

On Friday I took a roundabout drive of 20 miles to Brackley Point Road Church, and preached on union to a good congregation; and then addressed them on our missions; and thereafter drove into Charlottetown. The weather was delightful, and the Island was looking its best, and that is saying not a little. Haymakers were busy in the fields with the last of the hay; and the grain and root crops looked strong and luxuriant. The country seemed made up of gentlemen's seats, alternating with parks and gardens. It will look very different two or three months hence; but for a summer residence no one could desire better than what P. E. I. offers.

On Saturday morning an old friend drove me up to DeSable, where I had been engaged to assist at the Communion on the following day. We arrived at the Church about 11.30 A. M., and found that between one and two hundred people had assembled. The elders, seated under and around the pulpit, were singing a Gaelic hymn from the book published by their late lamented pastor. When it was finished, Mr. McColl conducted a short Gaelic, and I followed with an English service. The attention paid was very marked, and there were several other things that pleased me. The people from each district sat by themselves, and so, instead of being scattered over the building, they sat in compact companies, and looked like an organized body and not a mob of selfish units. My readers must understand that at the annual Communion at DeSable, there is a great gathering of all under Mr. McColl's pastorate on the half of the Island West from Charlottetown. He has seven churches within these bounds, besides smaller stations, and as, of course, he can be in each only once in seven weeks on an average, the people meet by themselves on the other Sundays, and, under the leadership of the elders, have devotional exercises and Scripture reading for two or three hours. Then, on the Saturday before the Communion, the representatives of each meeting sit in the church in an appointed place, and, if there be occasion to inquire into any matter, the elders report, and it is duly investigated. The late Mr. McDonald was evidently a man of high organizing capacity. He combined in-

tense spiritual fervour and enthusiasm with a high sense of the value of forms and church order. Thus, for instance, though I believe every elder that he ordained is able to preside or take part in a prayer meeting, and to visit and edify the sick and weak, he never, on any pretence, would allow an elder to intrude into the office of the ministry, and preach the Word or administer the Sacraments. It is to be lamented that, since his death, some who had sat at his feet for years, and would not have dared, had he been living, to depart from the comely order of the Church of Scotland he valued so highly, have now broken off into schism, and, without ordination or authority, have assumed the office of the ministry. He indeed predicted with tears before his death that it would be so, for he was a man of keen discernment, and was well able to distinguish between spiritual pride and true spirituality. But this diary must not slide into an article on this subject, or it will cease to be a diary.

On Sunday morning the DeSable church presented a striking aspect. The building is seated for about 800, but there were at least 1000 in it, and about 500 more pressed round the doors, or walked up and down outside. In the centre of the church, and extending from door to door, was the long table, at which 50 or 60 could sit, with the vessels of the sanctuary on it, and the whole covered with a spotless white linen cloth. The men and the women sat in different parts of the church, the Communicants down stairs, and all others in the galleries. One-half of the body of the church, and two-thirds of the galleries, were packed with men; the rest of the space was occupied by the women. Some may think that this arrangement savours of High Churchism, but I liked the effect. Again you felt, here is system, discipline, and not merely individual taste and whims. And now, O ye clamourers for twenty minutes' sermons, how long do you think did Mr. McColl and I minister in the DeSable church on that Sunday? From 11 A. M., to 6.15 P. M., and neither we nor the people were tired. You will take my own word for it that I was not tired. And you will accept, as good evidence that neither were the people, this fact, that on the next morning at 10