

Correspondence.

FROM THE SOUTH LAND.

After having spent a month in Winston, N. C., I said farewell to that enterprising town. But I did not leave without some regrets; for I found there a blue sky and a bright sun, pure air and pure water. But the chilling winds came down from the mountains and told me to depart toward the south. I did so on the early morning of January 10. At Greensboro I caught the train which about a month before had conveyed me from Washington to that point. Valdosta, in the southern part of Georgia, was my destination.

A beautiful morning gave way to a cloudy noon, and before long, copious showers began to fall on a soil that seemed to lack anything but moisture. The tobacco fields were left behind and the cotton fields appeared. These were robbed of their summer-time beauty, except here and there where the last crop of the season was still ungathered; for the supply exceeded the demand. Even these had but faint traces of their former magnificence.

The train next took us into the pine forests, but not out of the rain. We saw the mighty giant that may yet be the mainmast of a great ship, and the infant shoot that may be destined for even greater things. It is in these forests that the turpentine and rosin industry thrives, and one "farm" may embrace ten thousand acres. As we passed along we saw thousands of trees that had been so cut that the sap might run and still not be lost. Each year several "crops" are taken from the trees to the distillery, where the separating process is carried on.

As the train rushed on, still southward, we had no harrowing fears that it would go over an embankment. It could find none. The country was flat and swampy—an ideal summer resort, I would gauge, for mosquitos and malaria; but not a desirable place, even in winter, for human beings. We travelled scores of miles and did not see a tilled farm or a thrifty looking village. Here and there along the road were the weatherbeaten log cabins of shiftless negroes. The light came in through a hole in the side, and sometimes the smoke went out through the roof. But we must not judge a country by what we see from a car window; for railroads have the reprehensible habit of running through the poorest sections.

After a twelve hours ride, Savannah, Ga., was reached, and I was again near the Atlantic Ocean. I did not want to remain there, but was obliged to, as our train was late and failed to connect. If the rain, that had been falling incessantly for hours, had given me a reasonable chance, I would have seen something of Savannah by electric light, but I did not care to have a water picture. I am willing to believe, however, that it is a beautiful city, as I was told; though I have since discovered, as I then feared, that one

enthusiastic citizen had stretched the truth about twelve feet when he told me that vessels drawing 40 feet of water come up the river to the city.

On the following morning I was on my way to Valdosta—about 150 miles southwest of Savannah. For two-thirds of the distance swamps and pine trees held their sway. We passed near what people admit is the Great Swamp. The Suwannee River has its source near it. "There's where the old folks stay." The Great Swamp was the descending climax. After that things began to improve. The pools became smaller and shallower and less frequent, and I was convinced, as the improvement continued, that in Valdosta I would not have to wear rubber shoes one-half the time and rubber boots the other.

My confidence was not misplaced. The town boasts of no hills, except some men of that name, but it is dry and sandy. It is a wide-awake business town with a population of about 6,000. Evidences of prosperity abound. It is said to be the most wealthy town of its size in southern Georgia. It is a railway centre now, and if a centre can be more so, this one soon will be. New roads will in a short time be adding to its wealth. Valdosta's water supply stands in the way of her physicians becoming millionaires. It comes from an artesian well in the heart of the town and is strongly charged with sulphur.

But the reader wants to know about the heavens above as well as the earth beneath. Well the sky here, when it is visible, is blue, and the sun when he consents to shine, is bright; but we have not been favored with a superabundance of either since my arrival in the "Sunny South." I have been here now nearly two weeks and disagreeable weather has prevailed. Even the editor of the town paper was forced to admit that last week's weather was awful. The old residents do not recall such a spell. It was most unusual weather so they affirm. I will gladly welcome the usual kind when it arrives to stay. There have been some days that I thought were about perfect. A gentle breeze, a delightful temperature and a flood of sunlight; flowers blooming, birds singing and leaves whispering—and me with nothing to do but enjoy it all. You see I came here not to labor but to rest.

And I am paying strict attention to my business. Our preacher here, Bro. F. L. Adams, is my reference, if you want confirmation. I am afraid I am disregarding one scriptural injunction: "Be not as a mule." But my conscience does not smite me severely. Bro. Adams is such a powerful, practical, popular preacher, that I believe he can do his congregation more good than I could, and I have no desire to interfere even for one service.

Other things which I want to write about can find no place in this letter, which you will admit is long enough.

HENRY W. STEWART.

Valdosta, Ga., January 23rd, 1899.

EVANGELISTIC TOUR.

At last writing I was at Tiverton, N. S. Began a meeting with the church on December 6th. The attendance on Lord's day morning was small; a rather discouraging outlook for a good meeting. The attendance improved, however, until the holidays and measles came around. The additions were few, and we all felt disappointed. Much prejudice was removed, and the people who are not identified with the Disciples of Christ have a much better opinion of us than formerly. I feel sure that they will never again hear our brethren misrepresented. The people of Tiverton are kind-hearted; I received much kindness at their hands. In the early days of our work the brethren met with a spirit of hostility which, however, is dying out. If all would continue steadfast in the work of the gospel, there is no reason why they should not have a very prosperous church. Bro. J. W. Bolton is pastor. He rendered good service during the meeting. He is a good man; all the people respect him. Many of his friends during Christmas week remembered him in a substantial way. They are well able to do this kind of service; they are all very comfortably situated; everything about them indicates prosperity. Holiday times are not very conducive to a great protracted meeting; we had a good meeting in many respects; I trust it will result in great good in the days to come. May the good seed that has been sown bear much fruit. I shall not soon forget the people of Tiverton; may God bless them and do them good.

On the 27th of December I went as far as Freeport, and preached in the Baptist meeting house; there was a very good congregation. There are not more than a half dozen Disciples of Christ in the town; only one church, and that a Baptist. I visited Mrs. Jas. Outhouse, and her daughter Mrs. Finnigan; these ladies are members of the Christian church in Tiverton; I made my home with the latter; her husband is not identified with any church, but is in sympathy with his wife's religious views.

I reached Westport on Thursday, preached that night. The meeting continued for one week and a half. One confessed faith in Christ and was baptized. There are some very good men and women in this church. They are capable of doing a great work in the kingdom of Christ. I made my home with Bro. E. A. Payson. Their daughter is the president of the Maritime C. W. B. M. Bro. J. W. Bolton ministers to this congregation also. Here he has his home; he has done good work here. They all speak highly of him. The attendance was very good at times. The interest deepened until the close. I was compelled to leave for home to attend the golden wedding of my father and mother. I should like to have had more time in Westport. I preached every night, and for several weeks twice a day, and some Sundays three times (except while travelling from one appointment to another) during the time I was out as evangelist.

I am really sorry I have no better report to make in the way of additions. I might say the bad weather had something to do with