



Valleyfield, P. E. I.

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VALLEYFIELD, P. E. I.

Of Valleyfield I now will sing,
Where first I knew my Saviour King,
Who there Himself revealed to me,
And His Salvation made me see.

Thy hills and vales are lovely green,
When in their summer glory seen ;
Soft o'er them blows the gentle breeze,
Waving the grasses, flowers and trees.

Abundant crops are yearly grown,
And many are the acres sown ;
Rich are the fields of ripening grain,
Nourished by sunshine and by rain.

There cosy homes in comfort stand,
Throughout the confines of the land,
Where comforts of all kind are found,
And peace and harmony abound.

Thy people as a rule were kind,
And few exceptions one could find ;
The wayfaring man his rest could get,
With their best things before him set.

They were prayerful and devout ;
Their life in general good throughout ;
On education they were bent,
And to the school their children sent.

Most things referred to are long past ;
We hope the good effects still last ;
Though things may not now be so bright
That still remain the truth and light.

Loved friends now in thy church yard lie,
But hope they live above the sky ;
In thee I loved companions made ;
Some passed away ; man's but a shade.

I often think of the days at school,
When played and romped we to the full ;
In class some strove the head to take,
While others would no effort make.

And once a week in Lodge we met,
On temperance our minds to set,
And business routine, being o'er,
Stump orators got on the floor.

And oft we had a keen debate,
Not followed by any hate ;
While each one strove to make his point,
The vote would sometimes disappoint.

And to the Sabbath School we went,
The people there the children sent ;
The minister's wife took the lead,
And with her class did gently plead.

And all the teachers labored well,
The love and grace of Christ to tell ;
The subject sought they to explain,
To youthful minds to make it plain.

And good impressions there were made,
Which from their minds could never fade;
And then some the new life began,
And on the way to Heaven ran.

Our Sabbath School indeed was good,
Instruction given as it should ;
And Psalms and Hymns we sweetly sang,
The church with youthful voices rang.

And to those days we turn with pleasure,
And in our memory all we treasure ;
They waken in us thoughts of love,
Our minds they raise to things above.

I well remember days gone by,
And when I think of them I sigh ;
A glorious revival came ;
We praise the Saviour for the same.

Then young and old did seek the Lord,
And were attentive to His word ;
Their hearts were broken for their sin ;
Sore pain and sorrow was within.

And then a season came of joy,
Their tongues in praises they employ ;
They tell of their Redeemer's love,
Of peace and gladness from above.

How joyful, 'twas to speak of Christ,
Amazingly sweet 's this love at first ;
The fields and woods seemed made anew,
The starry sky so sweet and blue.

Our conversation was of Heaven,
And of the mercy God had given,
How with conviction we were touched,
And worldly interests were hushed.

How awful it was to be lost,
And all that sin to us had cost ;
And how we felt the pains of hell,
Which none but saved one here can tell.

A mountain weight the burden was,
Until we came before the cross,
And then that burden fell away ;
O, happy ! happy ! was that day.

And none the joy can ever tell ;
We were set free from pains of hell ;
Salvation's joy who can declare ?
'Tis in our hearts, we feel it there.

Our new life was then but begun ;
Upon us risen was the sun ;
His living rays upon us fell ;
Into our hearts they came to dwell.

By grace now we are of the light,
Past is the feverish sinful night ;
Sweet to our souls is gospel sound,
Since Christ's salvation we have found.

Our meetings then were lively, bright,
We oft sat up till late at night ;
Our conversation was so sweet,
Partaking of the Heavenly meat.

How all these blessings came about,
A little we will give throughout ;
From Ontario a preacher came,
And John MacTavish was his name.

His preaching clear and pointed was,
Showing to us our dreadful loss,
While walking in the way that's broad,
That we were enemies to God.

That for our sins we must be tried,
And some of them were scarlet dyed ;
God's law could not be set aside,
We His decision must abide ;

That of our sins we must repent,
Or down to lasting woes be sent ;
That if Salvation we neglect,
The Lord will us at last reject ;

That now is the time accepted,
For Heav'n high to be perfected ;
Salvation now is full and free,
For all who would Christ's glory see.

That Jesus did not wish our death,
But did rejoice in our new birth ;
It is in mercy He delights,
And in the glorious sons of light.

And then began it to appear,
That many had been moved with fear,
That arrows from the Almighty's bow
Into their very hearts did go.

And some began to mourn and weep ;
They silent could no longer keep ;
And others did for mercy call,
And some upon the floor did fall.

Others began with joy to sing
The praises of our Saviour King ;
Unusual sights were then seen ;
Those praying who had careless been.

Along the highways they did pray,
And some along the fences lay ;
Many for their sins were weeping,
Earnestly salvation seeking.

Glorious time it truly was,
Salvation getting at the cross ;
Their burdens from the sinners fell,
And they escaped the pains of hell.

And some who had been careless wild,
By grace were made so loving mild ;
A new nature has been given ;
Their faces now are turned to Heaven.

They're now ashamed of Christ no more,
Their days of folly now are o'er ;
A time of wisdom has begun ;
They in the way to Heaven run.

