

Others will be present to whom there never seems to come an abiding sense of personal responsibility and of inevitable accountability. At times they seem to ascend so far that we fondly hope and anxiously wait to see them reach the heights of super-excellence in the Church of God. But while we wait our hopes are based. Instead of going upwards to the fields of activity, and onward to the perfection that is in Christ, they have turned backward, and sleep in the jungle of uselessness or wander in the bogs of sin. There is a half-heartedness about their Christian profession, and there is a consequent half-heartedness in their Christian life. They are unstable souls that never excel. Sometimes they seem to be following Jesus closely, but they really follow afar off, if they follow at all. They catch but little of the Saviour's spirit, and are poor reflectors of His glory.

We feign would stop here. There is no joy in contemplating this spiritual stupor which is so seriously and lamentably interfering with the conquest of the world for Christ. But we must go on a little farther. There are some, even among those who stand on Zion's watch-towers, and who should be quick to notice danger, and prompt to snatch victory when victory comes their way, who do not seem to be fully awake to their duties. Apparently their spirits are steeped in forgetfulness. They have not permitted the great truths about life and death, about time and eternity, about sin and righteousness, about heaven and hell, to enter into their souls and there kindle a fire of holy enthusiasm in their work. They live indifferently. Not like those who should be the exemplifiers of the higher life. They preach listlessly. Not like those who really seek to rescue endangered souls from eternal death. They work lazily. Not like those who feel that they are about the King's business. Under such circumstances what can we expect? What but spiritual stupor, which threatens to terminate in spiritual death?

When will a sleeping church awake from its delusive dreams? When will Zion put on her beautiful garments? When will the kingdom of God march forth to the conquest of the world? When shall the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ? When? When? Not until those who profess to follow Jesus are moved to follow Him. Not until they shall be impressed as never before with the importance of having in personal possession that holiness without which no man shall see the Lord. Not until there comes to them in thunder tones the full significance of that great commission, to go unto all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. That will awaken a sleeping church, clothe her with power, fill her with zeal, and send her forth to save a dying world. Signs of awakening are seen on almost every hand. May every church and every Christian arise. H. W. S.

### News of the Churches.

#### HANTS COUNTY, N. S.

On Monday morning, August 6th, my daughter Gracie and I took the train at Shubenacadie for P. E. Island, via Pictou. We arrived in Pictou about one o'clock and immediately took the boat for Charlottetown. The sail across the straits was splendid; the water was smooth and glassy. Charlottetown was reached about 6 o'clock and we were soon home at Bro. M. Stevenson's. Early next morning we took the train for Alberton. Upon our arrival there we found Bro. Silas Rayner waiting for us; he drove us to his comfortable home, where Sister Rayner and family did all in their power to make our visit a pleasant one. Bro. Rayner, Bro. Haywood, and I, soon got to work with gun and rod, and how the poor birds and trout did catch it—yes! we caught them too. I spent ten days with the brethren here, preaching six times to good congregations. The brethren here, under the leadership of Bros. Rayner and Baker, are holding the fort. Bro. Archie Haywood does not lead the meetings, but he leads along with the others in another way; then there are some good workers among the sisters, and, take it all in all, they are doing well. On Sunday evening we had the largest congregation I have ever seen there.

I spent Sunday morning, 19th, in Summerside,

and was glad to meet with and renew old acquaintances. The church here has lost some good members by death and removal since I left. They need a preacher badly; and I understood from Bro. Jeffrey that they were going to make an earnest attempt to get one. In the evening of the same day I preached in Tryon, and there also I met with familiar faces and friends. On Tuesday evening I was at the Y. P. S. C. E. in Summerside. I hope the young people will be built up and strengthened by working for the Master.

