

AMONG THE BRETHREN IN N. S.

Well, we found Brother and Sister Dwyer at home. I say at home for everything within and without appeared so comfortable. A neat little cottage with a nice piece of land for a garden, which, if I mistake not, Bro. and Sister Dwyer had not allowed to remain idle, but had made of it, not a flower garden, but a *vegetable one*. Our call was made doubly pleasant, not simply by the warm reception given us, but from the fact that a brother and sister of the church made it convenient to drop in and see how they were getting along and to say "How do?" I am confident that we all felt better for that call; they went away encouraged by finding how warmly they were received, and the "take off your things and stay to tea," and having met some strangers, and learned what the brethren were doing and proposed to do. Bro. and Sister Dwyer were more than pleased to know that the brethren were not only thinking about them, but came there to show their interest in them and the work in which they were engaged.

Right here I wish to digress just a little. How often the brethren feel slighted if the preacher does not call to see them every now and again. Some have been known to count how many times he has visited a certain family, and compared it with the number of times he has called upon them. Says one, it is so pleasant and encouraging to have the preacher call and see us. Says another, Well, that's his duty—that's what he's paid for!!

My beloved brother or sister, just ask yourself a few questions—How many times have I called to see the preacher? Why does he go to some places more than others? It may be—that he is returning calls, or possibly in response to pressing invitations, or their earnestness and activity in the cause of Christ have made him feel that he needs their advice and vice versa. If his visits encourage me, why should not mine encourage him and his? Would it not be much more pleasing and profitable to a preaching brother, yes, and to all, to feel that he was but returning calls, because the brethren had shown a desire to see him, and not that they demanded so many calls because of so much money paid him?

Yes the preacher is encouraged and strengthened when he finds his brethren slipping in to see him and to ask some Bible question; to suggest some subject for a discourse, and to make known what he or she is trying and desirous of doing for the cause of the Master. Brethren, let us all, preacher and people, do better in this matter of visiting each other.

But to return. Our time being limited, an appointment having been sent to River John for the coming Sunday, we, including Bro. Dwyer were soon at Bro. Wood's and enjoying again the hospitality of former days. The evening was spent in giving and receiving ideas with reference to our mission work and the nature of certain fields of labor. The death, the work, and the last words of our late lamented Bro. Wood, father of our host, occupied no small portion of the evening, as he was indeed a pillar in the Church of Christ. Somewhat late in the evening Bro. Dwyer returned home and we retired for the night. Early on the following morning (Friday) we were driving along to catch the train for Halifax. The air was somewhat bracing and the thick frost upon the platform suggested carefulness in walking. In a little while the train came rushing along, we stepped on board and away we went. In a few minutes, the conductor, Bro. LeCain, of whom Bro. Ryan justly said, he is one of the staunch Disciples of Nova Scotia, came along and was surprised but apparently pleased to see us, and as opportunity allowed, we were seated together asking and answering questions in keeping with the object of our visit. About noon we arrived in Halifax, nothing of much importance having

transpired during our morning ride excepting that we run over a cow near one of the stations—the only loss was the life, as the beef, so some said, was as good as ever.

We had not time to see any of the brethren here, excepting Bro. and Sister Carson, and we were sorry to find him very poorly indeed, but glad to hear soon after that he had improved. At 1.45 p. m., we took train for Pictou arriving there at nine o'clock the same evening. Bro. Fullerton hearing of our intended visit was on the lookout and though somewhat strangers to each other, almost at sight each one recognized the other. In a few minutes we were enjoying the cordial welcome of his family and all because of the cause of Christ in which were we mutually interested. The number of questions such as—How are the churches getting along? What are our preaching brethren doing? Do you think it possible for us ever to have a church in or near Pictou? What does the Board propose to do this coming year—and what are the chances of getting some faithful laborers into the field, &c., &c., were the topics of the evening. Yes, it was indeed refreshing to find a brother and sister, though so far removed from their brethren in Christ, exhibiting such interest and zeal for the progress of the truth, and to find that so many of their children, as a result of home influence, had obeyed the Saviour.

