

amount of at least \$300, it becomes necessary for us all to do much more than we have, that besides this very important mission the other churches which are in so much need of help can be assisted to hold forth that gospel which we all profess to love.

But my letter hails from Cornwallis, and I have taken perhaps more space than I should to speak of our annual and the interest of the work in general. But being anxious, very anxious, that we shall all do something to forward this great work, is my apology for writing as I have.

Our work here in Cornwallis is moving along smoothly. Our meetings, particularly since the annual, are very well attended, and there is no abatement in interest. But we have lost so many by death and emigration that it makes the work somewhat discouraging.

Since coming here six years ago last May there have been added to this church upwards of forty by baptism, and in the same time we have lost by deaths and removals to other fields upwards of thirty of our members, and some of these were among our most useful workers. But we are glad to know that at least the greater part of these are making themselves useful where they are. The young people we have left are workers and enthusiastic.

This year we hope to do better work both for our local church and for the work in our provinces and abroad.

E. C. FORD.

Port Williams, Sept. 19, '93.

Correspondence.

SUMMERSIDE LETTER.

This is likely the last letter you will have from me under the above heading for some time. For three years I have been working for the Master on P. E. Island, confining my labors chiefly to Summerside, Tignish and Tryon. There have been eighty additions to the different churches as the immediate result of my work. I am not leaving this field because there is nothing to do, nor yet is it because I am not paid for my labor. There is a grand field here for an energetic man and the churches will support him well,—at least I know they have been very good to me. But I see an opening to enter a field where I think I can accomplish more for the Master. I hope soon to hear of some good man taking up the work here. I did not think that three years were long enough to cement such friendship together as I find exists when I come to say "good-bye" to those who have been my co-workers for that length of time. Yet I find it difficult to wear a smiling countenance and manifest a careless manner as I say "good-bye" to some who have been especially interested in our welfare. But duty impels me on, and so we obey its imperative command.

I spent Lord's day, August 27, with the church at Rivor John. I found a few faithful ones here still holding the fort. They have very little preaching, and their meetings are very small. It does seem too bad to see the oldest church in Nova Scotia dying. I believe there will be something done in Pictou yet! Perhaps when we get Halifax self-sustaining we will do something for this County.

I spent a day among the brethren at Shubenacadie and enjoyed it very much.

I spent a short time at Nine Mile River, where a new meeting-house is in course of erection. The few brethren here deserve great credit for their push and perseverance. When we get the idea that we are going to make a sacrifice for the good of others, then something is going to be done. How many churches meet in a shabby building without any effort to make it cosy or attractive;

and they have no money to paint or fix up the Lord's house, but they can paint and paper and carpet their own houses every year and never complain about the hard times. But I must go on.

Friday, September 1, found me in West Gore. I had not been here for over three years, and of course I found some changes. I found a hearty welcome everywhere and I received so many warm hand-shakes that I believe that all were glad to see me. But there was one hand that was ever ready to grasp the hand of the Christian that I did not feel. Bro. John B. Wallace is gone to his reward, and as I stood by his grave I thought of the many hours spent in his company. How unselfish he was! Yes, I missed the warm grasp of his hand, but I breathe a silent prayer as I write these lines that I may meet him again where partings are no more. Sister Wallace is lonely, but the comfort of a Divine promise causes her to look forward to happier times in the future than have ever been enjoyed below.

Sunday, September 3rd, was the great day of the Annual at Lord's Cove, and from what I learn they did have a grand time at that meeting. I am glad of it, and I would have liked to have been there, but as I could not be in two places at once I tried to make that day as much like an Annual as I could and the brethren at Rawdon and Newport and West Gore helped me all they could. We had two grand meetings at West Gore and one at Upper Rawdon that day. The weather was beautiful, the attendance grand, and the preaching—but I guess I had better not say what that was like. On Monday I went to Newport in company with Bro. Anthony. Tuesday night I preached in Newport and met a great many of my old friends. I have a high regard for these brethren, as they bore very patiently with my first efforts to preach. If ever I get so that I can preach extra well I want to preach here awhile to make up for what I didn't do.

