

*also follows - forget differences - & talking about
of connections through history - actual not covered
earlier days
e-Invit, breached at Gael Council - actual not covered
later - & note.*

The Story of Reverend Norman McLeod

In this second lecture I should like to tell you something about Reverend Norman McLeod, one of the early preachers of Nova Scotia. He never served under the auspices of any Church or Mission Board in this country, but his work belongs strictly to the foundations of Canadian Presbyterianism, and when he left here he bequeathed his church building and congregation to the Free Church Presbytery in Nova Scotia.

*antecedents, U.C.C. with history not to be confused
Barony Church
Burd
Belmoral Castle*

Various accounts of Norman have been published. The latest is Watchman Against the World, by Flora McPherson of the University of Western Ontario. *And if my brief introduction of the subject today should make you wish to know more about him I recommend Miss McPherson's book to you as a sympathetic but not uncritical study of the man, his ecclesiastical relations, and the problems that his people faced. (Other good books are Lion of Scotland and The Gael Goes Forth as pioneers in our eastern provinces.*

I have also a personal reason for talking to you about Norman. The community that he dominated in Nova Scotia was the one in which my father was born and grew up. It was my parents' first home after they were married, and the birthplace of my older brothers and sisters. As a matter of fact my grandmother was closely related to Norman--how closely I do not know, but in those days the ties of common blood and clan consciousness formed a bond that was not easily broken.

My third reason for speaking about him--there has to be a third reason, for the tradition credited to Eusebius, that a sermon should have three points, has become absolute habit with us who were trained for the pulpit--is that Norman himself was such an extraordinary character, that his life should be of interest to any young man entering our ministry. I have long been persuaded that students entering any profession should be given instruction about those who have distinguished names in their respective callings.

*virtues - achievements - secrets of power - failings & sins
Scotland after Culloden "Preach it anywhere"*

The story that I propose to tell began in the Western Highlands of Scotland. For the people there, the year 1746 was a melancholy land-mark, for it saw the defeat of Bonnie Prince Charlie. Appearing among them suddenly from France, Charlie revived their ancestral loyalty to the House of Stuart, appealed to the romantic strain in their Highland nature, and included in his address to them a few Gaelic words that were an 'open sesame' to their hearts. Young, gay, charming and daring--who would think that he would degenerate into the debauched wreck who died in Rome in 1788--he had asked for their allegiance, and they gave it, holding no thing back. They were Celts--and had not Aristotle himself said once that when the Celts fought, it was not with rational courage that calculates the risk, but with insensate courage that took no consideration whatsoever of the chance of success. Charlie had led his half-

*Charles
"I never see"
measure
Judge Currie - Gaelic language officially proscribed in 1616 (date?)*

by the Disarming Act of 1747

The Story of Reverend Norman McLeod

in April 1746

lead by

starved, poorly equipped, badly lead army of five thousand men to Culloden Moor. He had matched them there with "nine thousand veteran troops, in the pink of condition, well provided with cavalry and artillery" (McKenzie, History of the Highlands, 268), under a general who had guessed rightly what to expect, and carefully planned how to meet it. The day ended in Charlie's overwhelming defeat.

The aftermath of Culloden in Scotland was unspeakably sad. It was declared a crime until the law was changed a generation later -- for a Highlander to wear his native garb. It became an offence for him to possess arms, and the law provided heavy penalties for any delinquency. The Highland chiefs, who had been the fathers and protectors of their clans, were robbed of their prestige and reduced to the status of land-lords, with all the commercial temptations attaching thereto.

transgressed

now came directly under the Crown

financial

barber = tonsorial

Rishmull's Galley

It happened also that in England, the year 1766 saw a sharp increase in the demand for black cattle, such as the Highlands produced, and prices rose to an unprecedented high. Cattle, however, required pasture lands, and this boosted the rents that the peasantry had to pay. As one historian put it, as the value of cattle went up, the value of men went down (Hist. 306). Along with this cry for more grazing land, it was said that the Highlands had a surplus of people anyway, and the best thing for all concerned was that many of them would move away. The logic of this seemed so unanswerable that in the years before the American Revolution in 1776, twenty-thousand Highlanders, mostly from the West mainland and the Islands, left the land of their fathers to try their fortunes in the New World. (307).

