

to speak. They nevertheless did a grand work in bringing sinners to the Lord.

Again, the pulpit does not reach the mass of common people, as they are generally styled. Hence, the preacher of the gospel, who expounds the word from the pulpit only, has lost sight of the great commission, "Preach the gospel to every creature." To "go" to every man in his reach and deliver the message to him is the duty of the preacher.

The Christian who talks in the prayer-meeting only ought not to think that his duty has ended there. He is "in duty bound" to preach elsewhere. The prayer-meeting is not the world. He very seldom meets a sinner in the regular weekly prayer-meetings. The work of the Christian leads him into the street, into the homes where darkness prevails, into every place where good can be accomplished.

Every follower of Christ should earnestly seek to use his tongue in winning men to the truth. If we are silent the work will not be done. It is often necessary to speak to the sinner more than once. Should you extend a rope to a drowning man who did not fully realize his danger, and on account of blindness failed to grasp the rope at first, would it not be cruel to assist him no further? You would doubtless urge him to be wise that he might not lose his life. Remember that our work is not confined to the pulpit and prayer-meetings; it takes in the whole world.

Your Bro. in Christ,
T. S. K. FREEMAN,
Bethany College, W. Va.

THANKS.

It is our desire to thank the brotherhood for their kindness in answering our appeal for the Halifax Mission. Bro. Cooke has, on several occasions, thanked the brethren and sisters personally. But we desire to thank all for their kindness and readiness in helping on the good cause so dear to each heart. Our list is not so large this month as in past months, as will be seen by the list of subscribers. Times are dull, and it would be unreasonable to expect much this time of year. Or it may be that all have responded to our call and have sent in their ten cents. But how about those who have thought the ten cent plan a poor one, and affirmed that we should have asked more? We are patiently waiting to hear from these good minded brethren. Come, brother, let us hear from you as soon as possible. The Lord's business requires haste. Men and women are daily perishing around us, and we are responsible for our neglect in not helping on the cause when we have the opportunity, knowing the time is short and the days are evil. Let us buckle on the whole armour and fight the Lord's battles while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work. Brethren, we are in hopes of seeing a good work done for the Master during the coming summer. Let those interested in the work send as large a donation as possible to build up the cause, which has been so long dragging and is all but dead. Our prayer is, Lord, revive thy work in each heart so that success may follow.

We want every one to earnestly pray for our success in Halifax this summer. As we are to have Bro. B. B. Tyler with us for two months, it is desirable that we should try our best to have his labors crowned with success. In the next issue of THE CHRISTIAN we will be able to inform you when Bro. Tyler will be here.

In conclusion we wish to thank the editor and co-editor for their kindness in printing our reports. I am personally thankful to Bro. Capp for his noble efforts in circulating our plea through the columns of THE CHRISTIAN.

W. J. MESSERVEY.

A HYMN IN A GAMBLING DEN.

In the Boston *Daily News* of April 25, says the *Independent*, we find a letter from Hong Kong, China, written for the purpose of being read to a Sunday school in this country, but which the editor was allowed to print on account of the interesting character of its contents. The writer had been entrusted with packages for a young man from his friends in the United States, and after inquiry, learned that he might be found in a certain gambling-house. He went thither; but not seeing him, determined to wait in the expectation that he might come in. The place was a bedlam of noises—men getting angry over their cards, and frequently coming to blows. Near him sat two men—one young, the other forty years of age. They were betting and drinking in a terrible way, the older one giving utterance continually to the foulest profanity. Two games had been finished, the young man losing each time. The third game, with fresh bottles of brandy, had just begun; and the young man sat lazily back in his chair while the eldest shuffled the cards. The man was a long time dealing the cards; and the young man looking carelessly about the room, began to hum a tune. He went on, till at length he began to sing the beautiful lines of Phœbe Cary:

"One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer to my father's house
Than I have been before."

"Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down,
Nearer leaving my cross.
Nearer wearing my crown."

At first says the writer, these words, in such a vile place, made me shudder. A Sunday-school hymn in a gambling den! But while the young man sang, the elder stopped dealing the cards, stared at the singer a moment, and throwing the cards on the floor, exclaimed:

"Harry where did you learn that tune?"

"What tune?"

"Why the one you've been singing."

The young man said he did not know what he had been singing. When the elder repeated the words with tears in his eyes, the young man said he had learned them in a Sunday-school in America.

