

NOTES BY THE WAY.

My last report left me at West Pawlet, Vermont. Our brethren have only two churches in the entire state, and the one here is not numerically strong. Nevertheless, the people are intelligent and enterprising and very kind and hospitable. I preached over two Lord's days and then left for my Ontario home. I took the train Wednesday morning, July 24th, Bro. S. H. Leeman accompanying me. After a few hours' ride on the Delaware and Hudson Railroad we took the steamer "Vermont" at White Hall and rode up Lake Champlain. Everybody here appeared to be having a high holiday. There were on every hand a great number of pleasure seekers. All around here we saw so much to interest and entertain. Who has not heard of Saratoga? Lake George, too, has so much clustering around it that gives it a real historic and practical interest. The Adirondacks, also, throw an additional charm over this region, and in sublime majesty stood before us romantic and picturesque, gleaming with threads of radiant beauty and bits of fallen sky. As we passed up Lake Champlain all afternoon we saw the rainbow painted on the clouds. Still the day was fair and the sun tinged the landscape with vermilion, crimson and gold. This is truly a mountainous country. Over rippling ocean of forest trees like ocean billows may be seen the Green Mountains, clothed with dark evergreen of everlasting beauty.

We reached the City of Plattsburg in the evening, just in time to see the procession of Barnum's great show, the greatest in the world. The natural history all along here in York state is beautiful, and very interesting to the tourist. We remained over night at Bouse's Point, taking the train next morning for Ogdonsburg, where we arrived about noon. We immediately took the little steamer and crossed the River St. Lawrence for Prescott, Ontario, arriving in time to make our connections with the Grand Trunk railroad. We reached Belleville about five o'clock, then passed over the Bay of Quinte on the little steamer, "Mary Ethel," into Ameliaburg, arriving at home the same evening. I had the pleasure in finding all well in health and vigor. Fortunately, our family have had no doctor's bill to pay for eleven years.

Bro. Leeman's health has been steadily improving since we started from Deer Island; but we were both extremely tired and wearied, having rode a distance of over eight hundred miles. During this whole line of travel we have noticed the crops have been abundant, and on every hand many indications of prosperity.

We have in this county two churches of Disciples; but on account of death and removals to other parts of the country, the congregations have become very much weakened. At our first meeting, as I referred to the many changes, the congregation wept. My mother, from Bloomfield, was also present, and gave an exhortation. Bro. Benjamin O. Ainsworth, the present elder of the church here, and who now preaches for the church at West Lake, attempted to speak, but was overcome with deep emotion, and amid tears sat down. Bro. Byron Hyatt is now preaching for this church, which is located at Hillier, nearly two miles from our own home. I have preached here each Sunday but one, notwithstanding, since my arrival—and they have been wishing me to begin a series of meetings—in addition to preaching in our own church five Methodist churches were extended to me. I was only able to preach in three of them. Religious bigotry is continually dying out here. People who are full of bigotry do very little good. We want less and less of this element and more zeal, piety, and devotion. I was delighted with our congregations yesterday, and, I believe, never before in my life were five Methodist churches offered me in one day. However, it is cheering to see so much love and

unity prevailing. The true Christian rises above sectarian bigotry, and stands upon the truth, rejoicing in the love of Jesus, the holiness and happiness of heaven. We need everywhere more workers and less objectors and fault finders. There are many people who are born in the objective mood. A lack of pastoral labor has been productive of many churches dying out in this province. But at present the churches are on the rise, and there are more preachers now engaged in the work than formerly. I think there are now about sixty congregations of Disciples in Ontario, and we have generally a devoted and intelligent brotherhood. I have been more particular in entering into detail on account of travelling heretofore in the Maritime Provinces, and so many there wishing to know my whereabouts. My best wishes and kind regards to THE CHRISTIAN and all its readers.

Ameliaburg, Ontario, August 10.

W. K. BURR.

Dear Brethren,—Several times the request has come to me from some readers of THE CHRISTIAN to write an article for the paper. Whilst at Bethany College my time was devoted to study and I could find little time for outside work. This is my reason for not heeding your requests ere this. My statements will be personal in their nature. I graduated at Bethany in the ministerial and post-graduate courses on 20th June, ult. The last year has been beneficial to me in many ways. It has been one of my hardest years at college, but one which has brought to me many spiritual blessings. The study of the original texts of the Bible with a close examination of the higher criticism has had a tendency to strengthen my faith in the word of God and consequently to make me more zealous in the work in which I am engaged.

