

These acts teach us that we should live righteously and soberly in this present world that our lives may be a power for good. What we say and do will live after we are dead—if we say and do right. Let our words be like living coals of fire from the altar of God, lighted by the torch of *Divine love*, that they may burn deeply and that the scars may remain. Let not the heart make its own god, let us live above self-made piety, which tries to constrain God to acknowledge imaginary good works. Words from a heart where Christ lives and reigns are like sounds amid the hills, they always find an echo in the heart.

There is a right and a wrong. *Do the right* should be the motto engraven on every true heart. There is a life to live that will reproduce a thousand fold. Life is like a drama of three acts—(1) Childhood, (2) Manhood, (3) Old age. When the curtain falls upon the last act our preparatory life and work is over, and when the curtain shall rise again it will be for the purpose of revealing to the scrutiny of God the character we have built and the life-work we have done.

Let us work and act and speak, not merely for Christ (as we often say) but with Christ in us. So when our life's work is done may it be full of good deeds. When the hour-glass of time has numbered our last moments, and the shadows of life faded, and we have been sung to sleep by the consoling promise of a loving Saviour, and the river having been crossed, we shall stand on the evergreen shore and praise God forever. A story is told of a man who used to say hard things of his neighbor. One night as he slept he imagined he stood before the judgment seat of God and there came a man to him dressed in a peculiar garb. The sleeper, attracted by the stranger, ventured to question him concerning his robe which he wore. What are those black stains upon your robe? he asked. The visitor replied in a loving tone of voice, I am your neighbor that lived beside you in the world, and these black stains are the result and effect of your cruel tongue. They hurt me then, but they don't hurt me now. They did not hurt you then, but they will hurt you now.

Let us remember our words, our actions, our deeds, are all on record and we shall meet them at the judgment. H. F. COOKE.

Westport, N. S.

IMPRESSIONS.

The visit of Mrs. Emery and myself to St. John and Deer Island during the time of Bro. Northcutt's meeting in St. John and the annual meeting on Deer Island gave us great pleasure. We were pleased to notice the signs of prosperity in the St. John church, which the untiring labors of Bro. H. W. Stewart, aided by the "Willing Workers" in the congregation, to whom he has endeared himself by an earnestness, a zeal and a perseverance not always found in a young minister of the gospel of the grace of God. It is well to know that success is crowning the efforts being put forth, and that not only during the late special effort, but continually, souls are being saved and added to the church. This is just as it should be—a continual growth and an increase in working ability. I was highly pleased when Bro. Stewart decided to labor in St. John, and now, that he seems to "fit in" so well, I trust that many years will pass away and many victories be gained for the Master ere the ties which bind him to the St. John congregation shall be severed. May the blessing of our Heavenly Father be with that church, where, years ago, I learned the truth and gladly bowed in obedience to Him in whom alone there is life and salvation.

On Deer Island, where our time was occupied during the space of three years, and which we left over eight years ago, we received a hearty welcome

from the associates of those other days in which together we experienced seasons of sorrow and of joy. In the social circle, by the waters of baptism, by the bedside of the dying and by the graves of loved ones who had passed from the busy scenes of this life to the associations of a higher, a purer and a better life.

Why do I write as I do now? I write thus because that both in St. John and on Deer Island I was forcibly reminded, by the absence of well-remembered faces, the light of soulful eyes and the kindly grasp of hands, which was an index to the hearts that

Time is winging us away
To our eternal home.

But, while so many had gone, it was a great pleasure to meet with so many of those who remain on this side the line, and to be assured they are still endeavoring to not only "make their calling and election sure," but also to "keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace."

I would gladly have visited every home on Deer Island, where I used to call in former days, but time would not permit, and I have to be satisfied for the time being. The will was good.

It gives me pleasure to hear, since my return home, that the good work begun at the annual meeting is being successfully carried on by our young Bro. Stevens, and hope it will still continue to prosper more and more.

While looking over the congregation in St. John very serious impressions were made on my mind by seeing an almost new congregation. Of those composing the congregation when I united with the church, many have gone away, perhaps, to foreign lands, but I think the large majority have gone by that way by which none ever return. Comparatively few of the old members remain, and of those yet in St. John, some are unable to attend because of failing bodily strength. They, too, will pass over, and so the stream flows on—"drop by drop,"—"one by one" we pass over. Our time is short. Our opportunities will soon have passed. Is it well to make to make the best of them while they are ours?

O, is it not well to preach the one gospel, to present the one Christ, to invite to the one loving Father who is able and willing to accept all who come to Him through the Lord Jesus Christ?

There is no time for side issues. There is no time to be wasted on doubtful questions. There is only time for faithful, earnest work, for any one of us may be

Nearer home to-day,
Much nearer than we think.

A very sudden death in our midst has cast a dark shadow, but, thank God, not despair, over the community. When a faithful Christian dies, however great the loss may be, there is no hopeless sorrow. It simply means: To sleep in Jesus, to awake in His likeness, to be forever with the Lord. I have not one single, lingering doubt of that being quite satisfactory. O. B. E.

Charlottetown, Oct. 24, '93.

