

meeting who are kept from Christ because they are waiting for their feelings. Knowledge is better than feeling, and I have God's word for it."

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

BY IRA C. MITCHELL.

Three months have elapsed since I took the parting hand of the beloved little flock in Matthews, and hied away to answer the Macedonian call which had reached me from the lovely island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Although I had consulted histories and encyclopædias in order to obtain all the information possible concerning my prospective field of labor, I have met with many surprises. This is a beautiful and highly productive island, named in honor of Edward Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria. It contains a population of about one hundred and ten thousand as sturdy, intelligent and moral inhabitants as can be found anywhere in the world. Indeed the challenge is publicly made that another one hundred thousand people as well educated cannot be found in the world. The reason of this is, that many years ago a complete system of public instruction was established and they now have on the island the best and most thorough schools I have ever seen. The standard of qualification for teachers is exceptionally high, and the schools in city and country are kept open ten months in the year.

The manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors is prohibited by law, and although this does not prevent old toppers who are determined to have it from obtaining strong drink, it does suppress the enticing saloons with their flaunting signs, by which the young are tempted to acquire the habit, under sanction of law. In this city of twelve thousand a drunken man is a rare spectacle.

The people are intensely religious but are mostly under the power of Papal and Secularian superstition: wedded to the old Mother and her daughters. In the entire island there are but seven congregations maintaining apostolic order, and discarding human devices and human names. There are but three of us who give ourselves wholly to the ministry of the Word. In this city there is a little band of noble and self-sacrificing men and women endeavoring to maintain "the faith once for all delivered to the saints." I had just gotten fairly under way when that dreadful scourge of mankind, smallpox, made its appearance and the civic authorities issued a decree forbidding all public assemblies. For five weeks our meetings were suspended, during which time I preached in the adjacent country, but even there the alarm was so great that only small audiences could be obtained. Our house in town being in what is known as the "infected district," since we resumed preaching here the timidity of the people has kept many away, so that only on the last two Lord's days have our audiences been anything like what they were before. But we are now greatly encouraged, and the interest shown indicates the presence of a large independent element, who are prepared to receive the truth, so that we sow the good seed in hope. Across the Hillsborough River and about two miles from the city is another congregation of Disciples stronger in numbers and in material wealth than the one in the city, who have united with the city church in the support of a preacher. My arrangements are to preach for them every Lord's day morning and in the city at night. The church in town contains earnest and intelligent brethren fully competent to conduct the worship and edify the body. Matthew Stevenson, one of the overseers, is a good man and a most devoted Christian. But for his earnest efforts in the past it is doubtful

whether the church would now have an existence. This church has enjoyed the labors of Benjamin Franklin, B. B. Tyler, N. S. Haynes, Geo. T. Smith and the Sweeney brothers, from the United States, for brief periods, and these brethren are spoken of most tenderly and gratefully for their services by the older members of the church.

I expected to experience severe winter weather here, but we have seen none of it yet—none so severe as we have been accustomed to in our native land, Pennsylvania. In fact the weather has been delightful for the season of the year ever since our arrival, with the exception of a few stormy days. And when we consider the fact that the summers are supremely delightful we (that is wife and I) have about come to the conclusion that Prince Edward Island is really a desirable place to live, and that we have not yet reached the land where we must experience the sacrifices of the missionary. If the Lord blesses our labors here we shall be glad to remain a long time. It seems strange to be in a foreign land and to see the stars and stripes only when we visit the headquarters of the American Consul, who by the way is a noble Pennsylvanian, Hon. Henry M. Keim, hailing from what we call "Old Berks." I was glad to find him here and hope he may remain.

CORRESPONDENCE.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Feb. 4th, 1886.

Dear Editors,—THE CHRISTIAN for Feb'y is before me, and has, for the time being, been an object of special interest to us. It is a genuine pleasure to see the general improvement in your paper. There is no publication that finds its way to my study that bears to me news of greater interest than that coming through the columns of THE CHRISTIAN. Its every page seems freighted with reminders of the past, bringing up some of the sweetest and dearest reminiscences of my life.

I was not a little surprised and delighted a few days since to meet in our city Bro. H. Carson and wife, from Halifax. Bro. Carson was on his way to Lake Weir. I only saw him long enough to give him a welcome to the "land of flowers," but have heard from him since his arrival at his new home, and understand that he is pleased with his new field.

