIREAS DIA NA TRCAIR
for will live god of mercy

MO STOR-SA^R BITHIDH MAIREANNACH.
my wealth will be everlasting.
will run for ever.

This translation was made by a native Gaelic speaker from the Isle of Lewis in the Outer Hebrides, Joe Eska, who is a friend of Siân's from the Centre for Medieval Studies at the U of T. He said that the text we gave him from the tombstone had combinations of letters that did not exist in Gaelic. This means that either the engraver was not all that good at writing Gaelic or that Siân and I miscopied the words from the stone--probably a combination of these. Joe also said that there was something odd about the grammar. As for the missing words..."I have no idea what DICMREACHD or DOCHLOIRANN mean. AGHIANNACH resembles ACHANAICH 'pray(er)' and AGHANNACH 'proverb(ial)'".

We then went off in search of Lee where Duncan lived and died. The road southwards to Lee is less than 2 kms further along the main road, and the Lee road itself is not much longer than 1 km. Near the south-east corner of the intersection is a monument to Mary MacDonald, the "poetess of Ross", author of "Leanabh an Aigh" [Child In A Manger]. A biography of Mary MacDonald refers to the Rev. Duncan as follows: "Duncan Ferguson, a neighbor, professed faith in Christ. Soon there were others, and our sweet "Miriam" among them." We did not check the monument to see if she actually lived at Lee. We were led to believe that Duncan and the illiterate and Gaelic-speaking Mary (who was 11 years older than Duncan) were at the cutting edge of Baptist church on Mull and certainly in Ross. Officially both the Baptist church and the Gaelic language were frowned upon at the time.

Historically, the 'town' of Lee consisted of 5 crofts [ie. small farms]. The old 19th century stone houses are all still evident in one form or another. Two of these are still inhabited, while 2 others are attached to trailer homes presumably occupied by shepherds. Like many of the ruined houses in the area the ruins at Lee are used for storage and as a shelter for all those sheep who were out on the road interfering with the flow of traffic. The biggest house, over the hill at the road's end, was a rebuilt effort and nobody was home when I knocked. I had better luck with the second house. A woman came to the door and when I explained who I was and what I was looking for she said something like "Duncan Ferguson, aye his place is just up the road" as if he had died 5 days ago, not 105 years ago--things don't change all that quickly in Lee. "...I'll take you there", she offered.

The woman's name was Molly Martin and she described herself as one of the few remaining original dwellers in the area. She is about 55 years old and learned about Duncan through her great aunt. The five crofts in Lee are now 2 sheep farms controlled by Molly and her neighbour in the house at the road's end. The present duke of Argyll owns the land. From what Molly implied and what little we know of former Dukes' tactics of



Lee



Lee: Rush Hour



Siân and Molly Martin at Duncan Ferguson's home, now Molly's sheep shelter.



Duncan Ferguson's home looking west towards Bunessan.



Foreground: the barn. Siân and Duncan's home.

controlling their interests we suspect that landlord/tenant relationship has been less than affable in Lee for centuries.

Duncan's croft was immediately next to Molly's to the north. The house was still standing and appears not to have been tampered with too much over the years. The building now serves as a barely adequate and somewhat small sheep shelter for Molly's flock. Some mortar was used in its construction but much of the building seems to be standing without the help of mortar. Molly says that Duncan probably did not build the house himself--the workmanship is of such high quality that a professional stone layer was probably responsible. So the house is remarkably intact for a largely dry-wall structure and we were able to find evidence of 3 windows (1 at the back, 2 at the front), a front door, a fireplace on the north wall, and a crumbled-down outside room (Molly suspects that this was a one-horse stable) attached to the south of the house. The roof is long gone. Apparently someone wanted to buy and restore the house a few years back but the duke would not sell. The nearby stone barn up the hill to north-east has fared less well though there is some evidence of superior craftsmanship here too.

Molly points out several other interesting features of the property. The plateau above the rocky incline behind the house was (is?) where the residents of Lee gather(ed) the peat moss which they burn(ed) for heat in lieu of wood. (There is a distinct lack of natural unprotected tree life on Mull, and in many other areas of Scotland for that matter, and this is often and mistakenly attributed to severe winter weather conditions. Apparently the sheep find the tender new tree shoots delicious and there are so many sheep that the trees



"...Alas, poor Yorick, I knew this sheep, Horatio..."

don't stand a chance. The battle of the sheep versus the trees was decided centuries ago but the war was not. Today logging is the primary industry on Mull and the new forestation projects are carefully protected by sheep-proof barbed wire fences. Siân and I suspect that lamb and wool exports run logs a close second.

