

William Ross, New London; John F. McLeod, Orwell Mills; Wm. Laird, and Jno. McDonald, New Glasgow; Murdoch Ross, Bedeque; Herber Haslam, Springfield; Murdoch McLeod, Argyle; Robert B. Stewart, Strathgartney; Wm. Simpson, Lot 16; Donald C. Heartherdale, Lot 59; Alex. Bruce, Valleyfield; William Fraser, South Wiltshire; William Henderson, North Wiltshire; Murdoch McLeod, West River; Hugh McMillan, New Haven; John McLeod, Crapaud; Neil Shaw, DeSable; John McLean, Long Creek; Alex. McKenzie, Bedeque; John McKenzie, Summerfield; Dr. Henderson, Union Road; Donald McLaughlin, St. Peters Road; Donald Nicholson, W. D. McKay and J. T. Crockett, Charlottetown, and many others.

About noon Rev. Mr. Campbell opened the proceedings by giving out the grand old paraphrase beginning with the words —

"O God of Bethel! by whose hand  
Thy people still are fed;  
Who through this weary pilgrimage  
Hast all our fathers led."

After the paraphrase was sung, Rev. D. Sutherland offered an appropriate prayer. The chairman then called upon Hon. A. B. MacKenzie, now of Charlottetown, but long a resident of Strathalbyn and still identified with its people to treat of the Pioneers of the settlement.

Hon. A. B. McKenzie's Historical Paper.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I presume it is unnecessary for me to apologize to you as being the first to address you on this auspicious occasion, for nothing short of a stern sense of duty to you, and responsive obedience to the kind request of your managing committee, could induce me to undertake the pleasant, but arduous, task of giving you, within the short compass of time necessarily allotted to me, a consecutive and correct account

of the pioneers of this congregation. More especially as I have not had at my disposal more reliable data from which to collect such materials as would be at once interesting, profitable and instructive to you, than my own recollection of facts and circumstances that came under my observation, as well as a vivid remembrance of matters and events related in my hearing during my early school-boy days by many of the first settlers themselves. I have, therefore, to solicit your generous forbearance and ask you to attribute any slight errors in dates or the omission of any name dear to any or all of us, relative to any circumstance I may have occasion to refer to, rather to an error of the head than of the heart.

Though not a native of Strathalbyn—a matter in which I had no choice—where my early childhood as well as many of my maturer years were spent, as among the most happy and eventful period of my life; and though now absent from among you for a period of twenty-eight years, I may truly say, as the shadows of evening begin to lengthen and as the years roll swiftly by, on the never-ceasing current of time, carrying us all, rapidly towards the bourne from which no traveller returns, my mind often roams around the scenes and associations of early childhood—clustering in and around these hills and dales, the rilling brook, the old smithy, the old school-house, the gleeful children. Yes, even the stones, and old rampikes along the newly opened turnpike were objects familiar and of pleasant remembrance.

The scene is now changed, apprising us in solemn tones of the transitory nature of all earthly pleasures and amusements. Where are all the happy throngs of school children with whom we strolled in sweet innocence in the woods hunting for birds nests and chasing gaudy butterflies? Ah! alas; few, very few of them are here to-day. While some are scattered in different parts of the world, many of them have joined the great throng beyond the swelling river. Where? Where all the aged sires and noble matrons of those early days? All gone to their eternal home, save and except two men, namely Alexander McLeod, the nestor of the parish and Alexander McIntosh; and seven women,