On the fourth of July, the great holiday in this country, my room-mate and I left Wheeling, West Virginia, for Texas. We were on the road until 7th inst, Sunday morning, 8.45, when we reached our destination. During Christmas vacation last, we had travelled as far west as St. Louis. The country south of this city is very beautiful. Our journey through the Indian Territory was especially fraught with interest to us both. The Indians in that nation are very much like the Indians in Canada in physique and general appearance. They are more intelligent and they own more land. Many of them are almost white. For the whites have gone into the nation and married the colored number largely for the purpose of getting possession of the land. We did not see any large prairies north of the Red River. They are numerous in this state. I thought it would make me feel like a bird out of its cage, when, for the first time, a prairie was visited. On the contrary I am favorably impressed with the country, its vast prairies, its fertile soil, its great natural resources.

I preached on last Lord's day evening to the Christian congregation in this city for the first time. The congregation numbers three hundred. Some of the most influential men in the city are members of the Christian church. I like the people and the field of labor. If you will bear with me I will write you briefly something concerning Paris. It has a population of nearly fifteen thousand. It has beautiful residences in every street. Never have I seen more costly mansions than those which adorn the streets of this city. It has water works, gas and electric lights, street railways, free postal delivery, good hotels, three banks and wholesale and retail houses embracing all lines of trade. It has more paved streets than any city of its size in the state. It has three railways, the Texas and Pacific, the St. Louis and San Francisco, and the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe.

Its educational advantages are unequalled in the southwest. In addition to its splendid system of

public schools it has a female institution, a school for young men, a commercial college and a number of flourishing private schools.

There are fifteen churches in the town, nine white and six colored. There are two Methodist, one Baptist, one Christian, one Catholic, one Cumberland Presbyterian, one Presbyterian, one Congregational and one Episcopal of the whites. Trees and flowers adorn nearly every fruit yard of each residence. What I have told you is not in a boasting way. It may be of some interest to you to know these facts.

The heat is intense. The thermometer seldom stands below ninety during the summer months. The people are interested in the welfare of a Nova Scotian on a hot day. Gentlemen as well as ladies always carry umbrellas to protect themselves from the heat of the sun. A weather prophet in this country is useless. It often rains whilst the sun is shining and no one is able to tell at what moment the water will fall from the clouds above his head. My health is good. At any time I shall be glad to give any of you any information you may desire in reference to the south. Will my friends please address me—630 South Wall Street, Paris, Texas.

With love to you all I remain fraternally,
July 11th, 1889. T. S. K. FREEMAN.

A QUAIN T LITTLE SERMON.

Mr. Harvey was riding slowly along the dusty road, looking in all directions for a stream, or even a house, where he might refresh his tired, thirsty horse with a good draught of water. While he was thinking and wondering he turned an abrupt bend in the road, when he saw before him a comfortable farm-house; and at the same time a boy ten or twelve years old came out into the road with a small pail, and stood directly before him.

"What do you wish, my boy?" said Mr. Harvey, stopping his horse.

"Would your horse like a drink, sir?" said the boy respectfully.

"Indeed he would, and I was wondering where I could obtain it."

Mr. Harvey thought little of supposing, of course, the boy earned a few pennies in this manner; and therefore he offered him a bit of silver, and was astonished to see him refuse it.

"I would like you to take it," he said, looking earnestly at the child and observing for the first time that he limped slightly.

"Indeed, sir, I don't want it. It is little enough I can do for myself or any one. I am lame and my back is bad, sir; and mother says, no matter how small a favor may seem, if it is all we are capable of, God loves it as much as he does a very large favor. And this is the most I can do for others. You see, sir, the distance from Painesville is eight miles to this spot, and I happen to know there is no stream crossing the road that distance; and so, sir, almost every one passing here from that place is sure to have a thirsty horse."

Mr. Harvey looked down into the grey eyes that were kindling and glowing with the thought of doing good to others, and a moisture gathered in his own, as, a moment later, he jogged off, pondering deeply upon the quaint little sermon that had been delivered so innocently and unexpectedly.—*Selected.*

Died.

LEONARD.—Sister Margaret Leonard, wife of Bro. James Leonard, departed this life August 5, 1889, and was buried at Leonardville, Deer Island. For many years her home was on the island. There she had brought up a large family, and endeared herself to all by faithful and helpful friendship. She led a sincerely Christian life, and now "sweetly sleeps in the arms of Jesus." A large concourse of friends followed her to her grave, after which I spoke to them from the words of St. Paul: "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." JAMES M. PHILPOT.
Lubec, Maine.