

drawn nearer to one another, in sympathy and brotherly love, hastening the time, the good time coming, "that man to man the world o'er shall brethren be for a' that," the time when the knowledge of Christ shall be carried by the faithful heralds of salvation to the darkest corners of the earth, when moral darkness shall vanish before the Sun of Righteousness—the time when all the nations and kingdoms of the world shall do homage to the Prince of peace, whose right it is to reign. It behooves us then to weigh well our great responsibilities; in the light of our grand privileges and opportunities to do our part, to hasten on the consummation of the glorious prospect. Let us with generous emulation imitate the virtues, shun the failures and avoid the mistakes and shortcomings of those faithful ones who have gone before us in the great battle of life. Let us endeavor to keep abreast if not in front of the great march of progress going on around us in the world, and armed with the panoply of the Christian soldier, with the word of God in our hand; as a lamp to our feet and a light to our path, we can fearlessly and resolutely face the great problems of life. With patient perseverance in well doing, we may rest assured of such a glorious and triumphant future as will not only make ourselves happy, but will reflect honor and renown on the noble ancestry from whom it is our proud boast to have descended.

After Mr. McKenzie's paper was concluded there was a recess of two hours, during which tea was served to all comers by the kind and attentive ladies of the congregation. There was excellent and ample provision for all, Mr. Quirk of Charlottetown, who was the caterer, upholding his good reputation in that line.

The proceedings were resumed by singing the 100th Psalm. Then the subject announced was—

Reminiscences of the Olden Times

Mr. James McDonald, of the Customs, Charlottetown, was the speaker. He prefaced his address in Gaelic as follows: M'chairdean agus m'luachd duthaca

innhuinn—"s. lior a' 'thubhairt a sean-fachal—"Coineach 'cairdean 'nuair nach coinneach na cnoichd." 's-umth a' tha cuimhne agad an a' am cor agus leth-cheud bliadhna-a' nuair nach bhith feum air cansin s'beith eile 's-gireachd so ach Gaelic Albanach. Ach 'tha mi faichinn s' chruinnich 'nuair a' Erinnich, Sasannaiche agus Ghoill-Albanach 'tha cho-mi-firtanach 's-rach tuig Gaelic agus gad bu'mhor thoig leam leantain air l'habhairt s'cinnt' mathair-eil air iomodach ni a' chualla agus a' chunnio mi a'm m'oise an'so gabhaidh shibh mo' leagal m'h'ionnhas mi a nis ri Beurla.

He then referred to the classic hills and valleys of Strathalbyn,—the phonographs instinct with the shouts of his joyous school-days that now give up their poetic secrets—the place of his birth and the house of his youth until he reached man's estate. This settlement was peopled with the same class of men as fought at Alma, and to the sound of the pibroch relieved Lucknow, and conquered on the Plains of Abraham. And if proof be needed that they are of the blood and courage still, we have it in the fact that when the dusky half-breeds and Indians broke out in rebellion in the Northwest, Daniel McKenzie, a native of Strathalbyn, was the first to fight and fall in the struggle. Mr. McDonald then recited from Lord Byron, Burns, &c., stanzas suitable for such a celebration, and so varied his remarks with prose and poetry, English and Gaelic, that he baffled the reporter. He related some amusing anecdotes about the pranks of boys and the foibles of schoolmasters. One day at the old school, the visitor was expected, and one of the boys was sent out on the road to watch his coming. As soon as the visitor was seen approaching, the boy rushed in with the news when the whole school was set reading as loud as they could, making a perfect babel. The style of reading from the old Murray first books was imitated, and the amusements of the people, such as their chopping bees, and their spinning and other frolics referred to. Mr. McDonald's address about old times lit up many a countenance. He wished for Strathalbyn, he said, all that Burns so devoutly implored for his beloved Scotland:—