

is now weeping and mourning and trying to find out how he can be saved and know it. In my own case a whole year passed and no relief came. At last my dear mother, who was in the same state, but had got more knowledge, told me to take the "Testament" and read, and see if when a person was converted (changed) he was baptized right away. This was a new thought, for I had had water sprinkled on my face by an Episcopal minister when I was a small boy, and had learned the "catechism" and fixed ready for confirmation. I began my mother's directions. This was my first step upwards out of the slough of despondency. I had not read very far before I saw it clearly as she had told me. I read about John preaching the "baptism of repentance for the remission of sins," and the Saviour was baptized by him in the Jordan and so on. I was perfectly convinced and delighted, and said to my mother, The first opportunity I will be baptized; and she said, So will I.

About two weeks after there was a general meeting of the "Old Christian connection" to be held several miles away, we went and self and mother were baptized as also several others. The very moment I was "buried with my Lord and raised with Him to walk in a new life" all doubts and fears fled then and forever. I thought no more about fighting the devil around the stump or looking at the clouds for a voice in answer to my prayers. Oh! how happy I was; my conversion was now a reality. The happy seasons of reading God's word, talking and praying together with my sainted mother. I like to return to these days and think how faithfully my mother lived and how happy was her death. Dear reader, if you call it weakness for a man to shed tears, excuse my weakness for I can never return in my memory to those days without tears copiously flowing from my eyes. I remember that Jesus wept too, and I like to be like Him.

Although one year had passed I had then just began the Christian race and have a Christian experience. All the experience I have related and much more was only a penitent sinner's experience. The two preachers I have mentioned who held the meeting, one was Thomas McIntyre, the other Elijah Gleeson. Subsequently Gleeson became a thorough disciple of Christ, so did McIntyre, but feared to come straight out because of the lash of "Joseph Badger and David Millard" of the "Christian Palladium." They lashed me too, but the more the lashes the stronger I was. Soon after my baptism I asked McIntyre if there were any religious papers that I could get. Yes, said he, there are two, one published in Kentucky, by "B.W. Stone," called the *Christian Messenger*; the other is published in Virginia, called the *Millennial Harbinger*, published by "Alex. Campbell." The *Messenger* will cost you one dollar a year, and the *Harbinger* two dollars. But, said he, I like the *Harbinger* the best. Very well, said I, I will take both. This was in November, 1830. In a short time both came and all the back numbers for the year, and I was appointed agent for the *Harbinger*. You can see I had got pretty well out of the slough and how. Here I must stop till another moon.

JOSEPH ASH.

DEER ISLAND ECHOES.

THE CHRISTIAN for May comes with tardy steps, and greets us to-day, and then with all earnestness calls for active work on the part of correspondents. This is truly a busy world. A restlessness pervades everything. Resolutions oft are formed, and purposes perish before they are born. In fact, encumbered as we are with mortal mould, in this prison house of clay, it seems so difficult to put into practice and then carry out faithfully the great rule by which we should be governed. How to live is truly the great problem of life. Character,

which is worth anything, is the result of growth and culture. To accomplish this, patient effort is needed continually all along the tossing waves of life's boisterous sea. But who will be successful? Who will anchor safely in the blissful port of immortality? Who—yes, who

Will wind their way to lands of noblest birth,
Beyond the wild, rough shores of this fleeting
earth!—
Where life is one eternal summer day.

For a number of months an unusual amount of sickness has prevailed all over this Island, greater than what has been known for years. The dense ocean fogs seem to affect the lungs and hasten on consumption and decay. Already I have attended fifteen funerals since I came to this Island. Bro. J. S. McKenney, clerk of the Leonardville church, died yesterday; Bro. Brydges is dying; brethren Black and Calder are nearing the port. The tidal waves of death are even now rolling over them. Oh, Death, thou cruel monster! Hast thou no pity, no compassion? Oh! those bitter tears, how oft they flow and float on memory's wing. Hark! Death's chilling blast is coming. It may be much nearer than we think.

