

Our readers will be sorry to hear that Bro. Garrity has met with a severe accident, and is now lying at his home in a critical condition. On Tuesday morning, 30th ult., while starting down stairs, his creepers caught in the carpet and he fell to the bottom, and when picked up was unconscious. In a short time, however, his consciousness returned, and upon examination by the physician it was found his collar bone was broken. This seems to be very unfortunate when we learn that he had scarcely recovered from the lingering effects of an accident of a similar nature. C.

DEAR CHRISTIAN,—Through the columns of our paper, can I urge all the sisters, scattered throughout these Lower Provinces, to enlist in the Home Missionary work, to aid the effort by organizing Aid Societies, or let us know if you have done so, either by letter or through THE CHRISTIAN. Don't wait for the spring opening, that convenient time may never come to you. We are anxious to get a good start this first year, to have our different Societies in working order, so that at the end of the year we may know how much each one can do, and by hearing from others we will be encouraged to work on, and you will likewise be strengthened, but by all means let us hear; you all know how much need there is for work. Are not the fields ready for harvest, and now, dear sisters, as we enter the New Year, "Let us be up and doing," for soon the night cometh when man cannot work.

Very truly yours,

EMMA CHRISTIE.

Sec. C. W. B. M.

To the sisterhood of THE CHRISTIAN of the Nova Scotia and New Brunswick Association.
E. C.

HALF YEARLY MEETING

The Half Yearly Meeting of the Disciples on P. E. Island is to be held with the Church at New Glasgow, on the second Lord's day in January. We expect a good meeting and cordially invite the preachers and brethren from various parts of the Island to attend.
D. C.

MAINE.

We are glad to learn from the following note that the untiring efforts of the brethren in Portland, Maine, are meeting with some measure of success:

DEAR EDITOR,—I thought I would write a short notice of our meeting for your next paper. Brother T. W. Cottingham, of Worcester, Mass., held a meeting of two weeks, and the result was six immersed, and seven united with us, and the church is now in a better working order than it has been for two or three years.
JOHN A. HOUSTON.
Dec. 5th, 1881.

AMONG THE BRETHERN IN NOVA SCOTIA.

In harmony with the wishes of the Board, and arrangements having been made with Bro. Ryan, to preach in St. John, during my absence, I made a hasty tour among some of our churches in Nova Scotia, for the purpose indicated in a former article.

Wednesday, Oct. 1st, came, and with it my departure. It was a beautiful morning, and a few minutes walk brought me on board the "Empress." At 8 A. M., the time for leaving, having arrived, the three usual whistles were given—all the moorings were cast off but one, which was "made fast" so as to check the steamer while swinging around, that her bow might point out of the harbor and in the direction of her course. No sooner had we passed Partridge Island than a stiff breeze was facing us, and the speed of the boat seemed to freshen it into a gale. Omitting for the present any allusion to the experiences so common to, and not readily forgotten by, persons crossing the Bay, we would simply add, the water was somewhat lumpy, but not what a sailor would call rough. The trip, however, was a very pleasant one, and in four hours we arrived at Digby, and glad to find Bro. Zigler

waiting to convey me to his home, twelve miles distant. At a quarter past one, comfortably seated in the wagon with our brother, we started over a road entirely new to me, but quite familiar to him. On our way thither the time passed away pleasantly, as places of interest were pointed out, the general lay of the land described, when certain meeting houses were built and to whom they belonged; while we talked of the future prospects and purposes of the brotherhood, the duties we owe to each other as brethren, to the world, and to the Lord, who bought us; and the absolute need of a more earnest co-operative effort on our part, as a people, in carrying on the mission work. We had been on the road a little over two hours, when our brother began pulling in his horse, and turning him towards a gate, with some such remark as, "I think we'll stay here for the night," was sufficient to convince me that he was home.

In the evening, at 7.30, a notice having been given out that I would preach in the hall, there was quite a nice gathering and the attention and conduct of those present was everything that could be desired. After the meeting, I called the brethren together and explained to them in few words the object of my visit; and I am pleased to record, that the brethren in South Range, on the mere presentation of our work, responded liberally. Returning from the meeting, and calling at the post office, a letter was handed me, which proved to be from Bro. Ford, advising me to come immediately to Tiverton, where he would meet me. But Tiverton was over forty miles distant! "What is to be done?" was the question; when our kind brother came to the rescue again, by offering to drive me there. I hesitated at first, to accept his proposal, knowing it would take two days of his time; and suggested that possibly he could take me half way to some brother's house, who would be willing and able to take me the rest of the way, and he could be home again the same day. His reply—"Oh, yes, I could, but I guess I am about as able as any one to drive you, and in this I'll be helping the Mission Board."

