

ONE

“Forasmuch as many have taken in hand to set forth in order a declaration of those things which are most surely believed among us, even as they delivered them unto us, which from the beginning were eyewitnesses and ministers of the word; it seemed good to me also, having had a perfect understanding (carefully investigated) of all things from the very first, to write unto thee in order, most excellent Theophilus, that thou mightiest know the certainty of those things wherein thou hast been instructed.” Luke 1:1-4

GOD AT WORK!

In the past.

In the last half of the 19th century and the 1st half of the 20th century, there was a deep and compelling interest among Christians who gathered together in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, to reach out in evangelism. Gospel work spread across the British Commonwealth and to many other parts of the world, through men and women who had a heart for the eternal welfare of people all over the world. New assemblies were formed and from them, the work of God spread to cities and villages, farms, and isolated places.

Zealous Gospel preachers came from the UK to North America, following contacts of people who came to get free land and they homesteaded adjoining property to provide opportunity for their children to get a start. Coal mines in Nova Scotia drew men from Scotland. Small farms were cut out of the forests of New Brunswick and all across Canada. Mr. William Brennan and Mr. Isaac McMullen, two men from Northern Ireland, came to Nova Scotia and there they found open doors to preach the Gospel, although there was often strong opposition. My grandfather, David Scott, had come to Boston, USA in 1885 as a new believer who had to leave his home in North Ireland because he had been saved at the age of thirteen under the preaching of Mr. James Campbell. His family was very angry at his “presumption” that he was saved and had eternal life. Mr. John Blair, also from County Tyrone in Northern Ireland where my grandfather came from, came to Boston and they had meetings together in Massachusetts and then went to New Brunswick. Mr. Campbell came also and asked my grandfather to preach with him when he had the opportunity to get off work.

He went with Mr. Campbell to New Brunswick and they saw souls saved, and an assembly formed there. He married soon after and went back to Omagh, North Ireland to try to win his family to Christ. Some of them were saved which was a wonderful relief to grandfather, even in his old age. On their way back to Nova Scotia, in the fall of 1897, the sea on the North Atlantic was so rough, the ship came into St. John’s, Newfoundland. It wasn’t a large city then, so during the week they were there he was able to visit much of the city in door-to-door work giving out tracts.

Mr. Brennan and Mr. McMullen, a few years later decided to go to Newfoundland and preach the Gospel. They were in St. John’s first and then went farther out around Conception Bay. WWI began, and they did not return for a few years. After that war was over, they returned to Newfoundland for at least one, and maybe another one or two more occasions during the summer months. Mrs. Jessie Snow who lived in Freshwater,

Carbonear, and some others professed to be saved. There were connections in Corner Brook with the Noel's who are from Carbonear. The ones in Corner Brook had a business on Broadway. That was around the time when Bowater's pulp mill was just getting started in Corner Brook.

The preachers went to Corner Brook on at least one occasion and had a great hearing in the open air on Broadway. But these two men were getting older, and the Depression of the 1930s set in, so they were not able to return to Newfoundland. I believe they kept a connection with Mrs. (Aunt Jessie) Snow and supplied her with tracts that she used to go about and pass out. She was what we call "an outspoken person," who wasn't easily intimidated. Mr. Burton McMullen, the son of the preacher, came twice a year to Newfoundland in the 1960s and 1970s. He had a great interest in the development of the work in new places as doors were opened up for the Gospel to be preached across the province. He was a salesman who often spoke in the Gospel and was likely motivated by the testimony and outreach work of His father.

When God works in the hearts of believers and generates a desire in them to see other people saved by God's grace, He can use any available person to further His Gospel in one way or another. God was at work in Ireland in the hearts of some. Then in Nova Scotia, and then finally in Newfoundland and Labrador. He wants to use you and me to reach out to places that need to hear the plain preaching of the Gospel so that people will be brought to repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. Look at the fields that are ready for a harvest of precious souls. "He is just the same today."

TWO

"Wherefore I put thee in remembrance that thou stir up the gift of God, which is in thee by the putting on of my hands. For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power and of love, and of a sound mind. Be not thou therefore ashamed of the testimony of our Lord, nor of me His prisoner: but be thou partaker of the afflictions of the gospel according to the power of God; who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to His own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."

2Timothy 1:6-9

GOD AT WORK!

In one man.

(picture # 55 on stick 45)

In 1917 during WW1, a young man named William Herbert Harris, was in a labor camp in Northern Ontario with quite a number of other young Christian men. These young believers were there because their consciences would not allow them to kill another person for any reason, so they served their country in other ways. W.H. Harris preferred to be called Herb, so he was known for almost all of his life as Herb Harris. It was during the time he was at that labor camp he had some serious dealing with his Lord.

Herb was born in 1895 into a family of three boys and three girls. His father was a bridge keeper who opened and closed a bridge for river traffic between Orillia, Ontario and

nearby Atherley. His parents were Christians and made sure their children heard the Gospel regularly.

It was during a series of Gospel meetings at Orillia, that Herb was saved at the age of seventeen. The real awakening of his soul was one night after a meeting, when his Sunday School teacher asked him, "Herb, when are you going to be saved?" He had implied in the Sunday School class that he was, and he thought he had fooled people into believing he was born-again, but she saw right through that bluff. She plainly said, "Herb, you are not saved!" It was shortly after that, the Lord saved him.

In the labor camp after a hard day's work, most of the young men went to the bunkhouse to lie down on the bunk to rest, read and talk. One of those men told me at Herb's funeral, that Herb would usually disappear after supper. "At first, I didn't think anything about it, but after it went on every night for quite a while, I decided one night to follow him and see what he was doing. He would go about a quarter of a mile from the camp, and there behind a big stump, he would lie down on the ground on his face and pray. I moved away and never said a thing about it to him or anyone else. I knew that was holy ground."

Whatever happened there between him and his Lord, when WW1 was over, the heart of Herb Harris was in the Gospel. It was obvious the Lord wanted him to preach the Gospel. The Spirit of God opened the way for him to go with an older preacher, J.C. Beatty, to Montreal, where he had his first series of Gospel meetings at the Gospel Hall. Invitations came to him to preach in other places, and the Lord blessed His word in saving many souls. Over the next thirty years, he had many preaching partners in many series of Gospel meetings in Toronto, ON; Vancouver, BC; Arlington and Seattle, WA; and a number of different places in California. He preached in Texas, Ohio, and the Prairie and Maritime Provinces of Canada. Herb never married, so he lived out of his suitcase and his car, and stayed with hospitable believers wherever he had meetings.

His preaching was with great passion and entreaty, and those who listened to him preach the Gospel were impressed with the urgency of the message by the urgency of the messenger. Many of the Gospel series he took part in with other brothers continued for six weeks and longer. He was known to use "startling statements," and illustrations very effectively to get his points across to the listeners. Much of his preaching was given to warnings, and the consequences of sin, but he would end with a sincere and earnest entreaty to come to the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation. One of his favorite closing hymns was, "Come every soul by sin oppressed, there's mercy with the Lord." He sometimes would lead the singing of the chorus, "Only trust Him, only trust Him," several times at the end of the hymn. Hundreds of souls were saved all across North America through the preaching of Mr. Herb Harris.

His brother, Russell Harris, also a preacher of the Gospel, went to Prince Edward Island, and after visiting and having meetings there, saw an opportunity for more souls to be saved there and he needed help. He got his brother, Herb, and Mr. A.W. Joyce to go to that island and God was at work there too. Souls were saved and assembly testimonies were established on PEI.

He was in his early fifties preaching on Prince Edward Island during WW2 when a blood clot formed in his leg. He was bedridden in the hospital in Charlottetown with his leg immobile for quite a while. It was there lying on his back and looking at a map in the paper, that he focused on Newfoundland, a part of the UK just off the east coast of Canada. It was a very important location because it was the last stop airplanes had before they crossed the Atlantic Ocean to Great Britain. Gander and Goose Bay became very important to the war effort because of the airbases built there. There was a key harbor in St. John's that was very sheltered and the next stop east from there was Europe. The USA built airbases and navy bases in different places in Newfoundland and Labrador. Many ships were sunk around the shores of Newfoundland by submarines during WW2.

The work of the Gospel was always on Herb Harris' mind and in his heart, and he wondered if there had ever been any brothers from Gospel Hall assemblies who had worked in the Gospel there. It was not part of Canada at that time, so not too much information had been gathered about that island and the Labrador coast. People had left the island to go to work in the USA and Canada, but they didn't go back very often in those days.

Mr. Harris didn't have much to call his own except a car, a suitcase with his clothes, his Bible which he carried in a Bible bag, and a sheaf of notes that he pinned in his Bible with a straight pin to keep them in place when he preached. His Bibles wore out because the pin holes at the bottom of the pages were so full of holes that the lower part of the pages fell off. He also carried a typewriter because his handwriting was so firm it made holes in the paper when he tried to write letters by hand. He always wanted typewriter ribbons that had both black and red ink. At the end of almost every letter he wrote when reporting of some success in the work of the Lord, he would write in red capital letters, "TO GOD BE ALLTHE GLORY!!!"

Herb used to read books about Gospel preaching. George Whitefield, Charles Finney, C.H. Spurgeon, David Brainard, and Puritan preachers were familiar to him. He would read the same books over and over again. He used to say to those of us who worked with him, "I don't want to be a petty teacher. I just want to preach the Gospel." One brother wrote a letter to him, "To the brother whose praise is in the Gospel." He would quite often quote to us if we had been too wordy or got sidetracked in our preaching, "Charles Spurgeon said to his students, 'Paul said, this one thing I do, not these many things I dabble in.' So, young man, just go out and stick with the Gospel."

Mr. Harris never hesitated to preach the same message over and over again. He said one time that he heard a man say, "You never get the full impact of a message until you have preached it thirty times!" He told us, "If souls are brought to Christ when you preach on a certain subject, use it as often as you can as long as it has been born again." It is God who uses His word in His own way and time. He can give light to a dark soul with one short phrase or illustration. "Teaching moments" are important in Gospel preaching and teaching.

THREE

“And a vision appeared to Paul in the night. A man of Macedonia stood and prayed him, saying, ‘Come over to Macedonia and help us.’ And after he had seen the vision, immediately we endeavored to go into Macedonia, assuredly gathering that the Lord had called us for to preach the gospel unto them.” Acts 16:9-10

GOD AT WORK!

Vision

(picture #54 stick 45)

Two young preachers, Douglas Howard and David Adams were holding a series of Gospel meetings in Prince Edward Island, and one day they came to visit Herb Harris in the hospital. He showed the map in the newspaper that was telling about what was happening as war news in Newfoundland and then brought up the subject. “I want to go to Newfoundland and preach the Gospel, and I want you men to go with me when I get out of here.”

David Adams replied, “I can’t go with you because I believe God wants me to go to Cuba and work in the Gospel where my brother Arnold is preaching.” Doug Howard said, “Yes, I would like to go with you.” So as soon as Mr. Harris left the hospital a few weeks later, he and Douglas Howard got on a boat to go to St. John’s, Newfoundland. Before going, they had made inquiries and obtained information from Mr. Brennan and/or Mr. McMullen about Aunt Jessie Snow, and where she lived. When they got to Newfoundland, they went around Conception Bay to Freshwater, near Carbonear, and came to her home.

Aunt Jessie’s first response when they found her in the little small house where she and her husband lived was, “Where have you been all this time? I’ve been waiting for you men to come for years?” She was a well-known lady in the community who would go around at night carrying her hurricane lantern to visit people and talk to her neighbors about salvation and give them Gospel tracts.

During the wartime in the United Kingdom, of which Newfoundland and Labrador was a part, two hours of daylight saving was year around so that at night there were very few if any lights showing. The two preachers put up a tent in Carbonear near the railroad station to have nightly Gospel meetings. They could have the meetings in the evening but it was still light when the meetings were over so people could go home in the daylight. The first place they could find a boarding house was at Harbour Grace, but a lot of people were opposed to them being there because they were accused by the clergy and some others of being German spies. Actually, during that time there was a serious fire in the community of Harbour Grace and some even accused them of setting the fire.

They were able to find a place to board in Carbonear at the home of the Framptons who attended the meetings and whom God saved. Mr. Herb Powell Sr. was a believer who had been saved in the Salvation Army and was a good supporter of the Gospel preachers. The first person saved in those meetings was a young woman named Edith Marshall, the wife

of Tom Marshall. She was familiar with the Gospel having heard it often in the Salvation Army meetings in Hare Bay, Bonavista Bay, where she was born and brought up. She came to Carbonear in service to a family and met and married Tom who lived in Freshwater not far from Aunt Jessie Snow, who had visited her quite often.

