

them. The hymn of praise to Him who redeemed them is raised, breaking the stillness of night or anticipating the dawn; and that strange new name with which the world was soon to reverberate, falls on the ear of the wondering pagan. The poor, bare walls of the dimly-lighted chamber, or the narrow vaults beneath the imperial city, re-echo that precious name borne on the sweet music that flows from the heart; and hovel and catacomb alike become "the house of God and the gate of heaven."—These are hymns of faith—no cold, unmeaning, formal strains—but genuine outpourings of the heart to Christ the Lord—to the loving, living Saviour, the eternal brother and friend, who is truly present among them and hears their praises. They are redolent of joy, adoration and the repose of faith.



## THE SUPPLEMENTARY FUND IN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

BY THE AGENT OF THE CHURCH.

NO. II.

On the morning of October 22nd the storm had ceased, and a cold Northwester met Rev. D. S. Gordon and myself at the Grand River ferry. We were both on our way to Alberton, and preferring a walk, we pushed on to Lot 14 Church on foot, some three or four miles from which we were conveyed to Mr. Rannay's at Port Hill. I know not whether my obligations are greatest to father or son at this establishment, the one providing the moving power, and the other (Albert R.) driving me to Cascumpeque ferry, by the close of daylight, to return fourteen miles or more, on a dark cold night over bad roads. At the other side of the ferry Mr. Gordon soon found a place of rest, and while the son was welcomed to the "home of youth," I also had a warm shake of the hand, as an absentee of twenty-seven years, a period which left some lines and marks of change on the old folks at home, as well as on their visitor. Old Robert Gordon, as he is

now occasionally called, was Robert Gordon in his prime *then*, and as he was an active man, and an Elder in the congregation from its infancy, we were at no loss for themes of conversation. Quickly the evening slipped away, and, family worship over, sound sleep followed the travel and cold of the day.

### ALBERTON

Is in fact but four or five miles distant from this part of the settlement which is called "The Village;" but as this is a country of bays and inlets, the distance to travel is seven miles. The snow of the 21st still lay on the ground on this Saturday, 23rd; and on our way to Mr. Fraser's we met a sleigh with jingling bells, ringing in the advent of winter. It was communion season at Alberton, and during this and the next two days the work was equitably divided.

I must be excused for expressing the deep interest I felt on this occasion. This was one of the few congregations served by me as a probationer, and at one of whose sacramental occasions I took part with that man of God, Rev. William McGregor. The congregation was then small, the population sparse, the roads rough, the houses such as are ever found in new settlements, but the people were kind and earnest, walking or riding on horseback with eagerness and joy to the place of public worship, which was humble in appearance and small in size. Now I am worshipping in a large and well finished church, filled to overflowing with a most respectable and devout assembly. They have come in force from that village, which was "woods" at that time, and they have driven in their carriages from different parts of the surrounding country.

The children of that day are the men and women of to day; and the young men and women of that day have actually in a few cases become grandparents. I need scarcely say that while some pillars continued standing, others had fallen. John Gordon had gone to the better land, with his sons George N., of Erromanga, and Archibald, about as suddenly called away. When we add to this a daughter's depar-