

Annual Meeting on Deer Island. Circumstances, however, over which I had no control, prevented me, and the result was more turned to the Saviour. May God grant that they may never falter in their journey home. My prayer is that each one of these precious lambs of the fold may finally meet in that beautiful home above.

That home! O, how sweet;
It thrills with joy the heart;
Home, where the loved ones meet,
And never, never part.

May the benediction of a merciful Father rest upon them. God bless them forever. Amen. Amen.

LOT 48

We have still been continuing our labors here in connection with the church in the city of Charlottetown. Since our last report two young men have united with this congregation, having previously made the good confession, and were buried with the Lord in baptism in the beautiful tidal waves of the Hillsboro river. I believe I have taken into the church, or baptized, over 30 since I came to the island three months ago. Some united with the church in this place, some in Charlottetown and some in New Glasgow, while a few have not yet taken membership with any congregation. My heart yearns for these, mostly all in the pride, vigor and beauty of youth. They are doubly dear to me now, and I expect some day, when the cares of earth have passed away, to meet them beyond the flowing stream of the crystal waters of the dark sea.

One week ago, at the close of the evening service, one having previously come forward and made the good confession, Elder Robt. Stewart arose and stated that it was the wish of the church that I should remain with them. Perhaps I may yet be able to mature my plans, taking my wife and two daughters, and continue my work on this beautiful island.

Bro. Henry Stewart bade us all good-bye last week, and left for Lexington, Ky., where he goes to continue his arts course in the university. He left with the good wishes and prayers of a host of friends, wishing him all happiness in this life and crowns of unfading loveliness in the world to come. He is destined to become an ornament to the church and world. He intends being absent for two years. Adieu, until we meet again!

On the 10th inst. I left the city of Charlottetown, on board the steamer St. Lawrence, for Pictou, N. S. At an early hour the whistle blew, the cry "All aboard!" was heard, and soon we were passing swiftly over the tranquil waters of the Straits of Northumberland. The natural scenery around the harbor and into the straits is very beautiful. Dark groves of evergreen, principally the spruce and balsam, lift their tall plumes here and there, and the rolling hills, gently sloping, bright with verdure, variegated with cultivated fields, adorn the wide-spreading landscape. Soon Charlottetown and Lot 48 faded from our view, and I waited kind wishes over the waves that rolled between, and affectionately bade farewell to this lovely isle of the sea.

PICTOU, N. S.

In company with Mr. Warren, a friend of mine from Montreal, I arrived here about noon. The day was dark and dreary, and a feeling of loneliness crept over me. I spent an hour in the kind home of Bro. David Fullerton, and was sorry to find Sister Fullerton in declining health. Time is continually making changes. The things of yesterday are not the things of to-day.

A short time in the office of the *Standard*, and then I stopped aboard the cars on the Intercolonial railroad. A swift, onward rush of the train, with a few short pauses, a few screams of the whistle, and I hear the brakeman shout

"TRURO!"

Leaving the coach, I had an opportunity of taking a bird's-eye view of the town, one of the most pleasantly-situated towns in Nova Scotia. I had not long, however, to remain, and in a couple of hours was on the train for

SHUBENACADIE.

Here I spent three days very pleasantly in the hospitable home of Bro. Weston Nelson. The church in this vicinity is not yet completed, but in all probability it will be in the near future. Bro. Nelson has a very interesting family, and I expect soon to see some of them into the church. They were very anxious for me to remain over and preach a few times, but I found it necessary to go on to

BRIDGEWATER,

with the promise of visiting them on my way home. I arrived here on the evening of the 14th, via Halifax and Lunenburg. This is one of the most enterprising places I have seen in the Maritime Provinces. On every hand indications of prosperity are manifest. The Lahave railroad is now under way, and the whole town is full of life and activity. I came here to Bridgewater, by special request, in company with Bro. J. B. Prince, who is a resident of this village. Bro. Prince was formerly a member of the Christian Church in St. John, N. B., and is a very kind and amiable young man. Brethren Samuel and W. J. Nelson also reside here, and are an honor to any community. They are now very much interested in mining, having shares in the gold mines at Brookfield, which were sold to-day for \$55,000. I was advertised, by handbills being posted up on the afternoon after my arrival, that I would preach the day following, Sept. 16th; in the morning in the temperance hall and in the afternoon in the pine grove, and in the evening in the Baptist church. They had not a very good chance to announce our meetings on account of not having sufficient time; however, all things taken into consideration, our congregations were very good. There are six churches here in a village of 1,000 inhabitants. In the afternoon, in the grove, our audience numbered about 350, and in the evening the Baptist church was pretty well filled. The Rev. Mr. Dodge, the Baptist minister, was present at both services and took part in the exercises.