From Newport I went to Halifax and spoke to the brethren on Wednesday evening. One young lady made the good confession at the close of this meeting. I am pleased with the prospects in Halifax, and hope that they will secure a good preacher and succeed in building up a good strong church. Speaking of Halifax reminds me of a question that came to my mind some time ago. A great many of our preachers are pleading for help for Halifax. Well, example is better than precept. Why not preach a few Sundays for nothing, and let that money go into the building fund.

My letter is long enough, but if I am spared I am going to have some more to say next month on missionary work.

W. H. HARDING.

JOHN A. HOUSTON.

John A. Houston died peacefully on the 22nd ult., at his home in Portland. He had been ill for a long time, but bore his severe sufferings with great patience, and with us all, hoped against hope that he would recover. But the Lord willed otherwise, and took His servant to Himself.

Bro. Houston was born in Milton, Nova Scotia, in 1824. He left home in early manhood and spent some time in the Maine woods as a lumberman. He afterwards went to Haverhill, Mass., and learned hatting, which trade he followed till 1869, when he was burned out, and being without insurance, lost all his property. With the faith and energy which always characterized him, he began once more to build up a business; first in the shoe trade, and then in his old one of hatting. In 1875, in partnership with Mr. P. Ayer, he removed to Portland and established there an extensive business, which last November was incorporated as the firm of Ayer, Houston & Co.

In 1854, he was married to Harriet A. Emerson, who proved a truly devoted companion, in full

sympathy with him on all the great questions of life, and who now survives him to feel the unutterable sorrow of loneliness and widowhood. By this marriage there were seven children, four sons and three daughters. Of these children, only three sons are now living, all disciples of Christ, and the two older ones quite prominent in work for the Master.

Bro. John A. Houston, himself, was a disciple indeed. He knew the truth, and the truth had made him free. He had early been taught to regard the Bible as the Word of God, and the gospel as the power of God unto salvation. But he made no public profession of religion till the summer of 1861. Then, on the 13th July, he and his wife seeing their duty clearly, were baptized at Worcester, Mass., by P. Blaisdell. After his return home to Haverhill, he began to break bread on the first day of the week in his own house, along with seven others who met with him for this purpose. They continued to do this for eight years, showing the Lord's death, and walking in other respects according to the apostolic rule. And from this rule our dear brother never swerved, but firmly resisted all the temptations incident to his prominent position, to compromise with the world for the sake of temporary success.

Bro. Houston believed the gospel with all his heart and sought to practice daily what he believed. In his family, in society, and in his business, the doctrine of Christ was always in his thought and conduct. When he found himself where not many were inclined to walk in the truth, he did not wait till a "church was organized," but broke bread with the few believers whom he could persuade to meet with him the first day of the week; and every morning and evening he maintained worship in his household, and sought to bring up his children aright; for with him the truth was not merely a theme for discussion or conversion, but the great rule of life. So when he located in Portland he did as he had done in Haverhill, and met with four disciples in his own house to show the Lord's death according to the commandment. This was the beginning of the Church of Christ in that city. Three years ago, the members built a meeting house on Congress Street, chiefly through Bro. Houston's liberality; and in his will he made provision for paying the debt still on the building. As long as he was able to go out he was always in his place on the first day of the week, and prompt in prayer and song, teaching and exhortation. He declined to be overseer, and cared not to exercise authority, but was always ready for any good work. And what he did was without ostentation, in accordance with the Saviour's precept in Matt. vi. 1-4. In all things he was decidedly a disciple of Christ.

But he has finished his course and now rests from his labors, awaiting the day of the Lord's coming and glory. The sympathies of friends and acquaintances are with his bereaved family, and are precious as far as they serve to lessen the weight of sorrow. But our deceased brother needs no earthly consolation. The Lord Himself has provided for him.—L. F. Bittle in Canadian Evangelist.

GULLIVER'S COVE BUILDING FUND.

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| Previously acknowledged, | \$172 81 |
| Harvard Eldridge, Sandy Cove, N. S., | 2 00 |
| Mrs. Ryan, Gloucester, Mass., | 1 00 |
| Thomas Richardson, Lord's Cove, | 1 00 |
| Benj. Parker, Lord's Cove, | 3 00 |
| | <hr/> |
| | \$179 81 |

Dear Reader, we are still \$121.00 short in paying for this house and need the balance very much. Will you help us out and trust the Master to bless you in return. If so, please send in your aid to

H. A. DEVOE, Treasurer.

Tiverton, N. S.