Newfoundlanders on the east coast of the island were particularly conscious of the war because men from the German Navy actually came ashore and sank two iron ore carriers that were tied up to the wharf in Bell Island not far from Carbonear. So perhaps, it wasn't too surprising that the opposition toward the two strangers from the "mainland" was such that they were forced by the government to leave the colony. Much of the pressure came from religious leaders who didn't want them preaching the Gospel in "their territory."

They went to Ottawa, Ontario, and applied for visas to be able to return to Newfoundland but it was about two months before they got papers enabling them to return. In the meantime, Mr. Russell Harris came to the island to care for and carry on the new work that was just getting started. Mr. Harris used to tell us about this years later, when the going got tough in places where we younger men were preaching, "When God is working, the devil will try any means possible to stop it. Don't slack. Keep preaching. God has souls there He wants to save!"

The "powers that be" finally gave them the needed papers to go back to Newfoundland, because Canada was a Commonwealth country and they both could prove their Canadian citizenship. They also considered their being in Newfoundland was consistent with what the UK stood for. So, they returned and continued working in the Gospel. Later in the year, Doug Howard left to get married, and he and his new wife settled first in Halifax, NS. Over the next number of years, fellow laborers came from Canada to assist Herb Harris in the work in Conception Bay. Frank Percy, Albert Ramsay, Stanley Simms, Ernest Dellandrea, Wallace Cudmore and others came periodically to help in preaching the Gospel and establishing the work. Some had families and others were single men.

(picture #5 on stick #45)

During the war, Stanley Beasley, an officer in the Navy who was from Orillia, Ontario as well, was stationed in St. John's. He had been saved and was a capable preacher of the Gospel who was asked to preach the Gospel in some churches in St. John's. He also saw some souls reached by the Gospel when he was invited to go down to the east end of Conception Bay. After the war was over and he was discharged from the military, he returned to preach the Gospel at Burnt Point, Western Bay, Old Perlican, and other communities at the eastern end of the peninsula between Conception Bay and Trinity Bay. Souls were saved there and assemblies were established in that area also. He had difficult times while laboring there, but kept pressing ahead with the work in that area as long as he was able. Mr. and Mrs. Alex Stephenson came to join in the work of the Lord in that area in the 1960s. They lived in Old Perlican, Trinity Bay until the outreach work he was doing in the Clarenville area opened up to an assembly being established in Bloomfield.

People in the early part of the assembly work in Carbonear, included Mr. Herb Powell Sr. who used to be involved in taking fish in sailing schooners from Newfoundland to England and Europe. He was an old man when I met him, but he certainly loved the Lord and he was a good asset to the assembly. He was a fairly tall, slender man who always had a word of ministry ready to give to the Lord's people. When sailing schooners were loaded with good salt cod, they would sail out from harbors on the east coast of the island and catch the Gulf Stream not far off shore. In that current they could make fairly good time crossing the Atlantic Ocean. Good Newfoundland fish was desired in the European countries. When they unloaded the fish there, they would load with cargo for Newfoundland and the West Indies. The Gulf Stream circled around the Atlantic and went west from off the coast of Africa and gradually turned north close to the West Indies. There they would off-load some freight and load up with barrels of molasses, and other things including rum.

Mr. Powell said usually they would get back before the ice floes came and they could get to shore without too much problem. But one winter there was a storm and the rigging on the schooner kept freezing up faster than they could break the ice off, so they couldn't get to shore. That winter they had to go back to the Gulf Stream and go all the way around again. They didn't get back until late spring the following year.

Mrs. Mammie Pelley and Mrs. Winnie Pelly were widow ladies who lived together on the south side of Carbonear. Winnie had four daughters, so she had full-time work at the fish plant and as soon as they were old enough, her daughters got work in some of the stores in Carbonear. They had no vehicle, and not much money, but their home was always open to visitors. Quite a number of Mammie Pelly's family connections were saved and were part of the Carbonear assembly. Ed Pelly was trying to get away from the conviction of sin that was bothering him, so one night he went to see a movie, and as soon as the title came up on the screen, he was so convicted that he couldn't rest until he was saved. The title of the movie was, "Heaven Can Wait." He saw those words as a message from God to him telling him he would be lost if he waited to be saved while looking for more of the pleasures of the world.

Frank Pelly was either the youngest in the family or almost the youngest. He had two brothers who had gone to Corner Brook for work, so he decided to go there too when he was in his late teens. While there he was hospitalized with a burst appendix and was dying. Mr. Herb Harris went to see him knowing he was not saved. "How are you Frank," he asked, and Frank answered, "Oh, I'm going to be alright Mr. Harris. I'll be out soon."

Mr. Harris "took the bull by the horns," one of his favorite sayings, and said, "Frank, you are not going to get better. You are dying." Frank could hardly take that in, but he knew Mr. Harris would not say that if it was not true. "But Mr. Harris, I can't die. I'm not ready to die!" Herb Harris opened the Bible and explained the Gospel again to Frank, and this time Frank was ready and willing to listen. Now on his dying bed, his ears were opened to hear the word of God, and his heart was softened. Mr. Harris carefully gave him the Gospel and explained the way of salvation, and Frank accepted the truth of the work of Christ for him as a guilty sinner and put his trust in the Lord Jesus Christ.

A very few minutes later a nurse came to the room and offered Frank a glass of water. "I just got saved nurse," he said. "What's that got to do with a glass of water?" was her response. Frank said, "I won't be in hell where there isn't any water." "I'm not afraid," the nurse scoffed. Mr. Harris told me with tears in his eyes, Frank spoke to that nurse so tenderly; "What nurse? You're not afraid of the everlasting burnings?" Mr. Harris repeated that story often when he was preaching as a warning to people to not put off God's salvation to what they think will be the eleventh hour.

Opposition to the Gospel work was strong at first. Mr. Harris couldn't find anyone willing to sell him a piece of land in Carbonear on which to build a hall for preaching the Gospel. Finally, the man he boarded with said to him, "I haven't much land here but you could probably get a small building in my backyard." So, a Gospel Hall was built with only the entrance able to be seen from the street and the body of the hall was behind the two-story house in front. Souls were saved in that building. It is still the meeting place of the small assembly in Carbonear.

A brother who had professed to be saved, died not too long after they came to Carbonear, but when it came to burying him, local church leaders refused to allow him to be buried in the family plot because he "left the church." There was a real time of testing as the days passed, and appeals were made to the lieutenant governor, who finally told the churchmen (he was the king's representative and the king was the head of the Church), "Bury that man today!" So, the funeral was held in the little Gospel Hall and the bier was carried to the gate of the graveyard. From there it was taken by other people and buried. It was then Mr. Harris realized that a cemetery was needed by each local assembly outside of the main cities.

A Gospel Hall was built in Flat Rock, near Freshwater, and meetings were held there for several years. Aunt Elizabeth Snow, Aunt Minnie Snow, and some others who lived in that area were saved as a result of the efforts in that place. Bill and Lillian Butt were saved there and then moved to Corner Brook where he found steady work as a carpenter. Most of the men from Flat Rock would go to St. John's to work during the week and stay in boarding houses, coming home just on the weekends to be with their families. The road and the buses that went "around the bay" Friday evenings were filled with cars and people who needed the work they could get in the city, but wanted their children raised in the style of life found in the out-ports. Sunday afternoons and evenings, the road was filled with traffic going into St. John's. Stanley Simms and his family spent a lot of time in Gospel work in Flat Rock. In the 1960s the provincial government had a "centralization project" in which people in small settlements were paid to leave their homes and move to large centers where the schools would be consolidated, electricity would be available, health care facilities would be more accessible, etc. Flat Rock was one of those places, so the little Gospel Hall there was closed.

For twenty years or more, there was a large Sunday School that nearly filled the Carbonear hall. Even though the assembly was small, the Gospel message went into many homes in that community through the children and later through, the next

generation of children. In past years, there were some from the St. John's assembly who used to go to Carbonear and assist in the meetings there on the Lord's Day as the numbers of people attending dwindled due to younger people moving away for work. In the last twenty years or so there has not been quite so much of an exercise to do that. There are second and third-generation people who had connections with those who were there at the beginning, but many years have come and gone and most people are committed to where they live for the most part, and life seems to have become much more complicated now.

There is a new demographic in society today in which people, want to "do their own thing" when they want to do it at their convenience. In the earlier days, instead of people taking a holiday and going away to some distant place, they would go to visit from one assembly to another and have meals in their homes without wondering whether it was good enough or not. When people came from other places to their community, it was no big deal to share what food they had and for children and sometimes adults, to sleep on the floor so the visitors could have the beds. Their joy was in being with people, and sharing meaningful times together as well as helping to support the work in which another assembly was engaged. Young people have moved away, and older people have died. There are a few faithful believers who still meet there at the time of this writing. Cron and Louise Lynch have recently gone home to heaven, and Ernest and Beverly Powell and three other sisters are in the assembly now. They have a desire for the things of God and they love the assembly and the Lord's people, but it remains to be seen how long that work can continue. Faithful sisters in Christ still commit themselves to the assembly in Carbonear, and perhaps the Lord still has work to be done there

Seventy-six years have passed and times are changing all over Newfoundland as well as the world in general. Newfoundland out-ports, for the most part, are getting smaller, and most small communities have only older people living there. Young people get an education and go to the cities to practice what they learned. We are thankful for the first assembly gathered to the name of the Lord Jesus Christ alone that still shines as a light in this dark world.

Since the church age began, assemblies have been formed, have been a testimony for several generations, and then have concluded for some reason. For a local house of God to close is not evidence of failure particularly, because any number of reasons can cause that to happen. The changing dynamics of an area may make it necessary for people to move away to get work. Resistance toward the Gospel over the years has kept people from attending the meetings of an assembly or even paying heed to personal testimonies because the social costs are too high for them to be willing to pay. "Fear of man bringeth a snare." Even children of believers find it more than they are willing to pay to trust Christ, so they choose to be like everyone around them and lose their souls.

For many years, Gospel preaching in the Carbonear area by the believers from that assembly has left hundreds of people without excuse for rejecting the Gospel. Many of us have joined the local brothers and sisters of the Carbonear assembly in open-air meetings on Water Street in Carbonear, at Harbour Grace, Victoria Village, and other places in that

part of Conception Bay and have been impressed with how many people have said they have listened to the Gospel from the south side to the top of the hill. Mr. Ernie Dellandrea spent a lot of time in that area preaching in the open air.

Mr. Frank Percy and Mr. Wallace Cudmore were having some discouraging meetings in one place and so decided to have some open-air meetings. They went to Heart's Content to preach and when they put hymns on the loudspeaker, a good number of people gathered to listen. Mr. Percy had a deep clear voice and so his voice resonated well in open-air meetings. Mr. Cudmore had a high voice that could be a bit shrill when he raised it a bit high and shouted a little too loud. They had parked their vehicle near a fence, and when Mr. Cudmore got going and his message really stirred his soul, his voice got higher and higher. A dog that had been lying by the house near the vehicle must have found the pitch more than he could take, so the dog ran up to the fence, put his head up high, and began to howl.

That stopped Wallace Cudmore because the sound went over the loudspeaker all over Heart's Content. When he stopped speaking the dog stopped howling. When he started speaking again, the dog started his howling again. He did that, three times, and the dog did the same thing each time. Frustrated he said, not realizing the loudspeaker was carrying his words, he said, "Let's go, Frank! The devil's in that dog!"

Over the years of public testimony on the south side of Trinity Bay, there has been a lot of open-air preaching. On many occasions there have been ten to twenty vehicles, and occasionally even more, with people listening to the whole meeting, as brothers told their testimony to people who knew them. One man who stopped to listen, told me that it was hard to believe that a particular brother who he knew in his unsaved days, was so able to clearly preach the Gospel. "It's not hard to understand what he says," was his comment. "What a change there is in that man!"

FOUR

“Then spake the Lord to Paul in the night by a vision, ‘Be not afraid, but speak, hold not thy peace: for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee: for I have much people in this city.’ And he continued there a year and six months, teaching the word of God among them.”

GOD AT WORK!

