

WEST GORE LETTER.

Spring! Beautiful spring is here at last. How welcome it is after a cold, dreary winter. The warm sunshine—the music of the brooks—the song of the newly arrived birds—seems to make us feel better. How many invalids during the winter have been living in hope of getting better when spring comes? How they longed to see the fields covered with green, and the trees covered with leaves, and the lilac, sweet harbingers of summer, give out its wealth of fragrance. But spring comes and goes. Summer, with its beauty, passes into the loveliness of autumn with its many hued forests, and we begin to apprehend the near approach of cold winter again. So the seasons come and go, and so our lives pass away, and the winter of old age and death comes upon us, and then? Ah! What then? To a great many the thought of the cold icy hand of death brings sadness; but it is only our last Winter, and we must pass through it in order to take part in the resurrection of spring—that spring which leads to an eternal summer. You have seen the buds and blossoms opening in the spring time; so the graves will open and the dead will come forth. The same hand that opens the buds and changes the color of the fields, will open the graves and translate the living. Oh! ye mourners, and weeping ones of earth—you who have stood beside the open grave where loved ones were being laid—come with me a second time into those cities of the dead. Stand by these graves. Hark! What wonderful sound is that? It is the trumpet of Almighty God. How do its tones affect you? Look up! What do you see? Jesus! Behold! he cometh, and every eye shall see him. Thousands of saints and angels accompany him. Look around you, see those who have been sleeping in the dust of the earth during the winter. This wonderful springtime will result in a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness, and then resurrected and translated will dwell forever with the Lord. One eternal summer in an eternal land of bliss. No winter there.

What glorious prospects before the children of God? There is nothing sad in the contemplation of winter, when it is followed by such a spring.

"Oh my soul! what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou so cast down?
Let thy griefs be turned to gladness,
Bid thy restless fears begone;
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in His dear name."

With the return of fine weather and good roads, I am in hopes to be able to do some aggressive work; although I am sorry to say I am not feeling in just my usual working trim. Sometimes I think the dry inland air does not altogether suit me, as I have always lived near the salt water, and I sometimes wish for a sniff of the breeze as it comes from the bosom of the Atlantic. But the strength of God can be best manifested in our weakness, and with the help of God, I

am hoping to see a good work done this summer.

We are planning on having our county meeting in West Gore, commencing on the Saturday before the last Sunday in June. In the next CHRISTIAN I will give a programme of meetings, etc. You are invited.

I suppose you have seen people, who in talking on baptism, would say, when in a corner, "Well, it doesn't matter anyhow whether you are sprinkled, or poured, or immersed, as long as water is applied," and with many this is conclusive. There are two things that puzzle me: one is—how anybody can be satisfied with anything but immersion for baptism. The other is—how anybody can justify the sprinkling of infants. When Jesus gave the commission to his apostles, He said: "Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned." We do not hear any disputing about "modes" of baptism in the days of the apostles. With them there was "one baptism," and that was the immersion of a penitent believer in water, into the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. In regard to the subjects of baptism, we find that faith and repentance were pre-requisites, and infants can have neither. Never mind what you think or feel. What do the Scriptures say?

W. H. HARDING.

West Gore, Hants Co., N. S.

Married.

ELLIS-MASTON.—In St. John, on April 24th, 1895, by Henry W. Stewart, Herbert Ellis and Lena Maston, both of St. John.

Died.

BOYNE.—This month we are called upon to record the death of another of the faithful members of the Coburg St. Church, and we do it with feelings of unmistakable sadness, which, however, are brightened up with the glorious hopes of the gospel. Bro. A. D. M. Boyne, after a sojourn among us of 47 years, departed to the home of the soul on April 6th, just as the morning light had begun to chase away the darkness. For about a year he had been failing, and for the last few months he suffered at times almost unbearable pain; but with a wonderful perseverance and courage he sought to attend to the duties of his office. During the last few weeks disease held him to his bed; and it was then that a hope which had been bright seemed to grow brighter, and a faith that had not been clouded seemed to grow wonderfully clear. With a trust that knew no wavering, he left his all in the hands of his Heavenly Father, cheerfully saying, "Thy will be done." This was but the fitting end of a life of service. Bro. Boyne knew whom he had believed. He was every ready to give a reason for his hope. He sought opportunities to tell to others of the Saviour whom he had found; and many a seed of truth which he dropped has brought forth fruit, and in coming days may grow to be a monument to his fidelity. His place in the Lord's house was seldom vacant. As he frequently said, he loved to meet with his brothers and sisters in Christ. His voice in the prayer-meeting was seldom silent; and even when he could not be present, he would sometimes send verses of scripture to be read. His last message to us (from his death bed) was 2 Cor. iv. 17, 18; v. 1. To his sorrowing widow, three daughters, and one son, he leaves a good example and a good name; and even in their sorrow he would bid them "Fear not;" for God is the God of the fatherless, and the Judge of the widow. May the Divine blessing rest upon them, the Divine hand protect them, and the Divine guidance be theirs. H. W. S.

