

D. Nowlan, the present pastor, has been here one year. The lack of pastoral labor is the main cause of the churches languishing at the present day. True, emigration has injured this congregation very much, as it has all of our provincial churches here in the east.

Bro. Nowlan is contemplating leaving for some other field of labor. This is certainly to be regretted. He stands high in the community as a Christian and a gentleman; and has labored assiduously to build up the church here. I was delighted to hear so many kind, appreciative words spoken in regard to him, in the church and out of it. He is comparatively young as a preacher and needs sympathy and encouragement to cheer him on in his work of faith and labor of love. He has been in Nova Scotia one year, and it will be a great loss to our churches here to have him to leave and seek verdant fields abroad. However, I can say no more at present. We will continue our meetings for a week or two, hoping, trusting and praying that our efforts may be crowned with success.

W. K. BURR.

May 21st, 1888.

TIVERTON.

Our brethren at this place have a snug church property of which they are justly proud. In the midst of a lot 50x150 feet stands the meeting-house 30x40 feet, nicely finished outside and inside. They have just completed an alteration on the inside of the house which is a great improvement and adds much to its appearance. In addition to this they have decorated the pulpit with handsome new trimmings and carpeted the platform, steps and a portion of the main floor, with a handsome tapestry carpet which adds much to the appearance of the inside. Outside, they are building a new fence around the lot, the greater part of which is done.

Elder Thos. Ossinger superintends the Sunday School which is well attended, seventy-five and eighty-five being present on the last two occasions of my visits. They have also a sewing circle in the interest of the Mission Board, which meets at the home of Sister John A. Smith, on Wednesday evenings, to make up useful articles which they find no trouble to dispose of.

Bro. John A. Smith and Bro. Ossinger were elected to fill the Eldership of this church when it was first organized nearly thirty years ago, and have faithfully stood shoulder to shoulder and labored for its best interests to the present day. It is a pity that this church, connected with that of Westport, where there is a band of faithful Disciples over whom Bro. John Peters and Bro. E. A. Payson are the faithful Elders, could not have a preacher to labor between them permanently.

H. A. DEVOE.

MILTON, QUEENS CO., N. S.

During the last few weeks the Christian church, of this place, held some very interesting and successful meetings—thus encouraging each one to go on working for the Lord. Bro. Howard Murray opened the meetings bringing before our minds many lessons of importance, showing the necessity of being alive and at work in this labor of love. The result of these meetings made our hearts glad by nine persons confessing their faith in Christ as the son of God, being buried with him in baptism, rising to walk in newness of life. This is encouraging to the children of God to see the cause of the Redeemer being built up. Let us go on in this noble work for there is much yet to be done, not leave all for the preacher but let the whole church be ready to do something for the master—knowing that if faithful unto the end we shall be crowned at last in the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

W. R. McEWEN,

May 14th, 1888.

P. E. ISLAND.

DISCIPLES OF CHRIST: Be ready for our Annual Meeting, at Montague, the second Sunday in July. COME!

O. B. EMERY.

Montague, May 28, 1888.

Miscellaneous.

HOLD UP THE LIGHT.

The famous Eddystone lighthouse, off the coast of Cornwall, England, was first built in a fanciful way by the learned and eccentric Winstanley. On its sides he put various boastful inscriptions. He was very proud of his structure, and from his lofty balcony used boldly to defy the storm; crying, "Blow, O wind! Rise, O ocean! Break forth, ye elements, and try my work!" But one fearful night the sea swallowed up the tower and its builder.

The lighthouse was built a second time of wood and stone by Rudgard. The form was good, but the wood gave hold for the element, and the builder and his structure perished in the flames.

Next the great Smeaton was called. He raised a cone from the solid rock upon which it was built and riveted it to the rock, as the cak is fastened to the earth by its roots. From the rock of the foundation he took the rock of the superstructure. He carved upon it no boastful inscription like those of Winstanley, but on its lowest course he put: "Except the Lord builds the house, they labor in vain that build it;" and on its keystone, above the lantern, the simple tribute, "Lauds Deo!" and the structure still stands, holding its beacon light to the storm-tossed mariners.