Our Florida State Convention has come and gone. The meeting for the year was held at DeLand, where Bro. W. B. Young "holds the fort." The occasion was an enjoyable one. Our Convention this year was graced by the presence of Pres. W. K. Pendleton, of Bethany College, his amiable wife, and sons Phil, Dwight, Kent and Will, all of whom are spending the winter in Florida. Through the courtesy of Brother and Sister Pendleton the writer was made their guest at the "Putnam House," one of Florida's regal hotels, and it is needless to write, was made as happy and delightful as only a "Bethany boy" could be in such company and with such surroundings. It was certainly a joy long to be remembered to sit after long years in the presence of such dear friends, and bring up from the treasure-house of memory's own storing, the scenes and remembrances of college days. Brother and Sister Pendleton are as paternal and maternal in their concern and love for the students of by-gone years as ever, and long may they be spared to see and enjoy the soul-cheering fruits of their labor and toil. The preaching of the Convention was done by Pres. Pendleton and the writer, alternating during the Convention. The other preaching brethren in attendance were Phil. Y. Pendleton, W. B. Young, J. F. Tont, J. M. Streater, J. H. Roullac, Prof. J. I. Hopkins and Prof. R. V. Coombs. As the cause we plead is but in reality in its infancy in Florida, this was but our second State Convention, but for earnestness and business-like capacity, will, I think, compare very favorably with other meetings of the kind, all things considered.

Our work in Jacksonville is developing. We are almost in the height of what is termed "the season" here. Society is cosmopolitan here to a marked degree, and is derived from all quarters of this and foreign countries. Perhaps there is no Southern city, with the single exception of New Orleans, that presents this feature in a greater degree than Jacksonville. As a place of sojourn for the tourist, the wealthy and the fashionable, it now ranks with Saratoga, Newport and Long Branch. From the first of December to the middle of May the city is crowded to overflowing with guests from every State in the Union, and from the leading foreign countries. Here they find all the conditions requisite for an existence of ease, luxury and pleasure, and can set at defiance the bleak hills and icy breezes of their homes in higher latitudes. It is a great relief to these people to be able to take out-door exercise in midwinter, unencumbered by furs and heavy clothing, and to have their eyes and ears greeted by green shrubbery, beautiful flowers, and the notes of birds, at a season when their homes near the granite hills of New England, the Great Northern Lakes, and the open prairies of the vast West, are cheerless and uninviting.

Every pleasant day, hundreds can be seen lounging upon the broad piazzas of the hotels, indulging in the luxury of a sun-bath, sauntering through the principal streets, and inspecting the myriads of odd and rare things in the bazaars and curiosity shops, or taking the air in elegant carriages. The broad and noble St. John's River affords on its placid surface much pastime. While floating palaces vie with one another in giving cheap excursions and luxurious accommodation. In such a city, and with such surroundings, church work is, perhaps, much different than in other cities. Jacksonville being the grand *entrepot* of Florida, and as scores of our brethren are arriving and passing through the city, almost daily, our work in and among the hotels is an important and often a laborious one. The position of the writer in this respect is, to say the least, one that requires almost unremitting attention, but has been agreeable in that we have found the acquaintance of many influential brethren, and occasionally have a sermon from some preaching brother on his vacation. As a church, our present outlook is a cheering one, scarcely a Lord's day passes without additions to our number. The brethren are a unit, and are alive to the cause. We thank God and take courage.

T. H. BLUNDS.

WILL SINCERITY ALONE SAVE A MAN?

If we, in our charity, or rather in our sympathy, recognize a person as saved because he *thinks* he is right on the subject of baptism, why not recognize the person saved who *thinks* baptism unnecessary? Is not one person's think as good and as valid as another's? If we accept a person on his sincerity where will we draw the line between the saint and sinner? or will we call them all saints. If my good Bro. D. receives a good, honest afficionadoist why should he not receive a good, honest Unitarian or Universalist? If not, why not? Is it right to admit the salvation of one honest thinker and reject another who is equally as honest? Why not admit that every honest thinker is safe and will be saved? Why make a distinction between honest thinkers? If we go one step beyond what is written, are we not compelled to admit that all honest thinkers will be saved, in our admission of any one honest thinker's salvation? It seems to me a false charity that will make any such concessions. Charity will not concede to others what it does not allow itself. Could I admit that a man is safe in crossing a bridge on which I would not trust myself? Would it be charity toward him to tell him he would cross it if he thought it was safe? Is it charity or honesty for me to admit, or any way recognize the salvation of a person who is following a path in which I would not risk my