

The Lord plainly forbids divisions and just as plainly commands that all should be united in Christ, our living Head, and yet there is more done and given to sustain divisions—that which is forbidden—that to promote the union of God's people—that which is so positively commanded. If any doubt this let them test it by the history of events. Come with me and I will show you a place where there are two churches, each paying a preacher at least six hundred dollars annually. A few years before they were one church, and had a hard time to raise their preacher five hundred dollars. They divided on some little non-essential point, and as soon as divided the half of them could build a new house and support a preacher in good shape. This is about like the man who prosecuted his neighbor for seven dollars, and he gained the case and was therefore well satisfied, although his expenses were fourteen dollars. It was worth seven dollars to gain the case. This is often tolerated in law and in politics, but should never be allowed in religion.

The creeds are getting a terrible shaking. Dr. Schaff and Dr. McCosh and Dr. Crosby and Dr. Parker, and many other noted theologians are thinking right out loud. The creed, they say, must be revised. The doctrines taught therein are not true. That means that the theologians of former days made a mistake. According to this, theologians do make mistakes. And this of course shakes our confidence in the theologians, which leaves us in doubt about any human creed. For if our present theologians tabulate another creed how are we to know that they are not mistaken? How can we have any confidence in the creeds of any theologian. There is one successful way out this difficulty, and that is to have a creed formulated by one who never made a mistake and then it will never have to be revised. The Divine creed is perfect because its author is perfect—effect must follow cause. But human creeds must be imperfect because man is imperfect.

FROM NEW YORK.

Dear readers of THE CHRISTIAN,—Thinking that perhaps you and especially those living in Nova Scotia, my native place, might like to hear about a grand, good meeting I was at one evening last week I write you a few lines.

It was a Salvation Army meeting. Now don't hold up your hands in holy horror! It was a Salvation Army meeting and a better meeting I never attended. It was in the Young Men's Christian Association Hall and a large number were present. Each person had a card to admit them, so that the crowd was not there out of mere curiosity. Mrs. Booth was the principal speaker; she and her husband are the head ones of the Salvation Army in America. She told us something of the work they were doing among the slums of this great, wicked city. If it were not for the Salvation Army and the missions New York City would be a perfect Sodom. The churches cannot begin to do what they are doing. She had six young women on the platform with her. They were dressed as plain and as poor as they well could and be decent, but they were clean. They have two small rooms down in the worst part of the city, very plainly furnished and their food is plain also, and they spend their whole time among these people. They had to be very cautious at first, for the people were suspicious and did not like to have them come in, for as they were selfish themselves they could not see why these women would come in and do things for them unless they had some selfish end in view. But they have got over that now and love them, although they don't know who they are; they never dream that they belong to the Salvation Army. So if a mother is sick they sweep and tidy up the room and wash the dishes, or scrub the floor or wash her clothes; while

they are about the work they are quietly singing some sweet hymn or saying a kind word; they will go to their own poor room and make a cup of tea and a slice of toast and take it to her. If it is a child is sick they care for it, and if a doctor is needed they go and get one. One doctor in particular told them to come for him any time they wanted him, and if it was a possible thing he would go and give his services. God bless that doctor. They are called upon any hour in the night to come and help some poor sick or troubled one; of course they always go and they are not afraid. Their love to Christ is so great and their faith in Him is so strong they have not fear and are not troubled. One or two of these girls will go into a saloon and shut the door where there is fifteen or twenty men more or less drunk, and talk with them and pray for and with them, and they have been the means of converting several in that way, and they do not have one cent for pay only the poor, plain food and clothes is all they get for their services. When they are doing things for those poor people, when they see that it is the best time they read the Bible and offer prayer; they never neglect to speak a word for the Master when the opportunity offers.

Mrs. Booth said she had a plan in view, and that was to take a house down near where her girls are at work and fit it up for a day nursery. There are a great many women whose husbands are either dead or have left their wives, or are in prison serving long sentences, and those women have small children, some of them babes, and they have to go out and earn a living. They cannot do it with a babe or small ones. What are they to do? steal, starve, or take their own life and their children's, or live a life of shame? One other thing to do—lock up the little ones in their room at seven in the morning till six at night with no one to see after them. I heard since of a mother who had to lock up her child so as to go out to work to earn something for herself and child to eat, and when she came home at night there was the little burned and charred bones. Many a poor mother has to resort to all these ways. Mrs. Booth will have this house fixed up, so she and her co-workers can take those little ones and keep them through the day and take good care of them, and at night the mothers will take them home clean and dry and warm. They will ask each mother five cents each day, so they will feel they have some independence in the matter. When they can't pay that it will be all right. Some Christian ladies are to work helping her. She is just going to have soap boxes and crates for cribs, fixed with little mattresses and pillows and soft flannel blankets. The Salvation Army is slandered and misrepresented fearfully, but I have told you something of what they are doing. As Mrs. Booth said they are not all white sheep, but what church is there that is? Now is not this a grand work such as Christ must look on with pleasure and approval.