In the city

(Picture #45 on #45) (#16 on #45)

Mr. Harris became concerned that there should be a work begun in the capital city of Newfoundland and Labrador, and so went to the city to find a place to board, as well as a place to preach the Gospel. When the WW2 ended, there were quite a lot of empty buildings in different parts of the city that hadn't developed too much past Cashin Avenue except for gravel roads leading in different directions where there were homes built along the sides of the road. Blackmarsh Road went one direction. Mundy Pond Road and Empire Avenue went westward and also Freshwater Road. The main entrance to the city was on Topsail Road. Between Munday Pond Road and Empire Avenue, was Pennywell Road and a lot of open space. Herb Harris was able to get a piece of land there to put a tent on for Gospel meetings.

In June of 1946, Herb Harris and Doug Howard put a tent up on Pennywell Road in St. John's and put an ad in the paper inviting people to come to the Gospel meetings to be held there. A young man named Albert Barbour was reading the paper and saw the ad. He and his wife attended that first meeting with another couple and after ten days of attending each night Albert was saved. His wife was saved a couple of days later. It is interesting to learn how God reaches precious souls. Sometimes there are quite a few things that lead up to that particular time. The Holy Spirit works in His own time and way.

Edgar and Jemima Barbour who lived in Newtown, Bonavista Bay, had four children: Raymond, Elizabeth, Albert and Anita. He had traveled to the Labrador fishing along with all of the other family members. But he was also a good carpenter. He suffered with a sickness called pernicious anemia. In the early-1900's he moved with his family to Curling on the west coast of Newfoundland to work on the building of the Bowater Pulp Mill. He finally got too sick to work and died at a fairly young age. Jemima was from Brookfield and her maiden-name was Gaulton. She told me she was saved as a girl of 16 when some fishermen from another bay came down the Bonavista North shore and had cottage meetings in homes during the winter. It was in one of those meetings in the off-season and in a house meeting, she understood that the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son cleansed her from all her sin.

After her husband died, she had a very hard time meeting the needs of the family. Her widow's allowance was 6 cents a day or around \$1.80 a month. Obviously there had to be other means of getting a living. Raymond worked wherever he could. He was a teenager when his father died. Albert dropped out of the fourth grade and went to work too, to help

make a living for the struggling family. On fishing boats, two boys would equal a man in working for their share of the catch. The boys would load schooners with sand by hand to take to builders in St. John's. In the winter they would go into the country with a hand sled with a sail on it, and a dog to help pull the load. They would cut wood and bring it home for the year's supply, however as the years past they had to go farther each year to get wood. Sometimes in the winter, ducks would fly along the shore and cross some land where telegraph wires ran. Some ducks would run into the wires and the Barbour boys, along with a lot of others, would get the ducks and take home for food.

The fishery was conducted on the Labrador, from schooners that left out-ports like Newtown, and went in the spring to various bays and islands along the Labrador coast. "A room" was a special place where a skipper could put out his cod-traps and claim that space for himself for the summer. A crew of men was determined by the size of the boat. Some crews would have shacks built on shore where they could sleep and eat. Sometimes a woman would be part of the crew and she would cook the meals for the crew of men.

One summer, Albert Barbour who was really only a boy, was on a schooner owned by another Barbour family, and was injured by lifting too much. The muscles of his chest were strained and he had to be sewn up in canvas like he was wearing a corset. He was not able to work, so some time later, he caught a ride on another schooner that was full of fish earlier than the one he was on, and was on the way home. The winds were favorable and high so the schooner moved along at a good speed. It was loaded down and the water would often come right over the deck as the ship moved along. Late one rainy, windy night the helmsman saw cliffs right ahead of the boat and all hands were called up to try and bring the boat around without wrecking it on the rocks. The motor boat, called a trap-skiff, was cut off because it was hindering the turn. Sails were adjusted to the best angle and then the skipper called for all hands to pray. Albert prayed that if God would get him out of that alive, he would try to find God.

God, in mercy, did preserve his life and the schooner never wrecked on those rocks. The problem was there was enough iron in the rocks of the "Iron Bound Islands" to draw the compass on the boat away from the right course. When Albert got back to Newtown and, keeping his promise to find God, went to the front after a church service in the United Church and made a public confession. However, he did not become a Christian then, although he thought he was. The profession of salvation lasted only until he went to the seal fishery later and got into things he knew were not right. He did not have the Holy Spirit inside to give him the life of God needed to live as a Christian should.

Albert Barbour was quick on his feet, so hopping from pan to pan of ice out where the "patch" of seals was, didn't faze him much. Each man had a bag of a mixture of oatmeal and raisins to chew on as food while they were getting the seals. The gaff had a hook on one end so they could pull an ice pan close to jump on if necessary. The handle of the gaff was long enough to generally span two pans of ice so if the man fell in the water, he would have a way to pull himself up onto the ice, or wait until someone else pulled him up.

When the weather was too bad, or the ship was stuck in the ice, about all they could do to pass the time away was sleep if they could on the seal pelts in the hold, tell stories or step-dance. Albert was always the best step-dancer, but after he had gone to the front in the church, he thought it would be a sin to dance. After a long time of boredom and being picked at by other young men to get out and dance, because “you’re the best dancer aboard,” he said, “I threw my religion overboard and stepped it out!”

There was a nice girl who lived in the community of Newtown named Sadie Way. Her father was a merchant. He had gone to Vancouver, BC years before and worked on a ferry from Horseshoe Bay to Nanimo, on Vancouver Island. He must’ve got some money together and when he returned, he started a business and then was able to get married to Lillian Blundon from Catalina on the Bonavista Peninsula. His business was quite successful and from that family came a dried fish plant in Newtown and later a fresh fish plant in Valleyfield. Cluney was the oldest son, then came Sadie, then Boyd, Daphne, Frank and Doris. Albert Barbour wanted Sadie Way to be his wife. How was a poor boy from a fatherless family to cross the social barrier to reach the daughter of a Newfoundland out-port business man? That was no small task because class distinction was quite prevalent and still is in many parts of North America. Albert was up to the task though and was able by force of personality, determination and humor to ultimately win the young upper-class lady. Any comments I could make about life in Newtown, Bonavista Bay and life in the “hard times” of the 1930’s, would be less than is needed to give a true picture.

Imagine working without any real assurance of getting enough returns to meet your basic needs during the long, cold winters of that North Atlantic island. Fishing on the Labrador in the summer fishery, really only paid off (nearly) debts that were incurred during the winter. Seal hunting on the ice for a month or two in the dead of winter, without assurance of getting enough money to take home, gave the only hope for some real cash money. But respect, honor, self-reliance and trust in God gave many people the character to live in a difficult place, in difficult times and come out with the skills to make their way in the modern world and succeed admirably.

In the late 1930’s and the first half of the 1940’s, the Second World War was fought in many parts of the world. Many lives were lost during that time in the North Atlantic as convoys of ships and airplanes left Newfoundland to cross the ocean. Nazi U-Boats, gales of wind, icebergs – there were all kinds of obstacles in the way of getting needed war material to Europe. Ships were sunk all around Newfoundland and Labrador in sight of land. Many were rescued by Newfoundlanders who were water-wise and knew how to deal with such elements. Newfoundlanders by the thousands went to sea in the British Navy and ships of the Merchant Marine.

FROM A BAYMAN TO A TOWNIE

Albert Barbour left Newtown and went to St. John’s to work on the building of Fort Pepperell. He and his brother Raymond who was nine years older, worked as carpenters in St. John’s from then on. Not long after Albert got to St. John’s, Sadie Way also went to St. John’s, and it was there she married Albert in November of 1941. The first place they

lived was on Freshwater Road in a small place. Then they moved to Campbell Avenue and finally to a house on Mundy Pond Road where they were living in one part of the house and Raymond and Carrie Barbour were in the other part of the house in June of 1946. Linda June was born on June 29, 1944 the oldest of eight children that would form the clan of Albert and Sadie Barbour. She became my wife January 27, 1965. In order of age the children born into the family after Linda were Edgar, Doris, Lillian, Elizabeth, Louise, Steven and Ruth.

In the summer of 1946, a Gospel Tent was pitched just off Pennywell Road and one Sunday evening Albert was reading the Evening Telegram and saw an advertisement to Evangelistic Meetings in a tent. He and Sadie along with his sister and her husband went to the first tent meeting that Sunday evening. He and Sadie were greatly taken with the meeting and the preachers, while the other two never went back.

Albert told Sadie after the meeting, "These men are of God," and resolved to go to every meeting. He would leave the Mundy Pond house early in the morning to walk to work. On his way home from work he would stop at his mother's apartment on Campbell Avenue, change from work clothes to clean clothes, go to the tent for the meeting and after the meeting he would go home to the house on Mundy Pond Road. He did this for 10 days straight, wanting more and more to get God's salvation. On the 26th of June he told his wife he was going to be saved that day. He went to the meeting early and talked to Mr. Douglas Howard, but nothing happened. He listened to the preaching, but nothing happened. He talked to both preachers, Mr. Herb Harris and Mr. Douglas Howard, after the meeting, but nothing happened. When he got home, Sadie asked him if he was saved and he said, "No." Just as soon as he said that, a verse came to his mind he had heard, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved and thy house," and he understood immediately what it meant.

"Sadie, I am saved," and standing in the middle of the kitchen floor he came into the light of God's salvation. He was the first one who professed to be saved when brethren Harris and Howard started Gospel meetings in St. John's. Sadie was saved a short time later through the words of Isaiah 53:5,6. From that time on, the two of them together were an integral part of the life of the assembly that meets in the Gospel Hall on Smith Avenue, not far from where the Gospel Tent was pitched in 1946. Albert served as an elder from the beginning of the work there and the Barbour home was a place where all of the people who came felt welcomed.

A number of people were saved during those tent meetings. Mr. Harris was able to find an empty building that he could buy, not far from where the tent had been pitched. It had been a "wet canteen" during the war years, and was of a suitable size to hold meetings in. For two years Mr. Harris, Mr. Frank Percy, Mr. Albert Ramsay, and other men who came to help Mr. Harris, had series of meetings for preaching the Gospel and teaching new believers. Raymond and Carrie Barbour, Mrs. Mercer, Mrs. Blackwood and others were saved during those early years of the Lord's work in St. John's by brothers who gathered in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Mr. Herb Harris used to leave early Lord's Day morning and drive out to Carbonear for the breaking of bread meeting in the morning and the Sunday School in the afternoon. Then they would leave and drive back to St. John's in time to have a Gospel meeting in the hall on Smith Avenue, just off Pennywell Road. The drive each way to Carbonear would take about two hours or more in those days. He tried to have at least one or two of the brothers from St. John's go with him, and they learned a lot about assembly life and how to lead God's people during those four hours with Mr. Harris in his car. Albert Barbour was received into the fellowship of the assembly at Carbonear during those two years.

In the late 1940s there were a lot of people in St. John's who didn't have motor vehicles, so it wasn't uncommon for a lot of people to be walking on the streets and sidewalks of the city. The preachers who came to help Mr. Harris were, for the most part, younger men who had strong voices, and he felt preaching in the open air on street corners, was a good place for them to spread the Gospel. That exercise was picked up by the believers who we saved in St. John's and that kind of outreach evangelism still continues. Mr. Ephraim Freake had a strong voice, so when he stepped out to preach, he would clear his throat with a "Ahem," or two, and then say, "Ladies and gentlemen..." and he would go right at the Gospel. He had some very significant war-stories that he had experienced that clearly illustrated the Gospel.

Mr. Harris made it a point of telling us all who preached in the open air, to keep it simple. Stick to one verse or at the most two. Whenever you speak, repeat, repeat and repeat again what you have just said. Then tell the folks the same thing again, because many will only stay for five minutes and then will move on. Meetings on Barter's Hill were sometimes so well attended that there was a danger of traffic being blocked. Then later in the 1960s, open-air meetings were held on the west end of Water Street. Later that was not allowed so the open-air meeting after the Gospel meeting in the Gospel Hall, was held right on the waterfront.

There were times when the "white fleet" from Portugal was in, and usually there were boats from many parts of Newfoundland, mainland Canada and the world, tied up at the waterfront. The crowds weren't there on the street, but people would listen from the short streets that came from Water Street to the waterfront. Sunday afternoons there were open-air meetings in various places from St. Phillips to The Brow. In later times, Conception Bay South has been the main place for open-air preaching.

In 1948, there were enough believers who had been saved and baptized in St. John's to begin to function as a scriptural assembly with both men and women who were saved and baptized. Part of the reason for waiting for those two years, was that the men there were in their mid-twenties and needed to learn what it means to lead people as well as to participate publicly and speak on behalf of all the believers.

