

best wishes of many who are not connected with the church, as well as of all the brethren, will follow him wherever he may go. To me it was quite affecting to see many of the old brethren and sisters come some miles with their little offerings, and with tears in their eyes bid our brother good-bye, with the hope that the Lord may soon open a way for him to come back and continue the good work begun in their midst. It was my privilege last Lord's day to receive into the fellowship of this church Bro. Lang Silvers, grandson of Elder Malcolm Silvers. This young man was immersed by Bro. Nowlan on the preceding Lord's day—this baptism being the last and crowning act of his public ministry in River John.

Bro. Burr writes that he is in the midst of a very interesting meeting in Charlottetown, P. E. I.; that he had immersed two young men last week, with prospects good for future work. A letter from Bro. Cushing, of Kompt, last week, says the outlook in Queens County is encouraging, they having engaged Bro. Murray for the ensuing year, and are also wanting a young man to labor in North Queens in connection with Bro. Murray's work. This looks like business and speaks volumes for the future of the work of the Lord in this Province.

Your brother in Christ,

R. A. STEVENS.

River John, Pictou County.  
June 15, 1888.

Dear Christian,—Through the medium of your ever welcome and sprightly paper, I wish to report that I have accepted a call to minister to and for the First Christian Church of Savannah, Ga., corner Bolton and Howard streets. I began my labors here last Lord's day. I had, prior to my engagement here, held this church a meeting of two weeks, and during that time mutual attachments were formed that led to my call to this important field. I was loth to give up the work in Jacksonville, but a larger field, a stronger church, combined with other personal but important reasons, suggested the change to my mind very strongly.

We have a good church here—a new house, finely located, an active membership; and all that we now lack is a big debt, a church row, and a few cranks—but as we do not feel able to have so many luxuries yet, we will try to worry along without them for a time at least.

This church has heretofore been ministered to by some of our ablest men, including Bros. Lamar, Harris, Lucas, Arnold, White, Payne and Pendleton. We have opened our work under auspicious and encouraging prospects, and with a united and warm-hearted congregation, shall do our best for the Master. We left many regrets behind us in Jacksonville that we should consider it our duty to make the change, but after the summer months we feel assured that the Jacksonville church will have procured a good man. Time will not allow of a longer communication at present writing. My address will be 164 Barnard Street, Savannah, Ga.

T. H. BLENUS.

Savannah, Ga., June 1888.

### Miscellaneous.

#### THE OLD HIGHLANDER.

Near one of our large cities there is a small asylum for aged blind men. It is a quiet, airy house, and stands inside of an orchard and old-fashioned garden. Under the trees and shaded alleys you may see the grey old pensioners sitting together, telling the same stories for the thousandth time, feeding the poultry, playing with the janitor's little child. They have found rest and friendly quiet, in which to wait until death, that silent, kindest friend of all, comes to lead them home.

Among these old men was one Sandy McFarquhar, and old sifer who had belonged to a Highland regiment, and had strayed in his old age to this country to join his son. The son had died, his wife married again; and poor old Sandy, nearly eighty, crippled and blind, had been placed by some kind souls in this asylum. As he grew more feeble and nearer the end, old memories woke within him.

"If I could only once see the house where my mither lived!" he would complain perpetually. "If I could throw my line in the Tay again!"

As time passed his home sickness grew intolerable. He babbled all day for his home, and woke from his sleep crying out familiar names.

"If it were possible for him to bear the voyage," said the superintendent to some visitors one day, "it would be only right to send him, and let him die in his native village."

One of the visitors was a gay young fellow of the town, with a kind heart under his folly. He listened with dim eyes while Old Sandy talked of the glory of his regiment.

"They'll be going home soon. You'll hear the bands play as they march down the street, an' the old tunes—'Roy's wife' an' 'The Campbell's are comin', an' the girls 'll rin out, an' the bonnie children, an' they'll all be there but me!"

The young man asked a question as they left the room.

"He will hardly last till midnight," was the answer of the physician.

At dusk that evening one of the best orchestras of stringed instruments in the city quietly entered the garden of the asylum, took their places beneath the windows, and began to play. The dying old man raised himself in bed.

"What's that?" "Young Lochinvar?" Hark! Be still! 'The Campbell's are comin'.' It's the regiment comin' home—the regiment to Scotland. The music rose higher. It was an old martial strain of triumph to which he had marched many a day. He threw off the clothes and stood on the floor trembling, his arms raised high.

