

the Westville Band accompanied by the martial sound of the drum ; and anon the merry echoes of the Saxon violin and the sublime strains of the Celtic pibroch, stirred the crowds to happy enthusiasm. Carriages with happy groups crowded in as the day wore on ; and the cry was " Still they come." The regular up and down trains, as also the specials, brought new reinforcements ; and the splendid tables served by the good ladies of St. Columba, groaned under successive spreadings of abundant and choice dainties, fit for a king ; and they were well patronized. But not a single case of intemperance or disorder was seen, and no accident occurred whatever. Never did we see a more orderly picnic. Mr. McDougald won the prize chair by a large majority ; and both he and Mr. Bell made brief and excellent addresses at the call of the people, which gave much satisfaction. The ladies' Bazaar did well also ; and the festivities were closed towards evening in the best order. We hear that the proceeds are about \$700.

#### ELEGY,

*In memory of the late Allan B. Macdonald, beloved son of Neil Macdonald, Esq., Lake Ainslie, C. B.*

WHILE I sing my sad dirge of our dear one departed,

Come, each and all, welcome, and lend me an ear ;  
For it speaks to us all to prepare us for parting,  
To meet with our God ; for our stay is not here.

Ah ! soon came the message in midst of life's  
gayness

That called thee away to bright mansions above :  
Thy Maker who gave thee, again did demand  
thee ;

And blest be His Name, for He always is Love !

A lingering illness with firm resignation  
Was borne by dear Allan, unheard to complain,  
With meek faith in the Word of his crucified  
Saviour,  
Who suffered for sinners, redemption to gain.

A fond mother watched day and night o'er her  
darling,

A loved sister nursed thee so gentle and kind :  
Each and all did their share ; but alas ! un-  
availing : —

Thy time having come, earthly ties could not  
bind.

In grief stood thy parents, thy brothers and  
sisters.

Their hearts wrung with anguish, in tears and  
in pain,

O'er the pride of their household, that morning  
departing,

And never to join their loved circle again !

Ah ! 'twas hard to behold, pale in death, our  
most hopeful,  
So beloved and esteemed, lying lifeless and cold,  
In the prime of his youth torn away from our  
efforts ;

So wise, true and loving, so beautiful and bold !

When we meet, what a gloom clouds that gene-  
rous household,

Now seeming deserted though loved ones are  
there ;

The seat that is vacant, of loss doth remind us,  
Which time in its progress can never repair !

While we are lamenting and mourning our dear  
one,

Is he not rejoicing with angels above,  
In singing the praise of the Lamb who redeemed  
us,

On harps that are tuned with an undying love ?

Let us all take a warning, for sooner or later  
We too shall be summoned from earth, to appear  
Before the great Judge who will give us according  
To the deeds we have done in the body while here.

And may we as fearless as A. B. Macdonald  
Meet death with a welcome, by Jesus received  
To share in the glory and joys that are endless,  
From sorrows and trials forever relieved !

His words to the young were, in youth to re-  
member

Their Maker and Saviour, and pray to receive  
Free pardon in Christ, with true love and obe-  
dience ;

For He will save all who repent and believe.

Farewell, my loved cousin ! we no more behold  
thee,

Nor tread the rough paths of this world by thy  
side : —

Farewell, my dear comrade, companion of child-  
hood,

Thy memory always with us shall abide !

When our days are numbered and told is our  
story,

O may we be ready to welcome the call,  
To form a reunion with dear ones in glory,  
And wonder we wept for a loved one at all !

A. J. MCKINNON, JUNR.

*East Lake Ainslie, C. B., July, 1886.*

IN all Churches there is yet room for hospi-  
tality. Many of us, Sunday after Sunday, in  
passing to our pews, heed not the stranger who  
it may be is cautiously trying to avoid intru-  
sion by occupying a seat uninvited. Be cour-  
teous to all, even to the giving up of your own  
seat especially for those who are old and frail.  
"The Lord is in His sanctuary."