

prayer offered on their behalf, will they please stand up? Here and there one after another comes out while the captain's "God bless you" is addressed to each in turn. Another hymn is sung and the general meeting is over. Quite a number remain to the aftermeeting; but as the shadows are fast lengthening we join the homeward throng, well satisfied that the three hours spent in the Richmond street barracks have not been wholly wasted.

As we pass down the street it occurs to us that if the good people of our city, whose sensibilities are so grievously shocked by what they are pleased to call the "vulgar, outlandish methods of these Salvation people," would but attend a Sabbath afternoon meeting now and then, and see with their own eyes and hear with their own ears what is really being accomplished along the line of active christian work, in spite of some things that do seem rather out of place to most of us—if such people would only go and judge for themselves, a great deal of this absurd prejudice against the Salvation Army would vanish like smoke in mid air.

#### MR. HALL'S LETTER.

DEAR EDITOR :—

I suppose I owe an apology to your indulgent readers. It is some time, a couple of months or more, I think, since I made them acquainted with my whereabouts, or gave them any information regarding the work of the society, or our churches. I will endeavor to make amends for former, what? I was going to say delinquencies, but who is willing to make so humiliating a confession. Indeed we would all much rather with one consent begin to make excuses. I could do this, but what is the use. I have been busy here and there ever since I wrote you. I seem to have been every where, except at home; twice in the maritime provinces, from which point (Cape Breton) I now write. From Sarnia to Halifax, via Ottawa, Toronto and Montreal. It would be impossible to take up the "thread of my discourse," if there was any thread in it, where I left off in my last letter. It would be too tedious to take you over all the 500 thousand miles or so, that I have journeyed since, or even introduce you to the many churches I have visited. Where will I begin. Perhaps I had better begin here and go back. This will be a change. I am on the Island of Cape Breton in the neat little town of Baddeck, on the Bas De' lake, pronounced "Brad'or." Student Braithwaite is doing good service here; the new church completed, both without and within. I reached this far away spot at 10 o'clock last night, after being 24 hours on the cars and steamboat, riding through smoke and flames most

of the way. The country seems to be all on fire. St. Johns, N. B., was my last place, and I think I did not tell you that I spent a month there before the union in Ottawa. The pastor was over in the States soliciting assistance for his church. It is almost crushed by debt; debt incurred long years ago, and incurred by those who have gone to the other world, or the United States, or sister churches; leaving those who had nothing to do with creating the debt to shoulder the difficulty. Our people are few comparatively, but truly they are faithful and earnest, and self-denying. They have one of the most helpful of prayer-meetings it has been my privilege to attend. Our members are among the leaders in temperance, Y. M. C. A., Women's Christian Temperance Union, etc., etc.

It is curious, but a fact, that in most places where we have churches, you find our members among the prominent workers in all benevolent and reformatory movements. Indeed some of them give more time to these outside things than they do to the church, and leave the poor pastor to struggle along as best he can, perhaps grumble that the church and denomination does not advance more rapidly. "Off to lodge," "off to temperance meeting," "off to Band of Hope," or "off to something else." Not at the prayer meeting, or to Bible class, or teachers' preparation, or cottage prayer-meeting. With me, ever since I knew the Lord, the church "He purchased with His own precious blood" stands first, commands my warmest love and best efforts. Is this right?

I came to St. Johns from Keswick Ridge where the union meetings were held this year. They were exceedingly good meetings. A correspondent has been appointed to write you a full account of them, therefore I will only give you my own impressions. There was more enthusiasm, more freedom in speech, more hopefulness, than I discerned at any former meeting I attended down here. (This was the fourth). The attendance was large, the interest in our missionary work found expression not only in speech but in giving, more liberal giving than for some time past. The union pledged itself in real earnest to do more for the college in future. We need three or four good men down here. Keswick Ridge is now vacant. The Rev. J. Whitman, who has faithfully served the church for about a year and three months, is leaving, the weight of years make such a large field as this undesirable. He is yet able to work for the Master in places that will not make such a large demand upon the physical man.

Cornwallis needs a strong earnest man. Student Hart is meeting with much encouragement, but who will carry on the work when he returns to college in September. Brooklyn and Beachmeadows cannot be successfully