

they had procured for us just before the cold season came on. With emotion we expressed our appreciation of the kindness and liberality of the brethren in supporting us so long in our efforts in preaching the gospel. We spoke of our dependence upon one another and especially of our dependence upon God our Heavenly Father, who in giving His dear Son freely gives to us all things we enjoy. God sends us the very things we need, both temporal and spiritual, and sends them by His own faithful servants. Thanks to God our Father in Heaven through Christ our Lord and Saviour for all His goodness to me and mine.

J. B. WALLACE.

West Gore, Jan. 16th, 1890.

WESTPORT.

We began our meeting on the 29th of December, Bro. Howard Murray, of Queen's Co., being present. At 10.30 A. M., a large congregation gathered within the old Bethel, the old familiar spot, the scene of many a happy and joyous event in the records of the church at Westport. As the grand old familiar hymn rang out, the words (Kindred in Christ for His dear sake) gave impetus to our faith and seemed to add new inspiration to our very souls. The lesson was read by Bro. Murray (John xiii.), after which the writer offered prayer, another hymn followed and then Bro. Murray took for the basis of his remarks John xiii. 17. Dealing with the idea of happiness, this was a grand disclosure. In his practical and impressive way he made us feel and understand the worth of Christianity. In the evening the Bethel was filled to overflowing, when we again enjoyed a very interesting and encouraging discourse by Bro. Murray, based upon the subject found in II. Kings, v. 3. Monday was spent in visiting and at 7 P. M., we assembled for worship. Bro. Murray again delivered one of his practical and stirring discourses from Luke viii. 48. After the sermon we conducted a social meeting in which a number took part. On Tuesday evening, at 7 P. M., Bro. Murray spoke to us from Heb. iii. 5, 6, 7. This was indeed a tolling discourse and we greatly enjoyed it. After the preaching our social meeting was a grand one and a large number took part. We were looking forward to a grand, good time but our hopes were blighted by storms, sickness and death. Never in the history of Westport has such a wave of trouble rolled over the community. But notwithstanding, when the weather would permit our meetings were good and interesting. We greatly enjoyed Bro. Murray's visit, and although no immediate results have marked our efforts, yet we rejoice to know that some have been reclaimed who have been inactive for years in Christian duty. We cannot here numerate the many hindrances that came up to retard the progress of our meeting, yet we feel thankful to our Heavenly Father for the manner in which He led us through, and the many encouraging tokens of His love and mighty power manifested as lessons capable to impress our minds that He doeth all things well. Bro. Murray returns home on the 21st, stopping at Tiverton to aid Bro. DeVoe for a few days. On the Lord's day, of the 20th, we greatly enjoyed a discourse from Bro. H. A. DeVoe, from Luke xxiii. 42. This was a plain, practical and encouraging discourse and was listened to with interest by all. Bro. DeVoe visited us on the 18th and remained over Lord's day. His many encouraging words helped us greatly in our meetings.

While we record the many encouraging events of life, we also have to record the sad and discouraging events that beset our way.

It is with regret we record the sad loss that has cast a deep gloom over this community. On the 8th inst., Arthur Titus, eldest son of Bro. Howard Titus, and Edgar Greenwood, of Barrington, N.S., started out to sea with a number of other boats for a day's fishing. As the day wore away the wind increased and a storm was inevitable. Vessels put out to the rescue, but the boat containing the unfortunate young men could not be found. The storm came up with violence and the weather severely cold, all hopes of their safety being aban-

doned. On the following day their remains were found on the north shore of Digby Neck, two miles north of Tiverton passage. Arthur Titus was buried at Westport, and the remains of young Greenwood was sent to his home at Barrington. The bereaved families have our deepest sympathies and prayers. May God sustain and comfort them as He alone is our only source.

P. S.—It is understood that the friends of Westport and Tiverton defrayed all expenses in this matter. H. E. COOKE.

PATIENCE.

Let patience do her perfect part
And think of patient Job;
With trust in God he kept his heart
While on this stormy globe.

The whirling winds and storms of time
And wars that desolate
Did make him seek a peaceful clime
His soul to satiate.

The aches and pains of sore disease
That tear our bodies so,
Are not the things our sense to please
In this dark vale of woe.

The friends of Job each tried his skill
To lesson his distress,
Advice enough a book to fill,
But failed to make it less.

But God removed his bitter cup,
And blessed his latter years.
So God will take His people up
From this dark vale of tears.

We have not borne such troubles yet
As ancient heroes bore.
Why should we fear and frown and fret
When all so soon is o'er.

With trust in God we'll keep our heart
While on this stormy globe.
Let patience do her perfect part
And think of patient Job.

J. B. WALLACE.

The above verses were written on a very stormy day for our dear daughter Edith M. Wallace, during an illness which terminated in her death. She was so well pleased with them that I think they may afford some comfort to others in affliction.

J. B. W.

JESUS WEPT.

In the life of Jesus, as recorded for us by the spirit, there are two weepings. Twice in the body and on earth the man Jesus shed tears, but in neither case were they shed for Himself. Not in Gethsemane, not on the cross, did Jesus weep. Both the sorrows were for our sakes, but they differed widely from each other. When He drew near Jerusalem and beheld the city, He wept over it; when He saw a bereaved sister mourning for a dead brother He wept with her. The one weeping was for human guilt, the other was for human sorrow. The one marks his divine compassion for the sinful, the other His human sympathy for the sufferer. Each is precious in its own place, but the places are widely diverse. The two examples exhibit different qualities of the Saviour and meet different necessities of men. His compassion for sinners manifested in His tears over Jerusalem is a link in the chain by which we are saved, but it is an upper link. His sorrow with a sister beside a brother's grave is a link lower down and therefore nearer us. His pity for me as a sinner shows that He is great and good. His weeping with me shows that His greatness and goodness are within my reach. When I could not rise to meet Him in the region of His own spiritual compassion He had bowed down to meet me in my natural weakness. I could not rise to lay hold of Him, but He bends to take hold of me. Standing where I stand, and weeping where I weep, He enters by the openings which grief has made into my heart and gently makes it all His own. My brother, He insinuates Himself into me through the emotions of our common nature, that so I might be borne up with Him into the regions of spiritual light and liberty. He takes hold of me by my sorrow that I might get hold of Him for deliverance from sin.—W. Arnot.

O, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF
MORTAL BE PROUD.

O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a fast-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The child that a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The husband that mother and infant who blessed—
Each, all, and away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose
eye,
S' one beauty and pleasure,—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who have loved her and
praised,
Are alike from the minds of the loving erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,
The age of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climbed with his goats to the
steep,
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower and the weed,
That wither away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that hath often been told.

For we are the same things our fathers have been;
We see the same sights that our fathers have
seen,—
We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,
And run the same course that our fathers have
run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would
think;
From the death we are shrinking from, they to
would shrink;
To the life we are clinging to, they too would cling;
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the
wing.

They loved, but their story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is
cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will
come;
They joyed, but the voice of their gladness is
dumb.

They died,—ay! they died; and we things that are
now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage
road.

Yea, hope and despondence, and pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain,
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the twink of an eye, tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of
death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,—
O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?