

Correspondence.

THE JUBILEE CONVENTION.

On Monday morning, October 8th, I left St. John, in company with Bro. Appel, to attend the Jubilee Convention in Cincinnati. We arrived in Boston that evening at nine o'clock, and remained until five o'clock Tuesday afternoon. Leaving Boston, where the New England delegates joined us, we arrived in New York at eleven o'clock that night. We spent the night at one of the hotels. Next morning we were up bright and early to take the ferry for Jersey City, where we would take our train. I think the fog was the thickest I ever saw, and this is saying a great deal when you remember that I live on the shores of the Bay of Fundy. On boarding the train we found some others from Massachusetts, and also the New York delegation. We soon made acquaintances. We met here Bro. Durban, of London, lately come to this country, and while the train was moving along at the rate of forty or fifty miles an hour we kept our tongues going to the same music.

Philadelphia comes next, and more delegates join us. I would like to tell you some of their names, but I have so much to tell you that unless you go to some general convention you will have to wait until you get to heaven in order to know them.

Baltimore comes next, and still the delegates come; it seemed wonderful how well we knew each other although we had never met before.

Washington is soon reached, and there we have a great increase to our number. The first person to whom I was introduced in Washington was the wife of Bro. F. D. Power, so well known to the brotherhood. The delegates from South Carolina and Alabama joined us here, and then we had nearly a train load of disciples. There was no danger of any accident to that train. After the bustle was over, and we were feeling at home with the new members of our family we began to arrange for some services. Each car became a meeting house, and the inmates active church members. We sang, we prayed, we spoke. It was glorious, and we cannot soon forget the journey from Washington. The train carried us through some historic places where battles had been fought and won; but all was forgotten; there seemed to be but one thought and one theme—"The Jubilee."

At Clifton Forge, Va., quite a number remained all night, but others, among whom was the writer, kept right on reaching Cincinnati Thursday morning somewhat tired, having been travelling since Monday morning.

My impressions of Cincinnati were not very favorable at first. The sewerage is poor and I found it hard to keep clean collars and cuffs owing to the smoke and dirt. There seemed to be a great many poor horses and I felt that I would not like to eat any canned beef

that might be put up in that city. The first building I entered was the Central Christian church. Here everything was bustle and you could see that something great was going to happen. We registered and pinned on our badges and then went to our hotel. During the afternoon we went sight-seeing.

In the evening the convention began. The C.W.B.M. held the first sessions which were interesting, but the ladies could not make themselves heard all over the building. Mrs. Long from California sang a solo; in fact she sang a number during the convention. I think she is the best soloist I have ever listened to. She was received with great applause each time she sang. Although it was a large building holding thousands of people she filled every part of it with the softest tone, and lowest note and every word was heard distinctly. I have only time to tell you of the three great undertakings of the C.W.B.M. 1st. They are aiding weak churches, so as to make them self-supporting. 2nd. They are aiding in sustaining workers in the foreign field. 3rd. They are fostering a number of educational interests in connection with certain universities.

On Sunday, which was the great day of the convention, we had preachers filling a great many pulpits in the city and suburbs.

In the afternoon we had our communion service. Four different buildings were filled. I was in the Music Hall; this hall holds about 7,000, and was crowded. Sixty deacons waited on that immense audience, and during the time of the celebration of the Supper, which was about forty-five minutes, that great gathering was as quiet as any ordinary assembly on the Lord's day. I do not suppose that I shall ever meet around the table of the Lord with so many of my brethren again until that day when I shall drink of the fruit of the vine anew with him in our Father's kingdom.

Another feature of this convention which was of special interest was the introduction of foreign missionaries and also the relatives of those who are now in the foreign field. Mrs. Joseph Franklin, who has three daughters in the foreign work; Bro. and Sister Frost who have a daughter in Japan; and others who have loved ones separated from them in this work. Sister Garst was received with great enthusiasm. She has passed through the deep waters of affliction, having lost her husband who sickened and died while at work among the heathen. I had the pleasure of meeting a number of these missionaries personally. Perhaps the one missionary above others, claiming the attention of the people more than I can tell you, was Mrs. Rijnhart, who had been in China a number of years as an independent worker. Her husband had been a physician of large practice, but had given it up to go into China. She had gone with him. His knowledge of medicine gave him great power among the natives, but their hatred of the whites and their religion was very great, and many times the lives of Dr. Rijnhart and his wife

were in danger. They went from place to place; they buried their child with their own hands in a biscuit box in a snow drift in the mountains of Tibet. Dr. Rijnhart went to a village leaving his wife in a cave in the mountains. He never returned, for the natives killed him. She never saw him again. After much hardship she returned to this country and is now preparing to return again to the scene of actions and lay down her life for the work of Christ if need be.

As I heard this brave woman's story, I had to ask myself: How many are sacrificing for the work as they might. I felt that I must do more than ever.

There were some grand addresses. I could not even give you an outline of them without nearly filling up every column in our paper. I had the pleasure of meeting such men as McGarvey, Garrison, Lord, Updike, Smith, Coombs, Powell, and a host of others. I met a number of men whom I had met before and who had worked in the provinces, among whom I can mention F. M. Green, B. B. Tyler, J. H. Hardin, T. H. Capp, M. B. Ryan, George Manifold, W. F. Shaw, Herbert Martin, W. Gates and E. C. Crawford. I also made a multitude of new friends whom I hope to meet again. Among the pleasantest features of the Convention was a reception given to the Canadian delegates by Dr. and the Misses Kilgour, of Cincinnati, but formerly of Ontario. I enjoyed this very much, although I was late in getting there, owing to a previous engagement.

On Thursday evening, the Convention closed, having been in session eight days. It was a wonderful affair—the greatest in the history of America—nearly, if not quite 20,000 delegates; and the same spirit seemed to inspire each one, and everybody seemed to want to work so as to have a still larger Convention. "Onward" is the motto.

A sad feature of the Convention was the sudden death of Bro. A. M. Atkinson, whose name is known in connection with the Ministerial Relief. I had a long talk with him during the afternoon, and in the evening he went to a meeting of business men. While speaking earnestly upon his favorite theme—Ministerial Relief—he suddenly paused and said, "I feel faint and must stop. But whatever you do, *quit yourselves like men.*" He then fell dead. These words became the key-note of the convention.

The last item in this great meeting was the singing by Mrs. Long of a solo, "I shall know Him by the print of the nails in His hands," and we separated feeling we could never be satisfied until we saw Him and were made like Him.

I had an opportunity of talking with our leading brethren on the needs of the eastern field, and feel that a deeper interest will be taken in our provincial work. I am in hopes that at our next Annual our general workers will be present, and I told Bro. McLean we wanted him to visit our churches, and that we wanted Bro. Smith to come and see us as well. There is one thing I must tell you before I close. The second day I was in Cincinnati, Bro. J. A. Lord, who comes from Deer Island, had me go to his home, and I enjoyed the hospitality of Bro. and Sister Lord very much. Bro. J. H. Hardin, who was also a guest of Bro. Lord, helped make my stay interesting and pleasant.

The Disciples have now 10,298 churches, 1,118,396 communicants, 6,399 ministers; and raised \$5,470,327.00 for all purposes last year. In 1830 we numbered 12,000. This is a marvelous increase in sixty-nine years. But I must stop. I may tell you some more another time. W. H. HARDING.