N. Carolina

when they

black

came to an end

The demand for cattle was short-lived, but it was followed, after an interval, by an enormous development in sheep-farming. Sometimes "ten or a dozen tenants had to be removed to enable a single shepherd to pay an adequate rent" (311). If householders refused to move, officers of the law were sent in to expropriate them, and their empty cottages were speedily burnt to the ground. This was the beginning of the cruel policy of the "clearances" that left several thousand people homeless.

them

late = Exhuls. of Acad. Japsun G. Red-

These facts underlie the unhappy conditions that obtained in Western Scotland for a hundred years after the disaster of Culloden, and help to explain why the thoughts of men and women turned with such anticipation to the American continent, where land was available for practically nothing, where there were wide spaces for men to wander in, and where endless possibilities beckoned the hopes of youth. The voyage across the ocean presented its own hazards to be sure, but the chance was certainly worth taking, and there was never anything craven in the Highland heart.

clearances following 1785 when 15,000 were tenants were wrong from the interior to the coast.

Some years ago, when I was visiting Stornoway in the Island of Lewis, I was walking one day along the waterfront, and I noticed there a little craft, crowded with men and women and little children, which I thought might be used for coastal excursions. On enquiry I learned that these people were refugees from communist Latvia, and

corn flakes

In my own family I left Scotland to only two Canada.

corn flakes

Office (Mack in Kow) ... returned by air ... 3.

The Story of Reverend Norman McLeod

They were young

returned by air ... 3. No modern navigational aids

that they were on their way to Nova Scotia. I could not help thinking of my own forebears who had left Scotland--some of them sailing from that very port, in ships without modern navigational aids, to spend many many weeks crossing the ocean--because this Latvian boat had an engine in it, and with only an untamed wilderness waiting for them when they reached the other side. I regarded these modern exiles with misgivings, but I was pleased in due time to welcome them to Halifax and to receive a book of snapshots that were taken during the trip. As I looked at their tiny boat it did not take much imagination on my part to conjure up a picture of other poor wayfarers who in the first quarter of the nineteenth century left the shores of Britain in search of their own land of promise, and who endured hardships to create the heritage into which some of us have now entered.

Norman's Early Life

I shuddered when I saw how small their boat was - I returned by air

It was in the circumstances that I have described in Scotland that Norman McLeod was born in Assynt, Sutherlandshire, the year was 1780. Norman's father, Daniel McLeod, was a fisherman. In religion he was a Presbyterian. His mother, Margaret, had been born an Anglican but she had, of her own volition, become an Independent. Their home, as one of the books pictures it (Watchman, p. 15) had walls made of alternate layers of stone and turf, birch timbers, bent into a semi-circle and covered with thin sods, covered the roof. The hearth was the centre of the room below, and smoke from the peat fire drifted up through a hole in the roof. Such houses, referred to as "black houses", are still seen in the Hebrides.

Norman, like one whose name I do not need to mention, grew up in that environment and increased daily in "wisdom and in stature". He became well-known locally for his physical strength, a useful asset in the fishing, in which he served his apprenticeship with his father. It cannot be said, in completion of the familiar text that I have quoted, that he increased also "in favour with God and man", because when a new assistant minister arrived in the community, some one "warned" him that he would find Norman a "clever, irreverent, and forward youth".

