

this error we know not." Why, SEND him to the next general convention, and if he returns home unconverted, then cease your efforts, for he is *dead, sure.*

Some one asks: Did you take in the meeting? No; it was too big for that—it took me in.

The reports and earnest words of the missionaries in behalf of their respective fields of labor gave me, as it were, a feeling of unrest. I wanted to be all over the world at once, and that without delay.

Your correspondent is now home again, thanking God for His preserving care during the 3400 miles of travel, for the blessing of that convention, and with a broader and a deeper desire to win souls for Christ.

T. H. C.

SUMMERSIDE LETTER.

How cold and chilly these November winds are. They make your teeth chatter just as soon as you step out of the door. People are busily engaged preparing their winter clothing and making their houses proof against the inroads of "Jack Frost." It is good that we have these cold winds, warning us of the approach of winter; for if the weather kept fine until a certain day and then winter came in all its severity, I think a great many would be unprepared for it, even had they known the very day. Even as it is, how many are found unprepared when it does come after all the indications and warnings? How true this is in regard to eternity. How many warnings some have, and yet when the cold hand of death is laid upon them they are not ready.

I wonder if there are any who profess to be Disciples of Christ that are in danger of freezing. There are some signs whereby you can tell. A man who is travelling on a cold day will feel a drowsiness steal over him, he will get tired and want to sit down and rest, and when he sits down he is so sleepy, should he yield to this influence and go to sleep, he is not likely to wake again. How many Christians who started in the journey through a cold world show these signs? Not so loving as they were once, not so much interested in church work, are in the habit of finding fault with others who are doing their best, do not think it necessary to go to meeting every time there is a meeting? In fact they seem tired and sleepy. They have so many excuses to offer. What a terrible thing if they should freeze to death! I wonder if every man and woman who will read this letter will see to it that they are not under the influence of any such spiritual lethargy. How important that every child of God should feel his or her living, growing, exercising and developing. We can never be too well prepared for winter; there are always attainments beyond for us to reach out after. How pleasant to be able to work for God. What enjoyments are found in his service. Sometimes the way may be dark and cloudy, but perhaps these dark clouds will open and Jesus will come and the brightness of His coming will dispel all the clouds, all the cold winds, melt all the icebergs and penetrate to the inmost soul and cause us to mount up on eagles' wings and be forever with Him.

Now a few words about our church work. I spent a few days with the church in Tignish. Two made the good confession and were baptized. Our work in Summerside is moving along quietly. I am now in Tyron where I am going to help the church in a big meeting. I do not say the result will be large, but still we feel we have God and His word on our side.

I was in New Glasgow a short time ago and went over their new church building. It is a credit to the brethron of that place, but you will likely hear more about this building in the future. I was glad to read of so many desires on the first page of the last CHRISTIAN, and I do hope that our paper may have all the support it should have, and for my part, brother editors, here is my hand, and I will try to be on hand in the future as in the past.

That prosperity, temporal and spiritual, may attend my readers along the stream of time is the wish of

W. H. HARDING.

BILDAD'S WISDOM.

All things come to those who wait—even the end of the discussion on organization.

In spite of donation parties preachers are still in the lead for longevity.

The poorest man may be rich if he will invest largely in God's praise.

Subscriber to editor: "Shall we know each other there?" Editor—"Have no doubt of it, you know me now two miles off when I'm on my way to your house for last year's subscription."

More to be desired is a well ventilated meeting-house than a flowery sermon.

Death and the tomb-stone inscriber have made thousands famous, who otherwise would never have been heard of.

Always thinking how badly Bro. Good beat you on that horse trade is a poor way of growing in grace.

When you endorse a note for your neighbor to help him lift a mortgage, remember that you may be giving some one else a mortgage on you.

Even doctors don't like their own medicine. People who have a fondness for giving advice should remember this.

"I'll quit on this glass and never touch it again." Well don't touch it again by quitting on the last glass.

It takes a great deal more strength to be a saint yourself than it does to tell your neighbor he is a sinner.

We can only appreciate ourselves when we know our weaknesses.

A tiger may be playful, but he also has very sharp claws.

Generous giving may not be salvation, but it will be a long stride in that direction.

A thought on the paper is worth two in the head.

Better to work for the godly poor than the ungodly rich.

There are times and times, but with the poor man hard times last three hundred and sixty-five days every year.