The Barbour's stayed on in St. John's and the weight of the Gospel work the Lord had begun there, gradually shifted from Mr. Harris to the people who lived in the city and were a part of the company of Christians who gathered in the name of the Lord Jesus

Christ alone. Mr. Harris placed a lot of confidence in Albert Barbour and knew he had the heart of a true shepherd. His advice was always considered when Mr. Harris asked for it. Albert Barbour passed away when he was ninety years old. His wife, Mrs. Sadie Barbour, is still in fairly good health at age ninety-eight.

It is important in serving the Lord by serving His people, that both husband and wife understand how important it is to be united in the work. We each have a role to fill, and although some people might think it is more important to be a spokesman for the assembly in meetings and in public responsibility, the unseen and often unrecognized work of the wives of elders have the responsibility of making things actually happen. Much of what keeps an assembly going forward is done by faithful sisters who see what needs to be done, and do it without a whole lot of fanfare and fuss.

Newfoundland hospitality was well-known in the past, and many of the Lord's people from different parts of the province found a home away from home, when they went to St. John's for schooling, medical help and business reasons, in the homes of those early Christians. There was very little money but a lot of heart, hospitality and Christian-love.

Regatta Day in St. John's was usually the day when the assembly had the Sunday School picnic. Parents of the children who attended the Sunday School would often find a day at Lester's field or some other place, about the only special day in the summer holiday. Old and young would be there and participate in the games and have a wonderful picnic dinner.

In the winter, there would be a Sunday School program at the Gospel Hall around Christmas time, where children would have a part in the program and parents and relatives would come to hear their children, and then hear a Gospel message. There a meal would be served and at the end prizes and gifts would be given out. That began nearly seventy years ago, and still continues.

FIVE

-“Wherefore brethren, look ye out among you seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom, whom we may appoint over this business. But we will give ourselves continually to prayer, and to the ministry of the word.” Acts 6:5, 6

GOD AT WORK!

Developing leaders

(#4 in #45)

Ephraim Freake, who was born and raised in the community of Joe Batt’s Arm on Fogo Island, moved to St. John’s after the war was over. As a young man before the war, he was visiting an older brother at Norris Arm in Notre Dame Bay, and while there went with his brother to hear the Gospel preached in a Pentecostal church there. Convicted that he was a sinner, that night he began to weep under the striving of the Holy Spirit. His brother Eli who was sitting by him said to him, “Salvation’s not in tears, Eph; it is one look at Christ.” When he looked to the One who suffered for his sins on the cross, Ephraim Freake was saved that night. Shortly after that, he went into the British Navy in 1939 and spent all the years of the war on warships. He was under fire from enemy planes and ships many times, but the Lord preserved him.

During the war, he travelled to many parts of the world on warships and had seen many hard sights. Experiencing battle day after day is very hard on a man, but in grace the Lord had saved him before he went into the British Navy, and He kept his young servant all through the difficult times and testing of faith and of courage. He heard the Gospel being preached in the open-air in England and it was there he came in contact with some assembly believers. It was also there he met the young sister who was a believer in Christ and in the assembly there, so he went there and met with the saints gathered in the Lord’s name. It was there he was accepted into fellowship although much of the time he was at sea during those hard times.

He met and married his wife Pearl, who was a believer living at Ipswich, England. Then went to the assembly there and it was there their first child, Sheila was born. When the war was over, Pearl and Sheila came across to Canada on a ship with many other war-brides and the Freakes came to live in St. John’s. Walking the road one night they saw the Gospel tent and met Mr. Harris and Mr. Howard. They both knew from the first night that what they were hearing in St. John’s was what they knew was the same as they had been a part of in Ipswich.

A letter to the brethren in Ipswich, and the reply he received, assured Mr. Harris that Mr. and Mrs. Freake had been in happy fellowship in England, and they were commended to the saints at St. John’s even though there was no breaking of bread meeting at yet at 47 Smith Avenue. From then on, they associated with the assembly work started in the capital city. Mrs. Mercer, Mrs. Blackwood and other women professed to be saved at that time. Mrs. Carrie Barbour and soon after Raymond Barbour were saved, and the assembly began to break bread in remembrance of the Lord Jesus Christ in 1948. Albert Barbour and Ephraim Freake were raised up by the Holy Spirit to give leadership and guidance to the saints who gathered there in a former “wet-canteen” that was made into a

Gospel Hall. There are still a few vestiges of that original building around which the present hall is built. Instead of facing the street as originally, Mr. Harris wanted the building moved to be sideways to the street and a basement under it. Then a few years later an entrance was built, and the building has been rebuilt twice since then.

Mr. Harris had contacts on the west coast of Newfoundland at Corner Brook, so in 1950 he took the "Newfie Bullet," a narrow-gauge train across the island to start a new work. He could see that both Mr. Barbour and Mr. Freake were shepherds at heart and they had a care for the Lord's people even though they were still in their twenties. Mr. Barbour, my father-in-law said to me often, "I had an awful sinking feeling in my stomach when I saw Mr. Harris get on that train. I knew he wouldn't be coming back very often." The weight of responsibility for the assembly was heavy that day, and it still was on his heart until the Lord took him home over 60 years later.

At that time there was no road all the way across the island so there wasn't much coming and going between the west and east coasts. There were a lot of schooners that still carried freight, coal and other supplies to stores that started out from Nova Scotia or St. John's and went to all the small settlements around the coast. Captain Jack Blackwood, the husband of Mrs. Blackwood who was in the assembly in St. John's, had a schooner of his own and carried a lot of coal from North Sydney to all parts of Newfoundland and Labrador. When he was older, the Blackwoods moved to Toronto where he was a captain of the ferry that went to Toronto Island. When He was in Toronto, God saved him by his grace when he was convicted by the Holy Spirit working on a ladder on the outside of his house. It is not often one who has heard the Gospel for many years and put off salvation, is born again as an older person. That should assure us all in our witness to others, that while there is life, there is hope.

From Clarenville to Whitbourne if you had a vehicle, it had to be put on a flatcar and taken by train through that section. There were "coastal boats" that travelled from St. John's to Corner Brook and back, stopping at all the major communities all around the shores of Newfoundland. Mail, food supplies, passengers and all kinds of freight was taken to villages and off-loaded into scows, motor boats, dories and sometimes they were able to tie up at a wharf in the two-week journey.

(#46 on # stick45)

Quite a number of the same preachers who helped Herb Harris in other places, also came to preach the Gospel and teach the small assembly in St. John's. A number of women professed to be saved and some of the children of the families of believers were saved and added to the assembly. Others were saved in the meetings in St. John's as other preaching brethren came to participate in that work. Douglas and Muriel Howard and their young family moved to St. John's for a few years. Donald Moffat and his family moved into St. John's from Ontario and he began a radio broadcast called the "Newfoundland Gospel Hour." He would go down to the radio station and give his Gospel message live on CJON. Donald Jamison was the owner of the station and He and Don Moffatt had a good many talks together in relation to what Mr. Moffatt preached. Before too long, Mr. Moffatt got a good tape recorder and the messages were taped. That

program was well received all across the island on a private radio network. He asked a brother in Los Angeles, California, Alex Morrison, who had a beautiful tenor voice to make recordings of Gospel hymns that would appeal to people who lived by the sea. Many people found “Will your anchor hold in the storms of life;” “Throw out the lifeline;” “I was drifting away on life’s pitiless sea;” and other old-time favorites, a reason not to miss the Newfoundland Gospel Hour. It soon found acceptance in many places beside Newfoundland and Labrador so the name was changed to “The Family Bible Hour.”

Bible conferences were held in St. John’s and believers from the assemblies “around the bay” would come into St. John’s for fellowship and teaching. Then when the conference was held at Burnt Point or Western Bay, believers from St. John’s and Carbonear would go there to at the time of the conferences there.

An interest was found in Bishop’s Cove in Conception Bay about fifteen miles from Carbonear. Actually, the first connection there was made through the radio broadcast, “The Newfoundland Gospel Hour.” Mr. Don Moffatt contacted Mr. Harris who made Corner Brook the place he worked out from at that time, and Herb Harris went to Bishops Cove to seek to open up another outreach with the Gospel.

Newfoundland and Labrador had just come into confederation with Canada, and was now aligned with Canada, not Great Britain. A portable hall was built and put up in Bishop’s Cove across the road from the home of Tom and Emma Lynch. Their large family was grown up and gone on their own to different parts of Canada including other places in Newfoundland. Harvey Lynch had been saved hearing the Gospel in the People’s Church in Toronto. Then his step-brothers, Archie Sharp and Cron Lynch, and a step-sister, Emma were saved. So, the Lynch’s had a connection with the Gospel, although Uncle Tom couldn’t read the Bible. Both he and Aunt Emma knew the Bible was true and had confidence in the truth preached from it.

Uncle Tom was plowing with his horse in a small field where he grew potatoes, and was under real conviction of sin. Finally, he could stand it no longer and he stopped the horse, took off his hat and put his pipe in his pocket. He told me, “I said to the Lord, Lord this is Tom. They told me in the Gospel meeting that you are willing to save bad sinners, and that your Son died for their sins. Well, I am certainly a sinner, and that means He died for me. Thank You very much.” He had responded just like the Bible says, “Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord, shall be saved.” Aunt Emma Lynch was burdened about her sins and was saved that day in her home. They rejoiced together over salvation even though they were well up in years. God in His mercy took them both home to heaven the same day, and they were buried together in the same place at the same time.

There were others the Lord saved in Bishop’s Cove over a number of years, but there was not the number of saved men there to be able to have an assembly. Mr. Ernie Dellandrea spent a lot of time over the years working in the Gospel at Bishop’s Cove and the surrounding areas. He had open air meetings each summer in many areas within fifty miles of Bishop’s Cove.

Ken Taylor and I were having Gospel meetings in the old Bishop's Cove hall in the mid 60's. We were staying with Uncle Tom and Aunt Emma Lynch. During the day we were visiting around the area of Upper Island Cove and Bishop's Cove but weren't getting too many people out at night. Uncle Tom was always out around talking to people he knew. One evening Ken and I came back to the house around suppertime and were a bit discouraged with the lack of interest. Uncle Tom on the other hand, was as high in spirits as could be.

"How did it go today, brudders," he asked? "Did you get any good talks around?"
"We had a few good visits Uncle Tom, but can't get people to say they will come to the meeting."

"Well boys," he started in, "I was on me way down to the Post today when I sees coming toward me a strange car. Every now and then 'e stops and lets out two people with some packages and then comes on and shortly lets off two more. 'Ah ha,' sez I to me self, 'Russellites.' So, I slows me steps until I meets two women coming off one bridge and coming out through the gate to go to the next house. 'Good day ladies,' sez I, 'You're strangers in our town. What are you selling today?'"

'Oh, we're not selling anything, although we have these papers for 10 cents. If you don't have the 10 cents, we can give it to you.'

'What are the papers about? Are they some kind of catalogue,' sez I although I knew what they were?

'Oh no, this is not a catalogue. This tells about the Bible and about the kingdom. This tells how you can be a part of Jehovah's kingdom and escape Armageddon. Would you like to have one?'

'No, me ladies; I have a Bible, so I guess I don't need a book *about* the Bible. Tell me, have you been born again? Are you saved from hell and are you going to heaven? You know the Bible says you have to be born again to enter the kingdom of God. You know the Bible says you have to be saved or you will be in hell.'

And so, Uncle Tom got into a real preach with these ladies who tried to talk to him. He didn't let them get a word in edgewise until he wanted. By this time a lot of people had gathered around and was encouraging him on. Finally, having got the audience he wanted, he stopped his preach and asked, 'Now ladies you haven't answered the question; are you going to heaven or hell?'"

The two JW women replied by saying no more people were going to heaven and hell was the grave but if he would just listen to them, they would clear all these things up for him. Then if he would read this book, it would tell him how he could be a part of Jehovah's kingdom. And they tried to take over the conversation but Uncle Tom was having none of it.

"Now listen 'ere ladies. You comes into our town and tell us that heaven's full and there's no hell and all of us here know that there is a heaven where saved people go and

there is a hell where unsaved people go. You are here to deceive us. You are *not* telling about the Bible but about some other book. Now everybody here knows you are wrong. You two women need to be saved. You need to repent of your sins.” And Uncle Tom was off on another lengthy preach with people all around saying, “That’s right, Tom.” “You tell them Tom.”

Mr. Lynch wouldn’t let the two women go on down the road but kept the road blocked with people until the Jehovah’s Witness car driver came along and squeezed through the crowd so the two women could get in. He had been able to preach the Gospel to a whole crowd of people in his own town, while they considered he was telling the Gospel to the two women.

