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“FAITH COMETH BY HEARING, AND HEARING BY THE WORD OF GOD.”—Paul.

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OUR ANNUAL MEETING AT WEST GORE.

The meeting of the year, to which we look forward with anticipations of pleasure and profit, has come and gone; and we are back again in our respective fields of labor, feeling strengthened in having witnessed in each other the mutual faith, as Paul expresses it, both of you and me. And as many of our readers are interested in this phase of our work, but were unable to be with us in person, we will give briefly outline of the work done at the meeting.

From St. John we could choose one of two ways—Intercolonial to Elmsdale, or by steamer across the Bay of Fundy to Annapolis, and then the Windsor and Annapolis Railway to Newport, either route landing us no nearer than twenty miles from the place of meeting. On this occasion, as is usual, some preferred one way, some the other.

On Thursday morning, September 2nd, a few of us met at the Intercolonial Station, and very soon were leaving St. John far in the rear. The morning was delightful; we could not have wished for a finer one. The only cause of complaint we had was the unceremonious way the engine driver had in starting and stopping the train, whereby we were scarcely thrown forward when suddenly were jerked back again, bringing us bump against the back of the seat. The scenery along the line in many places was beautiful, then grand, and at times romantic; equalling, if not surpassing, many places courted by the tourist, mentioned in poetry and praised in song. The frequent stoppages, the appearing and disappearing of persons getting on and off the cars, with actions as varied as their faces, kept opening up new channels of thought, thus making a very pleasant journey out of what otherwise would have been a very monotonous one. Not a little pleasantness, too, was added to the trip from the fact being known that we, having procured a time-table and our watch set to standard time, were able *authoritatively* to answer such questions as were every now and again presented—Name of this station? Are we on time? How far have we come? At what rate are we travelling? What is the time—I mean standard time? etc., etc. About 6 o'clock, P.M., local time, we arrived at Elmsdale—277 miles distant from St. John and not very far from Halifax—and here we remained for the night.

The following morning betokened another beautiful day. The villagers were astir, preparing for the coming train that would convey their produce to market—it being market day in Halifax.

As was expected, about 9 o'clock the teams from West Gore arrived, and after two hours rest for the horses, in company with some of the brethren from Halifax, we started to

mount the hills and to follow the winding road leading to our place of destination. On this route we find but little use for the timetable, as it gives neither distance, name of stations, nor time of arrival; but from our genial driver, Bro. F. McPhee, all necessary information was obtained. A little over four hours having passed rapidly by, we came in sight of the meeting house, so neat and tastily finished, and soon were settled in pleasant homes, enjoying the repasts prepared for us.

In the evening (7 o'clock) as the time of meeting drew nigh, the brethren and friends were seen, some on foot, and others in carriages, making their way to the house of the Lord. An attempt to describe the Christian greetings and feelings that followed as friend met friend, would be of little interest to those having never seen or experienced the like, and certainly not necessary to those who have—as an appeal to their own experiences would do better service than anything we could write. After the usual introductory services, Bro. Ford spoke to us; subject—“Tabernacle; its Structure, Furniture and Typical Significance.”

The following morning (10 o'clock) was a social meeting. And as the 103rd Psalm was being read, we all felt as the Psalmist did—that we had every reason to say, “Bless the Lord, Oh my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name.” And when the 641st hymn was announced, we sang with the Spirit:

“To Thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,
A grateful song I'll raise.”

Then followed a number who testified of the goodness of God—how He watched over them and loved them. Some referred to the fact that though many of us were strangers to each other, we were united; understood each other; gave the same or similar answers to the same questions; had the same promises and the same country in view; and yet we had but *one creed* and that creed the Bible; having no name (distinguishing us religiously) not found in the Bible—thus setting aside as UNTRUE the oft-repeated statement that such a state of things could not exist without recourse to some such human expediences. One said that he had been trying to serve Jesus for over forty years and it had been a delightful service. Said another, “To see so many happy faces and so many hearts beating in unison, and sympathizing in one grand cause, and that cause the Saviour, and to hear so many speaking of their confidence in God, of their future inheritance, is surely an earnest of what we are to enjoy in the world to come.” Another arose, saying, “My mind runs back fifty years, when, not far from this spot, our prayer-meeting was started in our elder's log-house; and I pray that our candlestick may never be removed; and when I think of those dear ones that have passed on before, the question comes up, ‘Will we know each other there?’” To this question we came near responding aloud, “Of course

we will, why not?” So the meeting went on, every one joining in singing such hymns as every now and again were suggested by the remarks—“We Speak of the Realms of the Blest,” “Jesus, Lover of my Soul,” “What a Friend we have in Jesus,” “Nearer my God to Thee,” “'Tis Religion that can give,” and closing with

“Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?”

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon we re-assembled to hear a sermon from Bro. Crawford. After the usual introductory services, Bro. Crawford based his remarks upon John iii.16, “God so loved the world,” etc. Here are a few of his introductory remarks,—(1) Some may say this is an old text, an old subject; suppose it is? How often have you heard it? you have often heard it referred to, but how often has it been taken as a text? (2) I am deeply interested in this text (a) because of the Speaker; His knowledge and character makes this text important; (b) He is speaking about you and me. He is interested in us. God so loved the *world*—that includes you and me just as much as if our names were given. (c) He is not talking to cavilling Jews, but to Nicodemus on an important subject, namely, how men are born again.

In the evening at 7 o'clock the house was full, a great number of visitors having arrived during the afternoon. The lot fell upon the present writer to speak on this occasion. The second question propounded by the rich ruler to the Saviour, “What lack I yet?” was presented as a question “of universal application,” productive of much good, and suggesting the person to whom we should go for a correct answer.

Sunday morning, in spite of predictions of rain by certain weather prophets of the night before, was a beautiful—in fact, a delightful morning. The Sunday-school met at nine o'clock. And if time and space permitted, would like to write several things about this school. The order was good. The teachers and scholars seemed interested in each other and in the lesson. Bro. John McDougall, Superintendent, just before dismissing the school, reviewed the scholars and teachers upon the lesson of the morning. His manner of presenting the questions was so interesting and suggestive that it seemed to give a good finish to the efforts of the morning.

Eleven o'clock came and with it the time of preaching. The house was crowded, seats being placed along the aisles, and even then many had to content themselves by sitting outside on seats arranged close to the open windows. As soon as the people were seated the following hymn was announced:

“Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy.”

The people stood up, and after striking the second note, the leader's voice was no longer heard. Judging from the volume of voice, every one must have been singing, and every one seemed as though they had to sing.