For several weeks I have been completely tired out. A tired and wearied feeling has come over me, and I have done little more than attend to our regular Lord's day work, visit the sick, and conduct funeral services. During this time how many eyes have been blurred with tears. As I now sit in pensive sadness in the evening gloom, tired, pondering too over death, ruin and decay, I feel like sighing the sad refrain:

"There is no heart however free and lightsome
But has its bitterness;
No earthly hopes however bright and blithesome
But ring of emptiness.
This world is full of suffering and sorrow,
Of anguish and despair;
Its brightest promises are of to-morrow,
Its mock'ries everywhere.
Our weary hearts, with slow and sad pulsation,
Beat to the march of years;
Their days are given to toil without cessation,
Their gloomy nights to tears.
But let us wait with patience and submission
The will of our great King; [mission:—
Remembering this all through our earthly
Reflect through suffering.
What seemeth now a dark and dreary vision
Unto our tear-dimmed eyes,
Shall burst in glory into scenes Elysian—
A blooming Paradise."

One united last Lord's day with the church in Lord's Cove. Efforts are now being put forth to repair the old church building, for Sunday-school purposes, and use it for the church vestry. To this end we have been collecting money, and hope soon to see the work completed and the Sunday-school in successful operation.

Bro. Sylvester Leonard, on account of poor health, has returned home from Montreal. He is a promising young man, and it is to be regretted that he should be in failing health. Recently he was chosen superintendent of the Sunday-school in Leonardville. He is worthy of the position, and we hope that he may be enabled to carry the work on successfully. Bro. George Welch, the former superintendent, has done a good work which has been very much appreciated. He is a good, earnest speaker, and his words are well chosen. Some time since a Bible was presented him as a token of appreciation and esteem. As the fishing season has arrived it has taken away quite a number from the Island. Some have gone to Lubec, and some to Gloucester. We miss them very much. Bro. Daniel Buhot is among the number; he was one of our most talented, and earnest and

faithful workers. May kind heaven in mercy uphold and guide them and bring each one safely home again.

We had a joyful meeting this morning at the banks of the Chocolate Cove, and attended to the ordinance of Christian baptism. Notwithstanding it was at the early hour of 9 o'clock, quite a large number gathered together, and others stood looking from the opposite side of the Cove. The candidate was 83 years of age, who having been "sprinkled" in early life, on becoming dissatisfied with it, resolved to follow the Saviour in being buried with him in baptism. Every year we see some, becoming dissatisfied with "sprinkling," solicit baptism, and are immersed; but we never see those who are immersed go and solicit "sprinkling."

Now all should be impressed with the necessity of attending to this ordinance properly in the first place. Immersion, nobody doubts; while sprinkling and pouring are extremely doubtful.

I am here reminded of an incident in Nova Scotia, where an individual became dissatisfied with sprinkling and wanted to be baptized as Christ was, but who was too feeble to attend to it. So anxious was the lady to attend to it—while in a trance imagined that she was being baptized, and said to me, "Let the water go all over me"; and when she thought it had, exclaimed: "There, I am now satisfied."

W. K. BURR.

May 26th, 1889.

News of the Churches.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

ST. JOHN ITEMS.

We are about making some changes in our meeting house; new sashes and glass are to be put in; a committee has the work in charge.

At our annual business meeting very favorable reports were read by the officers.

Bros. Bowers, of Westport, and Wallace, of Halifax, are in the city. We are glad to have them with us in our meetings.

Our Sunday-school is in a flourishing condition; our scholars are supplied every week with the "Young People's Standard" and other publications by our brethren.

Our last Sunday-school quarterly collection for home mission amounted to over \$10.00.

NOVA SCOTIA.

WESTPORT.

After spending the better part of the three months with the church here, I am happy to say I am now comfortably settled; my family arrived here on the 17th inst. after a somewhat tiresome journey, yet they arrived all well and bid fair to enjoy our new home among many kind and hospitable friends. The kindness manifested by the brethren and sisters, especially by the sisters (in preparing a place to receive my little family) is worthy of the highest credit. No pains were spared to fit and prepare a comfortable home, in which I am now comfortably settled. I shall never forget the kindness received by these noble-hearted brethren and friends of Westport. Ample provision was made, and wherein there was lack, through the misfortune of shipping, they willingly supplied. I often lift my voice and thank God for the many kind friends—in whose midst He has called us to labor; may He grant us time and opportunity to labor with them in the Gospel, that we may be comforted together by mutual faith and love, both they and us, joy and rejoicing in the Gospel, that we may be built up together in faith, hope and love. We are holding the fort and progressing as favorably as the circumstances will allow at this season of the year. We pray God for wisdom and direction.

H. E. COOKE.

May 24th, 1889.