Fellow-workers for the salvation of men, Christ, the light, must be held up before men or they perish. Let us then place him on no superstructure of our own device. Let us rear no tower of wood, or wood and stone. But taking the Word of God for our foundation, let us build our structure upon its massive, solid truth, and on every course put Smeaton's humble inscription, and then we may be sure that the light-house will stand.—Selected.

"THAT'S THEE, JEM!"

Sojourning some few years ago at a beautiful and much-frequented English watering-place, I met with an earnest Christian tradesman of the town, who had, in a prominent place in his shop-window, an assortment of Bibles for sale.

A band or "troupe" of young men, called "Ethiopian Serenaders," with hands and faces blackened, and dressed in very grotesque costumes, arranged themselves before this gentleman's door one day for an exhibition of their peculiar performances. After they had sung some comic and some plaintive melodies, with their own peculiar accompaniments of gestures and grimaces, one of the party, a tall and interesting young man, who had the air of one who was beneath his proper station, stepped up to the door, tambourine in hand, to ask for a few pennies from the people. Mr. Carr, taking one of the Bibles out of his window, addressed the youth:

"See here, young man," he said, "I will give you a shilling and this book besides, if you will read a portion of it among your comrades there, and in the hearing of the bystanders."

"Here's a shilling for an easy job!" he chuckled out to his mates; "I'm going to give you a 'public reading'!"

Mr. Carr opened at the fifteenth chapter of Luke, and pointing to the eleventh verse, requested the young man to commence reading at that verse.

"Now, Jem, speak up," said one of the party, "and earn your shilling like a man!"

Jem took the book and read. "And he said, A certain man had two sons; and the younger of them

said to his father: Father, give me the portion of goods that fall to me. And he divided unto them his living."

There was something in the voice of the reader, as well as in the strangeness of the circumstances that lulled all to silence; while an air of seriousness took possession of the youth, and still further commanded the rapt attention of the crowd.

He read on: "And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living."

"That's thee, Jem!" ejaculated one of his comrades; "it's just like what you told me of yourself and your father!"

The reader continued: "And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land, and he began to be in want."

"Why, that's thee again, Jem!" said the voice. "Go on!"

"And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat, and no man gave unto him."

"That's like us all!" said the voice, once more interrupting: "we'er all beggars, and might be better than we are! Go on; let's here what came of it!"

The young man read on, and as he read his voice trembled: "And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father."

At this point he fairly broke down, and could read no more. All were impressed and moved. The whole reality of the past rose up to view, and in the clear story of the gospel a ray of hope dawned upon him for his future. His father—his father's house—and his mother's too; and the plenty and love they ever bestowed upon him there, and the hired servants, all having enough; and then himself, his father's son, and his present state; his companionships, his habits, his sins, his poverty, his out-cast condition, his questionable mode of living—all these came climbing like an invading force of thoughts and reflections into the citadel of his mind, and fairly overcame him.

That day—that scene—proved the turning-point of that young prodigal's life. He sought the advice of the Christian friend who had thus providentially interposed for his deliverance. Communications were made to his parents, which resulted in a long-lost and dearly-loved child returning to the familiar earthly home; and still better, in his return to his Heavenly Father! He found, as I trust my readers will, how true are the promises of the parable of the "Prodigal Son," both for time and for eternity.

"Yes, there is One who will not chide and scoff,
But beckons us to homes of heavenly bliss;
Beholds the prodigal a great way off,
And flies to meet him with a father's kiss."

—R. Maguire, in *Am. T. S. Tract.*

A PRACTICAL MAN.—There is a great difference between nations on the score of practicality. Even a race of thinkers may not possess a grasp of affairs. The story is told that an Englishman, travelling in Germany, kept constantly putting his head out of the window of the railway carriage.

He did it once too often, however, and a gust of wind blew away his hat. Quick as thought, he took down his hat-box and hurled it also out of the window.

His German fellow-travellers roared with laughter, and one of them said: "You don't expect your hat-box to bring back your hat, do you?"

"I do," said the Englishman. "No name on the hat—full name and address on the box! They'll be found together, and I shall get both."

Then those Germans subsided, and said they had always considered the English a great and practical nation.—*Youth's Companion.*