GOLDEN GEMS. Made your mistakes all teach you something.

The rich people are those who have the fewest wants.

No man is fit to lead who has not the courage to stand alone.

Don't be afraid to do your duty, no matter who throws mud at you.

The right side is always the strong side, no matter how weak it looks.

Crime succeeds by sudden despatch; honest counsel gains vigor by delay.

If you want your children to be good, it would be well to show them how, to begin with.

Patience is the ballast of the soul, that will keep it from rolling and tumbling in the great storm.—*Leader.*

HALIFAX BUILDING FUND.

Previously acknowledged, \$1,484 86
Miss Evelyn Wallace, Halifax, 2 00
\$1,486 86
HENRY CARSON,
Halifax, N. S. Treasurer.

Married.

SHARRARD-MATTHEWS.—In Lettete, on October 25, by William Murray, James H. Sharrard, of St. George, and Annie C. Matthews, of Lettete.

LANK-LAMBERT.—At the residence of Mr. Alvin Lambert, on September 30th, Miss Myra Lambert, of Lord's Cove, and Mr. Frank Lank, of Campobello, were united in marriage by R. E. Stevens.

LAMBERT-PENDLETON.—On Pendleton's Island, October 21st, by R. E. Stevens, Mr. Luther Lambert, of Lord's Cove, and Millie, youngest daughter of Mrs. Ward Pendleton, of Pendleton's Island.

Died.

BISHOP.—At Summerside, P. E. Island, very suddenly, in her eighty-ninth year, Sister Bishop, beloved wife of Bro. Elias Bishop. She was baptized about twenty-six years ago and joined the Church of Christ at Summerside, and continued a true and faithful member until her death. Her amiable, beautiful disposition, which shone more and more till the last, made her a general favorite with all who knew her. She was especially dear to her family and her large circle of relatives and loved ones, and was greatly beloved by her brethren in the Lord. She passed peacefully away to the arms of Jesus in a moment. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."—D. C.

JOHNSON.—On September 22nd, the spirit of our aged Bro. John Johnston quietly took its flight from the home of his daughter, Mrs. Jane Stewart, of Richard-ville, Deer Island. Deceased had been living for some time past on the Island of Grand Manan, and came back to his old home just a few days before he died. He was a member of the Leonardville congregation, was a good and highly respected citizen, and attained the ripe old age of eighty-six years and ten months.

BARNES.—At Bowmanville, Ontario, October 10th, Helen Margaret, infant daughter of Ellis B. and Gertrude E. Barnes, aged two months.

STEWART.—Sister Jane Stewart, aged eighty-four years. She unfortunately fell. She was not able to rally from the shock of the fall, being in such a feeble condition of health. She accepted Christ as her Saviour in her early life and was a faithful active member of the church of Christ. How well the writer remembers the help and encouragement he received from her and her home ever since his childhood days. Sacred to our memory will her memory ever be. We laid her earthly remains away in our village churchyard under a mound of earth beside a crumbling stone, but her spirit is in a more enduring resting-place, untouched by the sorrows and ravages of time, and where existence is sweet with eternity. Oh, how blessed the thought that our souls are linked with God's eternity. How blessed are the righteous when they die. Her partner in her earthly joys and sorrows is left to mourn his loss. With Christian resignation and a bright hope he waits patiently for the call, "Come home" to meet the loved of earth.

"Where hope may lose itself in truth,
And age in Heaven's immortal youth,
And all our lives and longings prove
The fore-taste of Diviner love." H. M.

STEWART.—At Southport, P. E. Island, October 20, 1893, sister Mary Annie, the beloved wife of Bro. Alexander Stewart, and daughter of Bro. Isaac Linkletter, of the Linkletter Road, near Summerside, died very suddenly and unexpectedly at their home at Southport, leaving a husband, six little children and many other relatives and friends to mourn the loss of one whose influence was felt for good in every relation of life—in the church, in the community, and in her own home. Early in life she gave her heart to Christ, partaking of his Spirit and being guided by his counsel. She then became a member of the church of Christ in Summerside, where her membership continued until her death. In her father's home she was imbued with the true spirit of hospitality, which received encouragement in the home of her husband; so with a large heart and cheerful countenance, she carried sunshine and blessing wherever she went. One said to-day, "Her like will not be found again." This goes far to express the feeling in the community of this sad bereavement. May He, who is able, sustain the sorrowing.—O. B. E.

POOLE.—At the home of her uncle, Bro. Ebenezer Campbell, Montague Bridge, P. E. Island, Sister Ida D. Poole, eldest and beloved daughter of Bro. J. B. Poole, late of Montague Bridge, now of Boston, Mass., died October 8th, 1893, aged 24 years. Three weary years of increasingly painful illness preceded her death, but with true Christian patience she endured the suffering, trusting in him to whom she had given her young life, and who doeth all things well. Sister Ida's mother had "passed over" before, father was in a foreign land, her young brothers and sister were separated from her; yet tender hands and loving hearts did all within human power to lighten the burden of life and soften the couch of pain. Thank God for the assurance of the gathering time by-and-by, in which friends will be united, pain be forever banished, and death will separate—no more.—O. B. E.