

Earlton, Gairloch and Saltsprings. In all these places he was an able, devoted, and dearly loved Minister; but he was called away to Lochiel and to Eldon in Ontario. After the Union he was left without a charge for some years; but he engaged in Academic work, and for some months in the arduous Home Mission labors of Manitoba. Recently he became Pastor in Summerstown; but died at Montreal on 29th June, of inflammation, after a surgical operation, in his 66th year. His memory is cherished in his native land with profound respect and love, as of a most faithful Minister of Christ.

CARDIGAN, P.E.I.—The Presbyterians of Cardigan are taking steps to build a new church. Rev. E. Gillis, Pastor, has been much cheered of late with tokens of success both at Cardigan and Dundas. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was dispensed at Cardigan recently. At Cardigan, 56 new members were added to the church—55 by profession, and 1 by certificate. At Dundas 22 were added, 18 by profession, and 4 by certificate, making a total of 78 new members this year.

OLD CANADA.

LOCHIEL, ONT.—On Sabbath, June 26, Holy Communion was dispensed in the Kirk congregation of Lochiel. The weather was very favorable. Rev. Mr. Smith of Glensandfield preached in Gaelic on Friday, and Mr. John W. McLeod (Student) in English. On Saturday, Rev. Mr. Mackenzie preached in the East Church (St. Columba), and Mr. McLeod in the West Church. On Sabbath, Mr. Mackenzie preached in Gaelic in the East Church, and Mr. Smith preached in English in the West Church. On Monday, both services were held in St. Columba Church, Mr. Smith preaching in Gaelic and Mr. Mackenzie in English. Ten new communicants were added to the Roll. The congregations, especially on the Sabbath day, were very large. Mr. McLeod gives good promise as a preacher.

KIRK HILL.—Our people held a very happy and successful Picnic at Pine Grove Hall here, on the 18th day of June. A large crowd assembled, an enjoyable day was spent, and a handsome sum of money for repairs, improvements, etc., was realized. The following item from the *Glengarrigan* speaks for itself:—

"If Thursday's rain was a disappointment to the people of Kirk Hill and prevented them from realizing their anticipated pleasure, it also added vigor to their desire for enjoyment, and, consequently, it is not surprising that Saturday, bright and sunny, brought to Pine

Grove Lodge what proved to be the largest crowd ever seen in that part of the country. By eleven o'clock upwards of two thousand people had assembled on the grounds and faces representative of almost every section of the county might be met with in the throng.

"At an early hour the McCormack boys and Mr. Dan Robertson of Lochiel, took their places on the platform and tendered their assistance in the Terpsicorean art; and it was quite evident that the visitors had gone there to thoroughly enjoy themselves. Promptly at twelve o'clock the doors were thrown open and admission given to the bountiful tables that seemed to groan under the weight of good things with which they were laden, and the splendid manner in which the refreshments were served, spoke well for the young ladies and gentlemen in charge thereof.

"Among other things which claimed considerable attention, was a contest for a silver headed cane. The young ladies seeking the suffrages on behalf of the gentlemen whose names were used for the occasion (Mr. R. R. McLennan and Mr. Peter Purcell) were most indefatigable in their labors, with the result that a handsome sum was realized. Mr. McLennan won the cane by a large majority."

THE ROYAL SCOTS.

THEY formed a gorgeous feature
On the day of Jubilee,
The Kilted Sons of Scotia,
With proud step marching free;
In solid square with bayonets fixed,
Or longtrench into line,
They woke the deathless memories
Of glorious *and lang syne*!

They wore the kilt and philebeg,
The sporran and claymore,
That graced the stalwart forms of old,
The tartan clans of yore.
The men who gave the Highland Hills
A record and a name,
Where sabre flashed and bayonets gleamed
On many a field of fame!

Who fought with Abercrombie,
Where bullets fell like rain—
With Moore at red Corunna—
With Wolf on Abraham's Plain!
Where'er on glory's crimson field
The Meteor banner flew,
"Till Bannockburn had faded dim
In the blaze of Waterloo!

I gazed upon them proudly,
And I thought of Alma's Height—
Of the charging squadrons of the Greys,
In the Crimean fight!
Of the battle for the Standards,
Mid Waterloo's fierce clang,
When the Black Watch slogan o'er the din
Of conflict loudly rang!

I listened to the pibroch,
And I stood beside Cawnpore,
Where Nana Sahib's traitor hand
Bedewed the land with gore;
I heard McGregor's slogan
That wakened Jessie Brown;
And fast at Havelock's Highland charge
I saw the foe go down!