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## ACROSS THE ISLAND

### Long Sermons In Other Years

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I HAVE seen a number of interesting "Grandfather Clocks" in various parts of the province. One of the most interesting stands in the home of William Johnstone, Kensington, who farmed successfully for many years in Long River.

It was brought to this country by his great grandfather more than 125 years ago, but some people have estimated that it must be at least 300 years old.

The attractive clock stands some seven feet high, keeps time so accurately that there is not a minute's variation in a month, Mr. Johnstone told me. It has a sweep second hand and even tells the day of the month. Only the striking mechanism is a casualty. It also had the phases of the moon, but they were removed some years ago while the clock was in a jeweler's shop for repairs.

ANOTHER INTERESTING clock with Island background is the one owned now in Calgary by David Johnstone. It was buried once in an old saw pit at Long River and covered with clay and sawdust, as a fire that started in Norboro swept through to the shore at Park's Corner. The clock is still keeping time, the Johnstones told me.

I saw another interesting old Grandfather Clock in Alex MacFarlane's home in Annandale recently. Like the others, it's much more than 100 years old, although Mr. MacFarlane couldn't estimate just how old it is.

### Unusual Things Heard In Church

I'VE HEARD some interesting tales of unusual happenings at religious services in other years. William Johnstone recalled two for me recently.

In Clifton a church goer was in the habit of talking out loud at times as he agreed, or sometimes disagreed with the minister. On one occasion the minister was telling the story of the rich young man who said he would pull down his barns and build greater to store his bountiful crop, when the voice from the pews blurted out:

"The darn fool, why didn't he do like my son, John, did last year. He cut his barn down the middle, pushed one end out and built the addition in the center." And that made sound common sense, although it was offered in an unusual place.

ON ANOTHER occasion a clergyman was referring somewhat uncertainly, apparently, to a man who had shot a bear in previous years, when a voice from the pews interjected emphatically:

"Don't you know that it was William Johnstone who shot that bear?" The reference was to another Johnstone, not to the man who told me the story.

### Mussel Mud Value Extolled

CHARLIE MacKENZIE, a former Granville man who lived for some years in retirement at Winsloe, but now resides in Charlottetown, told me one about a prominent farmer who made an unusual outburst in a church not too far from Granville.

A tremendously hard worker, the man hauled mussel mud practically every hour of the day in the winter, and often fell asleep in church. This time he blurted out in the middle of the sermon, "You can say what you like, but you can't beat mussel mud for the land".

And that reminds me that Robert Parent has had an old mussel mud digger reconstructed on a miniature scale at the agricultural museum he has developed at Birch Court. He has a few parts of the original digger, including the shovel and would like to get a picture or some pictures of a mud digger in operation, so he could add it to the museum.

### Book Of Job Was A Long Story

A STORY from Stafford Gordon, Montague completes this list for today. The first dwelling house of the Gordons of Brudenell was used as a meeting house for worship, and one evening an English professor was reading "The Lesson" from the book of Job. Becoming deeply absorbed in the chapters he lost track of time and forgot that he was reading to a group of worshippers.

He went on and on until finally he came to a most interesting passage and blurted out "God bless me, I never knew that was in the Bible", then glanced up as the general outburst of laughter reminded him where he was and "overwhelmed with embarrassment, beat a hasty retreat."

### Service Lasted Over Five Hours

CHARLIE MacKENZIE brought me a short sketch on "The Pioneers of South Granville" which has a couple of interesting items on long sermons, written by the late Robert McKay shortly before he died at his home in Stanley Bridge on Feb. 20, 1942.

There was suitable reference to the old-fashioned "Communion season" when "Sacrament services" began on Thursday morning and ended with a service of "thanksgiving" Monday morning. There was some variation as to the number of services but the MacKay account tells of three services on Thursday, three on Friday and on Saturday the Rev Alexander Stirling would preach for over three hours in the forenoon.

"He didn't always preach long sermons", Mr. MacKay explained, then recalled that the Rev. John MacLeod on a certain Communion Sabbath in Clinton, "commenced service at 11 o'clock and pronounced the benediction in a very solemn manner after four o'clock in the afternoon.

I RECALL those "Sacrament" services as they were called in our area. I recall with particular pleasure that they were occasions for visits from family members, and more distant relatives from long distances away. The visitors would come Wednesday and stay over until Monday afternoon or longer. I've often heard Premier Walter Shaw and

others talk of the fellowship in the Ceilidhs (Pronounced Kaylees) and other customs of the time. I would add to the list the visits at Sacramento time.

Our people in Rose Valley travelled with horse and wagon to Valleyfield, for example. And that's one place I hope to visit next year for I've long since wanted to re-establish the connections of my parents, even though I've delayed long in making that visit.

Thanks, Greetings To Many Folk

THAT BRINGS me to the end of this column, and the end of the year, and that reminds me that I must express most sincere thanks to the many people across the province, who have been so helpful to me in getting out this weekly column.

The traditional greeting at this time is for "a Happy and Prosperous New Year", but I know that for all too many the season is not happy, and for many others prosperity is beyond their immediate reach. My wish at this time for all of you is for all the good health and happiness that is possible under the circumstances.

I've had many wonderful visits with you in your homes and I'm looking forward to many more. I want to thank, too, the many people who have written, telephoned or dropped in to see me with suggestions and comments. The suggestions have been helpful, the comments kind. See you next year.