

ous in the early days than they are now; and every Christian was a priest. The Lutheran preacher surprised me some by taking his text out of the epistle of James, which Martin Luther called an Epistle of straw because it did not agree with his theory of "justification by faith *only*." He surprised me still more by taking for his text the words, "Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only," and emphasizing the importance of works. He surprised me most of all by a wonderful acrobatic feat, in which he took the opposite attitude as his sermon closed, and said that we are saved by faith alone; and to make it still stronger he added, "without works."

I am not surprised that some sermons to children are not interesting to the young people. The Episcopal preachers delivered such an one while I was in Hickory. It was duly announced one week in advance and at the Sunday morning service. I went early that I might be sure of a seat. But only twenty-two persons attended, of whom six were children. Three of these went asleep and one went out. The sermon was a good practical one for grown-up people, but it was not adapted to children. It reminded me of a children's sermon that I heard in Valdosta, Ga. It was so abstract and recondite that the children could not follow it. The learned preacher had to try various devices to keep the children quiet, and even requested one mother to remove her child. But the speaker and not the children was to blame.

All the choirs in the town had the advantage (or disadvantage) of training by a professional choir leader. They were trained away beyond me. Sometimes when they were going up one feared lest they be unable to get down in safety, and when they went down they seemed to go beyond recovery. I suppose it was good singing: I am no judge. But I would have been better satisfied had the music been a little less artistic and if the hymns and tunes had been familiar to the congregations. But the new and the difficult are selected so that no one will be able to join in and spoil the performance.

On Sunday I had a difficult task in finding a place to worship. I passed the Methodist, the Baptist, the Reformed, and the Presbyterian churches, and found each one closed. It was not till I came to the Episcopal church that an open door invited me to enter. But there the choir failed to come, and the rector simply announced the hymns and went to the next part of the service. His choir, like the preachers of the other churches, was probably at Claremont College to hear the Baccalaureate sermon. I do not see why an attempt should be made to crowd four or five congregations into one small room, even if a noted preacher from Virginia will be present.

But Hickory, with its attractions and distractions, was but a place of sojourning. I left it the evening following the Queen's birthday, and on the next morning I was out at the sea coast—Norfolk, Va. I spent the day in sight seeing, and there were many

things of interest. The memorial day for the confederate dead must have recently taken place, for in the cemetery there were many graves decorated with flowers and a miniature confederate flag—the stars and bars, 'he flag of the lost cause. Brave but mistaken men followed that standard through awful privations and dangers, and thousands of them died fighting under its folds.

The evening closed my sight seeing in the city and hurried me to the wharf, from which, a short time later, the good ship "Kershaw" set sail for Boston. As we were sailing out into the open sea I was reminded that it was in these waters that the "Merrimac" and "Monitor" had that terrific battle during the civil war. I was glad that the smoke had long since cleared away and that the echoes of those shocks were no longer heard. I was reminded too, that it will be some time yet "Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle flags were furled;" for there on the left was Fortress Monroe with its threatening guns, and not far from our course was anchored the "Reina Mercedes," one of the best war ships of the haughty Spaniards before the battle of Santiago. She was sunk by the American fleet and her battered and rusted appearance proclaims her unusual experience. After the war she was raised and brought to the United States, where she feeds the pride of a victorious people.

From Friday evening till Sunday morning, when we reached Boston, the "Kershaw" ploughed a path for herself in the bosom of the Atlantic. My personal experiences during these long nights and a longer day shall not be related. Suffice it to say that the dining room and I did not become acquainted, though my ticket included meals. Unlike Patrick Henry, I found it well to "lie supinely on my back." I left the boat with a thankful heart—thankful that the voyage was over, and I was full of happiness, if not of material things, when I found the hard streets of Boston beneath my feet.

It was Sunday morning, and where else should a thankful man go but to church. So I made my way to the Christian Church on St. James street. The building is neat and new and free from debt. It is so built that it can be extended when occasion shall arise. J. H. Mohorter, the minister, has lately been called to the pulpit. He preached an excellent sermon to a good congregation. He impressed me as a man who by his earnest preaching and conscientious work would prove a success even in Boston. On Monday morning I visited R. H. Bolton at his home in Everett, and was permitted to see the new house of worship which the Disciples in that town are building. Bro. Bolton was about closing up his work there and moving to Chelsea.

On Monday evening I started for St. John, and, as the ocean and I had had a recent disagreement, I came by rail. I was glad to see again the familiar faces, to grasp the hands of the tried and true, and to take up the work where Howard Murray, after his six months of earnest labor was just about laying it down.

HENRY W. STEWART.

St. John, N. B., May 31st, 1899.

CHRISTIAN COLONY, RAINY RIVER.

My chief object in coming to Western Ontario was to settle in the colony being formed by the Disciples near Rainy River. The colony township is about 120 miles distant from Rat Portage, and about ten miles from the nearest point on the Rainy River having steamboat connections.

I visited the colony June 11th and stayed three days. The roads from the river to the settlement are in some places quite poor. But when a person considers that they are now, and pass through a country of rich clay soil, with little stone or rock, he will probably think them very good.

On my trip I met a number of persons who had been in looking the land over, and who expressed themselves dissatisfied with the country. But I did not find a single farmer who did not think well of the country. The soil is evidently quite rich. Portions of the land needs draining; and is thickly timbered. But there are a number of streams which can be used for drainage, and the timber is not heavy. Flies are quite troublesome during summer months. It will take hard work to clear the forest and build comfortable homes, but it can be done. It will make, in time, a fine farming district.

The class of brethren we have there would be an honor to any community. They are intelligent, educated and religious. Five of them, Bros. A. M. Sweaney, J. Carey Smith, T. L. Read, David N. Meneley and Joseph Keevil, are ministers. There are now over seventy on the township and in the vicinity.

I discussed with a number of the brethren certain plans for formation of model community. They all spoke in favor of such a movement. I expected to go down again during August and have plans discussed in a conference. But the brethren are out working on the roads, and therefore a conference is impossible.

I have faith in the colony, because I have faith in the members. In time we will have a settlement in Burriss township that will make itself felt in the country round about.

I find it will be almost impossible, however, for me to settle in the colony just now.

O. B. STOCKFORD.

Being up on an elevation presupposes climbing by him who stands there. No man makes progress upward without meeting and overcoming obstacles. If one is not willing to struggle to this end, he can not reach the end. Hence obstacles and struggles are to be welcomed as essential to high attainment, not to be grieved over as misfortunes. Phillips Brooks gives expression to a primal truth when he says: "You may go through the crowded streets of heaven asking each saint how he came there, and you will look in vain anywhere for a man morally and spiritually strong whose strength did not come to him in a struggle." A man may slip down hill, but not up hill. An easy path is sure to tend downward: the upward way involves struggle to the end.—*Sunday School Times*.