

ing dykes to keep out the Petitcouiac from their marshes did not toil without the inspiration of a preached gospel. Henry Steeves, the sixth of the seven sons, began, about 1795, to preach the gospel to the people. Thus until the organization of the church he kept alive in the hearts of those who came to hear him the fires of faith and love towards Jesus, and made their lives all the brighter and nobler by holding up to them the inspiring and helpful life of Christ.

At the close of the Revolutionary War many of the troops came from Fort Cumberland and settled along the Petitcodiac river. Among them was a man by the name of Jacob Beck, known as the "king's baker." Henry Steeves married Mr. Beck's daughter and settled on his father's farm. He wrought with his hands six days of the week, tilling the ground, and on the Sabbath read from his German Bible and expounded the Word of God to his hearers. Thus until 1822 this man taught the people the love of God in Christ. An old man now living informs the writer that he, when a lad, heard Mr. Steeves speak to the people the precious things of the gospel. There was a house of worship standing on the same spot where now the village church stands. It was here Henry Steeves preached or exhorted from Sabbath to Sabbath. Some time after the First Hillsboro Baptist church was organized this building was removed and came into the possession of the Methodists. Another large building was put on the spot. This in time was removed and a third still larger edifice built here. This is the present beautiful structure which commands the old and memorable hill. Until the arrival of Father Crandall, in 1822, Mr. Steeves was the only minister in this neighborhood, save, perhaps, an occasional itinerant preacher. Mr. Crandall, directed by God, visited what is now known as Hillsboro. Shortly after his coming the Spirit of God began to move upon the people.

Mr. Peter Janah, now an octogenarian, gives the writer a vivid picture of a baptism which took place on the 6th of October, 1822. He claims to have been present at the organization of the church. He was then a boy of 18 years.

On the banks of Weldon Creek, about three miles from the village, there gathered, one Sabbath day, a few settlers to witness the sacred ordinance of baptism administered to several candidates. It was not the first baptism the people had seen. There may have been one or two scenes like this before. What is now a pleasant half hour's drive amid beautiful trees and along beautifully cultivated fields, and by neat and pretty houses, was then a tedious journey over stumps and stones. And where now in Hillsboro and Salem are large farms with delightful and pleasant homes then, there were isolated clearings with here and there a dwelling.

The octogenarian above referred to says that at this time, seventy-one years ago, there were but five houses at the 'Bend,' and from Edgett's Landing to McLatchey's in Weldon only fourteen houses. But to return to the scene on the banks of the Weldon Creek. It was the 6th of October, 1822. Rev. Joseph Crandall stood with several happy converts who were about to follow their Saviour in His own appointed ways. And there amid autumnal foliage, with God, and angels and men as witnesses, this little band of believers put on Christ by public obedience to His commands.

After this service was completed they went to a barn a short distance from the spot and there organized the First Hillsboro Baptist church. This barn was owned by Henry Steeves, grandson of the preacher and one of the first deacons of the church. A man by the name of Robert Smith, a good singer, who was present from the Salisbury church and whose home was in Pollet River, at Mr. Crandall's request read the articles of the Baptist faith: and those who were baptized that day, together with others who had been baptized previously—perhaps ten or twelve in all—formed themselves into a New Testament church. The names of some of them were: Michael Steeves, Patrick Duffy, Eunice Duffy, William Duffy, John Steeves, Peggy Steeves, Jennie Gross, Vinnia Taylor, William Gross, Mrs. Peter Hopper, and perhaps others.

Christ was born in a manger and cradled upon straw. If the barn was