

of his son, Charles Mary Wentworth, who resided in England. From him it passed into the hands of Mrs. Gore, the novelist, who was a descendant of Lady Wentworth's sister, Mrs. George Brinley.

About 1800, when the late king Edward VII visited it, it was owned by Mrs. Gore's son, who lived there at the time. It was shortly after this sold to a number of persons, who divided the property into building lots, and offered them for sale as a land speculation. A part of the property is owned by a Mr. Gray, who resides there, and is known as Gray's picnic grounds.

The following poem, written many years ago, was found among some mss. in one of the old homes in the vicinity of Prince Edward's valley:

THE PRINCE'S LODGE.

Silence and gloom, companions of decay,
Still linger round these haunts of honor fled,
While on these monishing walls departing day
Rests like a dream of beauty o'er the dead.

Through lonely walks now deeper grows the shade,
Save where the fire-fly lights his mimic lamp,
Or where beneath yon leafy colonnade
A ruddy flame displays the rude-made camp.

Ere not a mark of other days appear,
Ere ruin sweeps each vestige from the scene,
I pause to ask, and was, and was it here
Once dwelt the sire of England's Sovereign Queen!

Where are the festive lights—the garland flowers—
The sweet wild music melting on the wave?
Where are the stately guards—the princely towers—
The hermit's home—the stone that marked his grave?

Did merry laughter ever here rebound?
Did busy footsteps haste along this floor?
And mingling voices in this hall resound,
And hearts beat high that now shall beat no more?

Can grandeur pass away without a trace
To tell of present bliss or future trust?
Then let me linger in this lonely place
And write the record in its kindred dust.

Queen of the British Isles, I may not see
Save by the graver's art thy face divine;
Nor, Lady, would'st thou deign to hear from me
The rustic strains that suit not ears like thine;

Yet could thine eyes behold this lovely spot
And mark the desolation time hath wrought,
Though all exalted be thy royal lot
A moral to thy heart would here be taught.

Floating and frail is all beneath the sky,
The reign of beauty and the throb of joy;
Mine be the choice amid the good and wise
To seek that Home no changes can destroy.

—REV. A. GRAY.

THREE-MILE HOUSE AND VICINITY.

The three-mile village church and the cemetery have a conspicuous place within the records of Bedford Basin. In the churchyard many of the forefathers of the village sleep. Side by side with them are some who were prominent in the higher walks of life, who "lived and moved and had their being" quite outside the little village—judges, clergymen and governors.

In the records of the dead, as revealed by the tombstones, there may be found names that were closely identified with the history of the province from a very early date: the Grays, Franklins, Unicekes, Wilkins, Almons, Jones, Johnstones, Hills, Donaldsons. Of the German settlers the names of the Leizers, Artzes, Hurshmans and others are conspicuous. The innets were singing sweetly on the branches of the trees as one wandered through the secluded village churchyard. Profound rest seemed personified in and all about this consecrated ground. The name of Leizer recalled the keeper of an inn that stood on the site of the present "Ye Wayside Inn," where travellers, by the way of Bedford road, refreshed themselves ninety years ago or more. It would strike the seeker after facts to search for the name of McAlpine, a host of some renown in the first years of the nineteenth century, but then it would be remembered that McAlpine died long before the church was built. He kept the original "Three-mile house," which stood in Prince Edward's valley. He had been a soldier in his youth, and fought in the revolutionary war in America. His inn was in great repute among the townspeople of Halifax as a tea-house, where the young folk would reach it by the Blue Bell and Lady Hammond roads. McAlpine died about the year of 1821. His house was taken after his death by H. Mavcock, who "respectfully informed his friends and the public that he had taken the Three-mile house, lately occupied by