On Wednesday evening I attended a service in the Charlottetown church conducted by Bro. Neil MacLeod, of Indiana. The meeting was very enjoyable, and I was very happy to meet Bro. MacLeod. I reached home Thursday evening. We have had a number of visitors here this summer. Sister M. B. Ryan and family have been here. Bro. Messer and family, from Haverhill, have also been among the number. Bro. Rowleson came up from Halifax and preached several times during my absence and immersed two young men at Elmsdale. The brethren speak very highly of him. I would like to have met him.

The following names should have been on the list of contributors to the Nine Mile River fund:

Wm Fenton, . . . . .	\$30 00
J. T. Wallace, . . . . .	10 00
Mrs. Amos R. binson, . . . . .	1 00

and Joseph Withrow should have been \$20.00 instead of \$15.00.

W. H. HARDING.

#### CORNWALLIS, N. S.

Bro. T. H. Blenus who is home on his vacation, has been helping the church here in a short meeting. He preached eighteen sermons, and rejoiced to see four willing souls obey their Saviour in baptism. Here where he was known as a boy, and where he grew up to manhood, he is greeted each time he preaches by a very large audience. His sermons please the mind and build up the soul. In his daily walk and conversation he seeks to follow Him who was the perfect man and the perfect Saviour.

#### BRADALBANE, P. E. I.

Bro. Neil MacLeod held a fine meeting of a few days continuance at Bradalbane Station, recently. The largest audiences that ever attended our preaching there listened attentively to his clear presentation of the gospel from time to time. Four persons made the good confession, and we hope through the grace of God, that others will yet through his labors there be persuaded to be Christians. Quite a number of his relations and the school mates of his early days were among his hearers, which speaks well for his youthful influence. D. C.

### Married.

CAMPBELL-CAMPBELL.—At Lower Montague, on July 25th, by G. D. Weaver, Alexander Campbell to Annie E. Campbell, both of Montague.

WALKER-DORMAN.—In St. John, on September 5th, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Henry W. Stewart, William Walker and Ida M., second daughter of Fred W. Dorman, all of this city.

### Died.

TITUS.—At Westport, on the 21st of July; after a long and distressing illness, which she bore with Christian resignation to the Divine will, Sister Abby G. Titus, beloved wife of Thos. C. Titus, passed away in the sixty-fifth of her age, leaving a sorrowing husband and eight children to mourn the loss of a loving wife and mother. Sister Titus was a member of the Christian Church at Westport for many years. Though deprived of the privilege of attending the house of God, yet her hope and faith in the Son of God and a future home of bliss was unwavering to the end. "Let me die the death of the righteous. Let my last end be like theirs."—H. E. Cook.

BLACKADAR.—In St. John, after a protracted and painful illness which he bore with great fortitude, Fred Blackadar passed away on Aug. 13th, in the 38th year of her age. Born in Halifax, he came here when but a young man and entered into business. He was kind-hearted, energetic and public spirited. His associates respected him, and his fellow citizens honored him by electing him an alderman. But he has been taken away, and his friends sorrow over his departure. But to none

does the loss come with such power as to our devoted Sister Blackadar and five fatherless children. But she knows whom she has believed. She trusts in Him who doeth all things well. May she be sustained in her trials and be permitted to see all her children walking in the ways of the Lord.—H. W. S.

HOYT.—One of the sad things we have to report in this column, is the death of Harry Hoyt, whose mother and two sisters are members of the Coburg street Church. In a dreadful accident which occurred near St. John, by the filling and sinking of a large sail boat during a sudden squall on August 21st, he and seven others were drowned. Owing to the suddenness of the shock, it came with overwhelming power, and the report seemed incredible. It was only too true. Two days after the accident, as volunteers were searching for the bodies, one was recovered, and it proved to be that of Harry. Careful dragging and diving have failed to find any others. His friends, while they mourn over his sudden death, are comforted in a measure by the recovery of his body and their knowledge of its resting place. May the light of God's promises be thrown upon the darkness of this visitation, and may they still be able to say, "Thy will, O God, be done."—H. W. S.