Molly also shows us the stream to the south of the house where the Fergusons would have

drawn their water. The crumbling stone walls to the south of the road enclose what would have been Duncan's small croft. Finally Molly points out the steps that lead up from the road towards the house--the road probably hasn't veered from its present path since Duncan's time. After taking her picture we bid Molly farewell and proceed to take more pictures. Right in Duncan's small front yard I find and claim a sheep's skull. Upon closer scrutiny Siân and I have verification of something that we have suspected for close to a week now--sheep have very tiny brain cavities.

We have no indication of exactly how long the various members of Duncan's family lived at Lee but this may have been the house in which all the children were raised. If this is so, it is staggering to think about where they fit them all--there were ten of them. (Where too did they find the privacy to generate offspring at the point when they were already knee deep in them?)



Eric and Siân Chez-Fergie.



Fionnphort...

From the front door we look across the treeless, gently rolling plain and see Bunessan, a mere 3 kms as the horse trots. We decide to take the long way around and follow the Lee road back to the main route and head for the Baptist church.

Molly Martin had suspected that the Baptist church in



Fionnphort: the 'burial ground'.

Bunessan was too new to be the one blessed with the echoes of Duncan's fiery sermons and once we saw it we concurred. The church was strangely deserted for Sunday noon and the building looked as though it was seldom used--it was certainly not used that day, as a sewage trench was cutting off access to the property. We had better luck just a stone's throw away in the crowded pub of the Argyll Arms Hotel. Judging from the condition of the patrons, Duncan's temperance sermons have proved to have had little long range impact. We too fell victim to the demon drink (actually we only had time for a half pint of the tasty local lager) but did learn the address near Fionnphort of the local Baptist elder, Willie Campbell, from the flustered but helpful barmaid.

The sheep-infested town of Fionnphort (and we thought Lee was bad) was our next stop to look for the grave of Duncan's first wife, Margaret Beaton Ferguson. Directly across the sound from the monastery at Iona lies the burial ground at Fionnphort and it proves to be quite different in character to the Kilpatrick cemetery. There were many unmarked and less expensive gravestones here and the graves were generally packed closer together. One of the unmarked stones here was probably hers. It seems that only the high achievers like Duncan were let in at Kilpatrick's. Mind you, what is a high achiever? Margaret Beaton died very shortly after giving birth to her eighth child. She was probably remembered with love by her children as at least 2 of her grandchildren were also named Margaret Beaton.

We then headed for #2 Pottie (Fionnphort, Isle Of Mull, U.K., PA666BW) the home of Mr. Willie Campbell, his wife, and their daughter Elspeth. Their's was in

fact the 1st and only house on Pottie, and so we were tricked into missing it on the first pass. As the road gradually began to look more like the surrounding moor we began to worry. Our unbelieving eyes then saw on the road ahead a man in his Sunday best riding his bike towards us on this gravel/mud/weedy/sheepdunged road/path. Where could he be coming from...where was he going? This was not Willie Campbell--we thought it may have been--but the gentleman was able to put us back on track and we were soon on Willie's door step.

If you ever go to Fionnphort, don't pass up the opportunity to visit the gang at 2 Pottie. Willie and his wife, but particularly the outspoken, intense, and incredibly cheerful Willie, were fascinating to listen to. By the way, be sure to go around to the back door if you get no answer out front--the kitchen is where all the action takes place. Within seconds of our arrival we were seated around the kitchen table watching preparations for an elaborate early afternoon tea in honour of our visit.

We soon picked up on the fact it was important to examine the things that Willie said carefully before drawing too many conclusions. Unlike other locals that we encountered his language was rich with Baptist jargon and euphemisms. For example, when he says that "Duncan was a gifted man without the benefit of formal education", Willie means that though Duncan was a simple crofter, God had blessed him with the powers of speech. Fortunately, when Willie says something a little obscure he will follow it by saying something like "do you understand

what I am saying", and then steer you a little closer to his meaning.