"Come" said the elder, getting up, "come Harry, here's what I won from you; go and use it for some good purpose. As for me, as God sees me, I have played my last game and drank my last bottle. I have misled you, Harry, and I am sorry. Give me your hand, my boy, and say that for old America's sake, if for no other, you will quit this infernal business."

The writer saw these two men leave the gambling-house together and walk away arm-in-arm; and as he went away himself, he thought, "Verily, God moves in a mysterious way."

It must be a source of great joy to Miss Cary to know that her lines, which have comforted so many Christian hearts, have been the means of awakening in the breasts of two tempted and erring men, on the other side of the globe, a resolution to lead a better life.—Selected.

Married.

McLAUGHLAN-STEVENS.—At Montague Bridge, March 27, 1888, by Q. B. Emery, Mr. Lauchlan McLaughlan, Lot 61, Kings Co., and Mrs. Flora Stevens, Lot 57, Queens Co., P. E. I.

HENRY-FOSTER.—On Tuesday, 24th of April, at St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Perth Amboy, N. J., by the Rev. E. P. Miller, B. F. Henry, formerly of St. John, N. B., to Miss Anna M. Foster.

HOWARD-WARD.—At the home of the bride, 904 Exmouth street, St. John, N. B., April 17th, by T. H. Capp, James E. Howard, to Mrs. Ida J. Ward, both of St. John, N. B.

Deaths.

WITHROW.—At East Rawdon, N. S., on the 25th March, James Withrow, Esq., in the 84th year of his age. Brother Withrow was only six days unwell, and during this time was able to be up most of the time, not being confined to his bed. His death was very sudden and unexpected. He had been very active and well for one of his age. I do not remember that I ever saw his seat vacant in the Lord's day meetings till last Lord's day. He had passed away that morning. The mourners and a multitude of friends followed in the funeral procession, conducted by J. Custance, Esq., to the cemetery. There the remains of our aged, beloved, and much respected brother was mournfully and carefully interred to await the resurrection morn. He will be much missed by the public and by the church, and especially at his old homestead by his aged widow, and his son Joseph and wife, with whom he had lived most agreeably, and to whom he had been so kind and true.

Since writing the above, we have also been called to attend the funeral of Sister Viney Withrow, wife of the above named Brother Withrow. She died very suddenly on the 29th of March, in the 77th year of her age. She only lived four days and eleven hours after the death of her husband, and then passed peacefully away to rest with him in the arms of her God. Brother and Sister Withrow lived happily together nearly sixty years; and raised a large family, a part of whom passed on before, the others and many grandchildren remain

To follow each in turn,
To that most solemn bourne,
From which none can return.

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

J. B. WALLACE.

Deaths, in the family of Bro. James Auberry, of East Rawdon, N. S.

First. After a tedious illness, the death of his son-in-law, Abner McCassio, on the 19th February, in the 30th year of his age; leaving a wife and one young child.

Second. The sudden death of his daughter, Mrs. George D. Wilder, of Roxbury, Mass., on the 22nd of March, in the 26th year of her age, whose remains were brought to East Rawdon for interment, accompanied by her devoted and faithful husband, and her much loved and only brother.

Third. The death of his little grandson, Loftus M. McCassio, on the 1st of April, aged 7 months. Sister Saidie McCassio has, within six weeks, lost her husband, her only sister, and her only child. Her husband was kind and true; her sister greatly beloved, and her child bright and beautiful.

Bro. and Sister Auberry, and Bro. Lewis Auberry their son, and Sister McCassio their daughter, and Bro. Wilder their son-in-law, have our sympathy and a deep interest in our prayers in these heart-rending bereavements. May they receive strong consolation from the precious promises of God, and all be prepared for our Lord's appearing.

When they shall meet
On the golden shore,
And loved ones greet
Who passed on before.

J. B. WALLACE.

HALIFAX CHURCH FUND.

Mrs. Annie Wisdom,	\$0 50
Mrs. F. W. Wisdom,	50
Mr. Albert Wisdom,	1 15
Mrs. Robinson,	25
Miss E. Christie,	50
Mrs. Owen,	50
Mrs. McInnis,	50
Mrs. W. S. Carter,	25
Miss Lowe,	25
A Friend,	50
Mrs. S. A. Wisdom,	1 10
B. E. Wisdom,	1 00
John Crawford,	20
Silas Rayner,	50
Mrs. Silas Rayner,	25
Benj. Rayner,	25
Benj. Haywood,	40
Mrs. Benj. Haywood,	40
Mrs. Kenneth Henry,	2 00
Agnes Lunn,	15
Total,	\$12 15

W. J. MESSERVEY,
Treasurer.