

and enjoyable, and four others, heads of families, took membership with us last Lord's day.

Our good brother, D Crawford, of New Glasgow, who is well known to the whole brotherhood, has arranged to preach for us next Lord's day, February 28th; and through all the means which God our Heavenly Father has placed within our reach, we hope to see a good work accomplished in the cause of our blessed Master.

GEO. MANIFOLD.

SUMMERSIDE, P. E. I.

I am very much pleased with the appearance and management of THE CHRISTIAN. It comes to us with a wealth of clean, clear-cut matter. Its very appearance shows careful and capable management. It is indeed a credit to the brotherhood in the Maritime Provinces. Everybody connected with the brotherhood should take an interest in our grand paper.

On the evening of the first of February our home was visited by a large number of our friends. They came with full hearts and hands, and what was in their hearts could be understood by what they presented with their hands. We spent a very pleasant evening, and at the close Elder Thomas Beattie presented to the preacher and his family the proceeds of the evening—amounting to \$45. Bro Beattie's address was of that kind and Christian spirit that characterizes the man. I responded, but fell far below his standard. Miss Minnie Woodside presided very acceptably at the organ.

My recent visit to Tignish was very encouraging. We were greeted at times with congregations as we were not able to seat. The prospects in that locality are good.

The death of Sister Robert Morrison, of Tryon, came unexpected to many. She was the only daughter of Bro. and Sister John Lord. She has gone to join the ransomed throng in a better land than this. Bro. Lord only a few years ago passed over the tide. She has but followed her devoted father. Like him, she was true and devoted to righteousness. Her loss is felt very keenly, but we sorrow not as those who have no hope.

H. E. COOKE.

MAIN STREET BUILDING FUND.

The fifty cents acknowledged is from a little girl who heard her mother and one of our members talking about the lot and the church building. She said, "May I give my money? I want to help." Her mother said, "yes." So she brought her savings and gave them for our aid. She gave all; but there are many who have not yet given us anything. We can never get on as we ought to in this hall, and the earlier we get into our own house the better. Bro. Appel preaches on Sunday evenings to the largest number of persons, who are not identified with the Disciples, of any of our Maritime preachers. We have great opportunities. Will you help us take advantage of them? Every dollar counts in a time like this.

RECEIPTS.

Previously acknowledged,	\$371 16
Mrs. Dr Murray, Leonardville, per Mrs. Morrison,	2 00
Collected by Mrs. J. Leary,	2 00
Eunice Blackadar, per Mrs J. Wilson,	50
R B. Porter per J. W. Barnes,	5 00
Collected by Miss N. Whelpley,	5 00
Interest, per Treasurer,	1 86
Concert,	65 00
	\$752 51

J. S. FLAGLOH,
Treasurer.

Correspondence.

WEST GORE LETTER.

"In debt" at the head of our secretary's report last month must have struck somebody pretty hard. Many of our churches are working up the foreign mission collection for the first of March, and the chances are that our home work will still be neglected, and then we will have other calls. Is it not possible to have too many irons in the fire? Would we succeed better if we concentrated our efforts for a time? How many churches take up regular collections for our home work?

A man asked me the following question the other day: "Is it right to ask a poor man, who has a hard time to make ends meet, for money to help a church, some of whose members have lots of money out at interest and live in fashion and style far above those from whom they are asking help?" Some of our scribes might answer that question.

[The office editor says, Yes. Giving is a personal matter. The poor man should give out of his poverty, whether the rich man gives or does not. He should give "according to his ability." In a question of duty—and this is a duty—one must not be negligent because another is.]

I know men who are struggling against adverse circumstances and yet paying more money to the cause of Christ than those who have the means at hand. Here is a brother, he has a large family, he has a mortgage on his farm. Here is another, has no debt on his farm; is well to do. How does God look upon these two men? Does he expect them both to do the same? No, but according to their ability as the Lord has prospered them. Can you give fifty dollars this year? Then give it. God demands it. Can you give only five dollars? Then that is all God expects. I believe there are people who pay money towards a church that ought to use the money at home. Only some who could pay, do not; and somebody has to make a sacrifice. I would about as soon die a drunkard as to die owning lots of money and property, after refusing to aid the poor, or spend my money for good purposes. Our mission board ought not to be in debt. Remember the resolves at the annual meeting.

On Sunday evening, February 7th, I preached at Elmsdale, and had a full house. On Tuesday evening, 16th, I preached in a lumbering camp near Rawdon and had a good meeting.

I am beginning to think I had better get to work again. Have you anything for me to do?
W. H. HARDING.

West Gore, Hants Co., N. S.

Perhaps you have a great mind; perhaps you have an eloquent tongue; it may be you have a large purse and can glorify God and bless mankind with that; but perhaps you have nothing in the world but a kind, sweet smile; then let that fall upon some poor life that has no smiles in it. Remember that a dewdrop glistening in the sun is just as beautiful as a rainbow.—Rev. C. H. Parkhurst, D. D.

COME, MY SOUL, THY SONGS PREPARE.

Come, my, soul, thy songs prepare!
Songs of praise to God above,
Who so oft hath heard thy prayer,
Answered in abounding love.

All thy wants this God hath met,
All thy need hath he supplied;
Never did he thee forget,
Watchful guard and faithful guide.

Blessings far beyond thy thought
Hath he on thy pathway strewn,
More than all thy faith hath sought,
Hast thou of his mercy known.

Well and right it is to sing,
"Come, my soul; thy suit prepare;"
Well each load of care to bring
Unto him who answers prayer.

Yet forget not, O my soul,
How thy thanks to him are due,
While his streams of mercy roll,
Be thy praises ever new.

—R. M. Offord in New York Observer.

THE HERO OF TO-DAY.

We do not always recognize the heroes of to-day. Awkward manners and coarse clothing sometimes disguise the spirit of courage and self-forgetfulness which we too often associate with the days of the past. The following account of a fire in a colliery of Pennsylvania, gives as noble an example of heroism as ever inspired a minstrel's song.

Shortly after eleven o'clock the engineer, Thomas Lloyd, discovered that the engine-house was on fire. He made an effort to extinguish the flames with a few buckets of water, but was unsuccessful. Lloyd was alone in the building at the time, and he remembered that there were forty-six men in the mine. Without losing any time, he ran to the telephone and gave the alarm in the mine. The footman at the bottom of the shaft told the miners to throw down their tools and get on the cage as quickly as possible.

By this time the flames had surrounded the engineer on all sides. He patiently awaited the signal to hoist the men to the surface. At last he got the signal and brought up the cage with lightning speed. Eighteen men were aboard. The carriage was then returned to the mine for the second load of human freight. On this trip ten men were brought up. The side of the building now collapsed, and the burning timber fell all around the brave engineer, who still held the lever. At last the remaining men got on the cage, and in a few minutes all were brought to the surface safely. The engineer was badly burned, but will recover.—Young People's Weekly.

A wealthy man displaying one day his jewels to a philosopher, the latter said: "Thank you, sir, for being willing to share such magnificent jewels with me." "Share them with you, sir," exclaimed the owner, "what do you mean?" "Why, you allow me to look at them, and what more can you do with them yourself?" replied the philosopher.

This recalls to mind what Titbotom says in Mr. Curtis's "Pure as I," as he is looking over the large estate of the wealthy and sordid Bourne. "Bourne owns the dirt and fences; I own the landscape!" We haven't seen the passage for many years, and do not quote it exactly; but that isn't necessary.