Through Willie we were able to piece together a rough profile of Duncan. He was a crofter from a crofter's family with little education who maintained his croft in addition to his spiritual duties--it was a 2 flock household. Willie seemed unaware that Duncan was a Gaelic schoolmaster (as indicated in the family tree) so Duncan may have had a bit more education than Willie suspects. Duncan was primarily a Gaelic speaker and this would have been the language of the church services and his sermons. Like Mary MacDonald, Duncan was a convert, but from what, we don't know. The pre-Baptists on Mull were probably Presbyterians, but they may have been without religion all together. Anyway, these seemed to be about the same thing as far as Willie was concerned. Reading between the lines, Duncan was probably regarded as a severe man who was well respected if not exactly loved. He played a principal role in the conversion of the community in Ross to the Baptist faith.

Willie also tells us that the present Baptist church at Bunessan is indeed too new, and that Duncan would have used another building not too far off the old road on the way to Uisken. When Willie was young he actually knew Duncan's youngest child, Mary Anne: Siân and I knew that if we looked hard enough we'd find the skeleton in the closet and here she was. Interestingly, Duncan's second wife and their two children were not included in the original 1904 draft of the family tree. It might simply have been an oversight, but then again one is

tempted to think that it may have been an attempt to dissociate the rest of the family from Mary Anne who was allegedly quite mad. This Mary Anne should not be confused with Duncan's eldest daughter Mary Anne who had died in 1848 at the age of six (inappropriately labeled "innupta" on the 1904 family tree--she certainly was unmarried, but that should go without saying for a 6-year old).

The curious thing about Mary Anne was that she became insane, apparently as the result of a traumatic incident. Willie had to think a bit before he could remember what that incident was. At first he thought it may have been Duncan's death. Eventually he remembered the old rumour around town. The story goes that Mary Anne had had a suitor who had asked Duncan for her hand in marriage. The suitor was refused allegedly because "he was not a converted man", ie. he was not a Baptist--those were the days boy! In Duncan's defence Willie allowed for the possibility that Mary Anne had been a little wacky to start with and her father was just trying save later pain--Duncan no doubt had good intentions. At any rate she went right off her nut at this point and was sent off to live with a woman named Mrs. MacKenzie in Uisken, over the hills to the less inhabited side of the island. Willie says enthusiastically of Mary Anne "She was a good worker though". It is implied that to her credit Mrs. MacKenzie took on the burden of dealing with Mary Anne, but that it all worked out because the latter turned out to be a conscientious servant/farmhand. One last detail: Willie remembers hearing Mary Anne singing Gaelic hymns taught to her by her father.

Willie could not resist the opportunity to do a little of his own preaching to us--it was Sunday after all. He told of his own conversion and subsequent baptism just one month later in February 1927. He is 81 now and so would have been 20 or 21 at the time of his baptism which he clearly considers to be the most significant event of his life. "The faith isn't what it was on Mull", he confesses but if it came in like a storm in the hands of Duncan, Mary MacDonald, and others, Willie was going to make sure that it didn't go out without a fight. "Are you Christians?" asks Willie. "Yes" I lie gracefully, "we're Anglicans". (Siân is in fact a practicing Anglican.) I might as well have said "No, we're Shi-ite Muslims". Anglican was clearly not what he had in mind when he asked if we were Christians. His striking blue eyes glowed with intensity as he told us that there was no greater experience than a true (adult) conversion and baptism. He hoped that we may yet be saved and even conjectured that some of my great-great-great-grandfather's faith might rub off on me here on Mull and that I might again return to Mull a converted man. "Just maybe, anything's possible", I flounder in embarrassment. On the way out the door Willie slips Siân a couple more Kitt Katt bars for the road. We go off in search of Duncan's Uisken church.

Both Willy and Molly Lee as they called her had mentioned that an Australian relative, an older woman, had come on a fact-finding mission in the summer of 1984.

Before reaching the church we make a brief stop in Tiragoil,



Tiraghoil...



The standing stone across the road from Tiraghoil, looking north-east.

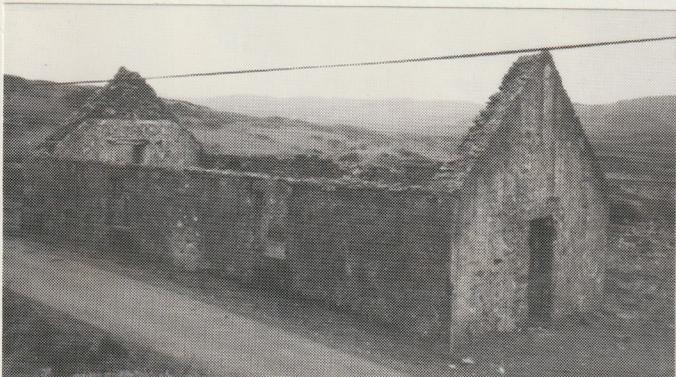
the supposed home of Duncan's father and grandfather. Tiraghoil is a bit more active than Lee, with a few modern houses and slightly more prosperous-looking farms. Across the street is a 'standing stone'--an indication that the area was populated a long time ago, and the Fergusons were probably not here then.