Norman, however, had secretly been giving serious thought to his own religious faith. His parents were Presbyterian, but he considered himself for a while a Roman Catholic. Then he fell under the spell of Universalism, and he wrote in retrospect that only "Heaven knows what sufferings these things cost me" (Watchman, p. 74). After that he turned to Deism, and then to Atheism, in which he lingered for two years. His spirit, still restless, was then drawn by the Society of Friends, which answers the inner requirements of some deeply religious minds, but in his case it resulted only in a "lingering decay in the inner man". From the Friends he became enamoured of Arminianism, the doctrine of the Methodists, and he not only read everything that he could find on that subject but persuaded other members of his family to do the same. Finally he came

Be Thou my tower; O Lord of my heart than my battle shield, sword for the fight, than my dignity, than my delight

... of intellectual debt in the

OK Crestles

back to Presbyterianism and the theology of Calvin, and for the rest of his life felt no urge to leave it. Perhaps the influence of the assistant minister in his church had something to do with his decision, but of that we cannot be sure. The "clever, irreverent, forward youth" was now convinced that he was called to the Christian ministry. So, like the first disciples, he forsook his nets, ^{that was} twenty-eight years of age, ^{at that time} and commenced the seven years course of study that led to ordination. He discussed the matter with Mary McLeod, whom he had asked to be his wife, but she was the last person who would stand between him and his duty, and she agreed to wait.

Preparation for his Career

His mind now being clear about his life work, Norman went to the University of Aberdeen, Scotland's ^{senior} ~~first~~ seat of higher learning. He must have been older than most students, for it was not unusual for boys to register in the University as young as fourteen years. The distance from his home in Assynt to Aberdeen was one hundred and fifty miles, and Norman had to walk all the way. He took the usual Arts course and finished with the Gold Medal in Moral Philosophy, no mean achievement in so distinguished a centre. Each summer he returned to Assynt to his father with his fishing.

Something, however, seemed to be disturbing him. He believed that the work of the ministry was the highest ^{still} calling on earth, but his own contacts with the "cloth" led him to ^{suspicion} believe that many of the ministers of Scotland had not the remotest conception of what it really meant. Some were like Reverend William MacKenzie, his own minister, ^{help} a decent sort of man, a diligent farmer, a born companion; ^{but he} who latterly let drink get the better of him, ^{and} who went through the formalities of worship, but did not have any of that mystic germ or ^{that} moral passion that ^{in Norman's mind was} the first requirements of a true preacher. As Miss McPherson puts it, Mr. MacKenzie was one of a fairly large number of Scottish clergy who regarded the ministry as a fine career, and tried to compensate for their spiritual emptiness by cheerful conviviality (33). From such men Norman had nothing but scorn.

^{after} From Aberdeen he went to Edinburgh to concentrate on his theology, but his disillusionment steadily deepened. One of the other Divinity students in Edinburgh at the time, ^{was} Thomas Carlyle, who has been rated as "the only truly great spiritual thinker that Scotland has produced", (Finlay, Scotland Today), ^{lost} his faith in the church and its interpretation of its mission, and finally found his opportunity for preaching his ^{message}, not from the pulpit but through the printed page. Norman ^{remained} a student for the ministry until his sixth year ^{and} then he ^{decided} to withdraw. Looking back on that break he said, "I take heaven to witness that, had I no alternative, I should at once prefer to be chained to a West India galley slave, enjoying full liberty of conscience, to being joined with the Scottish clergy in all their enjoyment, under the present power of their disposition" (34). Norman's judgment of the

that according to William MacKenzie was the mark of a religious nature

Straws - "Did not suit him"

in which he contained the main thing that the chief thing about any nation or man, was his religion

ministers may easily have been too harsh, for the Disruption in 1843, "the most honourable for Scotland that its whole history supplies" (Lord Cockburn), proved that ~~not~~ all of them were time servers. Like Carlyle, Norman turned to teaching. He had recently married Margaret McLeod whom he did not think it fair to keep waiting any longer.

by no means

The Teacher

also

for which his University training fitted him

His first and only teaching appointment in Scotland was in the village of Ullapool. It was included in the large parish of Lochbroom of which Dr. Ross was the minister. Part of the teachers salary came through him, and the remainder from fees. On Sundays when Dr. Ross could not conduct the service in Ullapool, the teacher was supposed to read the scriptures and make appropriate comments on the passages.

