

CORRESPONDENCE.

VACATION NOTES.

NO. I.

DEAR EDITOR,—I determined this year to follow the fashion and take a "vacation." I selected as my objective point the home of my youth; and what more natural, than after an absence of three years, to desire to visit the old spot again? The place where first religious impressions were made, where I heard the first Gospel sermon, where I gave myself to the Saviour, where I formed the resolve to devote whatever of power God had given me to the advancement of His cause.

To make my going doubly sure, wife and baby were sent ahead, to spend the heated season amid the fresh flowers and cooling breezes of the country, and to await my coming. September 1st found me bidding good-bye to warm friends and fellow-workers, and boarding the East-bound train from Williamsport, Pa. A trip by rail through the fairest portion of Pennsylvania, by day-light; a stay of three hours in Philadelphia, the "city of brotherly love," and a steamboat ride by night from Jersey City to Harlem, passing between the great cities of New York and Brooklyn, with their myriad lights and shadows on either hand, and going directly under the great Brooklyn Bridge, the connecting link between them, were some of the pleasantest features of the first twenty-four hours' travel. After spending a day with brothers in Boston, I boarded the steamer "New Brunswick" for Eastport, Me. The balmy air, the peaceful sea, and the congenial company of passengers, made the trip a pleasant one. We arrived at Eastport about 11 A. M., Sept. 4th. There I was met by Bro. O. B. Emery, of Deer Island, N. B., who conveyed me to Leonardville, where the Yearly Meeting of the Churches of Christ in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia was to be held. Our conveyance was one of the sail-boats for which Deer Island and its vicinity are famous; strongly built, and accurately proportioned, it is the boast of the inhabitants that it is almost impossible to capsize them. However, every rule has exceptions, as was demonstrated by an incident recently reported in the St. John papers, where a boat in that vicinity, loaded with sheep, was upset and all the sheep drowned. I have been glad, since hearing of that, that Bro. Emery didn't deal in live stock. Our boat was strongly built, well ballasted, and fully equipped with canvas. In short, we had everything necessary to a pleasant and successful sail down the Bay, except the wind. In the scarcity of that commodity, the only alternative was the employment of muscle, and I was devoutly thankful when Bro. Emery and Bro. Fred Leonard guaranteed a sufficient supply.

It had been eight years since I had attended an Annual Meeting in the Provinces. During that time, some, whose faces were scarcely ever missing at an Annual, have passed to their reward. Notable among these, are Brethren Jacob and Milton Barnes, of St. John; and Brethren John McDonald and Levi Minard, M. D., of Nova Scotia. But I was glad to see that younger men have stepped into their vacated places, and are lending their influence to the work which suffered so heavily in their death. I can safely say that I never enjoyed a meeting anywhere more than I enjoyed this one. It was indeed a rich feast to meet with and hear brethren with whom are associated some of my earliest and choicest memories of Christian life and work, and to make the acquaintance of so many more of the tried and true. The face of Brethren Crawford, Gates, Ford, Emery and Howard Murray, and their voices as well were all familiar, while a long-felt wish was gratified in meeting for the first time Brethren Rogers, Capp, Dwyer, Nowlan and William Murray.

My home while on the Island was, in company with Bro. Dwyer, with Bro. George Welsh; while I spent pleasant hours in the homes of Bro. Geo. Leonard and others. I shall ever remember "the Meeting on Deer Island," and think of my visit there as one of the pleasantest episodes in my life.

On Tuesday, Sept. 9th, I resumed my journey homeward, from Eastport, in company with Bro. Capp, of St. John, Bro. Dwyer, of Cornwallis, N. S., Bro. Minard, of Milton, N. S., and others, who were returning from the meeting. On the trip to St. John, we passed the magnificent steamer "State of Maine," then lying on the rocks off Point Lepreaux, but since taken to Bath, Me., for repairs. Our boat called at Dippér Harbor to unload several hundred empty casks, for use in the hold of the disabled steamer to cause her to float. A pleasant run to St. John; an hour spent in the Young People's prayer-meeting at the Coburg St. Church, a short stay at the home of Bro. J. E. Barnes, and I boarded the night express on the Intercolonial Railway, and arrived at West Gore, Hants County, N. S., at 3 P. M., the next day. There have been some sad changes here in the three years of my absence. A father and a sister have been laid away in the old churchyard on the hill. The old home has passed into other hands. Some other friends, near and dear to me, are missing. I am forcibly reminded of the changing nature of earthly things, and led to desire, more strongly, an inheritance in that land where death's rude shock will never be felt, where the redeemed shall "go no more out," and where there will be no separations. Yet it was pleasant to be at the old home again. The same old hills and hollows were there, the same brooks and meadows, and as I walked through their midst they seemed to give me a familiar greeting, and a hearty welcome back. There, the friends that are left, are the friends of my youth, and what friends are ever so friendly as they?

