

whole matter. Man and his work perishes; the world and all that is therein shall be burned up; human life shall end in death; death shall be swallowed up; things present shall become things past. But the Christian, having enjoyed these things, passes on to the fulness of his enjoyment in the "things to come." God and Christ; God's home and its joys; the Christian has a title to them all. Who would not be a Christian? There is nothing to lose. There is everything to gain.

There is just one thing which the Christian does not own, and that is himself. "All things are yours... but you are Christ's." "You are not your own, you are bought with a price." "Therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirits which are His."

M. B. RYAN.

FROM ST. JOHN, N. B., TO SUMMERSIDE, P. E. ISLAND.

After visiting the Falls, Boston, Portland and Eastport, I reached St. John, N. B., on the afternoon of July 3rd, at 4.30. Here I was met by Bros. T. H. Capp, minister of the Coburg street Christian Church, and O. B. Emery, of Deer Island. Now I proceed to give some conception of this City of 40,000.

St. John is beautifully situated on an elevated peninsula. Its streets divide each other at right angles; but some are not in good condition, as well as some of its sidewalks. In the year 1877 a great part of the city was destroyed by fire. Most of the buildings have been rebuilt, but some still remain in ruins as a memorial of that destructive fire. A great quantity of lumber and fish are shipped to the States and England. Many large ships are built here. One was to be launched on Tuesday, the 8th. The tide rises 30 feet. The climate is cool and pleasant; but it is a great place for fog; sometimes it prevails for weeks, while outside of town a few miles the sun shines pleasantly. The various religious organizations are represented and have their respective places of worship.—The Episcopalian and Roman Catholic are in the ascendancy. The Roman Catholics are the most numerous, the Episcopalians the wealthiest. On Sunday, the 6th, the Roman Catholics laid the foundation stone of a new church, with the usual ceremonies suitable to such an occasion. A large concourse of people witnessed the proceedings, and whenever a large voluntary contribution was made, it was chiefly by the believers in that doctrine.

I arrived in St. John in time to refresh myself with a hearty supper, then go to the weekly prayer-meeting, held in the Coburg St. Church. Quite a number were present, the most of whom were women. This seems to be the rule in all denominations. No matter what church you enter you observe that the majority present are women. Though she was the first to sin, yet she was the first to preach a living Saviour to a dying world, and is first in every good word and deed. Bro. James Barnes, elder of the church, presided, and after singing and prayer, several brethren spoke to the edification of all present. The meeting was a season of refreshment to the soul. We have a good house of worship, composed of two halls—the lower for the Sunday-school, prayer-meetings, etc.—the upper for public worship. Each is capable of seating four hundred. Lord's day morning and evening I preached to as appreciative an audience as I ever addressed. The church is doing a good work. It is composed of 150 members; has two prayer-meetings, one of the young people, the other for the church, and a sewing circle where garments are made for the poor. The church is much attached to its minister, Bro. T. H. Capp. While in the city I enjoyed the hospitality of Bro. James Barnes, and T. H. Capp. On the Friday night preceding Lord's day, Mr. George Barnes was very pleasantly surprised by the

members of the church and was presented with a handsome chair and lamp, as a token of the church's appreciation of his services.

All Lord's day the fog was very dense, and the fog-horn, faithful to its mission, sounded the notes of warning and safety to outgoing and incoming vessels. All vessels heeding its notes would be guided through all danger; and how diligently are such notes heeded by mariners. But although the gospel sounds its notes of warning and safety from a far more dreadful danger than any to which vessels are exposed, yet how few heed such notes. This thought took possession of me as I was going to preach, and I inwardly asked myself, "How many sinners would heed the notes sounded out from the myriads of churches to-day?"

By the 8.05 cars, Monday morning, I left St. John for the Island. When out some twenty miles the fog was left behind, and the sun shone out through a clear sky. We passed many small towns and beautiful scenery, and arrived at Point du Chene at 1 P. M., in time to take the Island steamer—*Princess of Wales*—for Summerside. The ropes were loosed, steam turned on, sails spread to a fair breeze, and we were on our way to the Island. The voyage was quick, smooth, pleasant, and we landed at 6 P. M. Here I was met by Bro. Murray, one of the elders of the church, and conveyed to his hospitable home, some two miles in the country.

My trip here, by land and water, was pleasant and profitable. The water relieved the monotony of the land, and *vice versa*. Nothing happened to mar the way except the heating of a part of the machinery of the State of Maine, which caused anxiety on the part of a few, as we were out in open sea, but not far from dangerous breakers. On the return of our steamer, she almost collided with her sister steamer in a fog; and very shortly after she was lost on a rocky coast. Thus was destroyed the splendid steamer, State of Maine—making the fourth steamer the International Company has lost in a brief time.