Norman began his teaching with fine promise, but problems soon made their appearance. Dr. Ross was himself a better than average scholar, who loved to illustrate his discourses from the classics, or from modern astronomy, but there was little gospel in his sermons or little sacrifice in his life, and Norman discontinued his attendance at Church. Dr. Ross complained of this to the session and suggested that they boycott of the school, but the people stood by the teacher.

Chalmers

his absence

that they boycott the school
highland session

There was also the question of the baptism of Norman's first baby. He and his wife wished a relative of his, Reverend Lochlan MacKenzie of Loch Carron to officiate at it, and they carried their baby forty miles to the Loch Carron manse. Mr. MacKenzie, however, thought that this might be a good time to induce Dr. Ross and Norman to reconcile their differences, so he invited the Doctor to come also. When Dr. Ross realized what Mr. MacKenzie was up to he warned him that he would not tolerate any trespassing upon his pastoral privileges; so the McLeods had to take their baby back over the forty miles unbaptized.

to have had the same time

to have had the same time
he would not tolerate any trespassing upon his pastoral privileges

Then there was the charge that the teacher had stolen firewood belonging to the minister. Dr. Ross had wished to clear a piece of ground and announced that anyone who cared to participate could keep half the wood he cut. A cousin of Norman's who was visiting him said that he would like to get a load, so he and Norman cut down some of the trees and piled the wood at Norman's house, until the cousin could find it convenient to come for it. The next thing Norman knew he was summoned to court to answer a charge of theft laid by Dr. Ross, and the affair soon became the local scandal. Norman was put to no little inconvenience to travel to another town, explain the situation to a lawyer, and have the charge withdrawn. There seemed to be no way out of this whole unhappy situation but for him to resign his teaching appointment, which he did, and forfeit a third of his annual salary.

finally

Norman

end of his conflict with the ministers

forfeited a third of his annual salary

He got a job "in the dangerous and troublesome Caithness fishing" (Robinson, ~~Green~~ of Scotland, p. 44) on the East Coast of Scotland, and by the end of the year he was out of debt. By the next

Norman

What was the charge?
forfeited a third of his annual salary

New Scotland

mid-summer, 1817, he had put ^{aside} a little money. Emigration to America, ~~as I have said~~, was a common topic of conversation; and Norman decided to leave Scotland and try to carve out a new life for himself in far off Nova Scotia. He took passage on a ship, the Frances Ann, that was carrying four hundred Scots to the port of Pictou. Many of these were already his friends. ~~He~~ was now thirty-seven years of age.

The Emigrant

In mid-ocean the ship ran into heavy weather and developed a serious leak. A state of emergency rapidly developed, and the captain convened a meeting of all his passengers, explained the danger to them, and said that it was his considered judgment they should turn back and try to reach the coast of Ireland; and they in their desperation were prepared to accept his advice. Norman, however, dissented and persuaded them that it would be safer for them to keep to their course. The captain, over-ruled in the management of his ship, said to Norman "You'll hang for this", a fate from which, if they were headed for a watery grave, he would at least have been spared. ~~He~~ gave a lead in organizing the male members of his crew to keep the pumps working day and night, and when at last they came in sight of land the captain had the good grace to apologize to him and say, "You're a better navigator than I am". There was great rejoicing among them when they disembarked at Pictou Harbour.