I found the Sunday-school in a flourishing condition, under the leadership of Bro. Donald McDougall, and a most efficient corps of teachers. Few schools are more intelligent in the Word of God than this one. What a host of Christian men and women have received early Christian training in that school. They are scattered through the breadth of the continent, and I am glad to know that many of them are filling useful positions in the work of Christ wherever they are found. The church prospers under the pastoral care of Brethren J. B. and J. T. Wallace, and John McDougall. I spent a pleasant period of ten days in a protracted meeting with the brethren there, assisted by Bro. J. B. Wallace. The immediate result was seven immersed into Christ. This church is one of the oldest in the Maritime Provinces. It was the result of a division in the Baptist Church in Rawdon, one party taking its stand on the Bible alone. It enjoyed the labors of the pioneers—Brethren Eaton, Doy's, Howard and McDonald, to some extent. But it owes its firm establishment in the community more to Bro. Michael Wallace (now deceased), at once farmer, doctor and preacher, than to any other one man. His sons, Hiram and J. B., have each in turn ministered to it; and those three have been the only regular preachers it has ever had for any length of time. It is doing good work at home, and assisting the Mission work in other places. But it is able to do more in both these respects than it has ever done. The brethren there have always been ready to respond to any legitimate call for help in the Lord's cause; and they only need to realize the pressing necessity for increased effort and liberality for the establishment of the work in those Provinces, to come nobly to the rescue with their labor and their means.

There are several other congregations in Hants County, but they are in rather a weak condition. It is to be hoped that a heroic effort will be made

to keep the lamp of truth burning in every community where it has once been lighted.

While visiting relatives on the shore of Cobequid Bay, I spoke one evening in a Congregational Church, and the next in the house of a Congregational deacon. Good audiences listened most respectfully to the Word on both occasions.

I spent one day among brethren and friends in Shubenacadie. There are a few faithful brethren here who keep up the services of the Lord's house on the first day of the week. They have preaching but seldom, but the community seems disposed to hear. "Faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God." Left Shubenacadie for St. John, Oct. 3rd. M. B. RYAN.

FROM NEW ZEALAND.

DEAR BRO. CRAWFORD,—In my last I think I said something about the presence of the Salvation Army here. New Zealand and several of the Australian Colonies are having fierce raids from these nondescript soldiers. In all the principal towns they have established "barracks," where they meet at all hours of the day and night. The officers parade the streets in military uniform, accompanied by a band of some description—a penny whistle does duty if nothing better can be had; the soldiers, male and female, old and young, march the streets through rain and mud. They halt in some public place, have knee drill (prayer), fire volleys (shouting Amen), fix bayonets (holding up the right arm), and sundry other military movements. The captain or some of the officers addresses the gathering in an earnest, though generally an unlearned style, inviting them to come to Jesus and join the (h)army. General Booth, the head of this strange movement, whom, by the way, a friend of mine describes as the fourth person in the Trinity, after seeing the account of a new barracks being dedicated to the "Father, Son, and the Holy Ghost, and General William Booth;" seems to have great confidence in young men for officers. Most of them are young and inexperienced, and as a consequence, many foolish and some wicked things are done, which bring the name of religion into contempt. I do not think the army will be long-lived, though it has done some good in rescuing drunkards and other wicked people from their evil habits.

We have had a visit from a few fanatics, calling themselves "American Evangelists." They travel in pairs, husband and wife, are willing to preach for any church which will receive them, and seem in no hurry to leave. They preach what to me is a new doctrine—"Entire Sanctification." If you only get this "grace" you are not only free from sin, but from the possibility of sinning. I judged from some of the "tall yarns" they told, that they had not found it themselves, though they told us they had, and some of them had not sinned for ten years. If you ever come to New Zealand to preach do not call yourself an "American Evangelist," or you will be looked upon with suspicion, and avoided accordingly. Nevertheless, we do want evangelists, either from America or elsewhere, who know how to do the "work of an evangelist" as it ought to be done. The churches at Dunedin and Wellington are both looking for preachers, not pastors, we don't like "pastors" out here.

I notice that O. A. Carr is inquiring the whereabouts of your co-laborer, T. H. Capp. I doubt not he wants to send him to one or other of these places. Just you come along, Bro. Capp, and bring your wife and little ones, too; New Zealand is going to be a big place, and I know your friends in Victoria are anxious to see you. I should be sorry to take so able an assistant from Bro. Crawford, but as he will not come, too, you will have to leave him.

Bro. M. W. Green, of Dunedin, who tried his hand at politics, nearly three years ago, has been left out in the cold in the recent elections. I