The following day at 2 30 p. m., seated with the driver on one of the old fashioned stage coaches, we went jogging along the *old post road* towards River John, a distance of twenty miles. The driver was somewhat talkative and every hill, hollow and house seemed to recall to his mind some amusing incident of former days, which he related with a zest, but then with a sorrowful expression would say, I feel sad when I think how the poor old road is deserted of late—it seems so lonely. During our travel along this road we drove off the road twice just a few feet and stopped at a house under the pretext of giving the horses a drink. I kept my seat while the driver and another passenger went into the house, then, fearing that I did not understand the situation, the passenger came out and said:—Would you care to take a drink, sir. To which I replied, no thank you. After starting from the second house I made enquiry from the driver as to the reason of his stopping at these places as I did not see that the horses needed the water. He replied that two widow women kept these houses and sold liquor to make a living, and to accommodate them he stopped.

When at River John we learned that Bro. James Lang lived about two miles in the country, and though late, we started a-foot to find the place, which we did without much trouble. On entering the house and making myself known, for the letter sent about a week before had not been received, I was made welcome.

The following morning we drove to church with but little hope of seeing many at the meeting, but still we were pleased to find such a nice gathering. Requesting them to carry on their meeting as was their custom we then gave some words of encouragement. The brethren felt very much discouraged, for of late they have been passing under dark clouds, but still hope seemed to revive when they found they were not forgotten by the Brotherhood. And the noble manner in which then, and since, they have entered into the mission work, shows clearly they are *not dead*. While we felt sorry to find them in a somewhat low condition, yet, we were encouraged to see such signs of life.

The following morning we started for home which we reached on Tuesday evening. Convinced more strongly than ever that our possibilities for doing good are great and need but to be utilized. c.

There is no inborn longing that shall not be fulfilled. I think that is as certain as the forgiveness of sins.—*Adelie Cathcart.*

TO OUR SISTERS IN N. B. AND N. S.

Dear Sisters,—Our January meeting was smaller than usual, on account of the extreme cold, but still we had quite a lively one. Some of our officers were temporarily absent from home, as was our sister, Ella McInnis, who enlivens our meetings by singing, as but few can, some of the songs of Zion. Their places, however, were creditably filled by other members, but we hope soon to see them all in their places again. Several of the members gave us choice selections in reading, there followed an interesting discussion, a good collection, and after the usual closing services, a little co-operative benevolence.

The last Thursday in February was a charming day, clear and mild, and we thought, well, we have just the right day for our meeting, and so it proved. We had a good gathering, yet we are not satisfied; we want to get every member interested in this work. The sisters are doing nobly in the collections, as this meeting testifies, and as some of the stronger sex open their eyes a little when they heard the amount; but to all we expect the time and money mean sacrifice, but remember that "beyond the smiling and the weeping" there will be no need to teach to know the Lord, for all will know him from the least to the greatest. At the meeting it was decided to hold a missionary meeting some evening during the quarterly (if agreeable) a committee was appointed to make arrangements. There were several new members enrolled, a selected reading, a few remarks before closing by the President, thus ended a pleasant meeting; but don't fancy we are making rapid strides, we are only creeping, but feel encouraged to go on there being one regret that we do not hear from other churches. I have been asked to get a few new subscribers for the CHRISTIAN. If this paper should fall into the hands of any one not a subscriber, we ask you to give it a year's trial.

A MEMBER.

DRUNKEN LEGISLATORS.

The shame and disgrace of Government—State and national—are drunken legislators. It is notorious that sober, temperate men are the exception among our members of Congress, and also in many of our State Legislatures. And these are the men who make, break, and pervert our laws; who, filling places of trust, are *easily corrupted*, and so bring disgrace on our democratic republican institutions. Men who cannot, will not, or do not control their own appetites and propensities are permitted to fill places of trust while they do not control or regulate themselves! How preposterous! Is there cause for surprise at the predictions so often expressed, that we—our American institutions—are going to the dogs? Can a drunken man be trusted to navigate the ship of state when he would inevitably run on the rocks or reefs, and strand his ship, and sink all who were so unfortunate as to be with him? And yet we do elect and trust just such drunkards to be our captains. Why? Are there not enough clean, honest, and intelligent men to serve us in these respects? Would we suffer our personal business interests to be thus jeopardized? Would we employ for clerks, salesmen, book-keepers, or cashiers habitual, or even occasional drunkards? If we did, we should deserve the fate we courted or tempted. No. For our personal confidential servants, we should take care that they were altogether trustworthy and self-controlling. We should require them to be above suspicion, and on the first drunken spree would throw them out of place, not to be trusted more, until the evidences of reform were unmistakable.

Citizens have been criminally careless. They have not attended to the selection of the BEST MEN IN THE NATION for the most important and RESPONSIBLE OFFICES IN THE NATION, and hence