We followed Willie's directions to the Uisken road and the site of Duncan's Baptist church. It is a ruin in that it is deserted and has no roof but the building is quite intact. True to the Baptist spirit it is more of a meeting hall than a church--very plain and functional and lacking in ornamentation...like a good Baptist sermon.

We race for the ferry and just make it. After only 6 hours on Mull we leave feeling lucky to

have found so much interesting historical information but wish we had allowed ourselves a little more time to enjoy this lovely island.

As part of our effort to find out more about the Fergusson family history, Siân and I went to Greenock, about 20km west of Glasgow, and tried to follow up a few of the leads that we had. We had three addresses. One was Big Daddy's father's house, 45 South Dr. We found the address, but can't be sure that it isn't a newer house. The other two addresses were on Dempster St. (#s 19 & 76) and there was no trace of either building--the



Duncan Ferguson's church? on the road to Uisken.



Uisken church, interior.

buildings were all vintage 1945 or later. When we went to the local cemetery, we found a monument commemorating those who died in the bombings during the Second World War--Greenock was a major ship-building city and a key target for German bombs. The bombs were probably responsible for wiping out the houses on Dempster St. In the cemetery, we had no luck finding any of the Fergussons who are said to have lived in Greenock, though our search was certainly not exhaustive.

WHAT'S IN A NAME? In the copy of the family Bible reprinted here you will notice something that might surprise you. Fergusson is spelled with one s to begin with and then changed to ss by "D. Fergusson"--probably Donald Fergusson, Big D's grandfather, born 1838. The ss was preferred "as being more

correct." Strictly speaking, MacFergus would be more correct in Gaelic, while Fergusson might be considered to be more correct in the Anglo community to denote the 'son of Fergus'. For practical purposes, the extra s is superfluous and I suspect a bit of an affectation. The upwardly--and southerly--mobile Donald Fergusson the 1st may also have been trying to put some distance between himself and his domineering peasant father, the Reverend Duncan Ferguson...however this is all speculation.

If any of you have any more tidbits of family history, or if you can add to, correct, or clarify anything I have said here, I'd love to hear from you.

