

the upper class men in the University, a man who would graduate from the medical school that year. He took a bill from his pocket, cast it among the smaller offerings in the flag, crossed the street and entered the theatre on the other side. The small company of soldiers gathered up the offerings and with the Little Lieutenant walking close to the front marched back to the place of meeting followed by two or three men and a crowd of boys.

As I returned to the hospital later that same night I stopped in at their meeting on my way. After the meeting was dismissed, I waited a few minutes speaking to some of the workers and among others to the Little Lieutenant. Remarking that I had been at their open-air meeting and that they had received a liberal offering, she asked me if I had seen the young man. On being told that I had and that I recognized him, she went on: "He is my brother. There are just the three of us now, mother died three years ago. She could understand me, and always sympathized with me in my desire to help others. Father can't understand me at all, and does not take kindly to the work I have chosen. Neither does my brother. Of course he is not interested in these things at all; yet he never passes us in our open-air meeting but he has a kind word for me and something for our offering." I said to her: "You have given up a great deal for this work?" Her eyes filled up but she did not speak. Taking the Bible she held in her hand she opened it. It seemed to open naturally at Matt. x: 37, and turning around handed it to me. The edges of the leaves were much worn as though opened very often. The faces of the pages were somewhat soiled as might have been by tears, and there surrounded by pencil marks, I read these words: "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me."

A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

H. MURRAY.

Our deep heartfelt gratitude to Bro. Charles Harlow, of Milton, who has lately departed this life, constrains us to offer a tribute of love and respect.

He with his partner in life were true and substantial friends to the writer. Their hearts and home were ever open to the wants of others. We shall hold sacred the friendship and fellowship of that home while memory retains her dominion in the soul. Their unstinted hospitality, their deep interest in the needs of humanity, and their devotion to the Church of Christ, has won the high esteem of those who know them.

Bro. Harlow was a brother to my step-mother, who passed away last year. His brother, Abner Harlow, departed this life soon after the death of my mother. Thus a sister and two brothers changed worlds in little over a year. How strangely sad it will seem to visit again those homes where we have spent so many years of pleasure and profit. But while we are thus called to part with our friends, it is with no desponding cry as those who part to meet no more, but with the cheering hope that we will meet again. This hope makes the sad separation a glad parting joy.

Bro. Harlow's idea of life was not that this life was all and the next life nothing, neither that this life was nothing and the next life all. He served his generation and left a legacy of love to his family, who are now serving their generation by serving the Lord, and thus preparing for the coming meeting in the better life. Our departed brother understood that the end and aim of this life is to do God's will, the result of which is eternal life. There have been a great many definitions of true life. Socrates, Mills, Kant, Plato and others, have tried to give us an ideal life but have failed. The only true life is in Christ through whom we obtain eternal life, a life that gives to the Christian, when passing out of this life, a gleam of light to the soul like sunshine on a stormy sea. Our brother realized that in the Christ-life we have the revelation of God who can be known, loved and trusted. Oh, blessed life, to be brought face to face with him whom we shall see, and seeing shall have "beauty born of the vision passing into our faces will be the face of our Saviour, in which the light of the glory of God shall shine forth as the redeemed and perfect sons of God."

Bro. Harlow's trials and struggles are over. The storms of life that beat upon his soul have all spent their force. His voyage is ended. His heart is anchored in the haven of rest. We will see him no more on earth. While we wait in vain for the touch of a vanished hand and the voice that is still, yet we know that the blessings of the many years of joint fellowship in the joys and sorrows of life can never be obliterated from the soul. Heaven gives us our dear ones to bless us in this present life, and takes them from us to prepare us for eternal life.

Those who are left to mourn over the separation can rejoice in the victory and in the rescue from the enemy of death through the triumphs of Christ. Death has lost all its terror. It cannot cast one shadow across our pathway now. It cannot wring one pang of foreboding agony from our soul. "Death stung itself to death when it stung Christ." It is now robbed of its sting and the grave of its victory. "Thanks be to God who has given us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Correspondence.

DEER ISLAND LETTER.

Our meeting at Back Bay resulted in forty-seven added by baptism and a number restored. We held a business meeting and effected an organization. Two elders and four deacons were appointed, and with a membership of about sixty this congregation starts out into the active duties of church life. A board of trustees were also appointed, and the feeling seems to be that there is a better prospect for good, successful work than ever before. I preached a few evenings in Letete, where our beloved Bro. Wm. Murray is the shepherd. One young man made the good confession, but owing to a cold I gave up the meeting just when it should have been carried on.

Bro. Foster Calder is doing good work at Leonardville. Some are turning to the Lord and others are getting closer to the Master. We anticipate that Bro. Calder will be a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.

I close my work at Lord's Cove April 1st. The two years I have been here have been busy ones. During these two years the

church has bought and paid for a parsonage, cleared off a debt of long standing, and raised over three hundred dollars for missions, besides local expenses. I have held meetings in several places, and altogether in the two years there have been 247 additions under my preaching. I thank God and take courage, for even in these days the stone which the builders reject may become the head of the corner.

I have not fully decided as to my future course, but at present it looks as if I would go west. In my next letter I will tell you more, and probably say *adieu*.

W. H. HARDING.

Lord's Cove, N. B.

FROM LE ROY, PA.

THE CHRISTIAN, which is a sprightly and newsway paper, reached our study. It is always a welcome visitor. We enjoy reading its pages. It possesses the right ring. We feel glad to learn, throughout its pages, that the work of the Lord is progressive in the Maritime Provinces. Your success is our joy.

Well, we are now located in LeRoy, Pa. It is a fine village located in the beautiful Towanda valley. Church of Christ and Baptists prevail here. Church of Christ is most numerous. The enrolled membership is 237; the members are widely scattered, however. We were very cordially received. A public reception was given us, which was most enjoyable. Large audiences are greeting us. We like our new field of labor and hope to be useful.

We believe in employing printer's ink, as well as our lips, in the proclamation of the gospel; hence am publishing a four page monthly, called the *LeRoy Messenger*, especially in the interest of the local congregation. The first number is in print. To-day we tend you a copy. We published a booklet recently, of 16 pages, on topic, "Ancient Churches of Christ—how they were formed, and what did they teach and practice?" Price 5 cents. May the Lord bless the workmen and the work all abroad.

Fraternally yours,

R. H. BOLTON.

March 12, 1900.

Home Missions.

Address all communications and remittances to W. A. Barnes, Secretary, 223 St. James Street, St. John, N. B.]

\$1,500 for Home Missions!

500 Souls for Christ!

BRETHREN!—Look at the big black figures at the head of this and then at the smaller ones below! Shall the Home Mission Board "make bricks without straw?" Some seem to think so, while others give us just enough encouragement and cash to pay the regular stipends that were voted at the annual meeting. There is even danger of a deficit on account of stationery and stamps used in writing to our agents and our pledgers. But I must not scold, and indeed it is neither necessary nor advisable; but I wish the brethren everywhere to remember that only *five* months remain of our official year in which to pay up the balance of that fifteen hundred dollars. Your home mission board is powerless to do any thing, and is tied hand and