People in a pioneer community realize the importance of mutual aid. Every man helps his neighbour to secure the necessities of life. Norman obtained a tract of land for himself, and with the help of his friends built a cabin on it. He was still a layman, but the preaching of the Gospel is not the preserve of any profession, and he lost no time in inviting those who were interested to come to his place for worship and instruction. The crowd of his admirers increased steadily, and we have it from a reliable annalist that no man ever wielded as great an influence over the Highlanders in Pictou. How much of his preaching was really the good news of the Gospel is another matter. One man who heard him said that his sermons consisted in "torrents of abuse against all religious bodies and even against individuals, the like of which they had never heard."

to his listeners

Beulah's Pilgrimage, flee from the wrath to come

If Norman ever thought, however, that he could leave the iniquities of the old world behind by the simple expedient of crossing the Atlantic, he very soon discovered his error. In the emerging towns of Pictou and New Glasgow he encountered profanity, dishonesty, deceit, drunkenness, religious formality, and all the sins that allegedly provoke the wrath of God. Having endured these evils for two years, he gathered a group of his followers together and informed them that a Highland congregation in Ohio had asked him to come and minister to their spiritual welfare, and he had decided to accept. If any of them were disposed to go with him he would be glad to have them; and so strong was their attachment to him that many of them agreed to accept. Thus the Pictou chapter of his life came to an abrupt end in 1819.

even though he was not ordained

The Story of Reverend Norman McLeod

Norman and his friends commenced work on a little ship of eighteen ton capacity to carry them to the United States. The scoffers derisively called it the Ark, because the preacher, like Noah, had been saying that God would punish Pictou for its evil ways. They sailed by slow stages around Cape North, where Cape Breton points like a long finger toward Newfoundland. Coming down on the open Atlantic side they reached the beautiful harbour of St. Anne's, named by the French, in honour of the Queen of Austria, the mother of Louis the Fourteenth. On its spacious waters, surrounded on the North and the South by high wooded hills, a thousand ships could be at anchor. Its fertile farm lands, and its proximity to the sea, recommended it to the French explorers as an ideal site for a colony, but military experts preferred Louisburg, so St. Anne's was abandoned. What a site for Norman's purpose, to build a society far removed from contamination with the world! Farm lands were available here for a purely nominal sum.

The wanderers returned in due time to Pictou, announced the change in their plans, and prepared boats to transport their families and meagre belongings by a less exposed route to their new home. Norman was now forty years of age--the same, I have read somewhere, as St. Paul traditionally was when he became a Christian missionary, and the same also as the late Dean Inge was when he went to St. Paul's, which suggests that even at that age a man may still give a good account of himself in the ministry.

St. Anne's

It is not too much to say that in St. Anne's Norman became a kind of uncrowned king--the "able-man" in society, as Carlyle said, who "has a divine right over me". His authority was derived ultimately not from birth or the ballot-box, but from the power of his own personality and the principles for which he stood.

One of his first projects in St. Anne's was to build a school where he might preside over the instruction of the children. He drew up a programme of studies in which there was no time for nonsense. The course was based on the classical tradition of education and the Bible. I strongly suspect that he had the severity of the "rigorous school masters" who "seized the youth" of the youngsters, and left very little room in school for frivolity. His conception of learning left much to be desired, judged by modern standards, but his work as a teacher drew only praise from almost all concerned.

It was necessary also for the community to have its own representative of law and order, so he had himself duly appointed magistrate. Most of what he did under this designation is now forgotten, but one unhappy case is still recalled. I well remember a day when I was visiting Nova Scotia on a summer vacation and took my mother in my car to see the scenes of her childhood. As we passed the ruins of a house she said, "That is the place that was supposed to have been robbed in Norman McLeod's day", and she repeated the