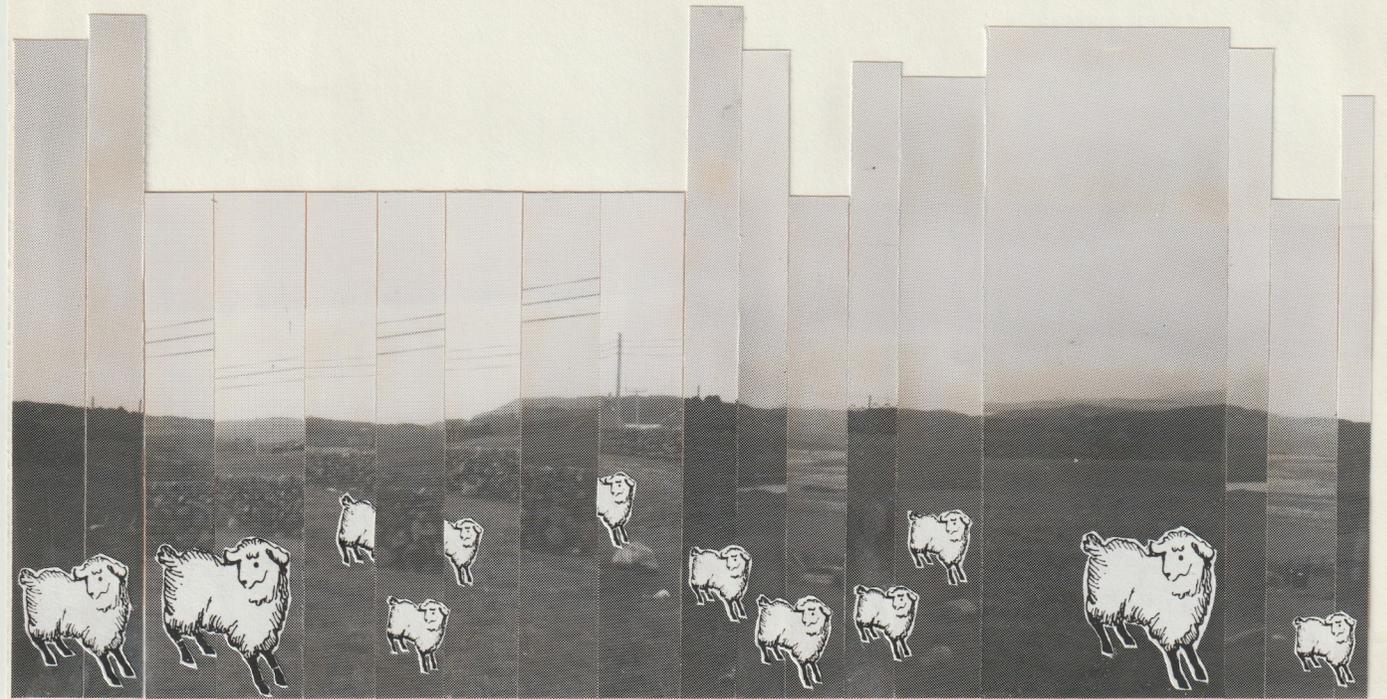
Eric Fergusson
Fall 1987



South Dr., Greenock.



45 South Dr., Big D's father's home?



THE
SELF-INTERPRETING BIBLE,

CONTAINING

OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS

ACCORDING TO

THE AUTHORISED VERSION;

WITH

AN INTRODUCTION;—MARGINAL REFERENCES AND ILLUSTRATIONS;—A SUMMARY OF THE SEVERAL BOOKS;—A PARAPHRASE ON THE MOST IMPORTANT POINTS;—AN ANALYSIS OF, AND EVANGELICAL REFLECTIONS UPON, EACH CHAPTER;—AND NUMEROUS EXPLANATORY NOTES;

BY THE REV. JOHN BROWN,

LATE-MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL AT HADDINGTON;

TOGETHER WITH

A Memoir of the Author,

BY THE REV. JOHN BROWN PATTERSON,

LATE-MINISTER OF THE PARISH OF FALKIRK;

AND

ABOVE FIVE THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES, AND CONCLUDING REMARKS ON EACH BOOK OF SCRIPTURE,

PREPARED FOR THIS EDITION EXCLUSIVELY

BY THE REV. J. B. PATTERSON, AND THE REV. A. S. PATTERSON.

GLASGOW:

A. FULLARTON & CO., 110, BRUNSWICK STREET;
5, NICOLSON STREET, EDINBURGH; AND
12, KING'S SQUARE, GOSWELL-STREET ROAD, LONDON.

1842.

As registered across page

Beaton

Donald Fergusson died 2nd March 1918 at Greenock

Ellen McEachern his wife died 23rd July 1932 at Greenock

Their family of nine

Donald MacEachern Fergusson died at Vancouver B.C. 15th April 1924,
interred in Mountain View Cemetery South Vancouver B.C.

re-interred in Forest Lawn Cemetery, near John, Alex. & his own wife, Elsie.
Margaret Beaton Fergusson died at Billmore North Carolina U.S.A.
15th April 1925 interred at Milton, Mass. U.S.A. & beside her

single John
John Angus Fergusson died at Vancouver B.C. 11th Jan. 1947,
interred in Forest Lawn Cemetery, Vancouver

Alexander Finlay MacEachern Fergusson died at Vancouver B.C.
30th May 1947, interred in Forest Lawn Cemetery, Vancouver.

Lucy Annie MacEachern Fergusson died at Greenock 11th July, 1950.

Duncan Ebenezer Maclean Fergusson died at Paisley 29th Dec. 1951.

Elizabeth Campbell Fergusson died at Berkampur, Ganjam Dist.
Orissa, India 30th July 1953, interred in Baptist Cemetery there.

Marion Kate ^{Fergusson} died 6th September, Chiswick, London (Mrs S.E. Ettrick)

Ellen McEachern Fergusson - Died Greenock October 28th 1971.