The following morning, at 8.15, seated again in the wagon, we started, and going in a somewhat westerly direction, we came to the road bordering on the shores of St. Mary's Bay, and turning northward, and passing through Barton and Brighton, pleasantly-situated villages, we travelled on for six or seven miles, when coming to and following a road turning to the left, and leading around the head of the Bay, we started down Digby Neck. If it had not been for the cold, piercing wind, through which, apparently we had to push our way, we would have enjoyed this drive much better than we did. For only a short distance from the road, and stretching away out in the distance, and in full view, was the beautiful Bay already referred to. The hills, the valleys, the trees with their variegated autumn-leaves, the bluffs, the coves, and in them nestling neat little villages, gave quite a pleasing variety. Some of the houses were rather small, and the fronts being burdened with ivy, (or creepers of some sort,) so that the windows and doors could scarcely be seen, gave to them a quaint appearance. The potato rows standing on end, and men threshing out grain with a flail, awakened trains of thought that by no means made the trip unpleasant. About 5 P. M. we arrived at the ferry, and then taking leave of our brother, who was desirous of returning a mile or two that night, we pulled the bell, (the signal for calling the ferryman,) and in a short time was enjoying the hospitality of Bro. Smith, of Tiverton. In about an hour Bro. Ford came along and hurried me off to a "basket festival" for the benefit of the Sunday-school. I never was at one before, and of course, was somewhat curious to see how they were conducted.

The day following, in company with Bro. Ford, we visited the members of the church, presenting to them present responsibilities growing out of opening possibilities. And the readiness with which these brethren contributed was indeed encouraging. In the evening, an appointment having been given out, I had the privilege of preaching to quite a large congregation. *But here I must stop for the present.* C.

JAPAN.

[From Christian Standard.]

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS IN AMERICA.—This Lord's day is one which will long be remembered by your missionaries in Japan, as one of especial rejoicing and thanksgiving. Every Lord's day morning we have communion service at ten o'clock, and though for some time we have seen men coming in, until we now have six brothers immersed since coming here, six months since, our hearts have not been gladdened, until to-day, by seeing one of the women of Akita in our midst. We have a Christian sister in O'Fusasan, our cook's wife, whom we brought from Yokohama with us. She is a jewel, and we believe a zealous, consecrated woman, but she is ignorant. The complications of this language, the fact that the uneducated can not understand the written language, prevents the unlearned from speaking with power as they otherwise might, because animated by a heart warm with love toward God and an earnest desire to save souls.

Our prayers have gone up constantly that some impressions might be made upon the wives, mothers and sisters of this city. We have heard in our weekly prayer-meeting, O'Fusasan's voice, choked with tears, pleading for strength to lead the women of this benighted land to the Friend of the friendless. In our Thursday afternoon meetings for women, which we have held almost constantly since coming here, she has been the earnest leader. She is quite ready with words, and her heart is full of desire to see these thousands of idols cast away, and her people receiving warmth and light from the Sun of Righteousness. Could she but be well instructed and once get a fair knowledge of Scripture, she would be a most efficient worker. She is thirty-four years old. Sister Smith and I long for the time when we can talk through her to the people, for she is quick to understand us, and instruct her, that she may exhort intelligently. But we are powerless except to watch and pray and hope for better things. What with sickness and moving, and a thousand and one trials in the interior, we are mere stammerers in this most difficult language. When we might be teaching the way, we must content ourselves to sit and learn the a, b, c, of an unknown tongue. It is so hard, oh, so hard, to speak a sentence or two on a subject pregnant with truths that affect for eternity an immortal soul—yes, perhaps, a hundred souls before you, and then, with hearts burning, and tongues longing to speak on, stop because we can't talk.

Oh, for more laborers in this field, where so many precious years are needed to prepare!

I have no doubt that it is true, as Sister Adams says in a recent letter to the *Monitor*, "We know we need this very schooling that we are now getting in order to make successful missionaries."

We endeavor to be still in the midst of inexorable circumstances, not despising the day of small things, and pressing forward. We know that while we are taking some little care for temporal necessity from our husbands, and thus leaving them freer for study and work; while we are caring for the sick (including not infrequently those of our own household, especially ourselves); providing for the needs of the body as the seasons roll round, teaching, washing, ironing, baking and scrubbing, giving hints on hygiene, and discharging duties that press upon us from morning till night, we know, and rejoice in the knowing, that God is not unmindful of these minor services, that He only requires us to do what we can. And just here is the thought that troubles me: Am I doing all I can? Are you doing all you can? How grave the responsibility! Do we always remember, as we should, that the life is more than meat, and the body than raiment?

While the duties of a housewife are very onerous, making the performance of many missionary duties difficult, if not impossible, still