Handwritten notes:
- "not as impressive as Queen Mary"
- "Heart of Catherine"
- "ships, roads, least land to see face of world anywhere"
- "near Canada - King of hist"
- "where? Amer? Genl Council"

ask

of "security & isolation" - restoration project

"König, naming the King"

who

might be involved

strenuously

the story that I had often heard. A pedlar with his pack had gone there to sell some of his wares, and the man of the house brought out his savings to pay him. Soon afterwards it was discovered that someone had helped himself to what was left of the treasure-trove, and a neighbour's boy seemed the likeliest culprit. ~~He~~ ^{the boy} denied it for a long time, but, unable to resist the pressure that was being applied, he confessed; and Norman, as a warning to everyone that such things would not be tolerated, ^{in St. James,} had a 'nick cut in the lad's ear. Miss McPherson says that a week later someone reported that he had seen the pedlar himself coming out of the house by a window, and he, when confronted with this eye-witness, admitted the theft. I have no doubt that the author, who undoubtedly checked her sources, has grounds for believing ~~this story of~~ this tragic anti-climax to the trial, but I have never heard it mentioned by the older people, whose ~~memories went back almost to Norman's day.~~ ^{parents tell about} *judging Currier's note.*

The most indispensable of the needs of St. Anne's was, however, a place of worship, and Norman gave this its proper priority. He first put up a temporary structure, and after that a stately edifice that seated twelve hundred persons, and it was usually crowded. Some of the diets of worship may have been truly edifying, but Norman's castigation of any improper conduct made other services exciting and terrifying. He was very ^{hard} on the women who followed the fashions of the world in the matter of clothing, but posterity finds it hardest to exculpate him for criticizing his long-suffering wife, by name, from the pulpit, for wearing ~~some garments~~ that he did not consider becoming. *inappropriate* *that he considered questionable* *skates* *fashion magazines* *a be-ribboned hat or something other* *in the Presbytery of Geneva, N.Y.*

with these clothing habits
 In the year 1826, Norman took time off to visit the United States, and ^{where he remained for two winters} secretly arranged with one of the ministers there to propose him for ordination to the Christian ministry. After satisfactory trials, the Presbytery concurred, so Norman came back to Cape Breton a fully qualified clergyman. Incidentally, ^{Norman} we had not then, nor did he ever afterwards, dispense ~~the~~ Holy Communion, nor did he baptize children because he felt that the parents could not keep their vows.

Not being on cordial terms with the other ministers in Cape Breton, ^{to his congregation} he never told them that he had been ordained by an American Presbytery. As far as they knew he was still a layman. About fourteen years ^{after the death of St. James} later they heard that he claimed to be a minister of the Church of Scotland, and they ordered him to produce his credentials at the bar of the Presbytery within a specified time. His reply, in part, read as follows:

"Rev. Sir: Your letter of the 24th ult., I received this morning, to which I beg to answer that it requires a piece of self-denial in me to take any notice of such a fulminating farce; but the sacred proverb says, 'answer a fool according to his folly lest he be wise in his own conceit'. And of

how-ach
Skianah
deparatess

all fools I consider religious fools, at the pinnacle of their profession, to be the most dangerous to deal with.

I flatly deny ever having claimed the 'status of a minister of the Church of Scotland', and in all humility and sincerity, desire to bless heaven for having enlightened my mind to dread and abhor that state.

I have certainly from time to time professed myself as, in my own estimation, a poor and unworthy member of the once venerable and glorious Church of Scotland; but the meagre, pitiful and degenerate thing that passes now under the pompous and bloated sanction of that name, I utterly and indignantly disclaim with all its alarming 'bars' and awful 'authority', in the most open and unreserved manner possible, so that you or any other cannot make this avowal more public than I freely allow...."

|| This was Norman's reply. He did not add anything to their information except to repudiate the Church of Scotland, in the most unequivocal language. || So he pursued his solitary way, making friends and enemies, yet somehow managing to keep the admiration of most of the members of his congregation at St. Anne's for the thirty-one years that he lived there. He accepted no stipend from the Church, but he let the people assist him with his farm work, which does not seem to be so very different in principle from paying him a salary.