God uses any person who is available and ready to do his work even though he may not be able to read a word. Every Christian needs to look for opportunities to witness for his Lord. If we are looking for them, we will usually find them.

(#3 on stick #45)

The believers who met at the Smith Avenue Gospel Hall were quite active in the Gospel. When the weather was suitable, they had open air meetings on Barter’s Hill on Sunday. There were a few times when they went up on “The Brow” of the southside hills for open air preaching but it wasn’t listened to as well there as other locations. When I first went to St. John’s, most of the open-air meetings were held on the new waterfront that had taken the place of individual piers previously owned by each major business. Mr. Freake had a voice well suited to open air preaching and he loved to reach out in that way with the Gospel. Those who knew him and heard him speak, will remember him clearing his throat and saying loudly, “Ladies and gentlemen...” and away he would go with his Gospel message.

Quite a number of young people were saved by God’s grace in the 1950s. Albert Barbour picked up a hitchhiker named Bob Harvey and invited him to a meeting. He eventually came and then his friend, Hezekiah Hewitt and the work of God continues through many of those same people today in various places where the influence of people who were saved when they were young still has an impact.

A loudspeaker system helped all of the brothers to be able to reach out to the people who would stop to listen as well as those who passed by. Most of the young brethren of the assembly got their start in Gospel preaching in the open-air meetings. These still continue in Conception Bay South each summer. A trailer that opens up to provide a preaching platform, now makes it easier for people to drive up in their cars and park and listen to the Gospel each Lord’s Day evening after the Gospel meeting in the Gospel Hall.

Other assembly activities were hospital visiting at the Old General Hospital. In earlier times, patients were usually in wards. There was a men’s ward and a women’s ward, and there was an open opportunity to give out tracts and Gospel literature and speak to the people. Young and older sisters would go to the wards on Sunday afternoon, and found a

lot of times there were people anxious to see them and take the tracts and have someone talk to them.

Many people came into St. John's from the out-ports because that was the place where most major surgeries took place, and patients were alone with no one they knew to visit them. There was also a TB sanatorium in St. John's because in those early years of the assembly, TB was the major sickness in the whole province. People would be in "The San" for a year, and sometimes two years, before they were able to go home. At that time, it was a very communicable disease being spread in the water people drank from communal wells, or in the milk of untested cows that were free to wander all through the villages.

Mr. Fred Holder was having Gospel meetings in St. John's, Newfoundland. Mr. and Mrs. Janes were coming out to those meetings regularly. Mr. Janes was a religious man who had been a church sexton; the man, who rings the bell, adjusts the seating and other duties before a church service begins. He had been working on a schooner when a rope wrapped around his leg, tightened and cut his leg off just below the knee. He was able to get around fairly well on his wooden leg. One night after the Gospel meeting, he indicated to Mr. Holder he would like to talk to him. He wanted to be saved. He also assured Mr. Holder he wanted to be saved now.

"What do you want me to do?" Mr. Holder asked him.
"I would like you to pray with me so I can be saved."

So, the two of them knelt down in the auditorium and prayed. When they finished praying, Fred Holder turned to Mr. Alan Janes and asked, "Are you saved yet?"
"No," came the answer, "Not yet."
"What else do you want me to do?"
"Would you read the Bible to me?"

So, Mr. Holder took out his Bible and for quite some time read and explained scripture verses to the anxious man who wanted to be saved. After the reading, Mr. Holder turned to Mr. Janes and inquired, "Are you saved yet?"
"No, not yet" came the answer once again from the earnest seeker.
"What else would you want me to do?"
"Well, I guess the only thing left to do is sing a hymn."

So, the two of them took hymnbooks and sang a hymn there in the hall. When the last notes of the hymn were sung, Mr. Holder turned to Mr. Janes and asked, "Are you saved yet?"
"No, not yet."
"What else do you want me to do?"

Mr. Janes responded quietly, "I guess there's nothing else you can do."
"That's right. There's nothing I can do. There's nothing you can do either. Everything has already been done by the Lord Jesus Christ alone. He now offers you a finished

work. He expects you to accept what He has done without adding anything to it. Salvation is offered freely, fully and completely finished.”

Mr. Alan Janes finally understood the truth that eternal life is a gift. It is not earned. It is not the result of his efforts. It is the life God gives to any person who accepts the gift that the Lord Jesus Christ paid for with His life on the cross of Calvary.

Over the course of years, a number of tent outreaches have been made in the St. John’s area in an attempt to reach out from the Gospel Hall to people who don’t even know about the Gospel Hall or are more willing to come into a meeting in a more neutral setting. There was a recession during the 1970s when there were spaces to rent in the Village Mall, and the assembly rented an empty store location and had a Gospel booth where people could get literature, come and talk privately and look at the displays that were linked with various Gospel subjects. Some who were saved as a result of that effort prompted another assembly outreach to Mt. Pearl.

A number of changes of doctrine and practice took place in the late 1960s and the 1970, that disturbed a lot of religious church people in Newfoundland and Labrador. In one church, hymns that made mention of the “blood” of Christ were removed. A Sunday School curriculum down-played or tried to explain away the miracles in the Bible, including those our Lord Jesus Christ performed to authenticate His authority and proof His deity. A number of young men from an athletic club in St. John’s had made contact with Mr. Harvey Lynch who they knew was a Bible-believing Christian. He in turn wanted a Gospel effort in Mt. Pearl which happened in a short time. A number of those young men professed to be saved as well as some who were acquainted with them. Before long there was a good number who professed to be saved including Tony Ennis and his wife who live in Mt. Pearl at the present time and are part of the assembly in St. John’s.

Souls were saved over quite a period of years though efforts in Mt. Pearl. Marvin Derksen spent a lot of time working that part of the St. John’s metro area. Those efforts included tent meetings in the summer, and on-going Gospel meetings. Children’s meetings and Bible studies were held in a building in that nearby community. A building was purchased and used for a number of years, but the work didn’t expand to the place where a second assembly was planted in the capital city area. A lot of Seed Sowers activity happened over the years and the seed of the word of God has been planted in outlying communities as well in St. John’s itself.

Certain days in the year stand out as days of special importance. They are not all government holidays, but may be holidays with a difference. One of those is Armistice Day. On the 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month, the treaty ending the First World War was signed. Since that time red poppies have been sold and worn in lapels as a reminder of people who died in that war. A lot of Newfoundlanders died in that war.

When we lived in St. John’s, we were in a city that was a jumping off place for North Americans to cross the Atlantic on route to European wars. A War Memorial was erected

between Water Street and Duckworth Street that is very impressive. The different military services are represented there and every November 11th a special parade comes down Duckworth Street traveling east past the memorial and then swings down to Water Street, coming to a halt in front of the War Memorial.

I wanted our girls to see the significance of that place, so at times we took up a place on Duckworth Street and watched the parade. A few of years ago, we were back in St. John's on November 11th so I went down as in times past. Up the street I could hear the marching bands playing. By and by the police cars came by clearing traffic from the street. Then came the colors being carried by people from the different military services flanked by gun-carrying servicemen. After them came the first of the bands playing marching songs. Interspersed between the bands marched the cadets; boys and girls wearing uniforms like miniature soldiers, sailors and airmen. Following them came the real military with some military vehicles and marching people doing the "eyes right" as they passed behind the memorial.

Then there was a big space and up the street we could hear the sound of a single drummer playing a broken cadence, and a single piper. The bagpipes had gone by, all the noisy part of the parade passed and now came a hush over the crowds lining the sidewalks.

Quietly, a line of people walked by. Some were on crutches, some were in wheel chairs, some limped and some marched proudly along in short steps so they didn't outdistance those who couldn't move easily. People started to cry, men pulled handkerchiefs out of their pockets and wiped their eyes. And then everybody clapped.

A little child sitting on her father's shoulders asked, "Daddy, who are those people?"

He answered, "Those are the people who were in the war."

After a few moments she again questioned, "Daddy, what is war?"

He hesitated and so I answered, "I hope you will never have to really find out because people get hurt bad in war and some people die."

That seemed to satisfy her but she watched with rapt attention until all the marchers passed by. I thought to myself, "Isn't that wonderful when a child has never heard of war."

We all waited until the parade came to a stop in front of the memorial. Then all went silent as a bugler played. When he finished, a woman picked up a wreath and walked to the memorial and laid it there. Then she went back and got another; then another; then another. Four times she laid a wreath there in memory of a husband and three sons who died in the Second World War. Everyone there was moved to silence because of the cost to that woman and her family to make it possible for others to live in freedom.

I wonder if it moved very many people to think how much it cost God to give His Son to die in our place. I wonder how many even thought of Him – period. It certainly made an impression on me. "The Son of God – loved me and gave Himself for me."

One beautiful late summer day, our family took some visitors to Signal Hill that overlook the entrance to the St. John's, Newfoundland harbor. On the top of that hill is Cabot Tower where the first Trans-Atlantic message was received from Marconi. As we looked over the city and then turned to look out over the sea, we noticed vessels coming into the harbor for as far as our eyes could see. Large and small, they were all making for the port of St. John's. I had never seen that before on a nice day so I asked one of the people in the Tower why all the ships were coming in.

"There's a hurricane warning out," he replied. "The hurricane is expected to pass by anywhere from 50 to 100 miles offshore."

Before the night came and the hurricane passed along a few miles off shore from St. John's, the waterfront was lined with boats of all sizes tied to the wharf and to each other. They were there four and five deep all escaping the coming storm. Even though all seemed calm to us, the wise captains of those ships made sure they were in a safe place before the winds came and the waves got so high that their ships were not manageable.

At least one ship was lost in that hurricane with 33 men aboard. They had heard the warning; they knew that the harbor was not too far away, but in the interest of saving or making money, they tried to outrun the hurricane. They lost the race, the ship, the cargo of grain and their lives.

After one severe storm came up the Atlantic seaboard from the south toward the end of the hurricane season, we heard on the radio that there was a ship sinking, and then we heard it broke in half. The Search and Rescue Helicopter and Coast Guard boat went to the aid of the crew who were stranded on the front of the ship that was still afloat, and were able to rescue them all. I went down to the harbour and when those men came off the Coast Guard boat, one after another they knew down and kissed the ground. I was not able to connect with them or give them Gospel papers, but I certainly prayed for them that day that they would think about their eternal destiny after they died.

Since the early 1970s until this present time, preachers who have lived in St. John's and spent time there working in the Gospel are Gaius Goff and his family, Marvin Derksen and his family and Wallace Buckle and his wife. There have been Gospel series annually in the Gospel Hall on Smith Avenue over the years, and quite a number of people have been saved by God's grace. University students have come into St. John's from many parts of the world as well as from Newfoundland and Labrador, and have become acquainted with students and professors whose home assembly is the one that meets in the Smith Avenue Gospel Hall. From that school of learning, people have gone to many parts of this province and to other parts of Canada and the world. The sowing and reaping process has continued from the assembly in St. John's for over seventy years.

SIX

“Now when they had passed through Amphipolis and Apollonia, they came to Thessalonica, where there was a synagogue of the Jews: and Paul as his manner was, went in unto them, and reasoned with them out of the scriptures, opening and alleging, that Christ must needs have suffered, and risen again from the dead; and that this Jesus, whom I preach unto you, is Christ. And some of them believed...” Acts 17:1-4a

GOD AT WORK!

In another city

(#6 on stick #45)

Two young men joined Mr. Harris at Corner Brook in the summer of 1950 to help him in the work there. Bert Joyce and George Heidman came from Toronto and crossed on a schooner to Newfoundland to take the heavy work from Mr. Harris who was fifty-five years old, and had a heart condition that he suffered with until he passed away. They had huge crowds to preach to on the street corner on Broadway, but it wasn't easy to get people to come to meetings in a tent or building. Bill and Lillian Butt had moved to Corner Brook from the Carbonear area to find work. There were some of Mammie Pelly's family living and working in Corner Brook, as well as Noel connections, all from Carbonear. A customs officer named George Evans was saved and became a good help in the assembly. He was limited by family considerations because he was the only one saved in the house, but he was a man who could be counted on to do what he could. Before long Eugene and Mary Skiffington were saved in that area. Most if not all, of their large family of girls and one boy have been saved by God's grace.