FAMILY REGISTER

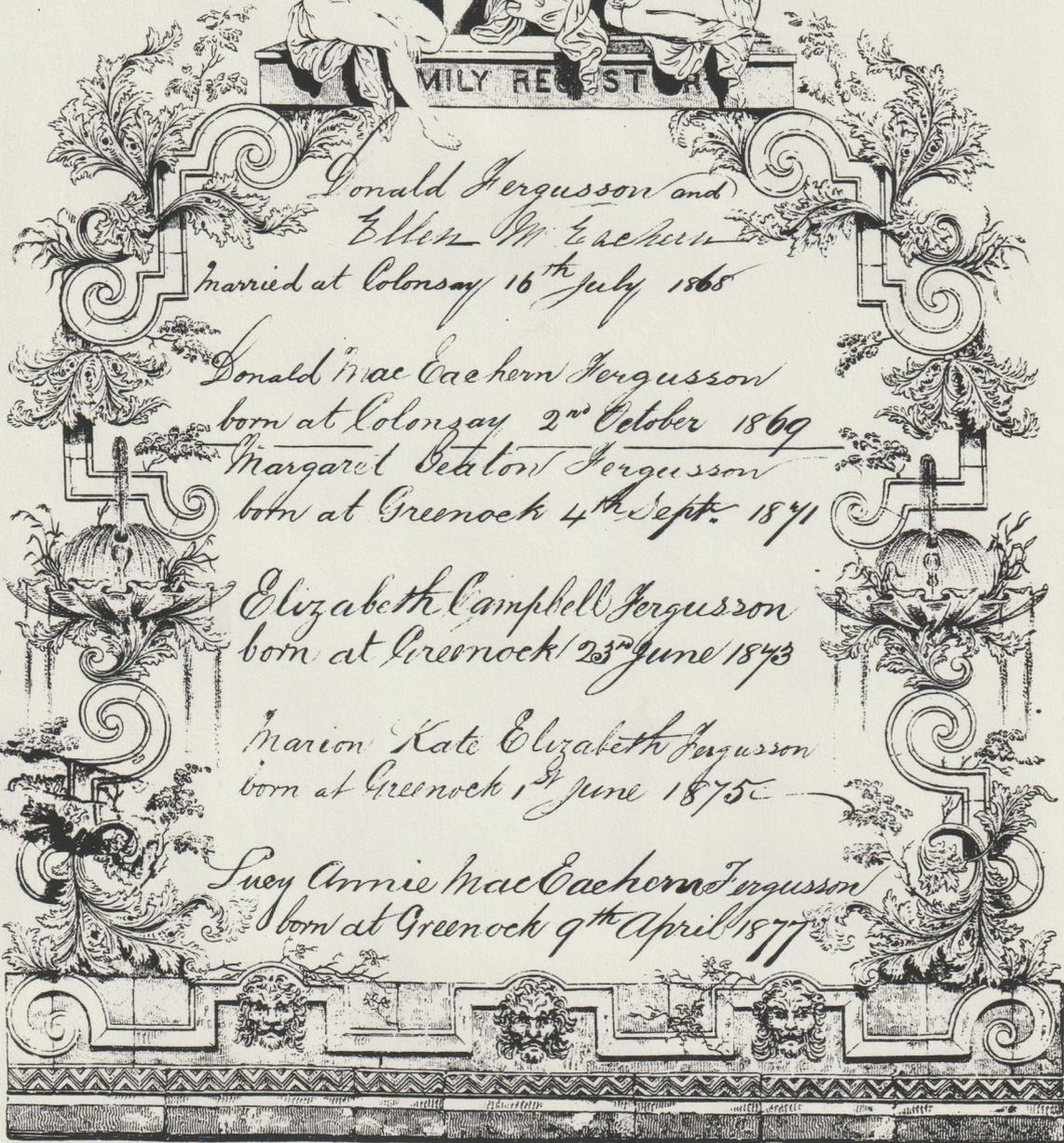
Donald Fergusson and
Ellen M. Caehern
married at Colonsay 16th July 1865

Donald Mac Caehern Fergusson
born at Colonsay 2nd October 1869
Margaret Beaton Fergusson
born at Greenock 4th Sept. 1871

Elizabeth Campbell Fergusson
born at Greenock 23rd June 1873

Marion Kate Elizabeth Fergusson
born at Greenock 1st June 1875

Suey Annie Mac Caehern Fergusson
born at Greenock 9th April 1877





Duncan Ebenezer Maclean Fergusson
Born at Greenock 3rd April 1879

Alexander Finlay MacEachern
Fergusson
Born at 49 Dempster St Greenock 11th Oct 1888

John Angus Fergusson
Born at 19 Dempster St Gt 12 March 1885

Ellen MacEachern Fergusson
Born at 76 Dempster St Gt 10 June 1887
my father & my relations as far as I
know spelled their name with one S
but in my family prefer the two S or SS
as being more correct - Fergusson

To James Bergerson
Wife of Robert Bergerson
From the State of California
One of the United States of America —

Vancouver, British Columbia
Canada —
April 24th 1973

Dear James —
This is to Officially Appoint you as the Family
Historian — From this Day Forward —
Praise The Lord & Pass The Communion!