MCMAULAY.—About two years ago we were called upon to chronicle the death of Bro. James McAulay, Sr., and this month we note the death of his aged partner with whom for nearly half a century he journeyed through life. Loving the same God, trusting in the same Saviour, and seeking to walk in his ways, they have now gone to be together with Him. She had been ailing only for a short time, and her death on August 29th, was a surprise to her brethren and sisters in Christ, and to her many other friends. She was a good woman. During the long sickness of her husband, she was unable to attend the house of the Lord with any frequency, but since his departure her place was seldom vacant, and few enjoyed the meeting more than she. When you found her alone in her home, you usually found her with an open Bible before her, upon whose truths she was meditating, and in whose promises she was finding comfort. Three daughters and one son remain, all of whom except one daughter were present when she was called away. They will miss her, and the old home will be broken up. But they would not call her back; for after 73 years spent in life's changes, she has gone to the home above where the aged are young again, and where the flight of ages brings neither infirmities nor cares.—H. W. S.

KING.—At Campbellton, N. B., on Sept 5th, in the 29th year of her age, the spirit of Sister King, wife of Albert King, formerly of St John, took its flight from earth. She was baptized by Bro. T. H. Capp while he was pastor of the church in this city, and while she has been away for several years in a place where the Disciples are unknown, she maintained her integrity, and desired that the pastor of the Coburg street Church should conduct the funeral services. She leaves, without a mother's care but not without a mother's prayers, a little boy and girl, besides her heart-broken husband. May they all find in Christ an ever present help in trouble, and a sure hiding place in storms.—H. W. S.

SIMPSON.—At Bay View, P. E. I., on the 10th of August, Alton S. Simpson, aged 18 years, eldest and beloved son of Walter and Martha Simpson. He was a most remarkable, thoughtful, dutiful and self-denying boy, and his Christian parents feel very deeply his loss; but they are cheered with the prospect of meeting their loved one beyond these scenes of sorrow and change. He was very happy in the prospect of being with Jesus. A very large concourse, especially of young people, attended, to gaze for the last time upon the remains of one they so highly respected, and follow to the grave a dear companion.—D. C.

WALLACE.—At Shubenacadie, on July 29th, after a lingering illness, Frank Roy, youngest son of of Bro. John W. and Elizabeth Wallace, in the 13th year of his age. The father and mother, and bereaved ones feel their loss very keenly, but rest assured that as their day so their strength. They have the sympathy of all who know of their sad loss.—W. H. H.

CAMPBELL.—Daniel C. Campbell died at his home near Montague Bridge, P. E. I., Aug 3rd, 1894, on his 83rd birthday, leaving four sons and three daughters to mourn the loss of a tender-hearted loving father. His wife and one son had passed "over the river" some years before. Mr. C. was, during many years before his death, possessed of a broader view of the love and sovereignty of God than that which is held by Christians generally, of either the Calvinistic or Armenian schools. Whether his position was right or wrong, each one must or may judge for himself; but, in every man he saw a brother—none too low to be lifted up—none too vile to be brought back again to God. His life was therefore peaceful and happy, as with tenderness and love he looked on every son of Adam. He believed that all for whom Christ died would be saved, and—he also believed that—"Jesus Christ, by the grace of God, tasted death for every man;" so his faith helped him to look forward to a gathering time, in which every son and daughter of Adam would be brought home to the Father's house, where there will be fullness of joy and pleasure forever more. This confidence in the good-will of the heavenly Father, and the ultimate well being of the human family, gave him peace in life and "good-will to men," and also in the latest hours when the shadows gathered thick around him, and all things earthly were receding from his mortal vision. He believed in the accomplishment of that for which we pray, and it may be, that he had the advantage. Let us hope, to-day, that that larger view of the love of God which he possessed tended rather to draw him nearer to the fountain of all love, than to banish him to a region where love is supposed to be forever shut out, and where God and good are never known.—O. B. E.