Bert Joyce stayed and helped Mr. Harris in the work of the Gospel in Corner Brook for several months before returning to Toronto. A young lady happened to be at the airport when Bert went back to Toronto, and he was quite conscious that “a wise man's eyes are in his head.” It wasn't long before he knew that he and Emily Gould from the assembly at Kenora, ON (not far from Winnipeg, MB) had similar interests in the things of God and the work of the Lord. Bert's mother's sister, Miss Edith Gulston, was a missionary in Venezuela, and Emily was thinking perhaps the Lord was leading her to that country to serve the Lord. It wasn't long before they knew they were to serve the Lord together wherever He chose to send them.

A year or so later Bert Joyce and his new wife Emily moved to Corner Brook for quite a period of time. Mr. Harris went to the mainland to have some Gospel meetings, and the Joyce's were there to carry on the work in Corner Brook on their own with the help of the new believers who had gathered there in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. One of the places Mr. Herb Harris had a series of Gospel meetings in 1951 was at the South Main Gospel Hall in Vancouver. He had held Gospel meetings in Vancouver from time to time for thirty years. At the fall conference in Vancouver, a young Dutchman named Andrew Bergsma was saved and that made quite a stir in the city among assembly Christians because he had walked right up on the platform to ask the preacher to tell him how to be saved right then.

The Bergsma family was quite large and God did a work in saving those religious people. There was an obvious interest in the Gospel created at that conference, so Mr. Albert W. Joyce, Bert's uncle who had preached a lot with Mr. Harris, joined him in a Gospel series that started in October and didn't finish until January 1952. It was during those meetings that George Douglas Campbell was saved by God's grace. A large number of people came to know the Lord Jesus Christ as their Savior during that long Gospel series. Some nights people were in the South Main Gospel Hall until the early hours of the morning wanting to be saved. A number of veterans from the war were among them, one of whom was George Campbell who had been guided there by an obvious work of the Holy Spirit. But that is a story to be covered at another time.

After spending some time in Corner Brook, the Joyce's, who now had young children felt led to move to Sydney, Nova Scotia where they preached the Gospel on Cape Breton Island. While living in Sydney, he was asked to have Gospel meetings in Prince Edward Island where they saw quite a number of people saved. So, they moved to Prince Edward Island for a few years. In 1956 a boat was purchased to travel to the coastal villages of the province of Newfoundland and Labrador with the Gospel, of which we will speak more of later. Bert Joyce was an airplane pilot and knew navigation, so Mr. Harris asked him to come and pilot the "M.G.M." the first year as they traveled the coast. The same thing happened the next couple of years, so the Joyce's decided to move from Prince Edward Island to Red Bay, Labrador in the fall of 1958. He got an airplane to use on that shore and they lived there until in the 1970s when they came back to live in Corner Brook. They made their home there until both were well up in years before they went home to heaven.

Bert Joyce knew the Gospel from infancy, so the fact that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," was in his mind from earliest childhood. But that did not mean he was a Christian and he knew it. Herb Harris had been preaching the Gospel with another man in the Brock Avenue Gospel Hall in Toronto, Ontario which was the place his parents attended. It wasn't during a Gospel meeting the Holy Spirit reached his soul, but during a remembrance meeting on Lord's Day morning when the believers there gathered for the Lord's Supper. Each person took the bread and the cup individually in an act of worship and remembrance.

A hymn was given out during that meeting that seemed to resonate with Bert as a twelve-year old boy. The words are: "When I survey the wondrous cross, on which the Prince of glory died; my richest gain I count but loss, and pour contempt on all my pride." Even when he was an old man unable to get out or travel much, I heard him give out that hymn in similar meetings in Newfoundland and Labrador. "Let us sing verse three quietly," Bert would say. "See from His head, His hands, His feet, sorrow and love flow mingled down; did e'er such love and sorrow meet, or thorns compose so rich a crown?"

After the singing of the hymn, sitting in the observer's seat in the Brock Avenue Gospel Hall, he read the words of Isaiah 53:6, "All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned everyone to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him, the iniquity of us all." He then understood that the Lord Jesus had died on the cross for him personally. He laid

on Jesus the sins of Bert Joyce, and by His stripes Bert Joyce is healed. He was saved by God's grace sitting in an observer's seat that morning as the Lord's Supper was being shared by the people of that assembly.

That assembly was his training place and he was a good learner. It was from there he went to Newfoundland in 1950, and not long after met Emily Gould who also had an interest in the things of God. Not too long after they met, they were married and committed themselves to the work of the Lord in eastern Canada. Mr. Bert Joyce was nearly seventy years preaching the Gospel in the Maritime provinces and mainly in Newfoundland and Labrador. They lived in Red Bay, Labrador for about fifteen years before moving for their last move, to Corner Brook. It was there they passed into the presence of the Lord, both of them around ninety years old.

During the early 1950s when the Joyce's lived there, Bert got a motor boat so he could travel to other villages around Bay of Islands. It had a "make and break" gas engine that was started when a pin was put in the flywheel and then cranked by hand until it caught and started. It was very important to have that pin loose, so that when the engine started, it could easily be pulled out. Unfortunately, one time, Bert didn't get it out quick enough and it broke his arm.

He and George Campbell, went to Lark Harbour and had Gospel meetings. Mr. Harris went with them some times, and there was a bit of interest. I think one or two were saved at that time, but never enough to see a work established as an assembly. They also went across to the north side of the bay and put up a portable hall to have meetings in. When the Joyce's went to Sydney, the Howard family moved to Corner Brook for a while before moving on to St. John's for two or three years. Mr. Howard put up the portable hall on the north shore for a while, but there wasn't a lot of interest among adults. Mostly it was a children's work. Brothers from the Canadian Sunday School Mission came to the north shore some time afterward, and worked among the young people there for several years. The assembly in Corner Brook met in a portable hall that was used first farther up on Country Road and then was set on a foundation as a permanent building for the assembly at 8 Valley Road.

(#0028 on stick #44)

While the work was being established in Corner Brook, both the Howard and Joyce families had a few years there at different times. George Evans, a customs officer, Eugene Skiffington who worked at the cement plant, and his wife Mary became part of the assembly. Bill and Lillian Butt were in the Corner Brook assembly also. Harvey and Phyliss Lynch moved there for a few years in the late 1950s and early 1960s. Melvin Hancock from Forteau, Labrador took his final years of schooling in Corner Brook, and later Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Diamond from Curling and quite a lot of other people were saved there and became part of the assembly.

(#7 on stick #45)

George and Mona Campbell moved from English Point, Labrador to Corner Brook in 1969. They had a growing family and they felt it would be a better location for them to live in order to reach out to different parts of the province. Also, it gave their children opportunity to attend larger schools. Since before the assembly was established, open-air meetings were an important outreach of the Gospel work in the second largest city of the province. It was the center of business, including the center of health care for the west coast of the island of Newfoundland. There was a large sanitorium that was filled with TB patients for quite a number of years. The large pulp and paper mill there, was the largest employer of the area. Wood cutters in the forest would either float pulp wood down the rivers to Deer Lake and then down the Humber River to the mill, or wood was pulled in large booms by tug boats from different locations farther north on the west coast. Later trucks hauled the wood in to the mill.

The Lord saved some men who worked in the mill and others who worked in the woods, so the number of people in the assembly gradually grew in number. Young people from outports who had trades or wanted higher schooling came to Corner Brook and were added to the assembly. Some of the children of the believers were saved and they too became part of the fellowship that met at the Gospel Hall at 8 Valley Road. In 1971, a Gospel tent was erected higher up the valley on Country Road and the Lord was pleased to save a few more people. It was decided to buy the property on which the tent had been placed and build a new and larger Gospel Hall. The location where the original hall was, has since been filled up with landfill and there is a shopping center there now.

Mr. Bert Joyce and his family moved from Red Bay, Labrador to Corner Brook in the early 1970s. With his airplane he could travel back and forth to the Labrador coast in two or three hours depending on the weather. The airport at Deer Lake was less than an hour away by car and it was a good and safe place to keep his airplane. The older members of his family were adults and are a wonderful asset and addition to the work in Corner Brook. Some have gone on to different locations.

The Bay of Islands has a fairly large population, so there has been a lot of opportunities for outreach in the many communities around that bay. Quite a number of believers in the assembly live in Pasadena on the TransCanada highway going east from Corner Brook, so meetings have been held there in a tent and other efforts in that part of the province of which we will write later.

In recent years other people have been saved in Corner Brook, and other believers have moved to Corner Brook from the out-ports to find work. The close of the cod fishery quite a few years ago made it necessary for young men to either leave the province, or get training at the Trade Schools and work in cities. This has resulted in continuing growth in the assembly, meeting at the Country Road Gospel Hall. There has been an active Sunday School work there that continues and has been a good area of outreach for the assembly. Wallace and Olive Buckle and their family moved into Corner Brook for a while in 1971 and worked in the outreach of the Gospel in visitation and Gospel meetings including open-air preaching.

Mr. Herb Harris told us about many of his experiences in preaching as a way to get points across to us, but also to share how God works, and also to give us a serious view of how important Gospel preaching is. Some of his stories really sobered us to the reality of what really happens in Gospel meetings.

In a tent meeting one time, the Lord was working and it was obvious the Spirit of God was speaking to people through the preaching of the Gospel. There was a young couple in the meeting who were engaged to be married. They sat together on the bench and both looked at the preacher the whole time but with very obvious differences of opinion. The young man sat stoically looking ahead with a hard set to his mouth and there was no trouble to see he was not at all interested in the Gospel or God's salvation.

The young woman, on the other hand, was just the opposite. She was obviously convicted of her sin, and righteousness, and judgment. Her face showed she was taking in the message and was considering the importance of God's salvation. The need of receiving Christ for herself was apparent and so after the meeting was closed, she sat on the bench quietly crying with her head down. The preachers were at the back quietly greeting the people and one of them kept an eye on the young woman and was going to speak with her when he noticed the young man standing at the back of the tent with a sneer on his face. There are times when we can feel that someone is looking at us, and it seemed that was the case with the young lady because she turned her head and looked at the young man and saw his facial expression. The preacher watched this and saw the young woman rise from her seat and come down the side aisle to follow her fiancé to the door.

After shaking hands with the young man and greeting him, the preacher said to the young woman, "Would you like to be saved?" She never replied but kept her head down. "This is a very important matter and you shouldn't put it off," he said as he tried to get her to express her interest.

The preacher tried a couple of other times to get her to let him help her find Christ but she would not respond but shook her head and walked on out. The preacher was feeling sad at her reluctance to hold a conversation but felt even worse as he overheard the conversation just outside the tent wall.

"Look, if you want this stuff, go ahead. I won't stop you." Those were the words of the young man.

But even worse was the reply the preacher heard from the young woman. "Listen, when I saw the look on your face in there, I knew that if I got saved, you would leave me. Now listen good! I made a choice in there for you, not Jesus, so never speak to me again about this."

We never saw them again in a meeting. Sometimes a look can settle a destiny.

A tough man who had been known for his hard living and lawless ways, was caught, tried and convicted of murder. He was in prison awaiting execution for several months and he

seemed indifferent to his upcoming date with the executioner. He would laugh, joke and curse at any and all around him.

The night before his execution, he was different. He paced the floor of his cell; he wouldn't lie down on the bunk, he didn't want anything to eat, so a guard kind of mocked him and asked, "What's the matter; are you afraid to die?"

"Afraid to die, am I afraid to die? No," he replied, "I'm not afraid to die. Many's the times I've faced death at the muzzle of a policeman's gun. No, I'm not afraid to die, but tomorrow morning at 6:00, I've got to meet God and I'm not ready."

Night after night, another young man came to the Gospel meetings. He seemed to listen well and there was a lot of interest evident in his attitude. However, he didn't seem to be getting any closer to salvation. He seemed to have come just so close and then stopped.

Going out of the meeting he remarked to the preacher,

"This is my last night coming to the Gospel meetings. I wanted to tell you that I appreciate the interest you have had in me. Thank you for all the good messages. They have been very enlightening."

The preacher wondered out loud, "Are you going away?"

"No," he answered, "I have just decided not to be saved now."

"Have we offended you? Is there something you don't understand? Is there some way we can help you?" the preacher asked.

"No, no. There's nothing like that. It's just that I know if I get saved things will have to be different. Things that I do now I would have to stop and my life would be changed. I've decided to go out and have as much fun as I can. When I get older and can't enjoy myself so much, I'll get saved. But not now. I would miss out on too much. But thanks very much for taking an interest in me. I really believe you want the best for me. I just want to sow some wild oats."

