

Devoted to the Literature, History, Folk-lore and best interests of the Province of Prince Edward Island.

THE MAGAZINE GUARDIAN

Successor to the PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE. Issued Every Saturday Morning.

THE FIRST SYNOD AT CHARLOTTETOWN

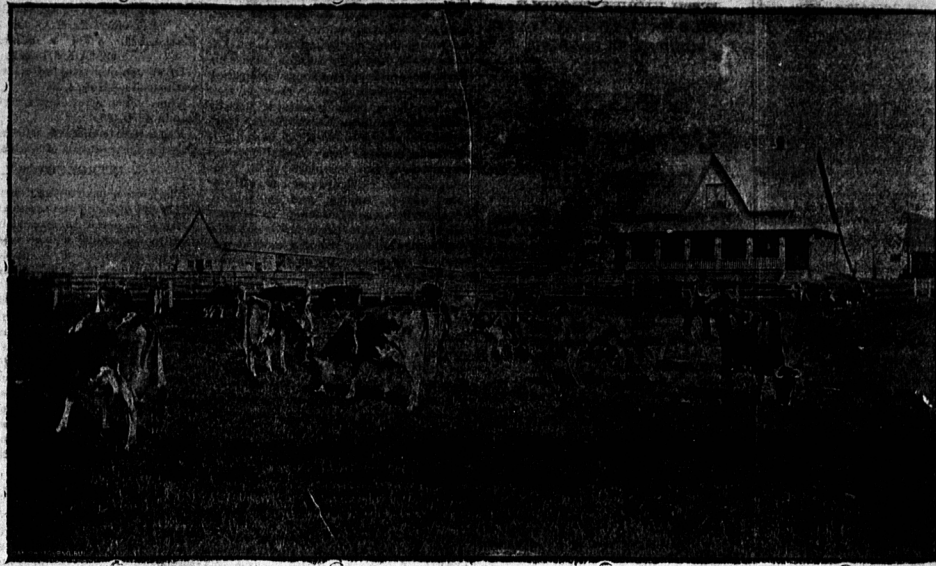
Forty two years ago the first meeting of a Synod was held at Charlottetown. The first meeting of the then highest ecclesiastical court in P. E. Island formed an epoch in the history of Presbyterianism here. 65 ministers and 37 elders attended, a much smaller gathering than in the annual Maritime Synod of to-day. Only 14 of the ministers present in 1833 are now living and nearly all the representative elders have been removed from earth. Rev. Hugh McLeod, D. D., the retiring Moderator, preached a very appropriate and masterly discourse on the words "For the Work of the Ministry," Rev. R. S. Patterson, Bellevue, succeeded him in the Moderator's chair. Three young men during the year were ordained to the ministry and took their seats at Synod for the first time. Drs. Falconer, K. J. Grant, and Rev. W. R. Frame. 5 men were licensed, Messrs Thos. Curming, W. I. Campbell, W. Stuart, John Lamont, and James D. Gordon. The Synod met on the 21th June and continued in session until the 6th July and a formidable docket of business was disposed of. Much important legislation

was enacted which is telling upon the welfare of the church today. The Widows and Orphan's Fund scheme was launched which is now in a most flourishing condition and is proving exceedingly helpful to those whose earthly helpers have been removed. A standing committee was appointed called the Supplementary Board to grant help to weak congregations in raising their pastor's salary. This scheme originated through an application from the congregation of Wallace, seeking aid from the Home Mission Fund. The formation of the new scheme is fully justified as we look at its history. The present augmentation scheme is continuing the good work. A deputation from the Methodist Church brought fraternal greetings from their body. The three good brethren members of this deputation wrought faithfully in the sister church and have long since been removed from earth. Rev. Nell McKay, D. D., then of St. John represented the Synod of the Presbyterian Church of New Brunswick and brought with him \$217 as a contribution to the Foreign Mission Fund. The

annual F. M. Report presented had a sad and sorrowful tinge. It noted the death of Rev. W. and Mrs. Matheson, New Hebrides, and a suitable resolution was adopted and engrossed on the minutes. Rev. Dr. Morrison then under appointment to the same field was present and took his seat as a corresponding member of Synod.

