

## HEAVEN.

W. K. BURR.

There are no storms in Heaven,  
No clouds to darken there;  
Frail barks no more are driven—  
None ever need despair.

There are no tears in Heaven,  
We'll sing this as we go,  
This precious promise given  
To cheer us here below.

No sorrow enters Heaven,  
There's joy on every hand;  
And many, too, have striven  
To join that glorious band.

No sighing there in Heaven;  
The saints of God are blest;  
Calm as the hour of even  
The saints of God shall rest.

There is no death in Heaven—  
This calms the aching heart;  
No tender ties are riven;  
Friends never more will part.

## JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA.

The dedication of the new Christian Church, corner of Pine and Beaver streets, took place yesterday. Dr. W. K. Pendleton, President of Bethany College, West Virginia, preached the dedication sermon in the morning to an audience that filled the new house to its utmost capacity. The Doctor took for his text: Cor. xvi. 13-14 verses, "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong, let all things be done with charity." The sermon was a very able effort and was listened to with the most rapt attention throughout. Dr. Pendleton is one of the most cultured divines of the Christian Church, a ripe scholar and able logician.

At the close of the sermon Mr. C. B. Smith, on behalf of the building committee, gave a summary of the receipts and expenditures in the construction of the building. After this report was read, Mr. Blenus, the pastor of the church, in a few earnest words, referred to the work that had been done, and with justifiable pride, pointed to the consummation of many an earnest prayer and desire, and then called upon the large congregation before him to aid in the liquidation of outstanding debts and the further completion of the building. In a few minutes three hundred dollars were raised, one gentleman in the audience, a stranger from Milwaukee, giving one hundred dollars.

After the above exercises, the meeting adjourned with the benediction by the pastor.

## AFTERNOON SERVICES.

In the afternoon at three o'clock the church came together for the administration of the Lord's Supper. The evening meeting was at 8 o'clock, and although the night was unfavorable, quite a large audience assembled and listened to an address by B. F. Manire.

## THE NEW BUILDING.

The building in itself is one of the neatest and most charmingly arranged churches in the city. It is carpeted throughout, finished in hard pine and cherry, with beautifully stained windows and open truss roof, in natural grain. The seats are all in the body of the house, with four feet side aisles. The platform is furnished with an elegantly upholstered sofa, and two easy chairs in figured plush, with reading desk and pulpit. On either side of the platform are quarter-circle robing rooms, while beneath the platform is a well-arranged baptistry. To the left of the pulpit large folding doors lead to the pastor's study, a cosy and attractively carpeted and furnished room, containing the pastor's library, lounge, easy chairs, book-rack, what-not, etc. The

doors leading to the pastor's study and those leading to the infant class-room are so arranged, that in case of a very large gathering like yesterday, both of these commodious rooms can be thrown into the general auditorium. The study and class-room form a wing to the main body of the building.

The house fronts Beaver street and is entered by a vestibule forming the base of a square tower on the northwest corner of the structure. The exercises were of an exceptionally interesting order. Mr. Blenus, the pastor, has every reason to feel proud of the work he has accomplished in this city. The church has grown in numbers and influence rapidly under his care. From a weak and struggling band meeting in a public hall, this congregation has grown to the stature of a well known and widely-recognized church. Although not having a charge as large as some, there is no harder-worked pastor in the city than Mr. Blenus. He is beloved by his people, some of whom are among our leading business men.

## Correspondence.

Dear Christian:—We are now at Tiverton, on our way to Cornwallis, our new field of labor. This has been an experience that we would not care to repeat very often. We were hardly prepared for the trial of our feelings through which we have passed. Many have been the expressions of kindness and confidence that we have received. The younger sisters of Tiverton exhibited much kindness in presenting Mrs. Ford with a beautiful quilt with names of all those dear ones worked in the several squares. And also the young sisters of Westport, of the Willing Workers, who presented Mrs. Ford with a beautiful toilet set, worked by themselves. The sisters at Tiverton presented us with a nice hanging lamp, as a token of their love and confidence. A large company gathered at the residence of Bro. John A. Smith last Saturday evening, when the presentation was made in a very neat little speech by Sister Smith. This large company of between forty and fifty of the friends and this very nice gift was a complete surprise. We would love to have said just what should have been said, but our feelings were too much for us, and our few broken words were all that we could give to express our heart-felt thanks for this kind remembrance. Besides these there were other gifts from dear friends both from Westport and Tiverton—all of which are highly prized, not only for their actual worth but for the goodwill thus manifest.