The preacher was grieved but reached out and shook the young man's hand and said, "I am really sorry to hear this. I had hoped and prayed you would be saved before now. However, if you really are not coming back, I would like to give you a verse of scripture to take with you." Holding the young man's hand tightly he quoted, 'Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth. And let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth. And walk in the ways of thine heart and the sight of thine eyes...' And he stopped his quotation.

The young man looked at him in amazement as if he couldn't believe what he was hearing. "Is that in the Bible? I've never heard you say anything like that before. Wow, that's just what I want and it says it right in the Bible! This is great!" And he started to walk on.

But the preacher still held his hand and gripping it tighter he said, "But that's not all of the verse. The rest of it says, 'But know thou, that for all these things, God will bring thee into judgment.'" And the young man tried to pull his hand away as he put his head down.

The preacher bent down and looked him in the eye and repeated, "But know thou, that for all these things, God will bring thee into judgment." Again, the young man tried to pull his hand away and again the preacher repeated, "But know thou, that for all these things, God will bring thee into judgment."

This time the young man jerked his hand out of the preacher's and with head bowed went out into the night.

We need to remember, that every action has a reaction. Every decision has a consequence. Every choice has an effect. Every step taken cannot be reversed. Every word spoken cannot be recalled. Every influence is indelible. Like George Campbell used to say often in his preaching, "Pay day, some day!"

There is much more to say about the work in Bay of Islands which is in a later part of this account of the work of God in that part of Newfoundland. When we take the time to trace the hand of God on His servants, and the grace of God toward sinners, we are moved to thanksgiving and praise for His wisdom and sovereign work on behalf of believers and unbelievers alike.

Harvey and Phyllis Lynch lived in Corner Brook for a while. So did Cron and Louise Lynch shortly after they moved back to Newfoundland from Toronto. People who have connections to assemblies all over the province have moved to Corner Brook and Bay of Island communities. Young brothers and sisters have come there for university, trade school and other training facilities that are located there. From that assembly, believers have moved on to various parts of Canada for work. Rebecca Flynn is nursing at a mission hospital in Zambia, Africa and others have gone there from time to time helping in the work others have been doing in that country.

Most outports have a declining population, so the main cities of the province: St. John's, Corner Brook and Gander, where there are assemblies of Christians gathered to the Lord's name, are profiting numerically from the declining numbers in the outport assemblies. It is of great importance that a solid, scriptural Gospel testimony be maintained in those centers, because almost all the other "churches" have adapted to the changing culture that is leaves people thinking they are children of God, without having been truly born again. Young and old alike in the assembly needs to be actively involved in some way in the outreach of the Gospel.

SEVEN

“Always in every prayer of mine for you all making request with joy, for your fellowship in the gospel from the first day until now; being confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.” Philippians 1:3-5

GOD AT WORK!

A new vision

Over the years past, Mr. Herb Harris had many Gospel series in Vancouver, British Columbia, and many souls had been saved through his dynamic preaching. Quite a number of those saved in earlier years before the WW2, had become elders and leaders in some of the assemblies in that city. Generally, he would take a yearly journey in winter when he felt the cold draining his health. He would go to visit his sisters in Ontario and California and then go to the Northwest in early spring to visit those places where he had preached when souls were saved in past meetings he had held there.

He would go to other parts of Canada and the USA for a few months, and while he was away, he would have Gospel series in Gospel Halls. In 1951 he and Mr. A.W. Joyce had another Gospel series together in the South Main Gospel Hall in Vancouver. Those meetings had a “jump start” at the Thanksgiving conference when Andrew Bergsma got up after the Gospel meeting and loudly said, “I need to be saved, and I want to be saved right now.”

The Bergsma family were from a strong Calvinist denomination who believed that it was the elect who would be saved and that “whosoever” was only for the “elect.” It wasn’t for everyone. The teaching he had heard was that some were elected to be saved and some to be lost. The “limited atonement” doctrine he was taught in early years was a burden to him. When he and the large number of brothers and sisters in his family, got into reading the Bible with an open mind and heart, he was seriously convicted that he would be lost without a Savior. When the simplicity of the Gospel came clear to him, was when the wise preacher had him read for himself John 3:36. “He that believeth on the Son, hath everlasting life,” not he that is the elect has everlasting life.

The Lord saved him that October night, and he became an earnest and effective soul winner. He spent over a year in Newfoundland and Labrador in 1959, before he was called by the Lord to go to the Netherlands to preach the Gospel. His older brother John was saved before him, and as a blessing from that conversion and that of other members of his family, a large door was opened to the work of the Gospel in 1951. Mr. Harris and Mr. Joyce started the meetings in the South Main Gospel Hall, and the hall was packed every night. God had worked in the hearts of the Lord’s people, and that was felt in the meetings, and by those who were not saved who attended. Those meetings went on for over two months right through the Christmas and New Year holiday season. Some who were saved were men who had been in the military during WW2. They had seen a lot during those years and were open to listen to God because their consciences were awakened. One of those men was a nephew of Mr. George Campbell.

George Campbell Sr. was one of the elders of the South Main assembly. He had been saved twenty years before when Herb Harris was preaching in Vancouver. He was a soul winner himself with a caring and wise heart for souls. When it was plain that the Lord was working in Vancouver in the fall of 1951, he wanted to get Mr. Harris there for the Gospel meetings. His parents had moved from the Isle of Lewis in Scotland early in the twentieth century. He and his brothers grew up knowing the Gospel, but one of his brothers, Norman, wanted to get away from the Gospel so moved to San Francisco, California when he married Greta. She came from New Brunswick and had never heard the Gospel preached clearly, so between them, they decided to start living life their own way, and took their two boys away from “religious restrictions.” Their two sons, George and Lawrence, never saw a Bible and only attended a Sunday School in a church six or seven times. That was all of their exposure to the Gospel except an occasional visit from their grandparents and relatives. Their parents had no interest in the Gospel although his father had been raised in a Christian home.

Lawrence was the oldest and was in the US Army during the WW2. He drove an army truck over the Himalayan Mountains on the Burma Road, and had a lot of harrowing experiences on that dangerous road. When he turned seventeen, George enlisted in the Marine Corps and was trained as a machine-gunner. The tide of war in the South Pacific had turned when he got to the theater of the conflict. Often when the officers wanted a certain number of men to go into action, they would start at the beginning of the alphabet and call out names of the men who were to go on a patrol.

One time the officer in charge started at Z and worked backwards. He had enough men for what the intended action was to be, before he came to those whose name began with C. Most of those men never came back. When the war ended, he was stationed in Japan, guarding prisoners who were guilty of war crimes and condemned to die, before he was able to be discharged when his enlistment time ran out. When he got off the boat he got dressed up in his best uniform and got to his home as quickly as possible. Neither Lawrence or George was seriously wounded during the war. Much of his story is best read about in his book, “Take the Challenge.”

The younger George, was totally unfamiliar with the Gospel, but knew something was missing in his life. After a brief time working with his father in his grocery store, George decided he wanted to see other places and do other things. He got jobs working in resorts in California and other places. He served as a bartender in fancy clubs where movie stars came to drink and party, and he noticed they didn't seem to be happy people. They were loud and noisy when they were together but when they became intoxicated and pensive, they ended up sad and angry. He worked as a breakfast cook in various places and after going from place to place, ended up getting work in Florida. There he got a job working on a sailing vessel, and one starry night while lying on the deck looking at the sky, he became convinced that “somebody made all of this.” He returned to the west coast of the USA and got a job on an ocean-going vessel carrying wheat to India. The boat was loaded with wheat in Portland, Oregon, but he needed some paper-work that he didn't have. The ship left without him and he went to Vancouver, BC instead.

He hardly knew what he was looking for in life, but it seemed just beyond his ability to get. In that vain search, he found himself staying with his uncle, George Campbell Sr., in the same house as Herb Harris and Albert Joyce. They were just starting Gospel meetings at South Main Gospel Hall in November 1951. George was not familiar with the Bible at all nor had he been to church, let alone ever heard the Gospel. So, this was all new to him, but by the fourth night of listening to the messages preached, he realized that life is only short, but an unending eternity in heaven or hell and the lake of fire were just a step after death. The decision was up to him which way he would take. He didn't know any verses from the Bible, but on the fourth night after the meeting, he considered the message he had just listened to. "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." There by the bed in his uncle's home, he prayed, "Jesus of Nazareth, don't pass me by. I trust you as my Savior."

He said as he often spoke of that moment; the burden on his soul was lifted without a lot of emotion. It was a simple assurance that when he called on the name of the Lord, the Lord saved him. Again, he spoke to God, "Lord, I confess You as my Savior." He remained in Vancouver for a while and got a job. While there he learned a lot about his new-found faith, and it was obvious to those who knew him that the Lord had saved him. For another six weeks the Gospel was preached and he was there each night. It was there he saw the need of precious souls to be saved, and learned he could get involved in that himself.

Later in 1952, he went back to California for a year or more and had the privilege of seeing his mother and father both come to Christ for salvation. His mother was the first one he saw saved and she simply saw herself as an unbeliever who would be lost in hell if she didn't put her trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, which she did in the kitchen of her own home. William MacDonald was a big help to George in that year, and he became very interested in reading the scriptures and getting Gospel messages to preach in the open-air meetings in San Francisco.

In the spring of 1953, Mr. Harris contacted George Campbell and asked him to come to Newfoundland and help him in the work of the Gospel. He went in June of that year and was for a short time in Bishop's Cove before going to Corner Brook. He helped in the work in Corner Brook for two years before going west to see his parents. It was on that trip that I met him first. After he went back to Newfoundland, he was in Corner Brook when Mr. Harris took the coastal boat on the two-week trip from Corner Brook to St. John's. By the time he got to St. John's Herb Harris was convinced a boat was needed for Gospel work, suitable for a few men to live in and small enough to get into small harbours. A boat of that size would also provide a place from which to preach the Gospel. Most of the out-ports of Newfoundland and Labrador at the that time, could only be reached by boat.

(#0041 on stick #44)

Mr. Herb Harris was at the Vancouver, BC Easter conference in 1956, and while there, was asked to give a report on the work of the Lord in Newfoundland. In the course of his report, he mentioned his exercise for a boat to use in the work there. I remember being at

that conference, and when Mr. Theodore Williams of Chicago got up to speak right after Mr. Harris, we younger people were all glad because he was a dynamic speaker. His subject was the desire of Caleb when he asked Joshua for a particular mountain. "Give me this mountain," was his request, and Mr. Williams said, "Brothers and sisters, what is a little old boat compared to a great big mountain? Give the man his boat!" Before that conference was over there was enough money to buy a boat in Scotland, and have it delivered on the deck of a big ship to St. John's.

The "M.G.M." was the official name of the boat, but it became known as the "Missionary Gospel Messenger." It wasn't a large vessel, only 38 feet long and 8 feet wide at the widest point. It had been used as an admiral's barge that was hung on the side of a battleship, only to be used when the admiral was making an official visit to another ship or in the port of another country. It only drew three feet of water so rolled quite a bit in rough seas although it had a "stabilizer" on each side of the keel which was supposed to help a bit to keep it from rolling around.

There were two Perkins diesel engines and two propellers, so the boat had a lot of power but not a lot of speed. The planking of the boat was Cyprus-wood, kind of like teak, and it was double planked on the bias with one end of each plank at the keel and the other at the deck. Where the outer planks crossed the inner planks, they were fastened with brass rivets. It was built in 1928 so was thirty years old when it came to Newfoundland. It was used each summer for several months, from 1956 until 1968, when the planks became too loose to keep tight and we couldn't keep it from leaking so much that it was no longer sea-worthy.

Donald Moffatt and his family were living in St. John's at that time, and he had contacts through which the boat was found and bought from a Christian shipbuilder in Buckie, Scotland. He arranged for the transport of the "M.G.M." on a Furness-Withy boat and it was ready for use by the summer. It remained registered in Scotland so flew the Union Jack on the flagpole at the stern, and the Canadian ensign on the foremast. Alex Morrison's fine tenor voice Mr. Moffatt used on his radio broadcast, identified the "M.G.M." with that well-accepted radio broadcast whenever the boat entered a harbour playing "Throw out the Life-line" over the loudspeaker system. The year of 1956 opened a whole new era to the Gospel work in Newfoundland and Labrador.

In Gospel work, the message never changes. God's truth stands and any who attempt to ignore, or eliminate from the pages of holy scripture, the truths that have been inspired by the Holy Spirit; the terrible things that are written about the future of unbelievers, will be inescapable. The methods used to further the work of the Lord may change as long as they are not inconsistent with the written word of God or compromise that which has been successful in God's work.

