

We do not think that people should be away from home every evening, HOME not even to attend religious READING. meetings, unless these be of a special character and continue only for a month or so. There is a time to stay at home as well as one to go abroad, and the evenings at home may be and should be profitably and enjoyably spent. During the summer, with its long, busy days, there is little or no time to read anything except the Bible; but the long winter evenings bring favorable opportunities. Let the wind blow and the snow drift and the frosty air paint pictures on the window panes, we may draw near a comfortable fire and read till the midnight hour. But what shall we select? Let us decide to commune with master minds, and not waste our time reading the impossible adventures of equally impossible people, or the sickly thoughts of some polluted mind. When we can feed upon the best, we show poor judgment when we choose the worst or the bad. We should read something that will strengthen our minds, give us new aspirations, make us more useful in the world, and hence more meet for heaven. Select good books and assimilate them; fill your minds with facts and truths. Such a course is much wiser, as time will prove, than passing in aimless wandering on the streets the precious moments that lengthen into hours; much wiser than passing them in a place of amusement where the evil passions are stirred up and the moral nature is stained. But what shall they do who have not the books to read? Get them if it costs a sacrifice. It would be well for the poor boy to starve the body for a day that he might feed his mind all winter. But none who read this are reduced to any such extremity. We doubt not, however, that there are many comfortable homes where very few good, stimulating books can be found. Good books are much more to a growing family than costly furniture.

### Correspondence.

#### EL PASO, ILLINOIS.

It had been my intention to write a long letter concerning the trip of our *trio* from the Provinces to Chicago. Mrs. Shaw and myself enjoyed very much the company of Brother U. G. Miller, who joined us at St. John, where we all enjoyed such a happy visit with the many friends.

Our journey westward was a very pleasant one, with the exception of excessive heat and dust. Most of the Canadian scenery through which we passed by daylight was beautiful. Early in the morning after we had left Detroit, we ran into a regular Halifax or St. John fog; and it was as dense as any we had seen this summer in either of those cities.

Our trunks were held at Detroit for inspection, and before we reached Chicago we learned from experience that baggagemen, conductors, and even faithful porters some-

times give unreliable information with respect to where baggage is inspected. However, we sent back our keys, and the baggagemaster in Chicago kindly telegraphed a statement concerning the contents of our trunks, and the next day my heart leaped for joy at the return of our possessions. In the meanwhile my wife had hastened on home, and Brother Miller had taken a fast train for Des Moines. The baggagemaster told me afterward that he had received no word from Brother Miller's trunk, and I hope it went on to its destination at Des Moines. I started for Putnam in the night (Saturday) and reached there at 6 a.m., in time to wake the relatives all up, and received a royal welcome, baggage and all. There was no duty on any of our goods, and once more happiness reigned supreme in the Shaw family.

Last Wednesday, we came to El Paso and had another joyful meeting with our many relatives and friends. Father has grown old fast, and sister is frail from her recent illness. I believe it my duty to remain near them while they live, yet we assure our Canadian friends we both miss you tearfully.

Our earnest prayers shall ever ascend to the Loving Father, that He may safely keep and prosper you, and if consistent with His will, that we may have very many happy meetings even in this life, with an abundant entrance into that life which knows no separations—no sad farewells. W. F. SHAW.

September 17th, 1895.

#### CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

I have closed my work with this church, preaching my farewell sermon on Lord's day, September 1st. The Lord blessed it with confessions by two young ladies who were buried with the Lord in baptism on Monday evening. After the baptismal service a farewell meeting was held by the church, in which members of other churches took part.

The Lord blessed our work in Charlottetown with sixteen additions—fourteen by baptism, two by letter. The writer leaves the church in a prosperous condition—a people who fear God and love men. The year has passed without a jar in our work. There is a bright future for the Charlottetown church. May God help them to increase the energy created in the past year.

Bro. Stewart told me an interesting story in connection with a monument erected on King Square, St. John. The monument is in memory of a boy who, during a storm a few years ago, secured a life preserver and, fastening one end of the rope to himself, handed the other to the crowd on the bank and sprang into the surging waves to save a child who had accidentally fallen into the water while playing on the wharf. The crowd let the rope slip through their hands and both were lost in the maddening waves. The inscription on the monument is: "He was faithful unto death." May Charlottetown hold on to the rope.

Charlottetown is a good field for some earnest man. May the good Lord raise up such an one to carry on the work. My prayer is that God may help them care for the lambs.

This writing finds me enjoying a lay night with Bro. Stewart, of the church in St. John. U. G. MILLER.

#### WEST GORE LETTER.

My last letter was written on my way home from P. E. Island. After writing it, and before leaving the Island, I spent a very pleasant afternoon with Bro. D. Crawford at New Glasgow. I met Bro. Norton here: he was on his way back to the U. S. I also preached in Fredericton, in the new hall, to a large audience.

I must tell of a very enjoyable evening spent with the Y. P. S. C. E. of Charlottetown. The brethren and sisters, young and old, seem to be in earnest, and their efforts are going to tell for Christ and his church. There is talk of Charlottetown and Lot 48 combining to engage a good man to help them carry on the Master's work. This will be a step in the right direction.

I notice in the last CHRISTIAN, that the reports of the Hants Co. work are incomplete. This is no fault of the writer of the report of the annual meeting, but rather owing to the neglect of the churches that did not report. Nineteen additions for Hants Co. were reported at the annual, whereas there were thirty-one.

There have been two additions to the church at West Gore since I last wrote, and the work seems encouraging at the different points.

On Friday, September 20th, our county Sunday School Convention was held at Stewiacke. I was honored with a place on the programme, and gave an address on "Teachers' Preparation." Such conventions are helpful and should be attended by all the S. S. workers who can make it possible to do so.

The provincial S. S. Association meets this year in Windsor, on October 18th-20th. I hope our Sunday School workers will do what they can to make a good showing and thus they will be very greatly benefitted themselves.

During my stay in Stewiacke I was the guest of the "Rev." Alex. Cameron (Pres) I had some conversation with him and others concerning the plea we are making, and I find that the position we, as a people, have taken, is attracting attention, and I am impressed with the need of keeping it before the people.

During my absence Bro. Ryan filled my appointments very acceptably. He is now in Pennsylvania, but from what we hear, we may expect soon to hear of him being enrolled among our provincial workers. With the number of churches and preachers increasing, we should increase our net growth, and step over the 2,000 line this year.

W. H. HARDING.

West Gore, Hants Co., N. S.

The man of fifty thousand dollars who brings five dollars, twenty dollars, or one hundred dollars to the altar of God and says that is all I have to spare, if he does not lie to God, Ananias never did. Tens of thousands are living in luxury, spending millions for pride, vanity, gluttony, and sensuality, submitting a mere bagatelle to the uses of the Holy Spirit, and yet flatter themselves that they are on the way to heaven and sure of glory. Beware, lest a worse fate than that of Ananias overtake you.