I must close for the present.

In faith, hope and love,

W. K. BURR.

Bridgewater, N. S., Sept. 18.

The cause on this Island though not free from discouragement is evidently on the ascendant. The yearly meeting at Montague was perhaps the largest ever held with us. Both visitors and those who kindly entertained them appeared happy. The attendance and attention at the different meetings were good. To encourage and sustain more men, young and old, in preaching the gospel was the central point of consideration. The church there had fitted up their meeting house in a most commendable manner. Without anything gaudy or superfluous, there is an attractive neatness and comfort about house and yard, fitted to relieve the mind from any annoyance and leave it free to worship God in spirit and in truth. Christians should give proper attention to these matters and to be, as the apostle enjoins, "not slothful in business, but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

What gave us even greater pleasure was the evident change in the activity of the young members. If asked what we consider our greatest want in spreading the gospel throughout the land, we would say the want of faithful preachers. Next to this the neglect to train and utilize the energies of young members. Indeed the latter had a strong bearing on the former, which add to its importance.

Bro. Emery, I think, has had encouraging success in bringing the young brethren to the front in the

worshipping assembly, and it is hoped this success will increase.

It was gratifying to learn in different places of the growing attachment between Bro. Emery and the people, and if a three-fold cord is so hard to break there is hope that one of so many strands will prove sound enough to keep that matter settled. Montague is a central field of much promise and our prayer is that its success and usefulness may be permanent.

In New Glasgow the cause is encouraging. Meetings are well attended, especially on Lord's days. The young members help to make the social meetings interesting. The number added to the church during the summer is 17. We are hoping that more may follow ere long.

The church at Tryon are faithful in keeping up their meetings. Although their small number has been thinned out by several leaving for the United States this summer and other things occur to depress them they labor on confident that truth is mighty and will prevail. Oh, that we would always remember the admonition that follows the Apostle's grand argument for the resurrection: "Wherefore, my brethren, be ye steadfast, always abounding in the work of the Lord, for as much as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord." 1 Cor. xv. 58.

D. C.

TIGNISH.

Lord's day, Aug. 26th, I spent with the church at Tignish. We had fair meetings morning and evening. During the morning service one who had been a member of the Church of Christ, but had for reasons better known to herself, united with the Baptists, was received, by her own wish, into membership again, the right hand of fellowship was extended to two others. Monday I baptized an elderly woman. She had desired for some time to obey her Savior, but was prevented from so doing by the determined opposition of her husband. Our prayer is that she may prove faithful, and be the means of leading others to a knowledge of the truth.

The faithful little band of Disciples at Tignish have been made sad by the death of one of their number in the spring of life. Walter R. Haywood, son of Bro. Bonj. Haywood, was born in 1865. In his sixteenth year he was baptized by Bro. Crawford. Last November he was married to Sister Amanda Rayner, and Aug. 23rd, 1888, he departed this life to be with Christ.

Bro. Walter won the esteem of all who knew him. He was quiet and inoffensive, and kind and obliging in his manner. He was always ready and willing to do a kind act as opportunity afforded.

He went down to the grave with not a blot on his character, respected and lamented by all who knew him. What a consolation it must be to his parents to know that never an act was committed or a word spoken by him that might bring reproach upon his or their good name.

I thought as I walked with the sorrowing mother and the bereaved widow, as the shades of night were falling and as the dingy clouds were hanging on the narrowed horizon, What is the design of all this? I thought as the mother—now in the decline of life's pilgrimage—deprived of a son, and as the widow so young, so tender, and so good, deprived of a husband, strewed leaves and flowers over the grave of the silent one, Why has God done this? The words spoken ages ago come to my mind, "The secret things belong unto the Lord our God;" and again, "all things work together for good to those who love the Lord and who are called according to His purpose," "eye hath not seen nor ear heard neither hath their entered into the heart of man the things the Lord hath in store for those who love him."

H. J. SMITH.

S. Sidé, Sept. 10th, 1888.