

## EXPERIENCE.

Dear Christian,—Since first I denounced the world and took my stand for Christ, I have never given (publicly or privately) the details of my Christian experience. Neither is it my intention to enter into the relating of uncalled for events, but call to mind a few of my past experiences.

I was born in the city of Halifax in 1854, and when but very young my parents removed to Stornont, in the county of Guysboro. In this community there was little or no advantage whatever of acquiring an education, but fortunately my parents removing to a seaport in the above named county; it was here I had the privilege of attending school. My parents being strict adherers to the Church of England faith, I was taught to follow in line. My mother, in all good faith, was anxious that her children should become heirs of the kingdom of God, and so I was presented at the altar in my infancy. And being the youngest boy of the family, I was a longer time under the tuition of this ritualistic school than any of the rest. There was no regular established church (at the last-mentioned place) of the faith and order of which I was a member, but frequently visited by our former district shepherd, we were still aided to tread the path that seemeth good. But as I have already stated, my mother did her best to lead my boyish feet to tread the path of light and liberty. As years passed on and I advanced towards manhood, I found my early training as water spilled upon the ground. I had been taught to observe certain dogmas which my young brain was unable to grasp or define. As manhood began to dawn upon me, I stood alone without the knowledge of the true plan of salvation through Christ the Redeemer. I throw no reflection upon my mother, for with a loving and kind hand she led me and sought my future good and happiness. But as a fountain cannot yield sweet and bitter water at the same time, and as the blind cannot lead the blind in safety, even so had my parents been led astray in the morning of life. But here permit me to say I do not willingly reflect upon any faith or profession by speaking thus; but as one who one day shall have to render an account to God for the knowledge I have received, I must stand to the truth and speak according to the oracles of God. But I firmly believe that God in His own good time will bless an honest effort when put forth for no other purpose than for His glory. He will cause the true light to shine upon it, that it may rebound to His own special purpose. So it seemed to be the case with my mother's effort to bring her children to the light, though without the bright rays of the true light, and plodding on ignorant of the true gospel promises, yet not willingly, but as one who, through false teaching, had not attained unto that perfect knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.

In the community into which my parents settled last was a Baptist church—a very large and flourishing church; and when about twenty years of age I attended a series of meetings conducted by Rev. L. M. Weeks, assisted by the late Rev. Manson Biglow. Here I was led to see my need of becoming a Christian, and as soon as I made known my convictions I had many willing hearts to aid me on. Taking at once the word of God I began to study what God would have me do. It was not long, however, before I was convinced that in order to become a Christian and a member of the body of Christ, I must not only confess Him with my mouth, but I must submit to the demands of the gospel and be buried in the likeness of His death and arise in the likeness of His resurrection, thus fulfilling a righteous command. As soon as the gloam of true light began to flood my dark and bonighted heart, I at once began to tell it out and make it known to the other members of my own home. I well remember all that was said when I

intimated to my mother my intention to follow my Saviour in the ordinance of baptism. She asked me if I believed firmly I had never been baptized, and I replied I did. She asked if I believed I was not a Christian; I said I believed I was not, and this ended the controversy. Accordingly I went forward and was buried with my blessed Lord in baptism. From that time I began to teach to the best of my ability, and in less than one month from the time of my baptism I saw my mother and two sisters follow the footsteps of the blessed Master in baptism. Shortly after this I came to Halifax, and taking a position as clerk in a dry goods establishment, I united with the Third Baptist Church in this city, then conducted by the Rev. J. F. Avery. Not long after uniting with this church I became dissatisfied with the general teaching and resolved to stand aloof until I should find those believing and teaching as I knew to be the only true and living way. In this way I remained until I met by chance an aged brother and at once learned we were of the one mind, and also learning that there were a few individuals in the city who were united upon the principles of the doctrine of Christ, I determined to cast in my lot with them.

Thus I spent eleven years of my life before I found those with whom I could enjoy the blessedness of the religion of Christ. Shortly after this my brother united with the church, and now I rejoice to know that all the members of the family have professed faith in Christ and have been baptized in the likeness of His death. Three are still holding with the Baptist, one to the Free Baptist, and two are members of the Church of Christ.

