

he and his brethren had taken as much pleasure in receiving and entertaining them as they (the visitors) had in being received. And speaking for himself and others he would say, let us have the next annual at Tiverton. The meeting was brought to a close by singing and prayer. The following morning most of the visitors started for their homes.

SOME THINGS NOT TO BE FORGOTTEN.

1. The singing, under the leadership of Bro. Thomas Ossinger, and he is a singer too. A hymn having been given out, he would stand up, and taking a step or two into the aisle, announce the tune (this fact enabling the writer throughout this article to give the tunes) and in a somewhat subdued tone of voice get the pitch and then strike out with such vim that if a Quaker had been present he would have forgotten and joined in the singing. On one occasion, when he announced as the tune "Complaint," you might have said, Oh! such a tune for a yearly meeting! it might do for a funeral! But when started and led by Bro. Ossinger, and supported as he was by the congregation, many of us felt that we had never heard a better tune (Complaint, though it be called) nor one more inspiringly sung.

2. The short talks given on Sunday afternoon by some of the preachers to the members of the Sunday school.

3. The management and untiring efforts of Bro. DeVoe in making the meeting a success.

4. The absence of cranks, or, if present, for a wonder they kept awfully quiet. In fact, we have no crank big enough in either of these provinces to turn a meeting such as our annual.

5. The hospitality of the brethren at Tiverton. On our return home among many of the visitors we heard nothing but the highest laudation of their reception and treatment. And while the writer freely admits there are many fine homes in Tiverton, still give him his home of six years ago, the "lighthouse" over the hill.

6. Was the meeting a good one? Why, yes, it was a grand one.

Correspondence.

A LETTER FROM SAVANNAH.

Dear Christian,—After a month's vacation I find myself at home this morning with my Savannah brethren, well, hearty, and anxious to resume the duties of my church work. My trip to Nova Scotia—though in many respects in point of time too short—was throughout a most agreeable and pleasant one. Friends and relatives unseen for years were visited, and old associations revived and renewed. My visit to my old home in Cornwallis was rendered most pleasant by the hearty and unbounded cordiality of the brethren there. I had the pleasure of preaching while there several times to audiences composed of many familiar faces. The church in Cornwallis, under the fostering hand of Bro. E. O. Ford, is in a most excellent condition, all things considered. Bro. Ford is a moving spirit in all the details of church work, and is making himself felt in his noble self-sacrificing in the Cornwallis valley, one of the garden spots of America. I was more than pleased. I was delighted to sit in company with dear friends during this visit, with our dear brother and his helpful family, around the table of his generous hospitality in the new parsonage, just completed, the erection of which is to my mind one of the best and truest evidences of the permanency of the work now being done in that church. The Cornwallis church, it gives me joy to write, is to-day upon a firmer basis and a more certain road to increase than perhaps ever in its entire history. The experiences of the past will be the teachers of the future. Noble men and

women, true and tried, are holding up the hands of a devoted and devout preacher, and giving power of consecrated truth to the words and acts of his ministry. God bless the church in Cornwallis. I love it on account of personal reminiscence. It was there I first determined to publicly proclaim the word of life. In the presence of its members, many of whom have gone home, I first, with a trembling voice and a timid spirit, attempted a public prayer and essayed a few brief sentences for the Master. What little I have done or may do can be traced back to the starting point in the church at Cornwallis. During my stay in the province I also visited the brethren very briefly in East Rawdon and West Gore, and found the same genial, courteous and hearty cordiality ever so characteristic of these brethren. It was my desire to visit the office of THE CHRISTIAN, and I would have been delighted to have attended the annual meeting, just commencing when I left; but my time shortened and duties and obligations at home admonished me.

I arrived in Savannah exactly one month from the time of my departure, much refreshed in mind and body, and was met and welcomed by dear friends with tender feelings. And at night, while quietly sitting in my parlor, relating to my wife and little daughter the changes, etc., having come under my observation during my trip among old friends, suddenly our door-bell was rung with more vigor than ceremony, and in less time than it takes to write this our home was invaded by the old and the young, the brave and the fair, till upstairs and downstairs, parlor, dining room, chamber and kitchen resounded with merry laughter, hearty welcomes and joyful greetings. To be somewhat slangy, for a moment I was "paralyzed," was twisted and turned, nonplussed, confused and dumbfounded at the suddenness of the well-planned onslaught. Greetings over, gas was soon turned to the full in all the rooms, ice cream tubs and mammoth cakes began to arrive, and the evening was given over to pleasant chat and ice cream, while at intervals, aided by the piano, our excellent choir discoursed sweet music. I am not certain about this being the orthodox way of receiving a returning minister; but till we can find a better plan we shall try and be satisfied with this.

Your brother,
T. H. BLENUM.

September, 18th, 1889.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

The month of August was spent among the brethren in Hants Co. A good interest was manifested at all our appointments. Bro. T. H. Blenum spent one Lord's day among the brethren in Rawden and West Gore. He looks well and speaks encouragingly of the work in the South. He still thinks of his native province and says: "I will return some day and renew my work in Nova Scotia."

Wednesday morning, September 4th, found me on the cars en route to the "annual" at Tiverton. At Windsor, N. S. I was joined by Bro. J. B. Wallace, and together we travelled to North Range station. Here we met Bro. Jesse Zeigler, who drove us to South Range, where we held a meeting that evening. The next day we were joined by Bros. Murray, Jabez Freeman and daughter, from Millton, and we began our annual meeting in South Range. The brethren here are in earnest, and mean to have their meeting house finished some time this year. They sent a splendid delegation to the annual.

On Friday afternoon there was a great re-union on the steamboat pier at Weymouth. Oh! dear, the hand shakings and the warm-hearted greetings. I know we will talk over that meeting on the wharf next year. At last we are off in the steamer, "Alameda," and we do not go far before it is dark and thick with fog. Oh, thou Bay of Fundy fog, when wilt thou depart? But through fog and darkness, tide and wind we safely go, and Tiverton is reached at last, and then another hand-shaking

takes place. Bro. DeVoe is on hand to welcome the visitors and provide homes for them. I found a very pleasant home at Bro. H. Ruggles, who keeps the lighthouse. I found it a home indeed. Concerning the meetings, the kindness of the brethren to visitors I shall say nothing; Others; no doubt, will attend to that. Everybody seemed perfectly satisfied. Then came the hour to part. Only a few days together and then we have to say "good bye." God help us all to be faithful to our trust, so that we may some day meet, never to part again.

I spent two days with the brethren in Southville. Bro. Capp, of St. John, preached one evening and I preached the next evening. On both occasions there were good audiences. There are some here who are almost persuaded. May they become fully persuaded "ere it is too late." From here I went in company with Bro. P. D. Nowlan to St. John, where I attended prayer-meeting. I took the steamboat from here to Eastport, and then over to Deer Island where I am at present. I met with a very warm reception. On Lord's day morning and afternoon I preached in Leonardville; in the evening in Lord's Cove. These meetings were fairly well attended. I expect to hold a few special meetings this week and remain over another Lord's day. I hope the enthusiasm manifested at the annual meeting will not die out, but that all who were present will prosecute their Master's work with renewed energy and zeal, so that the incoming year may be one of marked progress in the churches of Christ in the Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.
W. H. HARDING.

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ASHLEY S. JOHNSON, President,
Knoxville, Tenn.

SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT

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Respectfully submitted,
J. E. EDWARDS,
Financial Manager.

St. John, N.B., Sept. 1st, 1889.

Examined and found correct.

H. E. COOKE, }
D. McLEAN, } Auditors.