

preparations for a long and dangerous journey. Having started the enterprise he returned to town, leaving the charge of the work to the parish priest, Rev. Pius McPhee. For more than a month the good people of St. Andrew's worked under the direction of their pastor, and then, all being ready, they awaited the coming of a severe frost to prepare the ice for the heavy load in store for it. The 1st of March was the date chosen for moving the Church, and on that day all the farmers of St. Andrew's and the neighboring parishes assembled bringing with them over 100 horses, which were to be harnessed to the two heavy iron runners that had been made fast to the Church. Their efforts were for the time frustrated by the state of the soil, which is very swampy in this district. Nothing daunted they set themselves to prepare a road, and this kept them busy until evening. The next day, just as they were starting, a blinding fall of snow put an end to the project for that day, and caused the whole scheme to be deferred until the following week. On Monday, the 7th of March, in response to an eloquent appeal from the Rev. Dr. McDonald, 500 men, Protestants as well as Catholics assembled with 120 horses, all ready for the work. The horses were attached to the runners, the signal for starting was given and the huge pile began to move. Rev. Dr. McDonald with seven Priests at the head of this zealous band of volunteers, spurred

them on with words of encouragement and cheer, and for the first twelve miles their progress was triumphant, and all promised so well that Dr. McDonald went on ahead to carry the good news to Charlottetown. No pious enterprise is ever quite successful unless the foundation be laid in difficulties, and trials overcome, and so a trial was not wanting in this instance. About seven miles from Charlottetown, in rounding the end of Apple Tree wharf, the cavalcade was obliged to approach near to the channel, the ice there was thinner than that along the shore, and after sundry warning sounds, with a tremendous crash, the whole building was submerged, and was firmly embedded in the mud at the bottom of the river. The disappointment of the devoted band may be imagined; they were so near the end of their journey, so proud of difficulties conquered, but,

"The best laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft a-gley."

There was no help for this. They worked until evening trying to dislodge the building, but in vain. Some went to town for the night, others camped out on the riverside, where they kindled bush fires to ward off the biting March winds. The next day, the 8th of March, Dr. McDonald being too fatigued to resume his place, it was taken by the Rev. Angus McDonald, Rector of St. Dunstan's. He left Charlottetown at 4 a. m. accompanied by a large number of men, and spent the whole