

FROM a letter recently received from Bro. Beattie we would infer that he is now on the Island again enjoying the comforts of his home.

BRO. GATES passed through St. John, a few days since, en route to Digby County, N.S., with the intention of co-operating with Bro. Murray in holding some meetings.

WE HAVE been informed that Brother and Sister J. H. Minard, and our young sister, Grace Beattie, so well and favorably known in Summerside, P. E. I., united, the other Lord's day, with the Church in Boston.

BRO. P. D. NOWLAN being called home for a few days, by reason of his father's illness, which we hope will not prove fatal, spent a night with us in St. John. He seems very much encouraged (and justly too we think) with the result of his labors thus far, and speaks very highly of the people among whom he is laboring.

OUR beloved sister, W. A. Barnes, of this city, has indeed been passing of late through the deep waters of affliction, in losing within a day or two of each other, her mother, and then a sister. The latter dying but an hour or two before the many friends had assembled to pay their last respects to the remains of the departed mother. They both expressed themselves as having no fears of death, and in fact were longing for the time to come when they could take their departure from their earthly tabernacle.

We deeply sympathize with her and the relatives in these their hours of sadness, and would draw their attention to that blessed promise: "All things work together for good to them that love God to them who are the called according to His purpose."

IN OUR Obituary notices will be found a few words in reference to the life and death of Bro. Setlif Minard. Among many other good things recorded of him is,—he never missed his family worship. It mattered not what was to be done; if anything had to be missed or hurried it would not be his morning worship. His last word on earth was, "AMEN." Like a grand old patriarch, he thanked God for the past mercies of the night, and invoking upon his children the blessing of Heaven, and committing himself to the kind care of his Heavenly Father, said, "Amen." His children sorrow not as those who have no hope, but unitedly say, "Father is better off."

THE following extract from a letter just received from Bro. Hiram Wallace, formerly our preacher in Coburg street Church, in this city, will be read by his friends in these Provinces with much pleasure, and we hope he will give our readers an article, occasionally, from his pen. It is dated

HEALDSBURG, Sanoma Co., California, }
October 3, 1884.

"I have just read in the *Standard* of your Yearly Meeting, and just a few weeks before Bro. Murdock Gunn's tour through St. John to P. E. Island, and it has made me live over again some of the experiences of the past in those parts.

Six years and more have passed since I last parted with you all at St. John. These have been busy years with me, and no doubt with you, but how short seems the time. But whether we have made any impression on these years, they have left their impress upon us.

We came to this place nearly a year and-a-half

ago, and are preaching for the Church here and at other points in this beautiful valley, and not I trust without some good results. We have bought a home here, and are doing double work.

I returned last week from our State Meeting, 200 miles distant, in Sacramento Valley. You will see a Report of it in *Standard*."

HIRAM WALLACE

A FEW weeks since, when visiting the jail, an incident occurred that is worth relating:

A policeman having brought in a prisoner, turned and fastened the door behind him, and then removed the handcuffs. The clerk stepping up to the desk, with pen in hand, asked the prisoner the following questions, which were promptly answered: What is your name? Where do you live? What do you do for a living? What is your religion? This last question caused the prisoner to hang down his head, and remaining silent for a second or two, stammered out: "Church;" and then looking up, said, with a half disgusted tone: "You might know I haven't much religion, for if I had I wouldn't be here."

The above needs no comment, it speaks for itself; and the truthfulness of the poor fellow's remark is clearly seen when you learn that he was arrested for abusing his wife; and this was done while he was under the influence of the accursed stuff which has and is ruining the happiness of the home-circle, and sending to perdition hundreds and thousands of what otherwise would be the most noble, the best hearted and gifted of the human family.

Christian brethren, are you doing anything to remove this "great enemy" of the human race; this vile and murderous opponent of the cause of Christ? Oh! if not, why not?

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

A RICH LEGACY.