The love of God shone in their face,
So great indeed 's the power of grace ;
The power of sin has been subdued,
Because their hearts have been renewed.

And home they went to tell the rest,
That they had been so richly blest ;
The Lord had filled their hearts with love,
And now they think of things above !

That they were sinners they confess,
Their tears of sorrow can't repress ;
Their hearts now broken are for sin ;
The precious blood has made them clean.

It was a Pentecost again,
When many did salvation gain ;
With joy and gladness they spoke out,
Exhorting those that were about.

In Valleyfield were able men,
Who in the eldership were then ;
In prayer they were of renown,
And now they wear the Heavenly crown.

They passed to their eternal rest,
Are with the army of the blest ;
Each of them was a shining light,
We oft recall them with delight.

They steadfast were in Christian race,
And now behold the Saviour's face ;
Their joy and gladness is complete,
This world is set beneath their feet.

The men who spoke on Question Day
Have nearly all passed away :
Campbells, MacLeods and Mathesons,
MacSwain, MacKays and Nicholsons.

MacGregor, Lamont, Bruces, too
MacKenzie, Gillis, Martins, two,
MacDonald, MacLean, 'mong them was
And MacLennan, of Whim Road Cross.

There were some others who took part,
Who from memory did depart ;
Most of those men spoke well indeed ,
To all, the people paid good heed.

The day was certainly well spent,
And many truly did repent,
And from the ways of folly turned
Their former ways of life they spurned.

Those men were of the earth, the salt ;
Their enemies could prove no fault ;
Their lives were uniformly good,
For truth and righteousness they stood.

'Twas good to hear them Question Day,
And follow what they had to say ;
For in experience they were deep,
And rightly did define the sheep.

Then of the goats the marks they gave;
Spared not the hypocrite and knave;
The weak and doubting were made glad;
But the professing graceless sad.

That day a searching was of heart,
And some there were that felt the smart;
And others felt sweet joy within;
Others convicted were of sin.

The marks they gave were very keen,
In false professors stirred the spleen;
But then the Church was edified,
And God the Lord was glorified.

And some that day found happiness,
And were encouraged to profess,
And at the table took their place,
Kept steady in the Christian race.

Now Question Day is sadly gone,
The light is dimmed that brightly shone;
In fervency the church has lost,
And great indeed to men 's the cost.

O 'twas a sweet foretaste of Heaven,
To Zion's weary children given;
And here they did their strength renew,
And on their journey did pursue.

And many came from far and near,
The gospel's joyful sound to hear;
And many from Strathalbyn came,
Women and men of Godly fame.

The men were up on Question Day,
And bright and glorious things did say;
The people many comments made
On precious things that had been said.

In the second week of July,
Christ did his hand to work apply;
And to define a little more,
'Twas in eighteen seventy four.

The work of grace was then revived,
And mercies got that were desired ;
A Pentecostal blessing came,
For which we bless Jehovah's name.

An open house was kept by all,
The family glad to have you call ;
Their tables they did richly spread,
And all were bountifully fed.

They were so glad to have a crowd,
Who had the greatest felt most proud ;
They never missed whate'er was spent,
Because the Lord His blessing lent.

A singer sweet you there could hear
In Alexander Campbell dear ;
We'll see him with the throng above,
And greet him in the land of love.

Her sons, all of the Scottish race,
Stand high to-day in many a place;
As students they were bright, we say,
As proved on Convocation day.

Many now in professions stand,
A credit to their native land ;
Some have put on the lawyer's gown,
And some are doctors of renown.

Others were of the spirit born,
And now the pulpit they adorn ;
Ambassadors they are for Christ,
Which of professions is the first.

For glorious times we're looking yet,
And from the Lord we such can get;
If we but seek with all our heart,
A blessing rich will God impart.

Our God can yet rich blessings send,
Though many do him now offend;
The world is full of vain conceit;
Of falsehood, sin, and all deceit.

But God the darkness can expel;
Christ has defeated powers of hell,
And Satan's Kingdom down can break,
And all His own from thence can take.

We then look out for glorious days,
For this each godly one now prays.
A time when Christ puts forth His power,
His Spirit on us down to pour.

And when our days of toil are o'er,
When we shall sin and weep no more;
We hope to pass to Heaven above,
The land of God's eternal love.

Let Christians then both watch and pray,
Living in hope from day to day;
Our great high priest is now in Heaven;
To us His promise He has given.

Oh, send us blessings as before;
Our Saviour dear, we Thee adore;
Thou hast died on Calvary's tree,
Whence comes Salvation full and free.

And soon our friends we hope to meet
Around Christ's throne each other greet;
For our Salvation give Him praise,
Our voice forever louder raise.

Valleyfield, take this gift from me,
A token of regard for thee ;
I feel that little I can do,
That better things to thee are due.

And now let other friends thee praise
In sparkling, clear and racy lays,
Each beauty and each virtue tell
In rhymes that will my verse excel.

'Twas God that all these mercies willed,
His promises in Christ fulfilled,
His Son for us that freely gave,
Our souls from sin and death to save.



