

LINES

TO MRS. O. M. PACKARD, ON THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF HER BIRTHDAY.

Swiftly have vanished the beautiful years,
All laden with varying hopes and fears;
A record for all had each year at its close,
But how stands the records no mortal soul knows.
To-day, fifty years their records have sealed
For thee, O my friend, that I trust when revealed
Will show a life filled with love and good deeds,
For oft has thy hand relieved sorest of needs.

This beautiful day in the sweet month of June,
When the birds sweetly sing and the fair roses bloom,

Does not thy heart wander adown the past years,
And find much glad sunshine unclouded by fears?
Were mine the full power of making the way
For thee, my dear friend, the rest of life's day,
I would fill it with roses all thornless and sweet
And the choicest of blessings would spread at your feet.

But One who is wiser and far, far above
All the fondest desires of poor human love,
Holds thy life in His hand, He knows what is best,
Trust Him, and thy life will forever be blest.
Our Father's great goodness has crowned all thy days,
And thy heart must be singing a glad hymn of praise,
That fifty glad years to thee have been given
To serve the dear Master—to ripen for heaven.

MRS. AMOS PIKE.

Worcester, Mass., June, 1860.

Correspondence.

ANNUAL MEETING.

As announced in the June CHRISTIAN, our Annual Meeting will be held in Milton the first Lord's day in September. We want our brethren to commence now to plan to attend the meeting and then work up to their plans. If there is anything they want to know relative to the meeting, or any hints or suggestions to offer, send them in so they can be published in the August CHRISTIAN. I intend to give particulars in the August number in regard to the best way to get to Milton. As we have the cars running within twenty-eight miles of us, I shall try to get reduced fares. I write now simply to stir up the pure minds of the brethren to the duty and privilege of coming to the meeting, to give them time to ripen their thoughts into actions and to so arrange their work that it may not interfere with their coming to the meeting. It would be a very strange thing indeed if we did not have the very best meeting we ever had, and one that would well pay any one for all their losses and crosses in coming.

H. MURRAY.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

On Sunday, June 1st, I preached in Newport. I spent a few days among the brethren and had planned to visit them all; but alas! man's plans are not always God's plans. Sad news comes when we are least prepared for it. While sitting talking to some friends in the quiet parlor of Bro. Martin Stevens, a post card was brought me, conveying the sad news that "Bro. Edward Wallace of Halifax is dead." Never were my feelings so suddenly reversed. Only a few weeks before I had taken tea with him in his home in Dartmouth. He was then complaining of not feeling well. I could scarcely believe that he was dead. The following

day I returned to town, and on Wednesday, June 3rd, we laid all that was mortal of him to rest in Dartmouth cemetery. I was assisted in the service by Rev. W. H. Williams (Baptist). It was the hardest task of my life. Bro. Wallace was very near to me. I loved him; and as I pen these lines and think of him as lying in the tomb, and his companion left behind with seven children looking to her for support and guidance, can you wonder that the tears even now trickle down my cheeks. We miss him now, but O! for the time to come when we shall all meet to part no more.

After the funeral I paid a flying visit to Port Williams, and had the pleasure of visiting Bro. Ford in the new parsonage. To say Bro. Ford is nicely fixed up, does not begin to express his situation. The view from his front door is simply grand. You look away in one direction and you see the Basin of Minas, a beautiful sheet of water, with Blomidon raising its gigantic head on high like a grim sentinel of the deep. In another direction you see the Cornwallis River and valley with its wealth of dykes and orchards; the river meandering in and out in its serpentine windings as though it wanted to see how crooked it could be. In another direction you see the village of Grand Pre, with its histrionic reminiscences, and one is compelled almost involuntarily to think of "Evangeline" and "Basil." In fact whichever way you look you see something that is charming to the eye. I also visited Bro. Dwyer. If you are feeling run down or that your appetite is failing, send and get a bottle of "Dwyer's Tonic Elixir." I can recommend it. Address F. E. Dwyer, Port Williams, Kings County, N. S. Price seventy-five cents. I may say that Bro. Dwyer did not ask me to write this.

I remained over night with Bro. Rupert Stevens and his mother, enjoying a very pleasant visit.

I paid a flying visit to Shubenacadie, spending Lord's day. The brethren here are holding the fort. They are starting a Sunday-school this summer. Step by step the little church here is advancing and holding every step it gains.

I am at present writing in River John, where I expect to remain a short time. More news next time.

W. H. HARDING.

Married.

CALLBECK-CRAWFORD.—At Clyde Cottage, New Glasgow, on the 26th June, by D. Crawford, Mr. Maynard F. Callbeck and Miss Kate F. Crawford, both of Tryon.