*of the Ministers
two
pastors
there*

When his eldest son John reached young manhood, Norman taught him the science of navigation, had a ship built which he called the Maria, loaded her holds with potatoes, and sent John to dispose of the cargo in Britain. Miss McPherson suggests that the young captain, having reached his destination, sold both the ship and the potatoes and dropped out of sight, and that is how I heard the story; but someone who read her book before I did, put a pencilled note in the margin that John sent back all the money. What the truth is no one can now say. John at any rate ^{disappeared} vanished, and his parents heard nothing from him for eight long years. Then a letter arrived from him in Australia where he was working as a journalist. It was like a voice from the grave.

Note that Rev. Robert Murray in his "History of Presbyterianism in Cape Breton" says also that he remitted the money to St. Anne's.

In his letter he praised Australia as a land of kindly climate and boundless possibilities. In every respect it seemed the opposite of Nova Scotia with its crop failures--the potatoes had failed that year--and its long winters. It would be wonderful to live in such a land of heart's desire; but it was very far away, and it would take tremendous courage and the venturesomeness of youth to travel so far. The idea nevertheless began to catch the imagination of the people at St. Anne's. Young men began to see visions and old men to dream dreams, and eventually Norman, the old leader, now well beyond his seventieth birthday, announced that subject to

but who would deny the young man the benefit of the doubt.

during which a group of suffered long years of waiting - to then learned to accept their fate.

Journalist

the will of heaven, he would go. He arranged for the building of a good sized ship, at a spot near the Church. He called her the "Margaret" --that was the name of his mother and his favourite daughter. She was designed by the men of St. Anne's to carry him and the chosen circle of his friends on their incredible odyssey. She had a passenger list, including her crew, of one hundred and forty souls.

to Australia

The Antipodes

Time does not permit me to tell the story of the voyage. The Margaret reached Capetown, South Africa, where she replenished her stores. From there she sailed to Adelaide, where Norman expected John to be waiting for them. Gold, however, had been discovered near Melbourne, of which they had heard some rumours as far away as Cape-town, and John felt that it was his duty to follow the rush. So the people on the Margaret set out once again and instead of finding peace, and a home where nature smiled on their labours they discovered that they were in the midst of a gold-mad society compared with which Pictou was a paradise. They were, however, at the end of their resources, so they sold the Margaret to provide themselves with sustenance, and some of them decided to stay in Adelaide. In a more tragic way it was journey's end for others, for typhoid had broken out in Melbourne and it carried off three of Norman's sons.

assume - careful - down to the... disappointed was in store for him... gold-mad society... typhoid had broken out in Melbourne and it carried off three of Norman's sons.

The Cape Breton community in the meantime has built another ship, the Highland Lass, which followed the course of the Margaret, and arrived in Adelaide in September, 1853. Her owners heard there about the Margaret, and about her passengers who were marooned in Melbourne. They traded for a short time in Australian waters, then sold the Highland Lass and bought a larger ship, the Gazelle. They had satisfied themselves that Australia was not the land they were seeking, but they had heard some things about New Zealand, 1200 miles away, that intrigued them. Norman had actually written Sir George Grey, the Governor, who had encouraged them to believe that if they came to New Zealand, land would be made available to them. So the Gazelle took a load of the beleaguered Nova Scotians from Australia to New Zealand, and then returned for Norman and the rest. They obtained a tract of land on the Waipu area, north of Auckland. They gave such a good report of it in their letters to the people they had left behind in Nova Scotia that in less than a decade six other ships were built by the farmers and fishermen of the district, and these carried eight hundred and eighty-three persons, half of the local population, to the Antipodes. To it they transferred the place-names of Nova Scotia, and "helped to mould the destinies of their adopted home". The entire journey was twelve thousand miles!

southally... made some money... prospectors based in Ball-Sherburne... still... note

Norman remained their minister until he died, at the age of eighty six. He had growing old, and his people did not need him for the numerous functions that he had discharged in St. Anne's. His great work as a pioneer and leader was done. Impatient of him they often were, but they still admired him. He had tried, often in vain,

of his Community... When he arrived in New Zealand he was an old man... first time