James & Lucy Bergerson

Copied from my Father's family Bible by his son Donald
Duncan Ferguson & Margaret Beaton ^{married} on the 18th Nov 1835

Malcolm Ferguson 1st born 25th Aug 1836

Donald Ferguson 2nd " 25 May 1838

John Ferguson 3rd " 12 May 1840

Mary Ann Ferguson 4th June 1842

Margaret Ferguson 5th ~~Feb~~ June 1844

Angus Ferguson 7th born 28 May 1846
~~The twins of Angus born 15 July & died on the 16th 1848~~

Neil Ferguson 9th " 31 January 1850

Duncan Ferguson 10th " 2 February 1852

Mother Margt. Beaton took ill on the 6th died 12 Feb 1852

Father Duncan Ferguson born ¹⁸⁰⁰ ~~in~~ Peregnoile & died at Lee Ross Mill
on the 23 May at 4 AM 1882 aged 82 years See Scottish
Baptist Magazine for Aug 1882

Mary McPherson 2nd wife of Duncan Ferguson
died at Lee Ross Mill 17 June 1902

Mary Ann of 2nd family born 11th April 1858

Adgh " " " born 25 July 1856

Duncan Ferguson father died at Lee 23 May 1882

Margt Beaton mother died " 12 Feb 1852

Malcolm died 28th April, at Bangalo Richmond River, N.S.W. Australia 1891

Donald Beaton Ferguson died 2nd March 1918 at 45 South St. Greenock

John died 29 Oct 8, 30 PM 1905 near Boston Mass U.S. ^{Surrendered} _{Clark House}

Mary Ann died 21st Nov 1848 by Mrs. Mary A. of the ^{family}

Margaret died June 1863⁽¹⁹⁴³⁾ at Lond registered in Greenock

Angus Ferguson died 13th Nov 1918 at Glasgow

Neil Ferguson died 16th Nov 1921 at Greenock

Duncan Ferguson died Sept. 1932 at Southampton England

Children of Donald MacEachern Ferguson - written by

Donald Elliot Ferguson at Lafayette, Calif. May 1933

Alex MacEachern Ferguson, May 26, 1903

Helen Irene Aug 11, 1905

Malcolm Symmonds Feb 3, 1908

Donald Elliot May 23, 1911

Alan James Nov. 24, 1912 - died 1910.

Savin Neil, April 13, 1914.

MRS. MARY MACDONALD

The Poetess of the Ross of Mull.

In the south-western district of Mull, verging towards Iona, and in the bosom of a hill, the foot of which is constantly washed by the waves of the Atlantic, nestles the small and picturesque village of Bunessan. It was near this village, in the year 1789, that the subject of our sketch first saw the light of day.

When Duncan MacDougall and Anne Morrison covenanted before God in holy wedlock, nobody could have prophesied that they would give to the world a son and daughter whose Spiritual songs would be sung for over a century on both the eastern and western shores of that mighty ocean which, like a sentinel, kept ward and watch over their native isle. The son, Duncan, became a Gaelic teacher in Tiree in 1824, and a decade later filled the office of first Baptist minister of that island. A preacher of marked ability, and the author of a collection of Gaelic hymns, he laboured with diligence until the time of his decease in 1850.

The daughter, Mary, was moved with strange impulses as she listened to Alexander Grant, of Tobermory, expound the Evangel. Duncan Ferguson, a neighbour, professed faith in Christ. Soon there were others, and our sweet "Miriam" among them. She was baptised in a nearby loch. The question of "career" kept pressing on her mind. This was settled when Neil MacDonald, her life-long acquaintance, after much persuasion - for she felt called to a different kind of life - made her his bride. The new home was a meagre dwelling, and the bringing up of the family entailed many hardships. The croft, home and little ones kept her fully occupied during the week, but Sunday was a day of worship. A journey of over two miles across the moors took her to Uisgean, where, with kindred spirits, the voice was raised in Psalm and prayer. Worship over, she returned to the thatched cottage with its peat fire and enclosure of shrubbery. Regular visits to the house of God fortified her soul for an environment where hens clucked, the cattle bellowed, and the requirements of children could not be neglected.

