

number were baptized, and the church known as the Church of Christ in Tiverton was organized, with Bro. John A. Smith and Bro. Thomas Ossinger as its elders. This would be about twenty-four or twenty-five years ago. And while many of those who were then united in one body have been called home, those two brethren have, in the Providence of God, been spared all these years to witness the steady growth and prosperity of the church they love so well. May they yet be long spared to feed the flock of God, and to be pillars in the church of Christ is my earnest prayer.

At the time that Bro. Knowles labored here with such marked success, there was no meeting-house in Tiverton; the meetings were held in a little old school-house. The first time I ever preached in Tiverton, twenty-one years ago last January, I preached in that old school-house. Before this a meeting-house had been started, and at this time was partly finished. Bro. J. A. Gates was then laboring a part of his time with the brethren in Tiverton. It was while he was there that the meeting-house was, if not commenced, brought quite well along towards completion. There were quite a number, too, added to the church during the years Bro. Gates labored with the brethren there. It was through his earnest efforts that the writer of these lines was induced to settle with the churches in Westport and Tiverton.

It is now seventeen years since I began my labors between Westport and Tiverton, which arrangement continued unbroken for fifteen years. During four of those years we lived in Tiverton, and they were four pleasant years to us and prosperous for the church. As I look back over all these years, and recall the many pleasant associations, I feel thankful that our lives were thus cast in pleasant places. To us the friends in Tiverton were always kind, and whatever changes may come, we shall never cease to love and cherish the memory of those who were and are so dear.

When we began our work there, the meeting-house was seated with but temporary seats, which have since given place to comfortable pews; and the house has been in other respects made to look very neat, so that the brethren now have a home in which to worship God that is a credit to the cause they maintain. During our labors with the brethren in Tiverton over one hundred were added to the church. A fine Sunday-school was also organized, with Bro. Ossinger as superintendent, which has flourished for many years, and is now a power for good in the community. For the greater part of the time during the last two years, the church has enjoyed the labors of Bro. H. A. DeVoe, who is doing a good work there. He, too, has had a hand in making the meeting-house more attractive, and deserves credit for his success in this particular as well as for his efforts in building up the spiritual house. My earnest prayer is that great success may attend the efforts being put forth to build up the cause of the Master on those islands, and that peace and goodwill may abound.

I hope my readers have derived some little pleasure from these letters, though they contain but a brief sketch of the history of the churches on which I bestowed so much labor, and among whom I spent so many pleasant years. I love the brethren in those churches so well that it gives me pleasure to recall to memory the labors and the pleasant associations of all those years; and it is only with difficulty that I refrain from saying much more that is in my heart to say. As we turn backward the leaves in the book of memory, one almost fancies themselves back amid the scenes of former years, and surrounded by familiar faces.

Many of the aged who took me by the hand when I first went to Westport, but who have long since passed to their rest, come vividly before me now, and I fancy I can hear the aged Elder Peters, who so long stood by the cause in Westport, as he was

went to stand up, and with trembling voice, exhort his brethren to faithfulness. I can see, too, good old father Pugh, as he would stand and speak a word for the cause he loved. As long as memory keeps her throne I shall never cease to love the clear voice of the departed sister Smith, of Tiverton, as she would melt all our hearts with her burning words of love. Pardon me, gentle reader, if I am saying too much. There are so many living and dead whose memories are dear to me, that I can hardly write even an outline of the history of these churches without speaking at least of a few of them.

Tiverton to us, too, has an attraction, because, there in a quiet corner of its graveyard sleep the dust of our little children. The spot, indeed, is sacred to us. When, my beloved, you go up to strew flowers on the graves of your own loved ones you will not forget the spot that marks the sleeping place of the dear little ones you all loved so well. The care of these little graves, to which the mind goes so frequently, we in love commit to the dear friends in Tiverton. May the Lord bless and prosper you all, and may we all meet by-and-bye where there is neither death nor separation, but where in the presence of God and the Lamb, surrounded by those we have loved on earth, we shall dwell forever.

E. C. FORD.

Port Williams, March 22, 1889.

BOYS AGAIN.

