

NOVA SCOTIA.

BRIDGEWATER.

Very pleasant has been my sojourn here in this enterprising and picturesque village. The beautiful outlook upon the La Have river, wandering to the mighty ocean, where, glint in the golden rays of a fervent sun, the white sails of the vessels loom up in the distance. The foreign element is very noticeable here, especially the German. The Lutherans are quite numerous, and they have a good house of worship. This is just what we ought to have here, and success would immediately follow. Enterprise is what is needed in all the churches to-day, and on that enterprise inscribed "Holiness unto the Lord of Hosts."

My last report left me in Bridgewater, Lunenburg Co. I came here to visit the brethren, Nelsons and Prince, and furthermore, to take a look at the lay of the land for future action. My visit was in every respect all that I could desire, and was amply rewarded by the good brethren referred to. I never, however, worry about my support; but I often worry in not seeing more added to the Church. Often in the silent watches of the night, amid tears and anxious cares, when I see so many perishing, my heart goes up to God on their behalf. Then, again, the tears oft trickle down my cheeks, when I see so many in the church who pride themselves in having the truth, and do so little towards saving the perishing. It is quite an easy matter to look on and find fault with the workers, and ever long for better days, and do little or nothing too. I have been, during the last twelve months, earnestly engaged in studying one of the most difficult subjects in the whole circle of the sciences; viz., "Study to be quiet." I intend, however, at no distant day, to preach a sermon on this theme. But after all there is brightness beyond; yea, there's

Always sunshine somewhere, brother.

No'er the night however dark
But the sun arose in splendor,
Chased the gloom, and cheered the lark.
No'er the night of woe so dreadful,
No'er the storm that swept the plain,
But there followed joy and sunshine,
And all nature smiled again.

Thursday morning, September 20th, Bro. Frank Nelson, a very kind and interesting youth, son of Bro. Samuel Nelson, engaged a "livery rig," and conveyed me to Lunenburg. The "drive" was most delightful. At nine o'clock I was aboard the steamer "Electra" on the Atlantic Ocean. The fair morning glory gave an additional charm to the now unruffled surface of the gleaming waters of a lately boisterous sea. A sea, too, which through the ages has hymned her Creator's praise, or wailed in pitying strains the fitting requiem of departed greatness. After a delightful voyage of six hours a was safely landed in the old romantic town of

HALIFAX.

Here I enjoyed the kind hospitality of Brother and Sister Henry Carson, who are well and favorably known as being generous, noble and true. Bro. Carson was the first one baptized in Halifax in 1862, after Dr. John Knox became pastor of the church. He, the Dr., remained with them two years, and the congregation increased and the church flourished under his ministry. The day of eternity will reveal, no doubt, the great good our brethren have done in this old historic town. With an eye of faith I see a large number of them. True, they have been scattered. Some sleep beneath the billowy waves of the great deep; others, too, have gone abroad, and have found a resting-place and homes in other parts of the country. I have looked on with deep interest in regard to what I have seen and heard concerning an Apostolic Church in this city.

Who will arise and step to the front forthwith, and tell us who is "apostolic in everything?" Am I "apostolic in everything?" Is my brother, over there, "apostolic in everything?" Is my sister, yonder, "apostolic in everything?" Like Job, "I will lay my hand upon my mouth," and pause for a reply. Leaving Halifax September 21st I came by rail to

HIGHFIELD.

Lord's day morning, September 23rd, I conducted the services at the Hall in this place. The Rev. Mr. Freeman, the Baptist minister at Scotch Village, was present, and took part in the worship. After an absence of four months I was pleased to return again to this, my old field of labor. It was my earnest wish and firm opinion at the beginning that a good live church could be built up in this vicinity. As time passed away the developments have all been favorable to this end. The prospects have never been so bright as they are at this present time. True, my path has not been all the way smooth and flowery, even if I have sailed so much in the realms of poetry. I have heard at times the sighing moans of the evening zephyrs, the lightning's flash and the thunder's roar. I have oftentimes been in perils of various kinds, yet through them all the Lord has delivered me. And this afternoon as I write these lines from a lofty eminence with the valleys on either side, and the Kennebeccook river, with its wondrous tides, at our feet, and the sun gladdening the face of all nature, my heart thrills with joy, and I recognize in it all the majesty and goodness of Omnipotence.

I have preached six times here since I came back, and six have already made the good confession. Two others have also given me their names to unite with the church. One was baptized yesterday, Oct. 14th, and three of those baptized a week ago received the hand of fellowship.

The brethren here were determined that I should remain longer, but under the circumstances it seems that I could not spare the time. However, I am leaving them all, as it were, on Pisgah's top; and they have now arrived at a period in their history when they are determined to have a church building of their own. In fact, it seems almost marvelous. Friends have arisen on every hand, and the process of the enterprise already seems to have been secured. True, the hall is still at our disposal; but the brethren and friends are now wanting a church of their own. However, we are all under lasting obligations to Sister M. A. Burgess, for her unbounded kindness, energy and zeal in furnishing the hall, and in assisting on in every good work. May God richly bless her forever.