OLIVE M. PACKARD.

New York City, 853 W. 57 St.

Dear Christian,—I will not attempt to give a full description of my travels since October last, but will give as short account as possible. I left home October 22nd, 1889, on the steamship "Harlaw." Our first port of call was St. Peter's Canal, Cape Breton, thence to West Bay, calling at Grand Narrows, thence to Badeck, the home of the American sportsmen, and where you can look upon the most magnificent scenery in Canada. From there we sailed through the beautiful lakes of Bras d'or, calling at North Sydney, the largest black diamond field on this side of the Atlantic. We then sailed five miles to Sydney to coal, as Sydney coal is the best for steam purposes. Sydney being the capital of Cape Breton and the oldest town, we must not forget to say that it is improving rapidly. The Canada Pacific Railroad is now extending from British Columbia to Cape Breton and the terminus will be Sydney, and probably Louisburg, the once fortified city of Old France. After coaling we called back to North Sydney for passengers, staying only a short time; leaving there we sailed away for Apey Bay, touching at Neil's Harbor, and Cape North, calling on our way to see Governor S. Campbell, on St. Paul's Island. St. Paul's Island

is about six or seven miles in length, lying distant about thirteen miles from Cape Breton and forty-four from Newfoundland. There are two lighthouses on the Island, and provisions on different parts of the Island for ship-wrecked sailors. Mr. Campbell has everything very convenient for fishing and is always ready for seals in spring; when large schools of seals float down on the ice, passing the Island and sometimes crawl ashore on the Island. I had the pleasure of taking dinner with Governor Campbell three years ago—March, 1887. I must not, however, go into details or I will take the whole paper to tell what I have to say. After leaving St. Paul's our first port of call in Newfoundland was Channell, the capital of the west coast of Newfoundland. Leaving Channell we touched at Codry, the most fertile valley in the world, or, I may say, in Newfoundland. From there we sailed into the beautiful St. George's Bay, extending fifty-four miles in one side and thirty-three on the other. All bays from Cape Ray, on the west coast, to Cape Norman, on the north coast, are well adapted for farming—being level and plenty of timber. There is to be a saw mill erected on St. George's Bay this spring; vast forests of pine growing at the head of St. George's River are being cut this winter. The pine is sound, and free from punk and knots. St. George's Bay is the spawning ground for herring; there have been as high as 30,000 barrels of herrings taken in one spring. The settlement consists of some 500 people living on a spit of land some six miles long. There is one Roman Catholic chapel and one Church of England and one Methodist church. On the south side of the harbor there is good farming land, and every inch has been taken up as the Newfoundland Government has given the farmers a bounty of \$12.00 an acre to clear the land. That is only for five acres. The settlement of 500 people who live on the spit of land mentioned have built on sand, and I am afraid that the time will come when they will have to shift to the south side of the harbor, as the spit of land is receding, and being low, high tides go over many parts of it. The next port of call was Bay of Islands, the beautiful Humber River. There they have a splendid saw-mill and can't supply the demand. This Bay of Islands pine has brought as high as \$60.00 per thousand in New York. The grand secret of this pine is that it does not shrink and is very soft and easy to work. This is the home of the herring in winter, being caught through the ice. This is also a very fine summer resort, and quite near the Grand Pond, Deer Pond and George's Pond. Reaching there from River Head in boat you are also into the Deer Park, where you will find a telegraph station and can send word home every hour if you wish and tell your friends how many deer you shot. Grand sporting place for tourists; no better in the world. There is deer, ptarmigan, Scotch partridge, and geese, ducks and all other game too numerous to mention. After leaving Bay of Islands we have to steam back thirty miles (as the Humber River is thirty miles long), we now come to the High Islands, which would delight the eye of the artist; no better scenery than the islands lying in the mouth of Humber River. Our next call was Boone Bay, where you meet with exceedingly high mountains, and equals the Italian scenery. There is the tablelands and the Peak of Teneriffe, as we call them. Boone Bay has three rivers running out to sea and very deep waters all over the whole place, in some of these rivers there is ninety fathoms. Now, I have come to the end of the journey. We came back touching at all the same ports, making the round trip in ten days, costing you for return trip \$25.00. My time was occupied from October 22nd to January 1st between Channell and Boone Bay, but mostly St. George's Bay, as there were more furs there. I will give in my next letter a further account of my travels if you think them worth reading. The la Grippe is taking hold of the people of St. John's, and has taken one of the most influential men of this town—the Hon. Charles Browning.

With best wishes to all my friends, I remain yours in hope,

W. J. MESSERVEY.