

## NOTES.

Several inquiries have come from associates of former days, in reference to our meetings on this Island, during the time when we enjoyed the presence and society of Christian friends from abroad.

The communications of Bro. Capp, city editor of THE CHRISTIAN, and Bro. Mitchell, then of Charlottetown, and acting Secretary at the Annual Meeting at East Point, and the interesting letters of Bro. B. B. Tyler in the *Christian Standard*, giving particulars of the Island and the meetings, have left very little to be told; and yet it may be well to say for the satisfaction of the brethren and friends who visited us.

The people of East Point enjoyed the meeting exceedingly well, and, although they were a little doubtful about the propriety of having the meeting there, on account of what they considered local inconveniences; now, that they have a little experience, they would not be averse to having another such meeting, when, in justice to other places, they are entitled to it.

As you have already learned, brethren Tyler and Mitchell did the preaching, and as Bro. M. was resident in Charlottetown and Bro. T. had come from the greatest distance, and his visits to the Island being about fifteen years apart, it was decided by all preachers present, except himself, (and he is always willing to work), that he should be the chief speaker, so on Lord's day morning he preached, and Bro. M. in the evening. I will just say here that the preaching gave great satisfaction to all, and I believe there was great good done.

Bro. T. continued the meeting several days during the week and five were added to the congregation.

Bro. Crawford, of New Glasgow, Moderator, and Bro. Capp, of St. John, were present, and although they placed the heaviest jar in the hands of the strangers, were not idle during the meeting, but they are both too well known to the brotherhood in these provinces to need special mention. I might say, however, that on Lord's day Bro. Crawford presided at the Lord's table, and, in touching on memories of the past, of persons whose faces will be seen no more on earth, and of others whom the churches of P. E. Island have given to the great vineyard of the Master, and who are now laboring in other fields, far distant from the homes of their childhood and the society of their loved ones. He made a deep impression. I think every heart was touched. Altogether, the meeting was profitable, and, I think, pleasant to both visitors and residents, and exceedingly enjoyed by the writer.

After the close of the special services at East Point, Bro. and Sister Tyler, with their daughter, Miss Lulu, came to Montague, where we had the most enjoyable time of all, as we had an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with Bro. T. and his excellent family. He came from New York City on his vacation. I suppose that means—to rest. Well, perhaps change of scene, atmosphere and association is rest, but otherwise Bro. T. had no rest while on P. E. Island. He preached every evening during his week at Montague; twice on each of two Lord's days; visited from house to house, attended baptisms, and, wherever opportunity offered, talked of the things which pertain to life and godliness. Nine persons confessed the Christ, and one who had been baptized before voluntarily sought membership.

When Bro. T. again feels inclined to take a vacation and a release from the summer heat of New York City, he will be a welcome visitor on this Island, if he and his loved ones will favor us.

O. B. EMERY.

Montague, Sept. 20th, 1886.

## A GLIMPSE AT THE REDEEMED.

What a thought of strength and comfort it is for us to know that beyond these earthly scenes of conflict, confusion and sorrow, there is a bright and pure world above, and such a service of perfect praise and adoration as the heart of man on earth has not power to conceive. The sight of that great multitude was no dream, no unreal vision; it was a glimpse of reality which makes all the splendours of earthly things seem vain. A little while and we shall know that reality; for not one of these who love the Lord below shall be absent from the ranks of that mighty host above, for whom the precious blood of Christ has availed and washed their sins away,—a greater host than we dare to dream of. And in that host representatives of all nations and kindreds on earth find place to unite their voices in singing praises unto God and to the Lamb.

There are some things which, once there, they never do,—they never want; they do not weary; they never weep; they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. Now is it not blissful to know how our friends are engaged? Those who have fallen asleep in Jesus and passed to the bright world above, are now where their songs never cease and congregations never break up and their Sabbath knows no end. Then if all those who profess faith in Christ desire to join the redeemed in that new home above which Jesus has gone to prepare for the faithful, it stands them in hand to prepare for that meeting beyond. How can the hand which yet hopes to wave the victor's palm take such a death grip of mammon? How can he who expects to join the white-robed multitude seek his present companions among earthly minded men? Or how can he go into life to be engulfed in its enjoyments, its sorrows and its cares? Should he not rather cast his anchor within the veil and ride buoyantly over the griefs and gladness of mortality until the voyage is ended here on earth, and then go home to enjoy the presence of God, and join that great multitude which no man could number, in singing praises unto Him who washed our robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

W. R. McEWEN.

Milton, Queens Co., N. S.

