

account of its coming so soon after a long walk in the heat. Another psalm followed—there were no “human hymns” allowed in these times—the metre of which perhaps did not always agree with the tune selected, which often necessitated drawing out the last syllables of such words as salvation to such an extent as to make them tiresome.

Then followed the sermon. The text was not always long, but it was invariably the excuse for an hour and a quarter discourse, which was listened to with a patience which the churchgoer of to-day is not called upon to exercise. But this was not all of it, for after a few minutes intermission during which pastor and people partook of some light refreshments we had to go through it all again. The second service was generally shorter, but whether this was in consideration of the feelings of the people, or on account of exhaustion on the part of the preacher we never knew.

Mt. Albion Reminiscences.

SITUATED in Lot 48, distant from Charlottetown about nine miles in an easterly direction, is Mt. Albion, now a thickly settled and prosperous settlement. Sixty years ago a waste, barren country, and to-day looking at the snug farms and farm houses, one can scarcely imagine that from such rude conditions and surroundings, so pleasant and desirable a community could be raised.

Mt. Albion was formerly called “Burnt Hill,” and names, like bad habits, are hard to get rid of as even now it sometimes goes by that name. About eighty years ago a great fire swept over the place carrying barrenness and loss in its pathway, as it was thickly studded with fine timber, leaving nothing but smoking rampikes and blackened soil. Hence the name “Burnt Hill.” On the low ground excellent pasture was to be had; and farmers from Lot 49, after carefully marking their young cattle would turn them out in the spring and perhaps not see them