

My Religious Experience

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The loss of my arm, with the attendant wrong and neglect of me by the company with whom the misfortune happened, and also the coldness of those whom I considered my friends in the days of my prosperity, who turned their backs on me in my hour of adversity, made me reckless and I had then no hope in God or trust in man.

Life was a hollow mockery, every man's hand was against his fellow man, the weakest were pushed to the wall to suffer and die and be thankful for death which was the annihilation of suffering and sorrow. Had I never since experienced a better frame of mind I would not now write this, but there are many to-day who are good church members, who if they would own it would confess that just such moments have come to them.

"On the desolate shores of doubt  
When the anchors that faith have cast  
Are driving in the gale."

Beneath the billows of misfortune which overwhelmed me and threatened to prove the graveyard of my hopes there were subtle and sinister undercurrents that surged like a volcano in my bosom. It is needless to enumerate them but they were such as to seriously affect both mind and body and formed a weight to drag me still further down.

The first gleam of sunshine on my darkened life was when friends in Calais and St. Stephen came to my aid with sufficient to start me peddling in a small way and I first started, not without many misgivings over the fertile fields and among the hospitable homes of Charlotte Co. The kind hospitality and friendly sympathy of the people did much to restore my faith in human kind, but the demons of doubt and dismay were not to be exorcised for some years to come.

I eventually drifted to and at last settled down in Fredericton, and although it has not always been plain sailing with me nor has everyone been my friend, I have made friendships which I prize very highly. I have been on the whole fairly treated, and given a better chance of my life than what has been accorded me in any other place, while many have gone out of their way to do me favors.

Then came my mother, and I settled down for good, and the kindness shown to her by the people of this city will never be forgotten. I at last had a home and some one to love me and her influence upon me was always for good. My brother died and this partly recalled me to a sense of my lost condition. I had been wavering before, my mother's pleadings and the irresistible influence of an unseen agency which though absent through the day whispered words of warning in my ear at night, enabled me to shake off the terrible nightmare and come once more into full fellowship with the church, to which I had heretofore paid but a nominal adherence. Although I have done all that lay in my power for my mother, to comfort and protect her, the greatest joy I ever gave her was my final surrender to God and His Church, and I don't think she would have died happy had I not.

With all due respect for all shades of belief and respect if also pity for those

who are without God or hope as I once was I have come to the conclusion that my mother's religion is good enough for me; that it took her to heaven, and if I observe the good counsels she gave me in life that it will take me there too, after this brief struggle of a day, where we shall be re-united never to part again.

"So long thy power hath kept me, sure it still

Will lead me on  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent.

Till the night is gone,  
And with the morn those angel faces smile

Which I have loved long since and lost awhile."

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