After resting Tuesday and Wednesday, the brethren insisted on me preaching Friday night. With this request I complied, and preached three sermons in a school house, about two miles from Summerside. The audiences were good, attentive, and this little meeting brought us up to our Annual Meeting, held this year at Summerside. On Saturday afternoon we met for a social worship, to receive visitors and provide homes for them. Quite a number came. The programme for Lord's day was made out, then we returned to our respective homes. On Sunday morning a large audience assembled for worship. Bro. Carroll Ghent, of Philadelphia, Pa., preached on "What is Christianity?" At 3 P. M. we assembled for social meeting. Several songs were sung, earnest prayers offered up for the success of the gospel, and stimulating, comforting, encouraging speeches were made by the preachers and brethren present. At 6 P. M. we met for preaching. Bro. O. B. Emery, of Deer Island, N. B., addressed the people. After each of the services a collection was taken up for the spread of the gospel. On Monday, 9 A. M., we met for business. After devotional exercises the business was transacted and my place of labor assigned me. The General Mission Work of the Island is controlled by the resident preachers, including the evangelist and two members from each church. Summerside being my first place I preached on Monday night. After the sermon Bro. D. Crawford gave an exhortation, and while singing "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," two came forward to make the "good confession," and were baptized on Friday, at 4.30 P. M. Tuesday night Bro. T. H. Capp preached. The weather all through our meeting was very wet, but notwithstanding the people turned out well, we having a full house up to Monday night. Many going home on Tuesday, the condition of the roads and weather rendered it unsafe for those in the

country coming till Friday night, so the brethren thought it wise to postpone until Friday night. On that night, as well as on Sunday morning and night, and Monday night I preached. On Sunday night one more made the "good confession" and was baptized on Monday morning. This was a fair beginning of my work. Our meeting closed on Monday night.

The Annual Meeting takes place next year at Lot 48. The preachers present at Summerside were: D. Crawford, New Glasgow, P. E. I.; O. B. Emery, Deer Island, N. B.; T. H. Capp, St. John, N. B.; Carroll Ghent, Philadelphia, Penn., now of Montague, P. E. I.; Murdoch Gunn, Lexington, Ky., now of P. E. I. Bro. Ghent preaches three Sundays at Montague, the rest of his time at East Point.

On the 25th of July I travelled to Tignish by rail. This is a small town sixty-eight miles from Summerside, at the extreme west of the Island. There are two lobster factories close to town, and the Bay is a favorite rendezvous for the fleet of American fishing smacks. The Roman Catholics outnumber the other religious bodies, both as regards numbers and wealth. They have a large brick church and convent. Many Protestants send their daughters to the convent for instruction in music, etc., such is the influence of the Catholics that no alcoholic drink is sold in the county. Many saloons existed in and around Tignish, owned and rented by Catholics, but the priest, Dugald McDonald—the name indicates the nationality—closed them all. He even had one of his own people—a woman—put in the penitentiary for violating the law in regard to prohibition. The Presbyterians are the next numerous and are endeavoring to secure a minister to fill the pulpits about six miles apart. The Episcopalians and Baptists have their respective houses of worship. We have no organization, but a few (ten) meet from house to house, breaking to each other the Bread of Life, and remembering the Lord in the emblems of his appointment. To this little faithful band I went to minister. Bro. Stephenson, a man of 80 summers, keeps this little band together. On Lord's day at 3.30, we met in the Union Church for worship. A good audience was present and we continued our meeting from night to night, with the exception of Wednesday night, until the following Lord's day afternoon. On Thursday night three out of one family confessed their Lord. Two were baptized in the Gulf of St. Lawrence on Friday afternoon, and the other, on account of sickness, was baptized on Sunday morning. Our meeting on Lord's day morning was held in the house of Bro. Benjamin Haywood. The members and friends were present—about 20 in all. Songs were sung, prayers offered up, words of comfort and encouragement were said by Bro. Stephenson and myself. The supper eaten, and the right hand of Christian fellowship extended to the persons who were baptized. The meeting was one of the most enjoyable of any I have experienced. Many shed tears for joy. Sister B. Haywood quite broke down in singing while the brethren were welcoming and encouraging the young converts. Many things conspired to cause her joy to flow copiously in tears. Her son just came in from sea a few moments before we began worship, and her brother and his wife came the night previous, and were present, seated on either side of her. Impressions were made then that will work good to all who were present. Our meeting closed Sunday afternoon. The weather all through our meeting was fine, and the moonlight rendered our night service very enjoyable. Our meeting was preceded by a meeting at the Roman Catholic Church, conducted by some missionaries from France and some from England. The weather all through their meeting was very wet and the roads got in a wretched condition. Our brethren told them they were soon to have a missionary from Kentucky, and as soon as he came the weather would clear up. But the Catholics