

Correspondence.

Dear Christian:—

Our home was invaded on Tuesday evening, the 17th inst., by members and friends of the church of Christ in Montague. This is the third time during our short residence here that we and our premises have been taken possession of by uninvited guests; but, as on previous occasions, we soon saw by the appearance of the gathering host, that the invasion was of a friendly character. Smiling faces, cheerful voices and kindly greetings, introduced the proceedings of the evening.

The lady members of the congregation, assisted by others whom they "pressed" into service, soon had tables spread and bountifully supplied with the good things of this life—tempting to the appetite, and, it is satisfactory to know that their efforts to please were not slighted, but ample justice was done to the rich repast.

During and after the time thus occupied, a good social season was enjoyed by all, although the company was composed of persons of all ages, from far past the "four-score," down to early youth; and strange as it may appear to some, they who were "by reason of strength" living away beyond the allotted time, could smile as pleasantly, and talk as cheerfully, as those who were just entering on the realities of life.

Cheerful conversation, speeches, sacred song and prayer filled the time largely; but I must not forget that these were not all. Our friends left in house and barn many tangible tokens of their goodwill and largeness of heart to us, who, with them for the time being in church relation, stand connected.

During the evening, Mrs. Emery was, by Sister Stewart, on behalf of the ladies of the congregation, in a neat speech, presented with a well filled purse, as a token of their esteem and regard. We waited a short time for a reply, but thinking that just at the moment, Mrs. Emery was not quite as strong as usual, assumed her place and gave utterance to a few of the thoughts suggested by present circumstances, and the overflowing of a heart filled with gratitude for kind friends, loving hearts, and the strong, though tender ties which bind together the members of the "body of Christ"—THE CHURCH.

O. B. EMERY.

Montague, Jan. 20th, 1888.

Dear Christian:—

Many are the glorious privileges we enjoy, by being able to communicate one with another, thus we hail our little CHRISTIAN. It, indeed, forms a mediation between us, so as we can talk with, and know how each other is advancing towards the kingdom of our God. We, here in Halifax, are glad to let our brethren know we are still pressing toward the "mark." Our little band, by the grace of God, is still plodding on in the path of duty. We have been much encouraged of late, in meeting with success in the way of collecting for our new house of worship. Our Bro. W. J. Messervey, is now in the United States, where he has gone in pursuit of means to aid the cause of Christ in this city. Many are the prayers that has followed him, and we are looking for his success. In the meantime, parties wishing to donate to the cause in Halifax, send along your ten cents; we will receive it in the name of our Master, and thankfully acknowledge the same. It is hard, we know, to establish confidence in the minds of many of our brethren, concerning our late effort to establish the work here, on account of so many unsuccessful attempts of the past, but, notwithstanding all, it can be done, and by the help of God, we intend to use all means to accomplish the work. We indeed, long for time, when in this city, the gospel as it is in Christ, shall have reater influence, and be more gladly received than

in the past. Indeed, in this city we see the need of enforcing true gospel principles. Thousands are being swayed about by every wind of doctrine, thousands are being lulled to sleep by the cunning craftiness of men, and we believe that there are scores of honest hearts in this city who would receive the truth if the means was more strongly established.

And we are not going to be content until we have done what we can, ever mindful that our blessed Master is always near to aid those who do what they can. While our Bro. W. J. Messervey is away, all donations will be received to the same address by H. E. Cooke, acting financier in his absence. Our list of subscribers is not so large as previously reported, but we are well satisfied. I am glad also to note the collection from Sister Lizzie E. Baron, Fair Haven, also, Sister Ada S. Herson, Deer Island, and Bro. Emery, P. E. I. God will indeed abundantly bless those who work faithfully for the extension of "His church" here below. Bro. W. J. Messervey writes us that he is doing as well as can be expected at this season of the year. We are glad to know he is well and enjoying his visit, although very cold and uncomfortable travelling; but he is working for the Master, and his reward is sure.

H. E. COOKE.

Halifax, N. S., Jan., 1888.

Miscellaneous.

SEEK CHRIST FIRST.

BY O. H. PECK.