SCOTCH VILLAGE.

Lord's day, September 23rd, I preached here in the afternoon, and had the pleasure of meeting Bro. Wm. Harding, who is now laboring for the church in this village, and also Bro. T. F. Dwyer, of Cornwallis. The church, as usual, appeared to be full of life and activity.

On the 26th of September I visited West Gore, to enjoy the privilege not only of meeting the church, but also to form the acquaintance of Bro. Hiram Wallace, of California. I anticipated the pleasure of listening to him preach, but he was determined that I should myself. Consequently, reluctantly I had to submit. Nevertheless I enjoyed very much what I saw and heard of him, and only regretted that I could not remain longer than one day. To say that I was pleased with him would but feebly express the emotions of my heart. He was just in the midst of his great meeting, and the whole church was all aglow. W. K. BURR.

Newport, October 16th.

WEST GORE.

As items of interest we write the following, which might have been written in time for the October number of the CHRISTIAN, had we known that number would have been so late coming out. Bro. Hiram Wallace and wife, now of Healdsburg, California, visited us this fall, and spent some time with the friends of his youth in his native land. We had no notice of their coming till they were right here amongst us. Thus we were compelled to endure a most happy surprise. Ten years had passed since they had visited their old home in West Gore. As their time was limited they spent the greater part of it here; and they can never know how much we all appreciated their visit. We had some grand meetings while they were with us. Bro. Hiram did the preaching, which resulted in much good. The brethren were encouraged and

strengthened, and others were turned to the Lord. Fourteen baptized and two reclaimed. These, with three others whom we had baptized before our brother's visit (in all nineteen), were received into the fellowship of the church while he was with us.

Oh! what seasons of rejoicing, to see those noble volunteers coming forward to join the army of the living God. We hope and pray that none of them may ever desert the army, but that each may be a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Oh! what a grand and solemn sight was witnessed one Lord's day, when the assembly stood upon the banks of that beautiful stream. Eight young men and four young women stood near the water, waiting to obey the Lord in baptism, while our brother lead us in earnest, solemn prayer to God. Then each one in turn, with the writer, went down into the water, and, in the name of the Lord Jesus, was baptized into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit.

Dear brethren, let us work and watch and pray, that many more may be gathered into the fold of Christ, and that all who have turned to the Lord may continue faithful till death, that each may receive a crown of life at the appearing of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus the Christ.

J. B. WALLACE.

West Gore, October 15, 1888.

KEMPT.

I am glad indeed to report myself well, and enjoying the blessing of the Master. I have not made any report of the work here since I came, so I think it high time to let the rest of our brethren know how we are getting along. It is well understood by the brotherhood in general the deep waters of discouragement the church here has passed through. When we consider the way in which matters have been done, we think strongly upon the words of the Apocalyptic seer, when directed by Jesus to write unto the church at Pergamos—Rev. ii. 14. Under the burden they have had to bear, and the immense stumbling-blocks they have had to surmount, it is a wonder that any trace of a church is left. The cause here is indebted to Bro. Howard Murray for encouragement and spiritual aid while passing through their darkest times. He deserves credit indeed for the way he has contended for the sustenance of the church here, and for the faith once delivered to the saints. There are a number of our brothers and sisters that remain firm to the cause. A more noble band of workers cannot be produced. Although the clouds of despair have in the past hung thick and lowering about their heads, they always looked for a bright side, and anticipated a brighter day. This band of workers have in the past year made good and much needed repairs on the church building, which now is quite a nice and comfortable house.

The field here is large, the brethren are scattered, and it is difficult to do as much visiting as should be done; but we are in hopes to get along after we are better acquainted. Also there is great need of aid here to build up the cause in general. The brethren here no doubt are willing to do their best, and we are sure the sisters will never fail. There are four preaching stations to be attended to as soon as we get settled down for work. We have a Sunday school in addition to our other church work; also the Ladies' Sewing Circle is conducted in relation to sustaining the cause here, and this is presided over by a number of willing and devoted Christian workers. In addition to our report of Sunday-school work we would solicit contributions of cards, papers and such like, as will be of service to the little ones, and encourage them to come to the house of the Lord. Any brother or sister wishing to aid us in this way can address, Bro. Robert Forest, New Grafton, Queens Co. Bro. Forest is superintendent of the school, and is steadfast in his work. We would not forget to say that Bro. J. C. Cushing aids Bro. Forest in carrying on the Sunday-school work. With some of the sisters the work is done to best advantage. Any one wishing to send us some paper and cards (as you know, we have not much money down here) may address either of the above named brothers, Forest or Cushing. The latter's address is Kempt, Queens Co.

Yours in Christian warfare,

H. E. COOKE.

Kempt, October 18, 1888.