The great movement inaugurated at this meeting was the resuscitation of Dalhousie College. An anti-clerical discussion took place; a motion and amendment were introduced the latter of which was carried and the names of voters were journalized. It was an anxious time, the day of small things, but Dalhousie's present circumstances and outlook indicate that the brethren acted wisely.

This old meeting of Synod forms an interesting piece of "ancient history." It was a delightful meeting and full of promise. A glance at the roll shows the names of honored men who wrought faithfully and are now enjoying their rest and reward.



A PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND FARM SCENE.

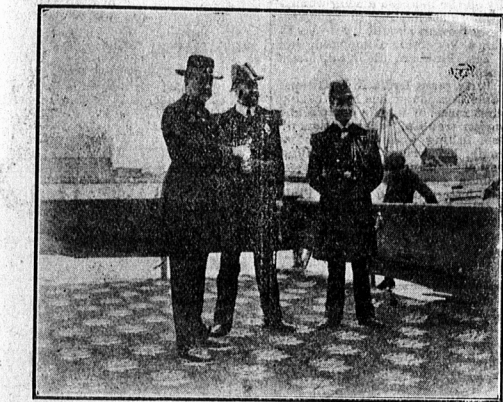


Photo by Wm. Duffy.

Prince Louis of Battenburg, His Aide-de-Camp and Marshal Cameron.

This photograph, the only one taken of the Prince while in the city, was secured after he had landed at Pownall wharf and was awaiting the carriages there. Mr. Duffy secured an excellent photograph under difficult circumstances as the day was very dark.

THE DESERTED HOUSE

Yes, I am left all alone tonight. For well nigh sixty years my old roof has sheltered someone until tonight. Every living thing has left the place. I wonder, if those who have just deserted me realise the feelings of the old house which they have left forever! How many scenes of joy and sorrow do I recall, now that my fires are out and I am left all alone!

What tho' they say others shall occupy me again: will it be the old familiar and beloved faces of those I have sheltered, some of them for nearly half a century? Ah! no, these will never again call me home. Home, that dearest word; who's heart does not thro' faster with thoughts of home? How it grieves me to think of all the dear ones who have gone. And many more have enjoyed the hospitality of those, whose faces I shall see no more.

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I once thought that I was a very fine house, as in my earlier days no grand dwelling was to be seen, but how time changes all things. Now there are many finer houses than I, where for years after I was built, I was the only one in sight on this side of the bridge—excepting the old English Church. How it puzzled and grieved me when I saw them pulling that old friend down. They took it away and rebuilt it into a barn. What a fall; but such is fate.

The bridge too, was only a rude affair of logs and planks. Now there is a neat strong-looking steel bridge. Beautiful homes with all the modern conveniences to be had in a country place now stand in view.

A fine new church is rearing its steeple on the north side of the bridge. The old one is, like myself, out of date. Ah! old church, you and I have many memories in common. Was it not within thy walls my dear old master worshipped! How many blessed and hallowed seasons has he enjoyed there! And his loved ones were they not there with him.

My roof, till late years was always a shelter for those who ministered to the people there, and a hearty welcome was always awaiting them whenever they chose to make me their resting place. But now all is changed. Very soon, old church, you will be deserted like myself. What your fate will be, it is hard to say. Shall we say "Alas! for the good old

lays of yore?" No, no, we have fulfilled our mission. We know, as time goes on, that everything changes; new ideas, intentions ways of living, and the relentless roll of time make it impossible for us to keep the places we once held in the estimation of the people.