Our blessed Saviour, a short time before he was betrayed into the hands of sinful men, knowing that his hour had come, called his disciples together and spake unto them many comforting words, which have been handed down from generation to generation, and are to-day the source of much consolation to those who have believed on His name and are living in expectation of one day seeing him as he is and being like him. But perhaps the most comforting of all the words the Saviour uttered on that occasion are found in the 14th chapter of John, 26th verse, wherein he bequeaths unto his disciples and to all who believe on his name through their word, a rich legacy of Peace. True, he had informed his hearers on other occasions that he had not come into the world to bring peace, but rather a sword; that father should be arrayed against son and son against father—that neighbor should be at variance with neighbor—and all on account of him who was called the Prince of Peace. But the peace referred to in the verse mentioned above is of a different kind from that which exists between man and man, between father and son, between neighbor and neighbor. It is that inward peace which accompanies the knowledge of sins forgiven—a peace which the world can neither give nor take away, a peace which passeth human understanding, and which enables its possessor to be calm and unmoved amidst the world's uproar and confusion. "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." Not as the world giveth. The world giveth a false peace; the enemy of souls cries "Peace, peace," when there is no peace, and men rush on to certain destruction. But those to whom the Saviour says, "My peace I give unto you,"

have a solid foundation for their calmness and their hope. They hear his voice saying unto them, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid," and trusting in him they are safe for time and eternity. The disciples, to whom these words were originally addressed, had great need of this rich legacy of inward peace. Without, they had cruel mockings, and scourgings, and bonds, and imprisonment, and death itself, as a reward for their allegiance to Him who spake as never man spake. But all these troubles were unable to deprive them of that inward peace which was their Master's gift to his faithful followers. "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." "These things have I spoken that in me ye might have peace." It is the privilege of every reader of the CHRISTIAN to live in the constant enjoyment of this rich legacy, this priceless boon. And if they abide in Christ they will never lose it. "Abide in me and I in thee, that your joy may be full." May the God of peace sanctify you wholly, dear reader, and preserve you blameless unto his coming.

W. H. E.

Montreal, October, 1884.

A GREAT STAMPEDE.

A great stampede of buffalo sweeps over the prairie. Some trifle has started them. Their own impulses, and their company impel them forward. Away they go, across the plain. But right ahead is a great precipice. On, on they go, with the roar of distant thunder, dashing pell-mell down the slope. Unthinkingly, madly they rush straight for the precipice. Surely they will turn before they reach it. But no, they don't know it is there. They are not aware of any danger ahead—until they are on the brink. They have gained impetus in their career down the grade, and now they have not time to turn, or power to stop. One brief instant of terror is of no avail to save them and over they go, almost the entire herd, into the rocky chasm below.

Such a scene is sometimes witnessed on the western plains. But we know of a stampede more frightful even than this; more gigantic in its proportions; more disastrous in its end; more dreadfully terrible in its consequences. Not of buffalo; but of men. Not on the prairie; but on a broad road; and yet analogous to the one described. Impelled by their own natural impulses, and by their company they rush madly onward, down the slope—the downward road—the broad road that leads to destruction. Right ahead is the great precipice, with a bottomless chasm below. Ignorant, indifferent or defiant the multitude rushes on. Death is the brink of the precipice. None of them know how far off, or how near it is. They all reach it unexpectedly. It takes them every one by surprise. Their fostered impulses, which have impelled them onward, have been growing stronger, and they have been gaining impetus in their downward course. And now arriving suddenly and unexpectedly on the brink they have not time to turn, nor power to stop. One brief moment on the verge of the precipice, may bring them to their senses, may show them their true position; but will not avail to save. Their race is run. It is too late. The force gained in their downward career hurls them over the dark abyss. Let no one think that this force may be resisted by a momentary struggle just on the brow.

Turning to the right from the course of this great stampede is the King's Highway, leading to the city of Refuge, the place of safety, the Royal city; that city whose Architect and Builder is God. All along the route of this great stampede is heard the voice of declaimers, shouting to the people, "Turn ye, turn ye; for why will ye die." Multitudes rush scornfully by without stopping to listen.