While in some respects it is pleasant to know that we have a warm place in the hearts of those with whom we have labored so long, still this reunion makes the separation harder. The brethren both at Westport and Tiverton have been, indeed, friends to us, and it is not because of any dissatisfaction on our part that we are leaving them; but rather because we are convinced that we can serve the cause we love better.

We leave these churches in peace, and spiritually stronger than at any other time in their history. This would be a good field for some good brother whose heart is in the work. The brethren can do very well for a few months, as they are quite strong in good speakers. Still we are anxious to see the right man settled with them.

We shall never forget the many acts of kindness received during these years, nor will our interest in these brethren grow less.

During the fifteen years that we have lived on these islands we have enjoyed some of the happiest seasons of our life.

But God has wisely mixed our cup with mingled joys and griefs, that we may know how frail we are. The beautiful little spot kindly given us by the inhabitants of Tiverton, in which to bury our

loved ones is sacred to us. How often does the mind go to that spot because of the dear children lying there. And in all of these afflictions through which we have passed, we have had the sympathy and support of the dear friends to whom we are now saying good-bye. But I must close; perhaps, already, I have taken too much space. I have some things to say that must wait a month.

E. U. FORD.

Tiverton, April 22nd, 1887.

Dear Christian:—I am now on a trip through the Eastern Provinces, and I expect to visit a number of churches before I go back to Ontario. For the last few days I have been tarrying with the church in St. John, N. B. To say that I have enjoyed myself would be but faintly expressing the emotions of my heart. This is truly a live church, and it is indeed a pleasure to spend a few days with them. Bro. T. H. Capp, their pastor, is certainly all that could be desired. He not only understands the Scriptures, but he also lives in harmony with their teachings, and he is a general favorite among the brethren generally.

I attended the church here on the first Lord's day in May and preached to very good audiences morning and evening. I also attended their Sunday-school in the afternoon, which is indeed an honor to the church. Such a happy band of boys and girls. I was reminded of my own boyhood days, and in addressing the school I quoted a few stanzas of a poem I used to write in the sunny days of youth:

We never mind the burning sun;  
We never mind the showers;  
We never mind the drifting snow,  
So long as health is ours.

O the school-room, O the school-room!  
O that's the place for me;  
You rarely find, go where you will,  
A happier set than we.

At the close of the evening services in the body of the church, Bro. Capp announced the usual Sunday evening prayer-meeting in the basement. Tarrying to speak to a few friends, when I entered, to my great surprise the room was nearly filled. The exercises were brief but to the point; and it was indeed a time of refreshing when one could not help but feel that it was good to be there. Among the number I formed the acquaintance of our Bro. Ellis Barnes, a noble youth, who no doubt will yet make a successful preacher of the gospel. I was also pleased to meet Bro. Geo. Garaty, one of the pioneer preachers in this Province, whose name was familiar to me in my boyhood days. May God richly bless him in the decline of life. And I must not fail to speak, too, of the Brethren Barnes and Bro. Christie, with whom I spent such an enjoyable time, participating in their kind hospitality. This church is destined to be a power in the land, whose influence will be felt down to succeeding generations.

I have been very much delighted with my visit to the city of Saint John. In fact, for beauty of location and romantic scenery few cities can equal St. John. Through the kindness and courtesy of the much esteemed Bro. Andrew Barnes, I was taken, in company with Bro. Capp and Sister Barnes, around the city and over into Portland and Carleton. The ride was certainly a most enjoyable one and one, too, never to be forgotten. The scenery at the mouth of the river, at the bridge, was truly grand as we watched a number of steamers come flying down through the rapids. The Bay of Fundy, with its wonderful tides, has been to me a source of great enjoyment. There are many places of interest that we visited, and many pleasant reminiscences that I would like to speak of but cannot present for want of time; however, I shall not so forget the delightful and happy hours, together