Peaceful Sundays at Uisgean were followed by days of persecution. The earnest little congregation were deprived of their meeting-house, and they had to seek the shelter of hill and rock for their public devotions. God intervened, and with the financial help of Duncan MacIntyre (Landowner, Preacher and Poet) and Charles MacQuarrie (Merchant, Poet, and Pastor) just newly converted, together with the free labour of members and adherents, a new building with seating accommodation for three hundred, was opened at Ardalanish in 1845.

Within the home the tranquility of Mary MacDonald was occasionally disturbed. Her husband did not share her poetic genius, spiritual insight, or skilful touch. Moreover, he was much addicted to the use of tobacco. In spite, however, of the satire with which she poured forth her complaint he never ceased to burn the "weed".

"Sorrow like sea-billows" rolled over her brave spirit when a daughter-in-law left Mull for Glasgow in quest of health, and shortly afterwards passed away. Her poignant grief, trial of faith and feeling of loneliness, found expression in a "lament" of seven verses with eight lines in each, which is sung to the air "Burns and Highland Mary". Yet another trial was to follow. The forced emigration at the hands of monstrous landlords and merciless factors during the years 1847 to 1850 resulted in the transportation to Canada of many of her brothers and sisters in Christ. The rumour had got abroad that the emigrants had been lost at sea. Once more she appealed to the "heavenly muse" leaving on record her feeling of desolation.

The composition, however, by which our poetess is assured of her "niche among the immortals" is one of fourteen verses, and entitled "Leanabh an Aigh". This is a hymn of rare beauty, and the haunting, Celtic melody to which it is sung is centuries old. Thousands of mothers in their Highland homes have sung their offerings to sleep to its soothing notes. Thousands more have chanted it while treading the spinning-wheel. Indeed, it is not too much to say that wherever the soft, mellifluous tongue of the Gael is spoken, "Leanabh an Aigh" to the tune "Bunessan" will continue to be sung.

For the benefit of those from whom this mine of wealth is hidden, a translation of seven selected verses, the work of Rev. D. Gunn Sutherland of Rothesay, is here offered. The singing of "Leanabh an Aigh" even in its English garb, will link our songsters, in imagination, to the Ross of Mull, whence came the family of Archibald MacLean, the founder of the Baptist denomination in Scotland; it will place them in the neighbourhood of Ulva Isle, whence came the family of David Livingstone, the great missionary and explorer. Best of all, it will transport the soul to the atmosphere of that verse which sublimely declares:-

"Bethlehem's city echoes the tidings,
Sweeter than music's trembling chord;
Armies of angels, hosts of the Highest,
Loudly are lauding God, the Lord".

It is a far cry from Mull to Paisley. It was in this latter town, however, that a musician, whose name is believed to have been Fraser, on hearing "Leanabh an Aigh" sung by a daughter of Mary MacDonald, committed the melody to writing. For the preservation of the tune, and for bestowing upon it the fitting name of "Bunessan" we weave over his memory our laurel of gratitude.

On the 21st day of May, in the year 1872, at the age of eighty-three, Mary MacDonald went to see that "Infant of wonder, theme of the prophets", Whom she had so ardently loved, and of Whom she had so beautifully sung. Six years later she was followed by her husband into "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns".

--oOo--

Infant of wonder, Child of the Virgin,
Born in a stable, - Nature's King!
Down to this desert coming to suffer;
Happy who closely to Him cling!

Bethlehem's city echoes the tidings,
Sweeter than music's trembling chord;
Armies of angels, hosts of the Highest,
Loudly are lauding God, the Lord.

Lowly, submissive, He Who appeareth;
Who can His wondrous worth declare?
Crude is His cradle, Babe on the bosom,
Humble His welcome, Heaven's Heir!

Scions of kings though greeted with grandeur,
Festal rejoicings, - vain display!
Swift ebbs their life's stream, strength quickly waneth,
Beauty and form in dust decay.

Not thus the Lamb Who came to redeem us,
Spotless and holy, strong to save;
Death could not hold Him, Victor behold Him,
Rising triumphant from the grave.

High now in Heaven, lo! He prepareth
Mansions of splendour for His Own;
Whom He hath purchased, them He hath promised
Ne'er to forsake or leave alone.

Infant of wonder, theme of the Prophets;
Angels, adoring, crown Him King;
Worthy of love is He and of honour;
Happy who closely to Him cling!

