

## Correspondence.

## NOTES OF TRAVEL.

On the last Lord's day in August, on invitation of the brethren at Tignish, P. E. I., we were present at the opening of their new house of worship. The day was fine, and the audience for the place was encouraging large and very attentive.

The building of this house depended, under God, upon the energy of these families who nobly undertook the work about eleven months before and pushed it forward without tea meetings or any modern appliances until it was neatly finished and opened on that day. A few friends voluntarily assisted, and the house is almost free from debt, which is another proof of what can be done for the Lord and His cause, even by a few when that few can deny self and make sacrifice for Him who gave up everything and then gave Himself for our present and eternal happiness.

For a length of time there was only one sister at Tignish, a member of the Summerside Church. Afterwards there was one or two more added, then others, until a strong desire was felt to meet for regular worship. About six or seven years ago Bro. Charles Stevenson and family went from New Glasgow and settled in the vicinity of Tignish. The little band gladly availed themselves of Bro. Stevenson's assistance, and have since regularly met on Lord's days, in private houses, for the breaking of bread and prayer. Bro. Stevenson is justly held in high esteem by them. Though now in his 85th year his memory and judgment are almost unimpaired, as also his ability to present the Gospel and teaching of the New Testament. He combines in an eminent degree the solidity of the experienced Christian with the pleasurable vivacity of youth. It is our prayer that these brethren may be faithful to the Lord, and largely enjoy His favor in seeing their families and neighbors walking in the narrow path which leadeth unto life.

September 1st found us in company of wife, adopted daughter, and Sister Phillips, of Charlottetown, crossing the Strait to attend the Annual Meeting at West Gore. After spending a day and night in the kind, intelligent, Christian family of Bro. David Fullerton, of Pictou, we reached Shubenacadie station, where kind friends met and entertained us, and on the 3rd drove us in their carriages to the place of meeting at West Gore. As an account of this meeting has already appeared in THE CHRISTIAN we will add no more than to say that from facts since learned some who were very anxious to know have learned from it the plain plan of salvation, while others were cheered and strengthened in the Christian course.

We remained after the meeting two Lord's days, visiting and preaching nearly every evening, during which time three persons made "the good confession" and were baptized. Among the brethren at West Gore we had much conversation respecting the Kingdom of God. We first visited this place in 1850, and at various times during the five succeeding years. We always found West Gore to be a true and refreshing home. Nearly all of those friends who used to meet and cheer us have passed away, and their remains now repose in the neat cemetery opposite the meeting-house, and others sleep in distant lands. Upon their children and grand children, under Christ, depends the success of His cause. While we remember with joy and thanksgiving the labors, and discouragements, and success, and triumphant death of these pioneers, we feel like exclaiming "Oh that the present works may prove to be the noble sons of noble sires, and the church continue to light the world until He who cometh will come and will not tarry" O that we could always remember the words of the Lord Jesus. "What I say unto you, I say unto all, WATCH."

When we were last in West Gore, 1884, Bro. John B. Wallace was in such precarious health that he considered it unsafe to spend the following winter at home, and forthwith went to California. But

his health is now very materially improved, and still labors faithfully and successfully in his native home. May the Lord continue to bless and prosper him abundantly.

On Monday, the 19th of September, we returned to Shubenacadie, intending to preach there two evenings and then leave for home. The appearance of the audience on the first night made us decide to remain a week longer, which we did, preaching every night (except Saturday) and twice on Lord's day. Three were baptized before our last meeting. When parting with these dear friends a young lady said that her mind was wholly made up to be a Christian, and she wished to be baptized. This was attended to on the following morning before we left. Ours were feelings of mingled joy and grief, joyful at God's great goodness in drawing precious souls to Jesus, and grieved that we could not longer remain to labor in the Master's cause. But as we had overrun our time a week it seemed necessary to leave for home, which we reached in safety on October 1st, having additional reasons for praising our Heavenly Father for all His goodness.

D. C.

## FAREWELL TO P. E. I.

BY IRA C. MITCHELL.

The morning of August 27th, in the year of our Lord 1886, and the days immediately preceding, are indelibly impressed upon my memory. On Tuesday evening (the 25th), the Church in Lot 48 came together by appointment to hear a parting address from the humble brother who a little less than a year before had been called from a distant State to break to them the Bread of Life, and on the following evening the noble little band of brothers and sisters in Charlottetown assembled for the same purpose, and on the morning of Thursday (the 27th), when my little household went to the station to take the train on our departing journey, we were surprised to find a large number of Disciples and friends gathered there to take the parting hand, and in loving tones to bid us God-speed. The scenes comprehended within these three days are among the saddest of my life. As I gazed upon the faces of those who had become bound to my soul by the tender ties of brotherly love in the anointed family of God, and reflected that in all probability I would see them no more, the deepest emotions of my heart were stirred, I felt the power of that unearthly love from which "neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principality, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us," and my sorrow was mitigated by the blessed hope, that although I may never see their faces in the flesh again, I will meet these loved ones on "the sunny banks of never-ending day," clothed in bodies as pure and holy as the love that burns within them. What a precious faith is that which bridges the gloomy chasm of death, and gives to earthly partings a temporary instead of an eternal caste!

