

is any improvement upon the system that prevails in the Coburg street church, St. John. This does not mean that the latter could not be made much better, but it does mean that it could easily be made much worse. I do not think I have come across a church that is so well organized for effective Christian service.

A word about myself. The doctors here are making nothing out of me. And the lady with whom I am boarding is not making much. I have not yet begun to burst the buttons off my clothes, but they and I are keeping closer company than we have done for years. I am waiting with strong desires for the time to come when I shall have to visit some tailor and make arrangements for the accommodation of my increased avoirdupois.

HENRY W. STEWART.

Valdosta, Ga., Feb. 24, 1899.

FROM KENTUCKY.

Since last writing I have been down with that dire enemy the "Grippe." I should have remained in bed for at least a week, but being too anxious about my studies I stayed away from the University only two days. By the end of the week the sickness came on with tenfold force. Thanks to the prompt measures and skill of the doctor, the extreme kindness of the good people with whom I stay, who have showed me, a stranger, every care, I am now recovering. Bro. Wm. Gates, of Nova Scotia, is my room-mate. He is the essence of goodness. For nearly two weeks he sacrificed his classes and waited on me night and day. He was unremitting in his attentions. The thousand and one services required in a sick-room were rendered by him with a cheerful readiness and loving sympathy that bespeak the true Christian heart. At the time of this writing I hope to be back to my studies in about ten days.

Have the dear ones in that stricken home in Charlottetown been deprived of a brother? Then I have lost a true friend. How sad the news which came to me through Sister Shaw, that Charles Kennedy had passed away. What a shock to the elder brother! And his sister will be heartbroken, for how truly she loved him! What a home of cheer and love it was for me. Almost every Sunday night after the preaching service, and on Wednesday evening after the prayer-meeting, I would visit the dear friends there. How solicitous he was about my health! He never grew tired of hearing me tell of the day's experiences. Those hands and heart now cold and still in death ministered to me so often in such a quiet, unobtrusive way, that revealed the soul of the true giver. Very few know of the extent of the ministering given by the dear ones in that home to me, a poor and struggling, and oft'times distressed young preacher. How often they cheered me, and bade me be of good comfort! May the Lord bind up the broken hearts in that home, and bless all the sorrowing relatives.

The last Lord's day evening I was privi-

leged to be out I heard Bro. R. Everett Stevenson, New Glasgow, P. E. I., make a rousing talk on Foreign Missions in the "Delta" Endeavor Society of Central Church. He drove the truth home with telling force at that missionary rally, which showed that his heart was on fire in the grand work of evangelizing the world.

Bro. Herbert Martin, Montague, P. E. I., enjoys the unique distinction of being president of the graduating class of old K. U. this year. As a preacher he has had success to attend him in winning souls. In a recent meeting of eight days 31 were added to the Lord by faith and obedience. Two others by letter. A strong desire possesses him to take an advanced course in one of the Eastern colleges before settling down to regular ministerial work.

Bro. G. Nelson Stevenson, also of New Glasgow, will graduate this year from both colleges, and the degree of M. A. will be conferred on him in June. He is one of the "honor" men. It is highly probable that he will locate in Ontario.

Bro. "Ethan" Allen, Lubec, Me., my bosom friend, will also graduate from the Bible College. I trust that one of the churches in the Provinces will endeavor to secure him. How I enjoyed his visit when I was sick, in calling up the reminiscences of that never-to-be-forgotten spring of '96, when we, with seventy others, gave the cantata, "David, the Shepherd Boy," at Newtown, Ky. But I must close. More anon.

GEORGE MANIFOLD.

DEER ISLAND LETTER.

This is election day. How I do wish we could get along without so many elections. People (at least some) get so much excited, and to hear and read the stories of both parties, would imply that the country is going to ruin anyway. If we could get Christian people to take as much interest in religious matters as many of them take in politics our churches would not be lacking in warm-hearted workers. Men who cannot do anything in church work can be out to a political meeting every night in the week, and can study a "voters' list" with more interest than the Bible—can ask a man about his vote, but cannot say a word about his soul; and yet these men will expect, by and by, to have the Saviour say, "Well done." If they are not disappointed, the Bible is not true. We cannot enjoy heaven in the sweet by and by without doing something in the sweet now and now.

Our meeting at Lord's Cove closed with ten confessions, one by statement, and three restored, making fourteen in all.

An epidemic of la grippe seemed to sweep over the Island, and it is not done yet.

Bro. Minnick, of Lubec, spent a week with me, but had to return home on account of sickness. We were all sorry for this, for his sermons were very helpful and interesting. I hope he can come again when there is no "grippe" around.

In a late issue of the New York *Independent* there is an editorial on "The Church of Christ in our New Possessions." The follow-

ing are some of the things that are said: "Shall it be the Church of Christ or shall it be a medley of rival, perhaps even a wrangle of conflicting sects? That is the question now before the churches; what shall be their answer? . . . So far as we know four deputations of our Protestant religious societies have been visiting Porto Rico, one Baptist, another Congregational, another representing the Disciples of Christ, and the fourth sent by the Young Men's Christian Association. . . . Why cannot our benevolent societies be all satisfied to establish simple churches of Christ, and call them by nothing else than the simple name of their Master? Is this too much to ask? Is it anything more than was done by Peter and Paul when they organized their first churches?"

The above sounds familiar, and every Disciple of Christ will heartily say, Amen. Truly the heaven is working.

We are having some very interesting meetings at Leonardville.

W. H. HARDING.

HOLIDAY NOTES.

On the way to Halifax the writer stopped off at Berwick to visit A. A. Ford, and had the pleasure of being present at the marriage of Miss Margaret Ford to Dr. C. B. Russ, of Bridgeport, Conn.

It was also my privilege to spend a few days at Port Williams and to preach Sunday morning. It is to be hoped that the church there will secure a preacher this spring.

From Port Williams I went to Halifax to spend Christmas holidays with my parents. This is the first Christmas I have spent with them since 1895. While in Halifax I preached six times. Of course all the church feel badly over losing so many of their members, through removals, but if earnestness and determination count for anything, the work there is sure to succeed.

From Halifax I went to Elmsdale and remained over two Lord's days, preaching several times during the week, besides the regular Sunday services. The brethren and sisters here are earnest and consecrated workers, and are very anxious to see the Lord's work prosper.

I also spent four days with the church at Shubenacadie, and found them struggling along as best they could without any regular preaching. While in Shubenacadie it was my sad duty to attend the funeral of the wife of Bro. Josiah Wallace. Sister Wallace was a member of the church for years, and died trusting in her Saviour. She has been confined to her bed for about five years, but her sufferings were borne with Christian fortitude. She leaves a husband and four children to mourn their loss.

My next move was to return to my field of labor at Summerville, making a short call at Halifax on my way to Queens.

The work here in Summerville is moving along about as usual. All the friends here were delighted to have a call from Bro. H. Murray, the only regret was that his visit was so short. The little church here will always love him who has given so much labor and spent many anxious hours in building up the work here.

F. C. FORD.  
Summerville, N. S.