"But they change as all things change here, Nothing in this world can last." Let me think! What can I remember of the past? My old master was one of the first settlers here. There is not such a fine site for a house in all the village. The north and east view takes in all the harbor to the open sea. The western view follows the river for half a mile up, and shows the new railroad which is, just now, in working order. Southerly there are a goodly number of dwelling houses, as well as a large public hall and school building, also the Methodist Church and Temperance Hall with some work shops. I have watched all these being built, and rejoiced to see that my neighbors were thriving so numerous.

My master was a Lowland Scotchman who emigrated here from Glasgow, Scotland. He was the first merchant in the place, and for some years he supplied the wants of the people. After a time there was another place of business opened on the north side of the bridge; but I saw the failure of that, soon followed by another merchant, who started on a very small scale, but who worked up the largest business ever carried on in this part of the Island; and who was for a long period largely connected with the political affairs of the Province, and was a member of the Canadian Senate for some years before his death. He and my old master, tho' differing on politics, were always good friends. Now they say I have been bought, with the farm, by his son.

My nearest neighbor on the west side also started a store in connection with shipbuilding. The shipbuilding is long ago a thing of the past, but he kept the store till within a year or two of his death.

My old master was a farmer, too, but his farm was greatly marred by swamps, so that he was not so successful in tilling the soil as some of his neighbors whose was more adapted to farming. A good deal of the land has been sold in lots for building purposes.

My first mistress came of good old Guernsey stock. When they moved from the old log house into my shelter, they brought with them two little boys and a little girl. What dear children they were. There was a dear old grandma too, and I found quite a company to start with. Soon after another little boy was added to the flock. These all grew up under my roof. Two other little ones came after that, but were soon taken away again, and oh! so soon followed by the mother, my beloved mistress. Shall I ever forget the heart-rending sorrow of that dark season! Ah! no, not if I stand for centuries.

My dear mistress' mother was then still

SOCIAL AMUSEMENTS

Put no obstacle in the way of the enjoyment of everything that wealth and liberality can contribute to divert the spirits and gratify the imagination, and elevate the heart; but let it be remembered, that over all the preparations, the spirit of intelligence and discretion should preside; and that there can be no permanent happiness where there is a departure from propriety. He is not the kindest friend, who pours forth the most liberally of his abundance; but he who so manages his contributions, that, while he

promotes the innocent hilarity, he does not jeopardize the moral habits of the companions collected around him.

We are getting to be more dull, and grave, and phlegmatic, than is wise or prudent. The plan of our association is too strictly utilitarian. We prune off and pare down, until the fruit, as well as foliage, is in danger of destruction. We are very little of an imaginative people. There is not much that seems to us expedient, unless its exact value is first mathematically ascertained. The may-

pole and the liberty pole are cut down; the sports and gambols of merry England, the jocular hilarity of beautiful France, the song, the dance, the improvisatore of romantic Italy, are out of season and out of climate; and our public days are too often days of disgraceful intemperance, because there are no national games, so lawful, pleasurable pastimes, which may be honestly substituted for the daily labor of life.

JAMES T. AUSTIN.

living. She was an old lady, but for a number of years she was left to be a comfort to those who were so sadly bereaved. She was so sorely stricken in her old age, but the dear young people helped to comfort her in her sadness and sorrow.

After a time my master brought home another mistress to preside over my rooms and inmates. She was a cousin of my first mistress, and another old daughter, but she had several brothers. After a time her eldest son was born, who grew to be my late master. Two dear little children, first a girl and then a boy were added to the family, but were soon snatched away by that dreaded disease—diphtheria. These scenes, altho' not new to me now, never lost their awe and dread for me. Oh! could I but have made known to my dear master and mistress how I sympathized with them in their sorrow; but I was dumb and my sorrow was keener because unexpressed.

Then a new experience came to us all. We saw the three older boys, who were now grown to be young men, leave my roof, one by one, to seek their fortunes in distant lands. Methinks the torture it would have been to see them all gone at the same time. I know, now, I shall see them no more. One of them has passed away to his rest; the other two are still living in California. Loneliness filled my rooms, but good news of their welfare reached us from time to time, and again cheerfulness filled the house; helped too by the little cousin who came to live with us at this time. She was a bright, winning little lassie, and she and my young master grew up together, a pair of roguish romping children. They kept us all lively.