You had a hard time in giving up drink, but that was easy compared with the time you would have had had you not given it up.

'Tis a good man who gives generously, but not every such man is wise. You may know them by their scarcity.

A good man would just as soon live his life over again as not.

'Tis not what we know that makes us fools, but what we don't know.

Between the professional men the poor man has a hard time. If he escapes the doctor's hands he may fall into the lawyers, and if he escapes both the undertaker is sure to get him.

Beware of profession, it is often put to severe proofs. Beware, likewise, of those who profess, it is the trick of the frivolous and the hypocritical.

To communicate his knowledge is a duty with the wise man; to learn from others is his highest gratification.

Never look for your ancestors or your titles in the imperfect records of antiquity; look into your own virtues and the history of those who lived to be benefactors of society.

Married.

DENTON-GRAHAM.—At the Christian Church, Westport, N. S., November 8th, by Bro. H. E. Cooke, Mr. Fenwick Denton to Miss Sadie Graham, both of Westport.

Died.

WORDEN.—At Vanceboro, Me., on the afternoon of November 14th, Sister Carrie Worden, widow of Newton Worden, and daughter of Bro. G. M. B. Sprague, closed her life on earth and entered into rest. If we measure her life by years, she lived a little more than a quarter of a century. If we measure it by the sins she committed we must regard her as a mere child; for she kept her childhood innocency unsciled by the contaminating touch of the world. If we measure it by the good she did, we might well conclude that she had lived the allotted three score years and ten; because we can hardly understand how a character of such matchless beauty could have been developed in a shorter time. In her life there was nothing to hide. It was an open book which all might read and from which all could learn. As a child she was the favorite among her playmates; as she grew in years the love they bore continued to increase, and when she was snatched away, all who knew her lost a friend and no one lost a foe. And while she will no longer walk among them as in days gone by, to comfort and to bless, her example of pure unselfishness, deep consecration, and unfaltering loyalty to Christ will speak her worth long after her body has mouldered back to dust. It was her lot to pass through the deepest waters of affliction, but she always came out closer to her Saviour; and for His sake she bore her sorrows with that uncomplaining sweetness which she could learn only in the school of Christ. Her last illness was painful, but she was calm; and when she realized that the angel of death was hovering near she did not shrink from his presence but welcomed his approach. It was her satisfaction to know that, having given herself to Jesus in her earlier years, and having tried faithfully to observe all his commandments, the angel's mission was to carry her from a world of sorrow to one of everlasting joy. Her little boy is too young to realize his loss, but old enough to show the signs of her watchful care. Her parents are saddened by the separation, but through their tears they see the day when all will be united again. H. W. S.

SMITH.—At Tiverton, Digby county, N. S., on Friday, October 30th, after an illness of five days, Bro. John A. Smith, aged seventy years. Bro. Smith was a native of Barrington, Shelburne county, and came to Long Island when a young man, living at Centre Grove, where he married Miss Lurancy Powell. They were both converted to Christ at an early age, lived and toiled together for the Master till about twelve years ago when death separated them for a time. During thirty years of Brother Smith's life he has acted as leading Elder of the church at Tiverton, with the exception of short periods spent abroad. He leaves us all in sorrow, yet we know that for him to die was gain. A large number of people attended his funeral, among whom was our Bro. Cooke of Westport, who kindly assisted in the services besides extending his warm-hearted sympathy to the bereaved and sorrowing widow and all mourning friends. H. A. D.

CRAWFORD.—Suddenly at the Prince Edward Island Hospital, on the 11th of November, in her sixty-seventh year, Sister Catherine Crawford. She was the youngest but one of the children of the late Elder Alexander Crawford. She had in early life given herself to the Saviour, who had enabled her till the last to maintain an irreproachable Christian character. She was a diligent and intelligent student of the Bible, and strove to imitate Him who went about doing good. Self-denial to make others happy seemed with her a second nature. She will be long and affectionately remembered by many.

McKAY.—On the 23rd of November death again entered the home of Brother Alexander McKay, New Glasgow, P. E. I., and taken another beloved daughter, Ella May, (his eldest) in her nineteenth year. She joined this church nearly four years ago. She was of a very cheerful disposition; was seldom if ever heard to complain of pain or anything else. She met the last enemy with a cheerful reliance on her Saviour. D. O.