Whatever object you have in life, seek Christ first. Receiving Christ in the heart and holding close fellowship with Him is the one important and the all important event of life. No life is complete without Christ. He is the one thing needful. He is the good part which shall never be taken away. Your worldly success may be brilliant, your worldly honor be heralded in triumph throughout the globe, you may reach the pinnacle of fame, but if that is all, and the light of your life goes out without a vital interest in the blood of Christ, then those terrible words of our Saviour applied to Judas, those words which compass a whole and never ending eternity of sorrows, are equally applicable to you. "It had been good for that man if he had never been born."

Are you about to enter manhood? Seek Christ. You will need Him. No man is safe without Him. Afflictions may come. Christ is the true friend of the afflicted. "The Lord will command his loving kindness, in the day time, and in the night his song shall be with me." Trials may come, and you will cry, "My heart is overwhelmed, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I." Christ is that Rock. Seek him now. He is the true friend. He is the Brother on the throne, mighty to save and mighty to compassionate. He has passed through all suffering. He knows every storm that will assail you, and He freely offers the protection you need. Death will come. As Christ is your need in life, He is equally your need in death. Without Him death is a dark future, so terribly dark no Christian would desire to look into it. With Him you can look cheerfully beyond the grave, for He will guide you by his counsel, and afterwards He will receive you into glory. His glory. Christ's glory. The glory of the only begotten of the Father. O the depths of that joy which comes from a life hid with Christ in God. Trust Christ, his love, his faithfulness. He is the Son of God. His companionship is pure, his love is holy. His friendship is eternal. His manners the desire of all Christian hearts.

May we all seek Christ first and thus make God's home our home, and our home the home of God through his beloved Son.

A MISSIONARY ERA.

The Victorian has been emphatically called the Missionary era. Since the immediately post-apostolic days no halfcentury of the Church's history has recorded a similar advance, although that advance is relatively small in the unexampled growth of population even in non-Christian lands. The ten missionary organizations of the United Kingdom have become sixty-five; the twenty-seven of all evangelical Christendom have increased to a hundred and eighty-five. The sum of half a million sterling raised to evangelize the world has grown five fold—to two million and a half. The living converts then under 400,000 now form native Christian communities three million strong. The missionary band, ordained and unordained, was then 760 strong, and not twelve of these were women or natives; now it is a host of nearly 40,000 of whom 2,000 are women besides missionaries' wives; 33,000 are natives, and of these 3,000 are ordained. Besides all that Carey and his imitators had done to translate the Word of God, we see now in other forty-one languages the Old Testament, and in other sixty-four languages the New Testament. Our empire has grown till we have become responsible for a fourth of mankind. The English-speaking race were only twenty-two million strong when Carey made his survey; we have increased at the rate of nearly a million a year till in and outside of Christendom we are 113 millions strong. Our wealth has swollen even more rapidly. Our mother tongue, the Queen's English, has become the Christianizing and civilizing speech of earth, carrying to the thousand millions who are still barbarians in the Hellenic sense, even as Greek influenced the hundred millions of the Roman empire, that Divine revelation which, to all who believe it, is the power of God unto salvation. Save in the very heart of Asia—Mohammedan, Buddhist, and Russian—the Spirit of God has opened every door, as our fathers prayed.—*Report of the Free Church of Scotland.*

THE HOME.

True society begins at home. When two young people love each other and marry, they restore the picture of the apostolic church. They are of one heart and one soul. Neither do they say that anything they possess is their own, but they have all things in common. Their mutual trust in each other, their entire confidence in each other, draws out all that is best in both. Love is the angel who rolls away the stone from the grave in which we bury our better nature, and it comes forth. Love makes all things new; makes a new heaven and a new earth; makes all cares light, all pain easy. It is the one enchantment of human life which realizes Fortunio's purse and Aladdin's palace, and turns the "Arabian Nights" into mere prose in comparison. Think how this old story of love is repeated forever in all the novels and romances and poems, and how we never tire of reading about it; and how if there is to be a wedding in a church all mankind go, just to have one look at two persons who are supposed at least, to be in love, and so supremely happy. But this, also, is not perfect society. It is too narrow, too exclusive. It shows the power of devotion, trust, self-surrender, that there is in the human heart; and it is also a prophecy of something larger that is to come. But it is at least a home, and before real society can come, true homes must come. As in a sheltered nook in the midst of the great sea of ice which rolls down from the summit of Mont Blanc is found a little green spot full of tender flowers, so, in the shelter of home, in the warm atmosphere of household love, spring up the pure affections of parent and child; father, mother, son, daughter; of brothers and sisters. Whatever makes this insecure, and divorce frequent, make