

likely supposition is many would be present and a grand opportunity would be afforded for the preaching of the gospel.

Paul in Gal. v: 1, says. Stand therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage. The Nazarite vow was a part of that yoke, therefore Paul must have entangled himself in that yoke but did so unwittingly and would not have done so under other circumstances and after he wrote his Epistles to the Colossians, Galatians and Hebrews. Will the brother show us the "beautiful lesson" he sees in Paul's action? Will he unfold the beautiful and true for the benefit of us all? Come brother let us hear from you again. Yours,

R. W. STEVENSON.
St. Thomas, Ont.

April 10, 1885.

THE WORK OF THE CHURCH.

I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil.—John, xvii: 15.

When our Lord offered this prayer He was drawing near the close of His earth life, with the cross full in view, and the glory just beyond. His mission to the world was well nigh finished, and the acceptable sacrifice was soon to be offered. He had gathered about Him a few disciples to whom He had "spoken the things pertaining to the kingdom of God."

The truths He had taught them and was yet to teach them, were for the salvation of men. But these truths, in order to be effectual must be believed; and in order to faith they must be heard. "And how can they hear without a preacher?" That men might hear the gospel and believe and thus be led to call upon the name of the Lord and be saved, He committed to the disciples the word of reconciliation; and though He well knew that stripes and imprisonment awaited them, and cruel death in the end, yet He prayed that they should not be taken out of the world till their work was finished; only that they should be kept from the "evil one."

From this we learn that it was just as much a part of the divine plan that the gospel should be preached in order to the salvation of the sinner, as it was that Christ should die for him. And it is just as evident that the Lord has committed the work of preaching to His church. We cannot separate the work of the Lord and the work of the church. "It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe."

In the great plan of salvation, God is working through human instrumentality. When Christ came to the world, He came in the flesh; and when the Holy Spirit was sent He came to man; and the truth, that was the power of God to salvation was committed to His Church. How weighty then the obligation of God's children. A world lying in sin. Our neighbors and friends around us yet out of Christ, and the only means of their salvation committed to our hands. Well might the church be called the "light of the world," since it is her work to hold out the great light that shall lead men from the "power of darkness to the kingdom of God's dear Son."

In view of the great responsibility thus placed upon us, brethren, what are we doing? Evidently it is the duty of every member of the church, male or female, young or old, to do their utmost to assist in the work of the church, both at home and abroad. The church work at home should be kept alive. The meetings of the Lord's day, the prayer-meetings, and the Sunday-school, all demand our interest and our labor. Besides building up at home it is the duty of every church to have the word of the Lord sounding out from them. In this way every congregation of Christians becomes a missionary society.

It is not enough that we should be saved ourselves. There is nothing selfish in the spirit of the

gospel; it is looking to the good of others. Are we then, as the stewards of God, doing what we can to advance the interest of the cause of Christ at home, and at the same time assisting by our means to send the gospel to those who are perishing for the light it can only afford? Are all those who profess to be preachers of the gospel alive to this work? Brethren, let us prayerfully answer these questions in view of the day when we shall be called upon to give an account for our stewardship.

E. C. FORD.

Westport, April 22, 1884.

FROM STARKE.