Three years have elapsed since I united with the church at Halifax, making in all fourteen years since I first started to serve the Lord. Many times during these years was I tempest-tossed and severely tried. Temptations like mountains rose athwart my pathway, and oftentimes seemed unsurmountable, but by the grace of God, through my darkest times my faith in Him who is strong to deliver was still the same. His word as my chart, my course was onward and upward; when assailed, it was my sword; when in darkness, it was a lamp to my feet; when cast down, it was my comfort; when in sorrow, it was my consolation; when alone, it was my companion; when tempted and tried, it was my shield and fortress; and now, seeing how wonderfully God has led me, what can I do for Him who has done so much for me? Should I not endeavor to do all in my power to aid in upbuilding the cause of Christ and glorify Him who is worthy of all praise.

H. E. COOKE.

## TRUST IN GOD.

"Take no thought for the morrow," said He who was touched with the feeling of our infirmities, who know what it was to be tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin; who knows what temptation is to weak and human hearts that are anxious for the needs of the morrow; who, when under heavy trial, knew what it was to pray, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." It was not possible that His bitter cup could pass from Him. We venture, however, to hope that through His mercy ours may be allowed to pass us, "seeing that He ever liveth to make intercession for us."

Doubtless it is often so; the faith, the humility, the submission, that can go on and say with Him, "Nevertheless, not as I will, Father, but as Thou wilt," is tested and approved, and the cup of sorrow is often exchanged for that of grateful praise. And why? Because with Jesus the cup of suffering was propitiatory and sacrificial, as it is written, "Now once in the end of the world hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself, so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many." He was made sin for us that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him, and "He is the pro-

pitiation for our sins." Thus it was the cup of salvation to every penitent obedient believer, of every clime, tongue and people. As such He drank and left not one drop behind, and because of this the cup of sorrow in many a human hand is but that of sanctified affliction and often is pitifully withdrawn when its purpose is accomplished.

"Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He delivereth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm." Oh! how blessed after all is the tempest of trial that is hushed by the voice of Jesus. How blessed to be able to look to our Heavenly Father and say to Him from our hearts—

"My times are in Thy hand,  
Why should I doubt or fear?  
My Father's hand will never cause  
His child a needless tear."

EDITH L. PETERS.

Westport, N. S.

## Correspondence.

Dear Christian,—I enclose a few lines for your columns, thinking they may be of interest to your readers, and particularly so to my many personal friends and acquaintances.

My health not being all that could be desired, and feeling somewhat exhausted after a winter's hard work, about the middle of April I concluded to try the effect of rest and change, after having spent a very pleasant and profitable winter at Wolfville in the pursuit of knowledge. I spent two or three weeks at my home, Port Williams, where I always meet with as warm a welcome as anywhere I go. Bro. Ford is still holding the fort there, and, we think, laying the foundation for a permanent work. The Cornwallis church has a good standing in the community as well as considerable ability, both financially and intellectually, and with Bro. Ford at the helm we shall expect to see her sail triumphantly forward and become one of our strongest churches and a power for good in the land.

I next proceeded to Hants county, where I spent two or three weeks with Bro. Burr, visiting the brethren at Highfield, Newport, West Gore, Rawdon, and many other places too numerous to mention. Bro. Burr has undoubtedly done a good work in this county, and what seems to be needed now is continued effort so that the good already accomplished may not be lost. The brethren seemed to feel very badly to have Bro. Burr leave them for a while, but he succeeded in getting Bro. Wm. Harding, of Halifax, to go up and preach in his place while he is away. And our prayer is that this young brother may be successful in his work and become a tower of strength in the Church of Christ.

We paid a flying visit to a few of the Halifax brethren. They all appear to be earnest and hopeful, and looking forward to the time when they will have a strong church in that city. May their fondest hopes be fully realized.

We also spent a day with Bro. David Fullerton and family at Pictou, and enjoyed their acquaintance and kind hospitality very much. Bro. Fullerton appears to be very anxious that a Christian church be raised up in his native town.

From Pictou we came by stage to River John, and put up at the home of Bro. P. D. Nowlan. We found Bro. Nowlan on the eve of leaving for New Brunswick, on account of the inability of the brethren in this place to support him. He has labored faithfully and successfully in this place during the past year, and though the increase in numbers has not been large, there having been some six or seven added to their numbers, a great deal of prejudice has been removed. Bro. Nowlan could always get a good hearing in River John; and has left behind him many warm friends, and the