

Monday I came to New Glasgow, to the home of Brother and Sister Crawford. Here I found a home in every sense of the word. I would if I could express my sentiments relative to this home and its inmates, but my slender stock of words prevents me from doing my feelings justice, so I leave it for the future to reveal. I remained here till Thursday, and then went to Charlottetown. I was kindly cared for by Bro. Matthew Stevenson and family, with the exception of one night, which was spent at the home of Bro. and Sister William Harris. Fortunately he was having a vacation, which afforded me the pleasure of having his company the most of the time I was in the city. On Saturday I went over to Lot 48, Bro. Charles Stewart meeting me at the ferry and taking me to his comfortable and pleasant home. On Lord's day morning I met the brethren and friends in their church house, and was here highly favored with the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the brethren. I enjoyed the meeting here very much indeed, with one exception, I did not like the preaching very well. The motion was made, seconded and carried that I visit them again before I leave the Island, which I will be most happy to do if kind Providence permits. In the morning I preached in Charlottetown to a fair congregation. I hope to visit these brethren again soon. They are worthy and deserving of encouragement. I returned to New Glasgow on Tuesday. Wednesday we had a very pleasant prayer meeting. Here the young men are talented and active. Here is the home of Bro. Hammond Smith, who is now unable to labor in the gospel. We hope he may recover and be permitted to fill a place in the ministry on this Island.

Thursday we went to the river Clyde and witnessed the baptism of four young ladies by Bro. Crawford, two of whom had professed the Christ on the previous Sunday. I expect to remain here in New Glasgow a week or two. In my next I will give my impressions of the agricultural outlook.

H. MURRAY.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

My last notes were sounded from South Range, Digby Co. I remained there about three weeks, but owing to circumstances we thought it advisable not to prolong the meeting, so we closed with the immediate result as reported in the last CHRISTIAN—three added, the church nicely working together, and a new meeting house started. May they cling to the Bible as their chart, look to Christ as their pilot, and enter the port of glory in safety.

From South Range I went to Southville, a little village where there is a little band of disciples. This place is in Digby County, and situated about sixteen miles from South Range. I was welcomed to the home of Bro. Stephen Steele. Bro. George Waggoner kindly placed at my disposal a horse and carriage, which enabled me to visit around among the brethren a great deal more than I otherwise could have done. I remained here about one week, and as an immediate result five made the good confession and were buried with Christ in baptism; several more were almost persuaded, and could I have remained longer I think we would have had a larger number of additions. I still see some of those anxious faces that I saw in my audience there, and I do pray that the Lord may allow them another chance. How I would have liked to remained, but circumstances over which I had no control compelled me to leave. The brethren here will open their new meeting house on the third Sunday in June, if Bro. Crawford can come. If he cannot come, they will put it off until the fourth Sunday, in order that I may be there, as I am to be at the dedication of the church in Shubenacadie on the second Sunday in June, and could not possibly come on the third Sunday.

I planned to run over to Westport and stop a week with Bro. Cooke, and assist him in a meeting he was having, and also see some of the brethren I met there last fall, but I was compelled to abandon the plan; but I purpose in the near future visiting some of these churches and places in Digby. I am on the wing and it is hard to tell when and where I may light. The first Sunday in May found me in Shubenacadie; the second in Upper Rawdon, and I am glad to be able to report that the church here has started a good Sunday-school, under the leadership of Bro. George Wallace, who is very capable of conducting it. The third Sunday I spent with the church at West Gore. I am at my present writing in Halifax, but I expect to spend the next two weeks in Newport. I am glad to see so many encouraging reports in the May CHRISTIAN. It makes my heart beat high when I read of souls being won over to Christ. Let the gospel be sounded out with power and simplicity; let the notes be clear and loud. Let us make our prayer to our God, and then work to build the walls of Zion. The powers of earth and hell cannot prevail against the church of Christ. If Christians will present their bodies as living sacrifices to God, they will in turn be presented as a church without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing.

I am glad to read Bro. Murray's article headed "Return." I think if he had written that a month or two ago, instead of an article headed "Retrospective," that it would have had a better effect. "But, "to orr is human: to forgive divine." Let us each strive to make each succeeding year the best, profiting by past experiences; encouraged by present attainments, let us press onward, and at last receive a crown of life which will shine brighter and brighter until it transcends all other brightness. May our life's sun set, be as the morning star, which does not go down behind the darkened west: but melts away in the brightness of Heaven.