"A few more days or years at most,  
And we shall reach fair Canaan's coast:  
When in that holy, happy land,  
We'll take no more the parting hand.

"O blessed day! O glorious hope!  
My soul rejoices at the thought,  
When in that holy, happy land,  
We'll take no more the parting hand."

On the Monday preceding my departure occurred the saddest service I was called upon to perform during my residence on the Island, namely, to officiate at the funeral of little Milton Stewart, son of my dear brother and sister, Alexander and Anna Stewart, of Lot 48. When I first met them in their home they had an interesting pair of baby boys—Milton and Frank—twins, whose physical and intellectual development I observed during the year with much interest. I had spent ten days in St. John, N. B., (by the kindness of Bro. Capp proposing an exchange of work) and on my return I was shocked by the information that little Milton Stewart was dead! He had been such a vigorous and healthy child that his death was farthest from my

contemplation. How glad I was that the bereaved parents were possessed of an unwavering faith in Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." They bore their sudden affliction with Christian resignation, and the hope of David that they "can go to Him," mitigated the sorrow which otherwise must have been agonizing. May the peace of God keep their hearts and minds through all the trials of their earthly pilgrimage, is my prayer in their behalf.

I want to bear my testimony to the faithfulness and devotion of the Disciples of Christ on Prince Edward Island. They are true Christians, and that is the highest eulogy can be pronounced on any human being, as it is the highest honor to which any of us can attain. I have never experienced better treatment anywhere, and never expect to. The churches in Charlottetown and Lot 48 did more than they had promised for the temporal comfort of myself and family, and I can most heartily commend them to my preaching brethren. It would have been a pleasure for me to have spent the balance of my life on that lovely Island, and but for the certainty that the life of my companion would be endangered by remaining, we would be there still. Right here I will say to her many friends, that the change of climate experienced by a return to the United States has had the effect hoped for, and she is again in the enjoyment of her wonted good health. To avoid an apparent reflection on the general healthfulness of the Island, it is proper to say that salt water air has a peculiar effect on my wife, wherever she comes in contact with it. It behooves her to keep away from the ocean. Prince Edward Island is a remarkably healthful place, and a more hardy, robust population cannot be found anywhere. Feeble, respiratory organs will find the atmosphere too dense and heavy, but in all other respects the climate is favorable to good health and long life.

They want a preacher there now, and I promised to help get them one. If I knew one who wanted to change his field of labor, I would recommend him to write to Matthew Stevenson, Charlottetown, P. E. I., or Robert Stewart, Southport, P. E. I., and whatever they say you can depend on.

My leave-taking of the British Provinces would not be complete, did I not mention my pleasant visit to the beautiful city of St. John, N. B., and the Christian kindness of which I was there made the recipient. While Bro. Capp was visiting his wife's people on the Island I preached two Lord's days, and the intervening evenings to the Coburg St. congregation, and was much surprised to see so fine a city and such a pleasant and devoted band of the followers of the dear Lord. I shall expect to meet them "over there," and the recollection of our meeting here will be sweet.

So many asked me to write to them after I got settled in my new home, that I feel justified in asking THE CHRISTIAN to bear my message to them, one and all. The good Master whom we serve has placed me where there is much work to be done, but with faithful and willing hearts about me to help do it. I am located at Wellsburg, Brooke Co., West Virginia, a little city of between three and four thousand inhabitants, situated on the Ohio river, seven miles from Bethany College, for which it is the railroad station and steamboat landing. The church in this city was established by Thomas and Alexander Campbell, Walter Scott, and others of the Pioneers in 1823, and justly prides itself in being the Mother Church of the Restoration. There are two hundred and seventy names on the list placed in my hands, but I find that many of them are no longer interesting themselves in Heavenly things, while some have gone to "the rest which remains for the people of God," while others have sought other earthly homes. I find, however, a fair proportion of intelligent and devoted men and women who receive the truth with gladness of heart, and manifest a determination to "fight the good fight of faith" to the end, and to wear the crown of life. On the opposite side of the river, in the State of Ohio, is the town of Brilliant, where-