DEAR CHRISTIAN.—Your cheery little face has not been seen by me now for more than two months, owing to my absence from Virginia. Yet I fancy you are moving on in the even tenor of your way, and making monthly visits to homes, many of which are near and dear to the heart of the writer. I have been for the last two months sojourning in this, "the land of flowers." At the earnest solicitation of friends who had preceded me to Florida, I severed myself, not without many a heartache, from my many beloved brethren and friends of Gordonsville, and turned my eyes and anticipations farther southward. On my way I stopped off, or as the railroad men have it, "laid over" at Wilson, North Carolina, the home of my esteemed friend, Dr. R. W. King, whose hospitality I enjoyed for a week or ten days, while preaching every night in the beautiful and commodious Christian chapel of that town. Wilson is one of the tidiest and most rapidly developing towns of the "old tar-heel State." Our brethren have a good church there, and with Bro. J. J. Harper, one of our ablest preachers at the helm of her affairs, success is and over has been her motto. After a pleasant visit here, with regrets I boarded the "fast mail" one beautiful spring evening, and in a few minutes was speeding in a direct course Florida-ward. Passing, with but hurried stops, Wilmington, Charleston and Savannah, the next day at noon we rolled into the city of Jacksonville, Florida, and at once to northern eyes the transformation was wonderful and interesting. The first sight of interest is the oranges hanging from trees in all directions, and to one accustomed to buying one orange and carefully dividing it up among a family of three, it did look a little extravagant to see them lying about untouched and unheeded in the very streets. But we soon found out the secret; a sly nip, taken as we thought, unobserved, elicited the information, to our surprise, from a bystander, "that is a sour orange, sir;" so we thought before we succeeded in clearing the mouth of a well intended, yet rather extensive bite. Sour oranges are natural fruit, and although they grow quite as large, and look just as luscious as better fruit, are as sour as an ordinary lemon. They are used as ornamental trees largely and certainly present a beautiful sight when loaded with golden fruit or covered with blossoms, filling the air with the sweetest of odors. While I am on the fruit subject, let me say, oranges, although the chief and perhaps the most productive and most valuable Florida fruit, are not by any means the main dependence of fruit-growers here. Great clusters of the delicious banana, hang in golden bunches from tropical-looking trees, while lemons, Japan plums, persimmons, figs, olives, pomegranates, citron, shaddock, nigar apples, tamarinds and the luscious guava are grown in abundance. I wish I had the time and space, and I think I could do it without "gushing," to fully describe the ornamental trees and shrubbery that abound. Here are found fine specimens of India-rubber trees. Hibiscus, one year old and eight feet high, night-blooming jessamine in proportion, magnolia ficuta, sisal hemp, sago palm, aloe, or as sometimes called, century plants, Yucca, Texas or

Chinese umbrella, retinasporas, pampas grass, horse radish trees, choromoga, rose apple, sycamore, old man's beard, and others too numerous to mention. And before I forget it, let me give especial mention here of the grand old pine found everywhere here, just exactly such pines as my Cornwallis brethren can see any day in and around the "pine woods" adjoining Kentville, Kings Co., N. S. I have now travelled from Halifax, N. S., overland through every State bordering on the Atlantic to the extreme south of Florida, and in every climate I see that same tall, coarse-barked pine. So much at present for the productions, excepting, let me write, it will puzzle a Northern man, when first coming to Florida, to know just when to plant his garden. Gardens are made here for the most part in December and January and then by a continued rotation three and sometimes four crops are harvested from the same soil.

The climate of this State is perhaps its greatest wealth and evidently its greatest attraction. Thousands, and yearly by thousands the number is increasing, come to Florida to escape the cold and inclemency of the north. During the season for northern visitors just closing, the hotels in Jacksonville report more than eighty thousand registered guests during the past winter in that city alone. The hotels of this State are simply immense and yet are taxed to their utmost to accommodate the rapidly increasing travel. Snow is unknown in Florida, and frost is but seldom seen; orange trees, one of the most tender class of all trees, grow the year round, while eternal summer, with but slight climatic changes, reigns. The summers are as delightful as the winters, as the thermometer seldom reaches a point as high as often experienced as far north as New York State in midsummer dog days, owing to the refreshing winds almost constantly blowing from the Gulf of Mexico or the Atlantic. As a result accruing from such a climate on every hand, one may see those here in search of the elixir of life; and when the coming has not been postponed too long, the benefits are simply marvellous. I have seen what it would have been hard to make one believe otherwise. I now know of those who came here to all appearance in a dying condition, at this writing enjoying the very best of health. For pulmonary trouble or catarrhal affection, I certainly think Florida has no equal. The soil of Florida at first sight would disappoint almost anyone, and the first judgment upon it would be a harsh one. It is as sandy as it can well be, white deep sand, and to one accustomed to the loam of the north, would at sight be pronounced almost worthless; but the grit of the Florida sand is not the silicate of the sand of the north, but is a loose limestone sand and quite productive, and considered much more so than the deep, black soil found here in some places. Mud is not known here an hour after a heavy rain, and the result is the sand has settled together but the water is gone. Yet the wells of Florida are but from 6 to 10 feet deep with the most abundant supply of water. The land is easily cleared and the light loose soil is easily worked. But, Mr. Editor, I fear I am becoming tedious, and as I have many things more to write of the beauties, advantages and disadvantages of Florida, as well as a desire to give your readers some idea of the progress of our work among the churches here, I will let this instalment answer for this issue. I am now preaching at Starke for a few days. I have been called for a year to work for and with the church in Jacksonville, Florida's metropolis, and shall from there, as I enter upon my duties in two weeks, send you further observations and notes. And hoping that prosperity and success will crown your every effort, and congratulating you most heartily on your able and successful career in the journalistic arena.

Your Bro.,
T. H. BLENS.
Starks, Florida, April 22nd, 1885.