COLE.—Bro. James Cole of Milton, finished his earthly life the sixth day of April. He had a long lingering sickness. He was wearing out the hours and days of the last few years in much pain and suffering, and longing at times for the coming of the evening of life's little day. His faith was strong in the Saviour. Death had no terrors, and the grave no gloom. His last hours were as peaceful as the slumbers of a child. How blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, and how blessed are the living who live in the Lord. His family—of a son and daughter and devoted wife—are left to mourn their loss and to rejoice over his gain, and to look forward to the happy meeting that has no separation. May this hope cheer their hearts in their times of sorrow when the familiar voice is silent; and may the Saviour who knows our sorrows and the crown of our needs, bring to them sweet peace. May their endeared affections, which has been a strong tie on earth, still go with them, and add to their balm of hope, that heaven that wins what earth

as lost. His mortal remains now rest in the city of the dead, where so many are being gathered, just now, from our quiet village. H. M.

KEMPTON.—Our Sister Sarah Ann Kempton, of Milton, departed this life April 12th, in the 76th year of her age. She has gone to be with her companion who stood side by side with her in life's struggles, and who preceded her one year, to his home above. Sister Kempton was a faithful devoted Christian. She ever stood firm on the rock on which she built her hope of eternal life. She continued walking in the good way, abiding steadfast to the close of life. She has been gathered like a shock of corn fully ripe, that cometh in its season. She was enabled to press forward in the heavenly race with undiminished ardor. She lived till her work was done. Had she more work to do, the Master would have permitted her to live longer to do it. She has gone home, and her Lord will say, "Well done, good and faithful servant." Her home has lost a true and faithful mother. The Church has lost a true friend and devoted worker. She leaves three sons and two grand-children, and brothers and sisters to mourn their loss, and we trust, to follow her Christian example. It was ordained by a kind Providence that she should linger in her suffering but a short time. We laid her mortal remains away in the tranquil slumbers of the tomb, to await the eternal morning, when it shall arise again in new beauty, and when we shall meet again and live together amid the splendors of the heavenly Paradise. H. M.

FORD.—It is with tearful regrets that we record the sorrowful tidings of the death of Bro. A. J. Ford, Sunday morning, April 21st. He had been a martyr to an incurable disease for two or three years, but he kept on his feet till the very last. He attended to his work within a day or two of his death. We could speak of a number of points of his character, worthy of emulation. We make special mention, however, of his faith in Christ. He believed in Christ as the Son of God, and upon this rock he built a bright and strong hope of eternal life. His faith gave him a religious ardor that was undiminished. We always admired his faith in the simplicity of the gospel—both in his life and in his teaching. He believed in man as a sinner, and in Christ as a Saviour. The higher life about which we hear so much of late, was, with our Brother, a life of faith upon the Son of God. He knew there was only one true life, i. e., the life in Christ, and that there can be nothing higher as this is the life of God in the soul. If there was any thing beyond Christ he did not seek it; if anything besides Christ, he did not desire it. His faith was active. A dead faith was no part of his nature. His faith led him into aggressive work in whatever pertained to the prosperity of the cause of God. He was a deacon of the church, and faithfully filled his office. He was an efficient superintendent of the Sunday school, until he took an agency which compelled his absence from Milton much of his time. We know this is an age of falsehood when the good must be abused, but we never heard any one hint that Bro. Ford did not believe what he professed or was not in earnest in what he believed; and we doubt if ever Satan will dare to insinuate any such falsehood. Bro. Ford was downright in his convictions, and rooted and grounded in his principles. It was this unflinching confidence in Christ and the religion of Christ, that gave him such peace at the close of his life. Although he was greatly prostrated and extremely weak, a few days before his death, yet he never displayed the slightest sign of doubt or fear. He said to the writer two days before his death, "That as far as he was concerned, he would as soon depart now as at any time; but in view of his family, their need of him and their mutual attachment to each other, he would try and live as long as possible. The church has lost, not simply a member, but a worthy helper. The preacher has lost a true and warm friend and a ready councillor. This is no place to tell of the many words and deeds of kindness the preacher has received from his hand and home—of the bond that has bound us together, though unknown to many and expressed to few; nor to express the deep sorrow of his heart in the loss of such a friend and Christian brother; suffice it to say, though his presence is gone, his memory will be held sacred as long as the mind retains its dominion in the soul. The family loses a true, kind, devoted affectionate husband and father. He was truly the head of the family, and the mother and children confided in his judgment and wisdom in all things. He was very fond of his family, but no more so than the family were of him. His house was a home in the truest sense of the word. The kind, genial and pleasant hospitable spirit gave that home an air of ease and sociability. Two of the daughters are successful school teachers. Another daughter is a helper at home—all of whom are faithful workers in the cause of Christ. The two boys and the little girl are just coming into active life, and will also, we trust make useful members, not only of their home, but also of the Church of Christ. The father and stepmother, and brothers and sisters, eleven in all, are feeling their loss very deeply. May this affliction help them to see clearly that the only anchor to the soul in trouble, is a calm, restful obedient trust in God; who doeth all things well, and will make all things work together for good to those who love Him. To trust in God is a tower of courage and a fountain of joy. May the bereaved family find peace and comfort in the assurance that their loved one had no gulf to cross. His path led out of this life into the presence chamber of our dear Heavenly Father. Could they hear his voice to-day, they would hear him say, "Weep not for me; all is well." His longings for life are endless fruition now. All weariness, all darkness, have passed away to return no more. Out of this brief, uncertain trembling dying life, into the sure and endless life, the real abiding life in the presence of the eternal. May our Heavenly Father bless this affliction to us all, and bring out of this tomb of earthly sorrow purer thoughts and nobler lives.—H. M.