

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## PETITE REVIERE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Just a moment to send you a line or two in connection with interests associated with our work at LaHave Islands.

Some of your readers may know that these islands are connected with the Petite Riviere circuit, and of late have been receiving Sabbath services once a month. As on a Sunday from our hills we look out on the Bay dotted with these islands, we are vividly reminded of how our old, but much loved station, Bermuda. We cannot however say that a minute scrutiny points out much in common with those sunny islands. Bermuda's will regale you with perfume of the damask and numerous other roses, together with her "legion of flowers," while on these Islands the "fluney" is of one kind, "Eau-de-cod." This however is above proof, so that however much the fastidious visitor might complain of the want of variety he cannot of the strength of the odour.

There are about forty families on these islands. No gardening is done—everything is taken there. During Bro. Johnson's ministry on this circuit, he commenced a church on one of these islands and succeeded in getting the outside finished. Since coming to this circuit we have urged the people to complete the same. Tuesday, April 15th, was a day of rejoicing on these islands. Our much respected Chairman, who I believe made a very extensive and minute acquaintance with the work of almost every part of his district, visited us, in company with the Financial Secretary, to dedicate the building. The day was very fine, the impressive service was heartily entered into by the people, and the chairman's appropriate sermon, together with the lessons and prayers in which Bro. Fisher took part, made the service a very profitable one. With our people, we felt greatly indebted to these brethren for their kind, efficient, and welcome services. The building is not a Parthenon nor is it Dianian in style, but a plain, comfortable structure, 36 x 24 feet. We look upon it not as monolithic but as a place of "living stones," cemented and built together by Christian love. It stands as a memorial of self-sacrifice on the part of our people on those islands, who amidst hardship have completed and dedicated the same to the Lord. We would not be slow to acknowledge the material assistance of some from the south end of your city, for which our people were very thankful. We shall have no debt on the building, which to us is a source of great joy.

CHELT.

## FORTUNE, N. F.

Allow me space in the WESLEYAN to report a marvellous work of God on this circuit.

In June last the Rev. S. Snowden was sent to this circuit, where he has been untiring in work. In the beginning of the year we held special meetings for prayer: faithful prayer ascended to the throne of grace night after night, yet weeks passed away with apparently no results. Special prayer was discontinued, but the Spirit was at work. God's time was not our time, for on Sabbath evening, March 30th, at the prayer-meeting after preaching service, six men and four women came to the communion railing to plead for the forgiveness of sins. God's people began to rejoice for the drop of Gospel grace, and had faith that it betokened a shower. Praise God, the result has been more than a shower, the flood gates of glory have been lifted very high. On March 31st, and April 1st and 2nd, the people appeared awestricken and trembling on account of sins. The large church was crowded each night with an eager, anxious throng. Jesus of Nazareth was passing by. Strong men began to fall; young men and old men flocked to the communion railing, crying the publican's plea, "God be merciful to me a sinner." On April 3-6, the communion railing was crowded with earnest seekers, but on Monday night, April 7th, over sixty persons fell there, indeed the whole space around it was filled. Forty-five persons rejoiced in God their Saviour. What hath God wrought? Truly it is marvelous in our eyes. We have thirty-one schooners away on the spring herring fishery, with a total crew of 158 men, 100 of these professing conversion—nine schooners with whole crews converted to God.

Good Friday was one of the best days the writer ever spent. There was preaching in the forenoon, fellowship in singing in the afternoon, and revival meeting at night. Got home from church at just mid-night; the whole day was spent by every one as a Sabbath. We could not sleep. "Glory Hallelujah," while in the fellowship meeting to men with boldness speaking for Christ who a few days ago were bold in sin. A fellowship meeting was held on April 12th, at 3 o'clock, p.m. It was astonishing to see the men leaving

their work, and their vessels, and wending their way to the sanctuary. We had a Sunday's congregation. Thirty witnessed for Christ.

Sunday, April 13th, will not be forgotten while life lasts. Preaching in the morning; from 1 to 2.15 seven classes met; from 2.15 to 4 fellowship meeting with sixty testimonies for Christ; from 4 to 5.30 ten other classes met, and from 6.30 to midnight revival meeting. Of thirty-six seeking twenty-one found peace.

There have been some glorious sights: a whole family in one pew rejoicing together; two brothers holding their brothers-in-law, praising God that they had at the same time found the Saviour; sons with their arms around their mothers' neck praising God; husbands happy over the salvation of their wives; great sinners rejoicing in sins forgiven and running to companions and exhorting them to repentance; servants kneeling by and urging their masters to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved. The total number of conversions and additions to the church is 249. This includes 58 Sunday-school scholars under fifteen years of age and 191 adults—127 men and 64 women.