A while after another little black-eyed girl was born, and soon after the eldest daughter was married and left with her husband for Providence, R. I., where they are still living. It was joy and sorrow combined, but I began to feel that change was the rule of all things. The old lady's death soon after made us all feel deeply the fact that earth is not our abiding place.

Two other little black-eyed curly haired maidens were born to my master and mistress. How my old walls rang with the sound of their merry voices and pat-

ter of their little feet. So many times had death invaded my walls, this with the departure of all the older ones had made me melancholy, but those three dear little maids cheered my old rooms as nothing else could have done.

Many people made my shelter their home at this period. The school teachers boarded here for years, and some others of the young people who started in business in the village from time to time. A great many travellers made me their resting place also, and it was a rare thing for the family to be alone.

But these times had an end. The shadow of a great trouble again hung over us. Day by day for months my dear mistress grew more and more feeble. Not old age was stealing her from us, else we might have been more resigned, but disease fastened itself upon her, and after a time she was unable to leave her bed, and then, oh! what grief, she too, was taken away from earth with its trials and sorrows and her dear children were motherless. But bravely we struggled on, the adopted daughter doing what she could to fill the place left so sadly vacant. Sometimes we were cheered by the visits of some of those who had left us, and news of their welfare came often helping to lighten life's burdens. Many friends came and went, and everything at last moved on smoothly, but, my dear old master was lonely, and the place of mother was never filled.

In a few years the adopted daughter went away to seek a home for herself. She has drifted far from my shelter, as they all have. Away in the sunny land of Florida she has her home.

Soon my old master's health began to fail; he was now an old man, he had passed the allotted span of life, and had seen much trouble and sorrow, but was still full of fun and mirthful speeches. After some months of suffering he passed away to his eternal home, there to meet all the loved ones who had gone before. At his death my young master took charge. The three little girls were now young women grown, and sorely did they miss their old father.

My young master soon began to consider the need of a new mistress for my old

HUMAN LOVE.

An entire creed and catechism is contained in the following stray gem which we pick up uncredited. Its doctrine is pure as the dew of the morning, and as refreshing to the heart as this nectar to young buds.

O, if there is one law above the rest, Written in wisdom—if there is a word That I would trace as with a pen of fire Upon the unsullied temper of a child— If there is anything that keeps the mind Open to angel's visits, and repels The ministry of ill—'tis human love! God has made nothing worthy of cult tempt;

The smallest pebble in the well of truth Has its peculiar meanings, and will stand When man's best monuments wear fast away.

The law of heaven is love, and though its name Has been usurped by passion and profaned

To its unholy uses through all time, Still the external principle is pure; And in those deep affections that we feel

Omnipotent within us, can we see The lavish measure in which love is given, And in the yearning tenderness of a child;

For every bird that sings above its head, And every creature feeding on the hills, And every tree and flower, and running brook,

We see how everything was made to love, And how they err who in a world like this, Find anything to hate but human pride.

taken, and may God bless them where ever they roam. And sometimes, I would wish them to remember me and the scenes of joy and sorrow connected with me. I can hardly realise that I have passed out of the possession of the family I always have sheltered, and so dearly loved, but it may be it is all for the best, and I shall say, "God's will be done. He doeth all things well."

C. M. B.

NAVIGATING THE STRAITS

The steamer Northern Light, said a day last in boats. On Saturday thirteen ashore on foot. They suffered terribly from cold and exposure and two of them Capt. Gordon and a Mr. Pollard were badly frozen. It is feared Mr. Pollard will lose his feet. The steamer is still stuck in the ice off Murray Harbor with twenty passengers landed at Cape Bear on Thurs hard piece of ice and succeeded in getting passengers still on board.

The Still Small Voice

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