## LIFE A VAPOR.

Our life is here compared to the fleeting vapor. Like it, it is uncertain in its continuance, unsubstantial in its nature. We cannot tell how long it will last, nor the moment when it will depart. How beautiful is the vapor that rises around us. It may appear beautiful and stationary, but in a moment it is gone. We look at something else for a few moments and when we turn our eyes again in the same direction, we find, to our surprise, that the mist has entirely disappeared. Such is life.

Our days upon earth are a shadow, or as the rose which blooms for a little while and then fades and dies. There is but a step between us and death. If, by reason of strength, we attain to the age of four score, our days, as we glance back at them, will seem but as the vapor which appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away. And we hold them by so slight a tenure, nay, we do not hold them at all. It is God, not ourselves, in whose hands our breath is, and He alone knows when it will cease and how it will cease, and how it will be dispersed.

Like the vapor, our life has nothing stable about it. We cannot calculate upon it with any confidence. This uncertainty should make us feel our dependence on the will of God. In our plans and intentions for the future we too often forget that life may fail. We talk about what we are going to

do or to gain, as if we could count upon living to carry out our purpose. We cannot even count upon to-morrow,—“Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.” (Prov. xxvii. 1.) We ought to say, “If the Lord will, we shall do so and so.” In using these words we should not use them as a light or customary thing, but reverently and with thought, and when we do not speak such words we should always think them, in our minds. There should be a constant reference to God's will and a sense of our dependence on Him. And are we not taught, dear brethren, the folly of setting our affections upon a life which is fast passing away. The things that are seen are “temporal.” Every day we are reminded of this. If life is but a vapor we need something more substantial to set our hopes upon, something surer to plan for. “The things that are not seen are eternal.” “Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven.” (Matt vi. 20; Col. iii. 2.) Set your thoughts but lightly on the plans and future of this life, but let them often dwell earnestly on the eternal future beyond.

Yours in the one faith,

A HANDSPIKER.

Tiverton, 1886.

## TABUSINTAC.

Without doubt many of you readers have not heard of such a place, much less visited it. Having no direct railway or steamboat communication, and being of little interest, with the exception of its beautiful scenery, Tabusintac has few visitors.

Leaving St. John by the Intercolonial Railway, we reach Moncton after a few hours pleasant riding, thence we proceed to Chatham Junction, but here our pleasant riding ceases, and after being shaken and tossed about for fifteen minutes, we reach the little town of Chatham, with its 6600 people, engaged in ship-building, lumbering, fishing and manufacturing. Leaving the train, we now take the steamer, and after a sail of six hours down the Miramichi, we arrive at Neguac, from which place to Tabusintac we are carried by stage. Its redeeming feature, viz.: beauty, is in the river, which bears the same name as the place. As one gazes upon this beautiful river on a moonlight night, with its curves and windings, and sees here and there an island, mirrored in its placid waters, his mind is at once turned to its wonderful Maker.

Leaving the scenery, we now turn to the people, whom you will find engaged in farming and lumbering. There are in Tabusintac two churches, Methodist and Presbyterian, but both are without preachers at the present time. There is in addition to the meetings, a literary society, the heads of which are Miss A. M. McWell, Miss M. Lamont, and Mr. J. Murray, also a division of the I. O. of G. T.

With regard to the climate, 'tis much colder than the Southern part of the province, the nights are already very cold and accompanied with frost.

A. L. W.

September 9th, 1886.

## THE BIBLE.

In the large Bible classes conducted by Mr. Moody, are quite a number of preachers, who, with others, attempt to answer the various difficulties and objections presented by the leader. Should anyone attempt an answer, not in Bible phraseology. Mr. Moody will say—now Bro. have you not a passage of scripture that will meet this case? On one occasion, in particular, according to an exchange, Mr. Moody arose with the open Bible in his hand and called attention to the Bible itself, saying:—

You have had a good deal of it, he said, and you must have a great deal more. I want you to go away from this hall quickened in your Christian