I trust and believe, Mr. Editor, that the Lord will still carry on his work, and that the multitude still in the valley of decision will come out on the Lord's side. The good works going on in the adjoining circuit of Grand Bank. One hundred and forty persons have been converted there.

JAMES P. SNOOK.

Recording Steward.  
[Mr. Snook has also forwarded a number of interesting extracts from a diary kept during those services, but we have not space at present for them. Their insertion would oblige us to keep back several other communications, which have already been delayed too long. Editor of WESLEYAN.]

## MEMORIAL NOTICES.

ADA F. KENT,

the youngest daughter of Robert and Eliza Kent, of Pleasant Point, Musquodoboit, died April 19th, aged 16 years.

Ada, although young, had given her heart to Jesus and had connected herself with the Methodist Church. Her life is the best testimony she could leave us of her zeal for God. Ever at her post, willing always to testify for her Saviour, gentle in her manner, tender in her regard for others, innocent and submissive even in death, she has gone, a flower early plucked that it might escape the scorching sun or the winter's chilly blast. Though only sick eight days, and a great sufferer, she gave many evidences that she was reposing on the bosom of Christ. She loved Jesus and testified of the preciousness of her Saviour in her dying moments. She wished to live, but she feared not to die because going to dwell with Jesus.

Much sympathy is felt for the bereaved parents, from whom death has separated six of their children.

R. S. STEVENS.

JAMES J. HARRISON, of Jerusalem, N. B., died suddenly on the 25th of March, in the 37th year of his age. During the special services held in Jerusalem last fall, the deceased became so deeply interested in the welfare of his soul as to give himself to the Lord. On the 20th of January, 1884, he was received into the Church at Jerusalem by the undersigned. Just as we were expecting his assistance in the Church on earth, the Master called him to his reward. The death of Bro. Harrison has caused us to thank God afresh for his blessing on the special services during the early part of the winter.

R. OPIK.

April 29th, '84.

## CANNING CIRCUIT.

Last week, Bro. Daniel and myself were called to commit to the grave the mortal remains of our late friend, Mr. James Walton, who, after attaining to the great age of ninety-four years, departed this life.

Mr. Walton was with one exception the oldest man in this part of the country. His moral character was unimpeachable, and his reverence and respect for religion was uniform. Blest with a long memory of this world's goods, he was ever kind to the poor and unfortunate. For many years he was a land surveyor in this county, and was proverbial for his accuracy. In my acquaintance with him, extending over more than twenty years, I always found him a lover of God's Word, and an advocate for practical godliness. After an unusually protracted life, on the 18th of April, 1884, he calmly slept in Jesus.

Having been requested by Bro. Daniel to append to this brief sketch, a few remarks in reference to Naomi, the beloved wife of Mr. Jacob Walton, who departed this life on the 20th of last

September, I gladly pay this tribute of respect to her memory.

Mrs. Walton was a woman of God. Many years ago she experienced converting grace, and joined the Methodist Church, and continued her membership down to the time of her death. In all the relations of life, as wife, mother, and friend, her memory will continue fragrant. Though truly attached to the church of her choice, and all her institutions, she was a lover of all the children of God, irrespective of names. For many years she was unwearied in her attentions to her now departed father-in-law, and her kind ministrations were continued long after his mental powers were incapable of appreciating them. Her home was always the scene of kindness, and hospitality. Of late her sympathies and care were taxed in the long and painful illness of her youngest daughter. This child of continual suffering, divinely sustained, will in God's own time rejoin her sainted mother in the home of the blest.

As Sister Walton's end drew near her confidence in her Redeemer grew stronger, and in great prostration her joy in God was undiminished. On the 29th of last September, in the fifty-third year of her age, to the sorrow of an affectionate husband and two beloved daughters, she passed home to the Kingdom above.

J. G. HENNIGAR.

## MARY LOUISE HIGGS.

The hand of an afflicting Providence has recently fallen upon another of our Methodist families in Charlottetown; and this time the stroke could not perhaps be much heavier. How difficult for the children of God under some of the more severe experiences of life to discover and realize those purposes of Divine love and mercy pledged to them who fear the Lord.

Not as those who have no hope for their lost ones, do the many friends of Mary Louise Higgs weep; for if in any case of bereavement, we have the assurance of a triumphant issue, we have in hers. While in early life she remembered her Creator, and from the day of such a happy consecration to the time of her departure to the better land, continued steadfast in the faith of the Gospel, exhibiting to those around her the virtues of a life hidden with Christ in God. In our Sunday-school missionary anniversary, last evening, a very touching reference was made by the secretary to the sad death of Miss Higgs, and a tribute paid to her work as a Sunday-school teacher and worker before her removal to a distant city. Yes, we have missed her and we will miss her more. She was always so bright in the social circle, so useful in the church, so kind in the sick room, so ready in fact for any good word or work! It was some time last autumn she left her loving home and large circle of friends and acquaintances to spend the winter in Boston. I subjoin the following particulars, written by Miss Lizzie Barr, formerly of Charlottetown but now occupying a very prominent official position in the Boston City Hospital, from which she writes:

Boston City Hospital,

April 2, '84.

