

fine, genial old gentleman; also at Mr. Hugh Smith's. Both of these fine worthy men have long since passed away.

The property of the latter has since been purchased and is now occupied by George M. Compton, nephew of the writer.

At a future time I may give an account of the first settlers in Summerside.

A Day's Trout Fishing.

By REV. J. W. GODFREY.

"The fisherman lieth in wait to catch fish, and lieth in weight when he catcheth them."

IT seems to me that every properly constituted man; when he beholds all about him the evidence which goes to show that summer is at hand; when he sees nature beginning to awake from her winter sleep and put on again the garb of summer; when he sees the hitherto silent woods peopled again with birds, and melodious with song, and listens to the whisper of the trees and rustling grass, as they respond to the soft touch of the south wind; feels within him an impulse of that instinct which doubtless has come down from the days when, bow in hand, our forebears wandered through field and wood in search of prey: an impulse which drives us to leave behind the artificial surrounding of the town, and seek recreation and refreshment from nature's breast.

So it is that when Spring comes round, year by year, and nature woos us to her side, we look around for some pursuit which will lead us afield.

Some of us, like the apostle of old, "go afishing"; and to me, a humble but devoted follower of old Isaac Walton, this seems the ideal way to commune with nature.

Others, like a friend of mine, prefer to wander through the country, (accompanied if possible by an unsuspecting companion, whom they use as a beast of burden) and from