

have joined hands with him in starting the work there. John K. Hester, whom the writer personally knows, has been sent there to preach the glorious gospel of the blessed God. We hope to report the establishment of a thriving, if not a large, church in that town. There are hundreds of fields in this Canada of ours into which the Disciples of Christ have not yet gone, where just such work should be done.

### Correspondence.

#### FROM THE SOUTH LAND.

In Valdosta, Ga., the latter part of March gave us summer days. Men wore wearing straw hats and carrying umbrellas to protect themselves from the sun's rays, and the ladies appeared in attire that was light and airy. The deciduous trees dressed themselves in their beautiful green robes and threw a pleasant shade. The strawberry plants felt the touch of spring and gave us luscious fruit. Early vegetables were on our tables, and received a hearty reception. But I feared the approach of the fever season, and decided to start for the hills.

I left Valdosta about noon on April 12th for Hickory, North Carolina. By the time the train reached Macon, Ga., the low, flat, sandy land had been left behind, and my eyes beheld with delight the red, rolling country that stretched out on every side. Atlanta, Ga., the city of the south, was reached late in the evening. Here there was a welcome delay of several hours. Having attended to the wants of the physical man, I went in search of spiritual food. I knew that the Christian church was near the depot and easily found it. I was disappointed in finding so few present at the prayer-meeting—only twenty-five, but the occasion was enjoyable. The pastor, C. P. Williamson, led the meeting, and made an excellent closing talk on the topic, "Seed Time." The uniform topics are used. After the meeting I spent several hours in sight-seeing. Atlanta is an interesting city, even when seen by electric light.

At 11 p. m. the north bound train was ready and I gladly sought a place of rest, and till morning slept as comfortably as one can in the upper berth of a heated, crowded Pullman. In the morning we were at Spartanburg, N. C. The scene was changed. The trees were leafless. Pear and peach trees were in bloom and presented a magnificent sight. The farmers were ploughing for corn and cotton. It requires no little skill and patience to cultivate the hills of this rugged country. At Gastonia I took the narrow gauge road for Hickory. The managers evidently desire their patrons to see the country. The train runs at the rate of fifteen miles per hour, and winds around the hills like a serpent among stones. Before noon I was in Hickory, N. C., having ascended between 1,200 and 1,500 feet in the twenty-four hours since leaving Valdosta.

This town has a population of about 2,000. It is smaller now than it was ten years ago.

It has been, and continues to be, a health resort. Northern people spend their winters here and Southern people their summers; and the one class has scarcely gone till the other begins to arrive. Evidently the inhabitants have a good all-the-year climate. The scenery is grand. On every side there are hills and valleys, and level ground nowhere near. Since I have come the trees have put on their foliage and the variety of color and shade heightens the attractiveness of the woods. The numerous fruit trees, too, are now in bloom. Lilac bushes are filling the air with fragrance. Beauty and sweetness are all around.

To the north and west of us, and but a short distance away, mountains rise in their grandeur. In the distance, higher ones are soon outlined on the sky. They have a charm and suggestiveness of their own. Seen in the rays of the morning sun, they hold the eye in a steady gaze and wrap the mind in contemplation. When the sun is sinking, and clouds hang lightly over their summits, the scene is one for a painter's brush or a poet's pen.

Hickory has nine churches. The Lutherans, who have a college here and are numerous in this part of the country, lead in membership; but are followed closely by the Methodists and Baptists. Then come the Presbyterians, Reformed, and Episcopalian. The other churches are colored. While the bitterness enkindled by the civil war has about disappeared, some of the denominations of the United States seem determined to perpetuate the harrowing memories of these sad and awful days. The Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian churches are still divided into North and South, though the war ended nearly thirty-five years ago.

There is no church of the New Testament pattern here; no people wearing only the name of Christ. Till I came here, I had not, since leaving St. John, failed to remember the Lord's death any Lord's day at his own table. I miss the privilege and the blessing; and feel that I am truly among strangers when the hour for that sacred, solemn, spiritual feast comes round.

Having no home I am making a tour among the churches of the town. The majority of the preachers are aged men. Three of them, at least, are nearing their three score years and ten. There is not a young pastor in the place.

I have attended Sunday-school the two Lord's days I have been here. On the first occasion I was invited to join the Bible class, and gladly did so for the hour. There were no Bibles in the class, but every member was provided with a "Senior Quarterly." That was a bad beginning. They used them throughout the lesson, which was a mistake. The teacher turned to the printed questions and asked them in order of the successive members of the class. That style of questioning used to delight me when I was a school boy, for I could easily calculate which question would come to me next. When the "Bible teacher" was through with the questions, he was through with the lesson. He apparently thought it would be a reflection on the wisdom of those who prepared the quarterly to add any questions of his own.

I tried another school the following Sunday. Again I joined the Bible class, and again it had no Bibles. All the members, except myself, were supplied with the Longer Catechism. I was at a decided disadvantage, as my acquaintance with this book is very

limited. The minister conducted the class, and very considerately refrained from asking me any questions, which perhaps was just as well, as I might not be able to give the answers he expected.

One Sunday I decided to attend a young people's meeting, which was announced at the morning service for the afternoon. I was there on time, but was very lonely. Fifteen minutes later ten people were present, six in the choir loft and four in the pews. The appointed leader announced that owing to the small attendance there would be no meeting of the league. But three Canadians who were present were not disposed to leave, and asked the choir to sing, and for one hour the house was filled with song. Last Sunday there was going to be no meeting again, and for the same reason, but one of the Canadians led.

In about two weeks I expect to move still farther northward, and by June 1st hope to be in St. John. HENRY W. STEWART.

Hickory, N. C., April 24, 1899.

#### DEER ISLAND LETTER.

During the latter part of March I went to Lubec to aid Bro. Minnick in a meeting at South Lubec. The brethren here have a nice house of worship costing over three thousand dollars. The meeting continued over three weeks. There were a number of confessions and some who had been immersed by the denominations took the right hand of fellowship, and there were some restored. Forty-five persons in all came out in the meetings. Bro. Minnick was with me during the meeting, and I found him to be a true yoke-fellow indeed and in the hearts of the people of Lubec where he has been laboring nearly twelve years.

Frank Lambert, son of Bro. D. F. Lambert, so well known to the brethren, and Herbert Leonard, son of the late Elder George Leonard, two promising young men from our Island, have graduated from the Dental College of Baltimore this spring. We wish them success in their profession.

Miss Myrtle Murphy, who has been teaching music on the Island during the winter months, has returned to her home in LeTete. We miss her, for she was a regular attendant at all our meetings and active in all good work.

We are glad to hear the good news from across the water, of the good work at Mascarene, and rejoice in the success of the brethren there.

W. H. HARDING.

#### Original Contributions.

##### CHRISTIAN CITIZENSHIP.

D. A. MORRISON,  
Secretary N. B. Union of C. E.

The article in the last issue of THE CHRISTIAN on the "Forward Movement" in the Christian Endeavor Society should awaken anew the interest of our people in the Christian Endeavor work.

There is one point that was not referred to in that article, which I would like to put before your readers, although I realize that