

I have not time now to write upon any topic. I will do so as soon as I can find leisure, and will try to procure you some subscribers. Excuse these few lines, and believe me to be

Your fellow servant in the Kingdom and patience of Christ,
JACOB CREATH, JR.

The well known, truly devout, and very laborious brother who writes the above, has our thanks for his Christian politeness in communicating with us and showing himself social although at so great a distance.

D. O.

BROTHER OLIPHANT:—For the benefit of brethren abroad I am happy to state that a few weeks ago, by special request of the candidate, I was called to Pickering to immerse a female who had occasionally attended the meetings of the brethren. She resides in the village of Sparta in the township of Markham. Last Lord's day brother Mo Gill and myself according to previous request and arrangements started at an early hour toward Sparta, taking our course through the concessions of Pickering in order to meet brother Berry who was to accompany us to the place of meeting. At the hour appointed (three o'clock) after travelling some 23 miles we reached the place, where we found a goodly number of citizens very respectable in appearance and behaviour convened in the meeting house belonging to Mr. Jos. Tomlinson, the patriarch of the place. Our meeting was interesting. We all threw in our mite in the way of speaking. On account of ill health I was unable to do much. Brethren McGill and Berry were chief speakers, and they were listened to with the greatest of attention. After meeting closed, we repaired to the stream near by, where two candidates for immersion were according to the apostolic practice buried with their Lord.

It was heart cheering to see two females in the bloom of youth amidst their young associates thus turn to the Lord, regarding the scoffs of worldlings nothing in comparison to the glory laid up for the faithful. Just as the congregation which lined the banks of the stream to witness the interesting scene was dismissed and about to retire, an occurrence took place which sent a thrill of joy through every Christian bosom and caused our hearts to throb with gladness.

Our faithful brother J. Post of Pickering, came running down to say that another candidate for immersion was on the way. The congregation was called back. In a short time while we were singing that beautiful song "Among the Mountain trees", with feeble step and quivering lip and streaming eyes came a female, a widow, who had a few days before returned from Michigan after burying her husband and child. She had resolved if life was spared, to cease to serve sin and seek the Lord's pardon and grace. She boldly and gladly came forward, confessed the Lord, and was buried with him. Her health is feeble; but now she is connected with the Lord, and her cares are cast upon him who cares for her, and who will support her amidst all the scenes of mortal existence.