W. H. HARDING.

Correspondents will for the present please address me at West Gore, Hants Co., Nova Scotia.

EXPERIENCE.

No. I.

The reader will excuse me if in this my first article of, I hope, a series, I get down into the regions of doubt and despondency, and show how I got out. In that low down region I know I am with many who are sincerely trying to find their way to the glorious regions of knowledge, glory and joy. First, then, I will tell you how I got down to that region. I read the Bible, but was taught by the clergy of various names and orders that there was a hidden or spiritual meaning to the words of revelation; that few could know save "the called and sent ambassadors of Christ," who prayed to the Lord that he would be to them "mind and matter, mouth and wisdom." Of course the hearers must take what they said as directly from heaven. In addition to this, I was constantly hearing experiences told, they called them Christian experiences) in Methodist love feasts meetings, in Baptist covenant meetings, and so on. These experiences, told with so much solemnity and earnestness, with the Amen, and glory to God, from the minister and others, made a deep impression on young hearts, who had a great reverence for religion and know no better than what had been told them in those meetings, and in the chimney corners before blazing fires of back log, top stick, well chinked with chips and small sticks; in all making nearly half a cord of wood; and for evening light a splinter of fat pine knot stuck in a crevice in the back wall or jamb. The chimney large enough to let "Santa Claus" down with his nice trinkets for good children, and a whip for bad ones, all chucked into the stockings of the little

dupes. All these, especially the experiences, made a deep impression on me. The relation of two of these must suffice now. One young man said: he was out in the field, behind a stump, earnestly praying the Lord to tell him if his sins were forgiven. While so engaged he looked up, saw a beautiful white cloud moving slowly on toward him, he anxiously gazed at it, and when it neared him a long, pointed streak turned down toward him, and out of the end came a voice saying, "thy sins be forgiven thee." To him that was a sure and certain proof of his forgiveness. Another said: he was out in the field, behind a stump, praying the Lord to send him some token of forgiveness when he looked up, and just opposite him stood the devil trying to catch him; but while he prayed the devil kept off. The prayer ended and a tussle began. They dodged round the stump for some time and, finally, he prayed again and the devil left him. To him this was proof of sins forgiven. While these experiences were being told tears flowed copiously, and I, a little boy, cried too, through sympathy I suppose. Reader, do you say Well, that was in old times, people are not such fools now. Stop a bit. I tell you the same routine is going on now even among high-school and college bred people. The same abominations are preached by the clergy all around us, and "Santa Claus," in the teaching of many, is going his rounds. Away down here is where I was and how I got there. I have no sympathy with that class of "critical" teachers, who are laying the word of God aside and preaching their own imaginations or suggestions of the evil one; but I have a world of sympathy with those who in their earnestness and honesty are so fearfully deceived. I know how they feel, and my feelings of pity run out to them.

I have told you how I got down into this low, stinking pool of deception; and now, if you will patiently listen to me, I will tell you how I got out. In 1828 there were some wonderful manifestations of what is popularly called the "northern lights" (*aurora borealis*). I have seen the whole horizon covered, running up to the centre, and of variegated colors, red, white, blue, etc., and of a shaking movement. This alarmed every one who saw it, and many theories were given, generally that it was an indication of the speedy coming of the Lord. Many of the "French Catholics" were fearfully frightened, calling on the "Holy Virgin" for protection. This laid the foundation for a good deal of serious talk. In September, 1829, I heard my father and mother read and talk about the two last chapters of Revelations—that beautiful home of the redeemed, and who were within and who outside. I listened in silence for a while and retired. I said to myself, If I should die now would I be in that beautiful home among the angels and the redeemed, with the Lord God and the Lamb, or would I be outside with the wicked? My resolution was as soon made as I thought it. If the Lord will help me I will live so I can get there. This, dear reader, was the starting point of my Christian life. But here I was, not knowing what to do, and no one to teach me. All the foregoing nonsensical fables and whims were around me. Praying, weeping, hoping and fearing were thick around me, and how shall I know my sins are forgiven, and praying the Lord to tell me. How many thousands are in that slough of despondency now? How I do pity them, honest and sincere are they, but led astray by those who should know better. All around us are preachers who profess to be "called and sent of God" to teach the people, who will tell those sincere penitents all you have to do is to believe and you are saved. Only two or three days ago I was applied to for information for a young man who was in this sad predicament. He had been aroused by the so-called "Salvation Army" (I can't see where the salvation comes in), and left them as they usually do. He, poor man,