

Now the scriptures represent all men as sinners against God. Hence, all men are made condemnation, and sure to suffer for their sins, unless the condemnation is removed, and the consequences of their sin averted. Condemnation is not a thing reserved for the future as a punishment for a life of sin. It is upon a man now, because the man has sinned. The moment I am against the laws of my being, I am under condemnation to suffer the penalty of my sin. And unless the condemnation can be removed, I must suffer the consequences. If I drink poison I am condemned to die unless I procure an antidote. The death may come sooner or later, but the condemnation is upon me from the time I drink the poison. So John speaks of men who will not believe on the Son of God, being *condemned already*. And again he says "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." We are condemned to suffer the penalty of our sins against the laws of our moral being. We have drank the poison and death is before us. But God has provided the antidote. He is all merciful and infinitely good; and so far from taking a delight in seeing us suffer for our sins, He desires that we shall escape their consequences. So He has provided a remedy. Christ is the great Physician; the Gospel is the heavenly antidote for sin; and God urges us to take the medicine. If we do so we are saved. The condemnation is lifted up and taken away; the consequences of our sin have been averted, and we escape the punishment. But suppose we refuse to accept God's offer? We die in spite of His law, we suffer the penalty of our sin notwithstanding His goodness. It is not because God did not love us, but because we did not love Him; it was not because God could not save us, but because we would not allow Him to. We have refused the only means of reconciliation, and hence must remain where our sins have placed us, away from God. We have refused the only offer of life which was ever made us, and hence have lost it eternally. And we go to a future from which all light, and life, and joy, are forever shut out, and which presents nothing but blackness of darkness, and unrelieved torment forever. This is not because God is unkind, but because we are unwise and rebellious. May God help us to shun the path of destruction and lay hold on eternal life.

M. B. RYAN.

WHAT ARE WE DOING?

Are we simply chasing bubbles, only to have them perish at our touch?

Are we simply gathering pebbles, only to throw them away after a moment's gaze?

Are we simply chasing phantoms which continually elude our grasp, leaving us bewildered and disappointed continually?

Are we doomed to continual disappointment in this land of death and change, where all things perish with the using, and *is this the end*?

Is there no great beyond? Is there no land of reality, where phantom forms allure not, only to disappoint and bewilder? Is there not a home provided by the great all-Father, where the substantial and eternal may be found, and where the word transitory forms no part of the language; where the soul may be (will be) perfectly satisfied, all fears of shipwreck, desolation, or change, being laid away with the frail garments of mortality, never to be taken up again?

If there is a home "over there"—if there is a mansion of light—if there is the permanent—if there is a city which hath foundations whose maker and builder is God—if Jesus has gone to prepare a place for the weary, sorrowing, weeping ones of earth, and if He will come again to gather them home—if He has richly provided garments suitable for those who may inhabit the land of beauty, and if He has said, *whosoever will may don those beau-*

tiful garments, in every instance a perfect "fit" being guaranteed (to the willing wearer), would it not be well for all who love the permanent, desire to possess the substantial, to cease chasing the bubbles, leave the shining pebbles to dazzle still the eyes of the indifferent, chase the shadows no more, fit on the beautiful garments so richly provided, and be ready when the great benefactor comes, as they only who have the garment properly fitted, and are ready, will receive the final invitation?

Why are we so careless? Why so indifferent? If now is the sowing time, and if the reaping time is over there, and if the reaping in eternity will perfectly agree with the sowing in time, should we not now be careful about how we spend our time—about what we are doing? O. B. EMERY.

MISSION NOTES.

We did not remain in Halifax as long as we first intended. The work in the city demands a preacher all the time. To work a few weeks, until a good interest is secured, and then leave it, is not the wisest thing to do. We hope the time is not far distant when a preacher can be sustained there all the time. The little time we have labored there is sufficient to convince us beyond a single doubt that we have no better field for a permanent work. There are many in the city who have no religious home, who are seeking rest, but finding none. Although the Church of Christ in Halifax has a changeable and unsettled record, which of course destroys the confidence of the people as to the possibility of anything permanent, yet there is no trouble in getting a congregation of intelligent people in any suitable place of worship. The people are ready to hear the truth, and would receive it when they saw the apostolic order of the gospel permanently established among them. If the church in Halifax will continue steadfastly in faith and love and unity, and hold up the light of primitive christianity in their weekly worship, and more especially in their daily conduct, they will establish confidence in the minds of the people, that they mean business and have come to stay. This will lay the foundation for a successful work, when the time comes to settle a preacher among them.