"It's the regiment! We're at home! We're at home!"

They caught him as he fell. Sandy was at home. —*Youth's Companion.*

### THE STORMS OF LIFE.

W. K. BURR.

When the storms of life are raging,  
And the winds are howling round,  
When your sky is tinged with sorrow  
And but little joy is found—

Do not then get weary-hearted  
Mid the cares that still increase,  
Do not think your soul is severed  
Evermore from joy and peace.

Let the storm rage ne'er so wildly,  
Millions have the same withstood;  
Constant blows makes iron the stronger,  
And more useful, too, for good.

All the storms that we encounter,  
If we strive with all our might,  
They will only tend to make us  
Still more eager for the right.

See the trees more strongly growing  
Mid the tempests of the years;  
And our hearts though pierced with sorrow,  
Are the better for the tears.

The trees, too, are fuller fruited  
By the use of pruning shears;  
Whom the Saviour loves He chastens,—  
He can banish all our fears.

Let the storms come—better for us—  
Though the trials may seem great;  
They all help just to refine us—  
Fit us for a higher state.

Should the fire oft burn us sorely,  
And we think it hard to bear;  
'Twill consume the dross within us,  
Mould us for a home o'er there.

So that 'mid earth's storms and trials,  
Through the darkest hour of night,  
We can still enjoy the sunshine,  
And enjoy more perfect light.

THE adherents of the religion of Jesus Christ to-day outnumber the followers of any other faith in the world, Christian missions number more than 2,000,000 adherents on heathen soil, and at the present rate of increase will include 20,000,000 before this century closes.—*Rev. Judson Smith, D. D.*

### Died.

BAINE.—At the residence of her father, Sister Armina, wife of John F. Baine, of Charlestown, Mass., and daughter of John and Bathsheba Anthony, of Newport. She passed peacefully away on the 13th ult., in the thirtieth year of her age. A large number of relatives and friends followed the remains to the grave. The funeral services were conducted in the church by the writer, after which we laid her down to rest till the resurrection morn. W. HARDING.

GRAHAM.—Death has again visited our neighborhood. Little Neddio Graham, the only son of Sister Alphous Marshall, formerly Sister Graham, aged nine years, passed away to be with Jesus, June 3rd, after an illness of four months. He bore his sufferings here patiently, and now we trust he will dwell where pain nor sickness nor suffering of any kind can come. Sister Marshall has her share of sorrow. Within a few years she has been called to part with her husband, her mother and two sons. May the dear Lord comfort her in bearing this bereavement, and may heaven appear more attractive as she thinks of the loved ones gone before. J. A. GATES.

CHING.—Suddenly, on Lord's day morning, the 17th inst., sorrow came to the home of Bro. James Ching, St. Catherine's, Lot 48, in the loss of his beloved wife, Sister Jessie J., daughter of the late Alex. Stewart, Esq., Red Point, Lot 46, Kings County. Sister Ching died at the age of 28 years, 5 months and one day. Her husband and many friends are left in sorrow. Her three little children are left without mother's care. Cruel seems the severing of the tender ties, but He doeth all things well. She leaves a life of earthly happiness for a life of perfect bliss—for pleasures unmingled with pain. O. B. EMERY.

CATHERINE.—I was called to LeTeto, N. B., to attend the funeral of Sister Elizabeth Catherine. She passed over the dark sea in peace to meet her dear Saviour whom she had served for many years. She is now forever with the Lord and loved ones gone before. May the dear ones left to mourn their loss be moved to love the same Saviour and be prepared to meet her in heaven, is my prayer. Sister Catherine was born April 25th, 1801, and when a young woman she was "born of the water and the spirit." She died May 24th, 1888. The church in LeTeto has thus lost one of its oldest members, and, from what I hear, one of its most faithful ones. She left a good example to the church, to her children and to the world, which is worth more to them than riches without it. May the Lord help us all to be prepared when our change comes. W. MURRAY.

### HALIFAX CHURCH FUND.

|                       |       |        |
|-----------------------|-------|--------|
| Mrs. Cunningham, .... | ..... | \$0 50 |
| Mrs. McLean, ..       | ..... | 50     |
| Miss Stewart, ..      | ..... | 10     |
| John Vaughan, ....    | ..... | 1 00   |
| George Gilcup, ....   | ..... | 25     |
| N. Graham, ....       | ..... | 2 50   |

Total, .... \$4 85

W. J. MESSERVEY,  
Treasurer.