It is related of the late Judge Black that in 1857, just after he was appointed attorney general of the United States, he was staying at the Astor House in New York. Scores of leading politicians called upon him. One day, a small, gray haired man arrived at the hotel, and registered himself as Judge J. Williams, Iowa. On seeing the name of Judge Black on the book, he took a card and wrote:

"The Supreme Judge of Iowa presents his compliments to the Attorney General of the United States."

He sent up to Judge Black's room, together with a half sheet of paper, on which he had written:

"O, Jerry, dear Jerry, I've found you at last,
And memory burdened with scenes of the past,
Returns to old Somerset's mountains of snow
When you were but Jerry and I was but Joe."

In less than three minutes the great, dignified Judge Black was coming down the stairs, two steps at a time, with the little boll-boy in close pursuit.

The two old schoolmates and law students were together after a separation of some thirty years. Two old men embraced each other and neither was able to say a word. Both have passed away and no better representatives of the American bar that have sprung from humble origin can be found in American history.—*Youth's Companion*.

News of the Churches.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

ST. JOHN ITEMS.

One confession at the close of our service last Lord's day evening.

Our Young People's Meeting are making arrangements for a concert in aid of our mission fund.

Our people are asking, Why have we not a missionary in the field? Our sisters have about \$700 dollars, in the treasury and are anxious to see some results of their labors. We would like to see a report from the Board of their endeavors to secure a man.

We are glad to hear that Bro. DeVoe is meeting with success in his work at Tiverton. We hope his labors will be blessed in being the means of turning many to the Lord.

Some of the Deer Island brethren visiting our city speak highly of Bro. Burr's work in that vicinity; many are turning to the Lord.

LORD'S COVE.

An interesting young man was baptized and united with this congregation since our last report. For several weeks a tidal wave of religious awakening has been passing over the Island. Many hearts have been made to rejoice in the love of Jesus. Happy thought! they are now working for the Master.

The poet said he dreamed—
He dreamed life was "beauty;"
But when he awoke he learned the fact
That life to him was "duty."

NORTHERN HARBOR.

Our series of meetings continued here one week longer. Three more were baptized and a number of backsliders reclaimed. Seldom have we ever had a more enjoyable meeting. The interest continued till the close. The church packed and people leaving—failing to get admission. It seemed too bad not to be able, for want of time, to continue the work here. The last night of the meeting the services were most touching, as the young converts went on to tell of the good they had received, as well as others, far and near, expressed their great joy. Thank God for such a victory.

LEONARDVILLE.

We have been preaching here night after night for three weeks. The house, time and again, was filled to overflowing, and the chairs taken from the pulpit in order to seat all the congregation. During this time four were baptized, six were received into the fellowship of the church, and ten others who had wandered away from their Father's house were induced to confess their sins and start again in the path which leads to heaven. 'Twas a time for memory and tears. Some who had not been to church for years came and listened and went away in a thoughtful mood. Of those baptized, four were men, between thirty and forty years of age, among the best families of this village, and from whom much may be expected. The church throughout became very much alive and awakened, and at some of the social meetings over fifty were heard to speak.

In order to promote Christian union throughout the Island, by invitation and urgent requests, the services this week have been removed over to the Methodist church. The Rev. Mr. Thomas, of Cumming's Cove, is now with us. He is a man of considerable intellectual ability and loved by all his parishioners. At the present time the best of feeling prevails, and nothing now is occurring to mar our peace and joy. Even gossipers are quiet, and "the fowls have gone home to roost."

I have now been engaged almost in one continuous meeting since the dawning of the new year, averging ten per week. I am now unusually wearied. I have not been able to do half the work that seemed necessary for me to do. I have, on the average, preached seven times each week since I came to this Island, conducted one hundred and thirty prayer and social meetings, conducted twelve funerals, preaching each time, and in addition to this we have had twenty-one baptismal services, baptizing from one to three each time. The most of this time I have been too tired to write, which will account for my not writing to my correspondents in the eastern provinces. Even now it is one o'clock at night, and while others are sweetly wrapped in the embrace of Morpheus I am writing these lines for the pages of THE CHRISTIAN. Next week we intend beginning a series of meetings at Lord's Cove.

"Happy if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name;
Preach Him to all and cry in death,
Behold! behold the Lamb!"

In faith, hope and love,

W. K. BORG.

March 20th, '89.