Died.

STARK.—At East Ferry, Digby Co., N. S., on Tuesday, 10th June, Clara Small, wife of Bro. Joseph Stark, jr., in the 36th year of her age. Sister Stark's remains were laid to rest in Hill View Cemetery, Tiverton, to await the resurrection morning.

H. A. D.

CLARK.—At Canard, Cornwallis, June 4th, Walter Roy, fourth son of Bro. and Sister L. R. Clark, aged six years. Less than three years ago Bro. and Sister Clark were called upon to part with their first-born, a very promising lad of fourteen years, and now they are again passing "under the rod" in the death of this dear little boy. Roy was an affectionate little child and held a large place in the hearts of his parents, who feel his loss very keenly. But they know he has gone to Him who, while on earth, said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," where He lives to beckon them up higher. May the God of all consolation comfort the afflicted ones, and cause even this sore trial through which they are passing to have its sanctifying influence upon their hearts, that their trust may be in Him who doeth all things well.

E. C. FORD.

MCKAY.—At New Glasgow, P. E. I., on the 22nd of June, in her 71st year, Sister Agnes, be-

loved wife of Alex. McKay, after three months' sickness. Her disease was consumption, of which her son Howard died four months before. She had unshaken confidence in her Redeemer, and regretted that she had not done more for Him who had done so much for her. She spoke tenderly to her children, urging them to love and serve the Saviour and be happy forever. Just before she died she talked to her eldest son (a member of the church) charging him never to neglect the Lord and especially never to neglect secret prayer. Our sister will be greatly missed by the church of which she was a warm-hearted and true member. Her family's loss we cannot describe. May the good Lord be gracious to our brother and his children in their sore affliction, according to His rich and abundant mercy in Christ Jesus.

D. O.

ROSE.—Mrs. Jessie Stewart, beloved wife of Bro. Joseph Rose, Red Point, Lot 48, P. E. I., died at her home on the 6th day of May, 1860, aged 72 years, leaving her husband, four sons and three daughters to mourn the loss of a faithful wife and loving mother. Those of her children who remain at home with the sorrowing husband will miss the sunshine of the presence of one who was ever hopeful and cheerful, and in whom the sick, sorrowing and suffering always found a ready helper. Sister Rose was a native of Perthshire, Scotland, but in 1835 removed to this island with her father's (John Stewart, Esq.) family. She was baptized by the late Rev. John Shaw about forty-eight years ago, and as a member of the Church of Christ at South Lake lived in hope of a better life. She rests from her labors but her influence will never die.

O. B. E.

MACDONALD.—At West River, East Point, P. E. Island, Margaret, sister of Sister Rose, and beloved wife of Elder John Macdonald, aged seventy-eight years. She also was baptized by Mr. Shaw, became a member of the Church at South Lake, was faithful and true in life, and died full of confidence and hope. Like her sister (Mrs. Rose), the influence of her kind heart and help of her willing hands were a blessing to many in suffering and sorrow. Of her seven sons and two daughters, two sons have passed "over the river," the remains of one lie in Providence, R. I., and of the other in Yarmouth, N. S. The last named perished in an endeavor to save the lives of others. With one exception her children have obeyed the call of the gospel. Her husband, at the age of 83, awaits in loneliness and sorrow the change which will also take him home. The night of sorrow will soon end and "joy will come in the morning."

O. B. E.

HEWITT.—Margaret E. Hewitt departed this life on Friday, June 13, aged 70 years, at Norton, N. B. Sister Hewitt professed faith in Christ at an early age and was baptized by Elder W. W. Eaton, and joined the Church of the Disciples. Her sickness was painful and of long duration, which she bore with Christian patience. Her funeral was largely attended. Sermon by the writer from Rev. xiv. 13.

W. H. DEWAR.

WALLACE.—At his home in Dartmouth, on June 1st, Edward Wallace, in the forty-fourth year of his life, passed away from the scenes of time and sorrow to the spirit land. He leaves a widow and seven children, as well as a large number of friends and relatives to mourn his loss. For many years he was a consistent member of the Church of Christ and at the time of his death he was engaged in making plans for the progress of the work in Halifax. He was also a warm supporter of the temperance cause, and the number of warm-hearted letters of sympathy received by Sister Wallace shew the high esteem in which he was held by his co-workers in this great work. We miss him. He cannot come to us but we can go to him. Cheer up, fellow pilgrim. A few more tears and sighs, a few more years, and we shall meet again.

"Dearest brother, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
While 'tis death that has bereft us,
God can all our sorrows heal.

Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in thy grave so low;
Thou no more will join our number,
Here no more our songs shall know.

Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When mortality has fled;
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

W. H. H.