Our work on Deer Island was in the busy season of the year. The men were engaged in tending their weirs, which gave us a small attendance at our evening meeting. The church in Leonardville is in a good working condition. They are blessed with a number of young people who are active in the meetings. We had some very interesting prayer meetings here. Bro. William Murray had been with them, and also Bro. Capp, and during their meetings two persons received the hand of fellowship. This church has received considerable help from the preaching brethren, for which they are very grateful, and are doing what seems to be in their power towards the support of the gospel. The times are very hard there now; in fact the whole Island is suffering from the failure of the sardines, or young herring, which is about the only business of the Island. Our financial report will show that these brethren, as also the brethren in Lord's Cove, have not forgotten the mission work. They expressed their regret that they were not able to do more. If business revives there, which we expect will before many months, they will do still more to help along the mission cause.

The church in Lord's Cove have decided to finish their new house. The agreement is to have it completed in October. The success of the church here depends largely on the completion of the church-home. Their old house is not suitable for meetings. When this house is finished they, with the church in Leonardville will be in a good condition to settle a preacher among them. They will be able to support a preacher, and the preacher

will be able to accomplish a grand work. There is as great a need of a preacher on that Island as any place known to us.

The church in Lord's Cove keep up the Lord's day worship against many discouragements; but we feel assured that when they get into their new house the day of prosperity will be given them.

We saw in the St. John Sun that two were added to the Methodist church in Lord's Cove. This is a mistake. There is no Methodist church in Lord's Cove. They have two small churches on the Island, one at Cummings' Cove and one at Leonardville.

H. MURRAY.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

The following items are taken from two letters written by Bro. Burr—one written at Port Williams, the other at West Gore:

Parting with the church at St. John, the next morning Bro. Capp accompanied me to the docks, where I took the steamer for Annapolis. The ride across the Bay of Fundy was very interesting to me. The day was quite calm, notwithstanding a number of the passengers became seasick. I was, also, for the first time in my life, nearly retching, and was compelled to spend a good share of the time in one of the berths. Sleep, however, banished the sickness from me, and I was enabled to reach my destination greatly refreshed and invigorated. I believe it is considered that the waters of the Bay of Fundy are among the worst in the world to produce seasickness.

I reached Port Williams by rail the same evening, and had the pleasure of meeting Bro. E. C. Ford, pastor of the church, Bro. Dwyer and others, and enjoyed together with them a social meeting at the home of Bro. Jackson. I was very much pleased with the Annapolis Valley. The country is most beautiful, and will compare favorably with the finest portions of America. I thought of Longfellow's Evangeline, and my mind involuntarily went back to the time when the Acadians lived here in this Province. Traces of them are still visible on every hand, and we continually link the present with the past. As we look around we see the old French dykes, apple trees, now hoary with age, some three feet in diameter, and the foundations of old dwellings, cellars and burying grounds. Change is everywhere visible. How true the words of the Psalmist, "One generation passeth away and another generation cometh." In fact we can truly exclaim—

There peers not a star through the evening's gloom
For which our fair earth could not number a tomb.

There is not a breeze that flies o'er the heath
But it bears on its pinions the sigh of death.
And kingdoms and cities have passed away
Where the coral bends and the billows play.

The church in Port Williams is not large, and much work is needed to bring it into a flourishing condition. Bro. Ford is well liked, however, and will doubtless be equal to the emergency. Parting with them, Bro. Ford kindly accompanied me to the depot, and in a few minutes I was aboard the train for this place. I certainly had a pleasant trip, and reached my destination in safety. I have been preaching every evening but one since my arrival, and the outlook has been and still is quite cheering. I am now engaged in a protracted effort at "Variety Hall," Highfield. The interest is good and a very kindly welcome has been extended to me by all classes in the community. Even the Methodist minister, Mr. Moore, last evening invited me to preach for him in their church, which is situated near the hall where we are holding our meetings, and at the close of the services, prayed fervently for the Lord to abundantly bless our labors in the gospel. What is needed is some one to labor continually. I have enjoyed very much