"On Sunday last, March 30, there was gathered in the Lodge of this Hospital a little company to do honor to the memory of Miss Mary L. Higgs, daughter of B. Wilson Higgs, of Charlottetown, and a late pupil of the Training School for Nurses.

There were present, beside the officers of the institution, her brother and one or two personal friends, a number of the house-physicians and surgeons, a large majority of the pupil-nurses in full ward uniform, and many convalescents.

The room was simply but gracefully dressed with flowers, which were afterwards distributed to the ward where Miss Higgs was last on duty.

The service, conducted by Rev. Mr. Waldron, city missionary, was opened by singing, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," followed by appropriate passages from Scripture. Then followed a soprano solo, "Come, ye disconsolate," and a brief memorial sermon. The preacher began by referring to the stricken household and friends far away. He then simply told how in early youth Miss Higgs had given her heart to the Lord, however since her life had been that of a consistent Christian, and how—after five months of devoted service in the wards of this Hospital—she had been herself stricken down. Hersunny and loving nature was dwelt upon as having been a joy and help to her companions, and as having especially endeared her to them. Even in her illness, she had a smile for all who visited her, and several times made an effort to declare the hope that was in her, saying, "I am not afraid." The preacher closed by pointing out the lessons to be learned from this bright, sweet life so early over.

After the hymn, "Home at last," and a prayer for the family and friends of the departed, "Shall we meet in yonder city" was sung, and the service closed with the benediction."

"Why do you mutter that way when you read?" asked a man of an old negro who sat mumble over a newspaper. "How ought I to read, sah?" "Why, read without moving your lips." "What good would dat sorter readin' do me? I couldn't hear it. When I reads I wanter read so I can hear what I's readin' about."

## No Disappointment.

[An esteemed lady correspondent, whose remarks are much the same as those in the above note, states that Miss Higgs was a native of Bermuda. Her grandfather, Richard M. Higgs, was one of the first Methodists of that island, and for many years bore the burden and heat of the day. EDTR.]

## THE BATTLE OF TAMASI.

The following extract from a letter

dated Soukium, 19th ult., is from one of the 42nd Black Watch, and gives a

graphic account of the terrors of battle.

After describing the commencement of

the action he goes on to say: "They

(the enemy) were upon us in masses in

a minute. I hal only fired one round

when it came to a hand-to-hand fight.

My right-hand man was killed by me,

my left-hand one fell wounded by a

spear thrust from a huge Arab over six

feet in height. I thrust my bayonet in

this fellow up to the hilt, and in trying

to get it out his body fell on me and

knocked me down, and striking my head

against a stone I was stunned and insen-

sible. How long I remained so I do

not know, but on coming to my senses

was found a heavy weight on me.

It was the dead body of this Arab lying across my legs and stomach. I

raised myself on my elbow, when to my

horror and dismay, I saw our chaps in

full retreat, and between me and them

some hundreds of the enemy. A dozen

of them just round me were engaged in

sparing every wounded man of ours

who they came across.

It struck me instant-

ly my only chance of escape was to lie

still and feign death. One of the

wretches was just then finishing off

poor Tom, my comrade. Had they

once seen there was life in me I was

done for, I felt certain; so I laid quite

still, but oh! the agony I suffered no

tongue can tell. I silently prayed then

as I had never prayed before in my

life. They passed over me two or

three times; one stepped with his naked

foot right on my cheek as I lay with

head on the sand. Some ten or fifteen

minutes of dreadful suspense followed,

till the advancing square came up to

where I was lying, and I was saved."

## BREVITIES.

Never judge by appearance. A

shabby old coat may contain an editor.

Soup don't cost as much as diamonds,

but lots o' people don't seem to be able to afford both.

I never feel comfortable when there's a man around that smiles all the time. The only dog that bit me never stopped waggin' his tail.

"We-e-w!" yelled the man as the

dentist jerked his tooth out. "I thought

you extracted teeth without pain."

"So I do, without pain to me!"

A country curate complained to old

Dr. Smith that he received only five

pounds for preaching a certain sermon

at Oxford. "Five pounds!" said the

Doctor; "I wouldn't have preached

that sermon for fifty!"

If the average Congressman will be

as fortunate in evading the questions of

his constituents when he returns home

as he was in dodging important issues

during the session, he will be blessed indeed.—*Philadelphia Times.*

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