Modes of transportation have been varied since the beginning of this age. Travel from place to place that would have taken months in the past, now can be done in a few hours. The written word of God has been translated into hundreds of languages that would seem

strange to those who wrote them first in Hebrew, Aramaic, and Greek. However, the truth of the words has not changed.

To travel by boat or airplane in places where ground transportation is not possible, is a most reasonable and sensible way to connect with isolated communities. Travel by boat around the coast of Newfoundland and Labrador was not a sightseeing cruise, but a means of reaching out with the Gospel to “regions beyond.”

Changing times and changing demographics of society and countries have an effect on the outreach of the Gospel. Even though we often wish for “the old days,” they are past, and we live in a new day in which technology and transportation have changed so much, that people who have no interest in the Gospel, have a “So what, what’s the big deal?” attitude. We can’t stop what is happening around us as “evil men and seducers wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived,” but we do have a message that is up to date and yet never changes.

Sometimes we have to change how we speak and the words we use, but the message never changes. When a Spirit-filled man speaks the truth of God from his heart, his attitude, his demeanor, his tone of voice and body language are all read by those who listen, and give power to his message. A radio broadcast, a boat, an airplane, a portable hall, a bus to carry people and even virtual messaging are all only tools we can use. It is the person who delivers the message, who is the tool the Spirit of God has used all down through the generations of humanity to represent Him.

It is certainly incumbent upon us to seek ways to deliver the message in the best possible way, and that takes, thought and discussion among those who are committed to carrying out the divine commission. What a blessing it was to the work of the Lord when Bibles were able to be printed. Gospel tracts and booklets as well as books have been effectively used for many generations. But the final analysis is that God intends those who have been saved by God’s grace and love the Lord and people, to be the means to deliver the message and guide people to the Savior.

The men who preached the Gospel from the deck of the “M.G.M.” were all earnest men who wanted other people to come to Christ by faith and be saved for eternity. The radio broadcasts in Newfoundland beginning with the “Newfoundland Gospel Hour,” then “The Family Bible Hour,” then “Listening” and now “Anchor Point” are important ways of getting God’s truth to as many people as possible. Ultimately though, the consistent godly lives of Bible-believing Christians, are the most powerful influence on people who hear the words they say. People sometimes say, “I remember my grandmother reading the Bible when I was a child, and she would say the same things that I hear being preached here in this hall, or that you are saying.”

EIGHT

“They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep. For He commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit’s end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then they are glad because they be quiet; so He bringeth them unto their desired haven. Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!”

GOD AT WORK! Adapting to the need

(#12 on stick #45)

Mr. Herb Harris had the vision for the boat, but he didn’t know much about operating or maintaining a boat. He needed help to use the “M.G.M.” so he contacted Doug Howard who knew how to cook and preach. Then he contacted Bert Joyce who knew navigation as an airplane pilot, and he too was a good preacher. George Campbell had worked on a boat in the Bahamas, so he knew “the ropes” and he was a good open-air preacher with a very clear voice. However, he was not on the boat when the journey started in St. John’s. Albert Barbour went with them from St. John’s to Newtown, Bonavista Bay North. That part of the journey was about two weeks. George joined the boat later when they got to Lewisporte and from there on, he was the fourth man of the four men in the crew on the “Missionary Gospel Messenger” during the summer of 1956.

Albert Barbour knew how local harbours were used in the out-ports from his days on schooners and boats before he was saved. There is a certain protocol to follow when you tie your boat up to another man’s wharf. When tied up to a government wharf, there are also rules to follow and those men who live in the outports, follow those things they learned when they were young. For some preachers to be traveling the coast on their own, it was wise to learn from someone who knew the local customs to not only be with them for a while, but to identify four mainlanders as being accepted by some Newfoundlanders and Labradorians. Donald Moffatt also was on the boat for the first day when they travelled from St. John’s to Carbonear. By the time they reached the wharf in Carbonear, he knew he was not cut out for traveling on the water.

After a stop or two in Conception Bay, they went on to some places on the east end of Trinity Bay, stopping at several places until they got to Bonavista Bay North. They stayed a number of days in Newtown where Albert Barbour was born and raised. He was able to preach the Gospel in the open-air from the deck of the boat to people who knew him but hadn’t seen him for fifteen years. During that time the Lord had saved him, so his testimony was of great interest to the people of his home village, including his in-laws. He left the “M.G.M.” there and went by mail boat to Glovertown, where he caught the

“Newfie Bullet,” (slow moving train) back to St. John’s. His interest in the outreach of the Gospel never waned, all the days of his Christian life.

When they left Newtown, the crew of three travelled to Fogo Island and stopped at Seldom-Come-By for a night or two where they had open-air meetings, and waited for favorable weather to get to Lewisporte. Herb Harris was the skipper. Bert Joyce was the man who kept things going on the boat as his role was, pilot/navigator/first mate/engineer. Doug Howard was the cook and he could make good meals on the three-burner stove and small oven. There was no refrigerator so each meal was made from scratch or a can. George Campbell came from Corner Brook and joined the boat at Lewisporte. For the next month or more they travelled through Notre Dame Bay, White Bay, Green Bay and the east side of the northern peninsula having meetings and distributing tracts and Bibles as they went.

A lot of people came to the open-air meetings “down at the wharf,” because it was something new that most people had never seen. The big reel-to-reel tape recorder had a lot of hymns relating to the sea, oceans and ships, and that was very attractive to people in the outports who love music and especially good clear singing. One of those communities where they were for a few days was Twillingate in Notre Dame Bay. After preaching from the deck of the boat to the many people that gathered on the wharf, a man approached the boat and asked if he could come aboard. After he had looked around at the boat, he began to tell them about himself, and told the men a story that has a powerful message.

“I have a hotel here,” he began, “And a number of years ago, my father, who was an ocean-going captain came to live with us in his old age. He had gone to sea when he was young, and was a good captain. He was a wicked man though. He would swear at his men and anything that didn’t go the way he wanted. In later years he wasn’t so bad and when he came with us, he was an old and lonely man.

He had his own suite of rooms in the hotel so he could be by himself or with his friends when he wanted. If he wanted to be with other people, or us, he just had to walk down the hall. One day I was walking down the hall past his room and noticed the door open a bit and he was talking. I stopped for a look in and to my surprise saw my father down on his knees praying. That was very unusual but even more so was, he was praying out loud.

He prayed, ‘O God, my ship is going on the rocks and I can’t get her around.’ Then he stopped for a minute. Again, he prayed, ‘O God, my ship is going on the rocks and I can’t get her around.’

After that he got up and lay down on the bed and turned his face away toward the wall.” When he finished telling the story, one of the men on the “M.G.M.” asked, “Did he get his ship around before he died?” The story teller answered briefly, “I wish I knew.” He was asked, “How about yourself? Where will you go?” Again, he answered, “I wish I knew.”

When life is about over, bold people who have lived a wicked life without God, are aware of death and life beyond death. They may have professed to believe a person dies like a fish for many years, but they become worried toward the end of life, fearing they might be wrong. Those who know the Lord, need to be ready to give an appropriate comment or two which may open the way to a conversation about how a person can be saved. We need to remember that while there is life, there is hope.

It was really impressed on the preachers on the boat, how important the work they were doing was. None of them ever forgot that story, but unfortunately no one ever found out if the hotel man ever came to Christ. It did give a sense of urgency to what they were doing, and it seemed to especially confirm to them, the value of having the "M.G.M." to travel on and live in, as well as giving them a focal point from which to preach the Gospel. It is really important that a person prepare ahead of time for heaven. When one gets older it is not easy to change one's thoughts and beliefs. Habits have settled in and become a part of life. If they are bad ones, they bind a person like chains and God alone can change them.

(#11 on stick #45)

When they got to St. Anthony, they met Dr. Gordon Thomas, who was at that time, the head of the Grenfell Mission. He was a believer who was open with his faith and preached the Gospel himself when he had opportunity. Back in the 1950s there were still some churches that were open to the clear Gospel. Dr. Sir Wilfred Grenfell came to northern Newfoundland and Labrador and opened cottage hospitals from the White Bay north on the east side of the northern peninsula and from Port Saunders north on the west side of the peninsula. On the Labrador coast there were quite a number of cottage hospitals all down the coast to the north.

Most of the personnel in the Grenfell Hospitals at that time were Christians who were nursing and working to give medical help to the people, as a work they were doing for the Lord. Dr. Thomas made a good connection with Bert Joyce that lasted until the doctor retired from the Grenfell Association. Later, when the Joyce family moved to Red Bay, he would occasionally take patients to the St. Anthony hospital in his airplane when the mission plane was not available. The hospital also had a boat on which medical personnel would travel and hold special clinics in the isolated communities. One of those boats was the "Albert T. Gould" which later was phased out and bought by George Campbell. He renamed it, the "Northern Light IV."

From St. Anthony, the brothers on the boat decided to cross the Straits of Belle Isle to the Labrador coast rather than follow on around the tip of the northern peninsula. Dr. Thomas suggested to them that would be a good place to go as it had often been by-passed because of the eleven miles of water between Newfoundland and Labrador. Years before there had been a strong Methodist presence on the Labrador coast and in past generations there were genuine believers in Christ who had been saved when faithful Gospel

preaching was in the local churches. There were still some of the older people on that coast who were truly saved and lived for the Lord.

One of them was Mr. Alan Moores in Red Bay. He had helped to build a new church in that community but when the new minister preached in the new church and said that the sin of Adam and Eve wasn't too bad, he never went back. When the men on the "M.G.M." preached in the open air at Red Bay, he could hear it from his house, and then came down to listen. He was influential in the community and was able to get them the Orange Lodge to preach in. The place was full the first night, and George Campbell was the first one to speak because he was the youngest. He told his testimony. They were in Red Bay for a while before going on to L'Anse au Loup. Mr. Moores encouraged them to continue to preach the Gospel in Red Bay. He was convinced the Lord had people there to be saved.

As they travelled south along the straits, Bert Joyce was watching through binoculars and noticed there was no church building in L'Anse au Loup. Church services were held in schools in many places at that time. So, they headed in and were able to tie the boat to a wharf and preached from the boat that afternoon. A good number of people came to that first meeting who are still living in that community and some are in the assembly that meets in the Gospel Hall now. Some of the Barney families were at that meeting. Francis Barney was a young boy then. A number of the Linstead families including Cornelia Linstead, and some of the people of the Earle families were at that meeting over sixty years ago and the Lord saved many in that community since that time.

The next place they went on the Labrador coast was Forteau, where they met Miss Mary Taylor who was the nurse at the Grenfell Cottage Hospital in that community. She was a believer who was very happy to hear the Gospel preached. She had been saved in England and had been serving the Lord in that hospital since 1952. Because of her support, interest and influence, people were inclined to listen when the Gospel was preached from the boat. But the weather turned bad, so Mary was able to arrange for a Gospel meeting in the community hall.

Stan and Elsie Trimm who lived at English Point, invited them to have meetings in their house, but because they had been gone for a few months by that time, the two married men wanted to get back to their families who they had been left on their own for several months. The two bachelors, Herb Harris and George Campbell, wanted to stay longer and have nightly meetings, but it was decided to leave and go to Port au Choix that night and on to Corner Brook the next day. There was no question in any of their minds that the Lord had brought that boat to them, and that it was right that they went to the Labrador coast. The seasons had changed and the weather was getting bad, so it was clear to them it was time to go on to Corner Brook.

While they were backing away from the wharf at English Point, one of the blades hit a rock and was bent to the extent there was a lot of vibration. Because of a damaged propeller they were only able to travel using one engine. The boat had two fairly small Perkins engines each with 43 horsepower. On the "M.G.M." there were two shafts and

two propellers, one on each quarter. So, leaving the Labrador coast they didn't travel very fast on one engine, and before they reached Port au Choix, a storm came and they had to pull away from the shore. They suffered through the night on a very rough sea and could barely make any headway. The next afternoon they were able to get into Cow Head and tied up there for the night. When the weather cleared and the sea calmed down, they finally got to Corner Brook where the boat was put up on the Bowater's wharf for the winter.

Navigation on the "M.G.M." was limited to a compass, charts of the coastal areas of the province, and a book called "Newfoundland and Labrador Pilot" that gave information as to the lighthouse signals, the foghorns, and the guidance buoys into each harbour. Then of course, a watch or clock was needed and a ship's log to determine speed. In one way, it was quite remarkable that Bert Joyce was able to take that first trip without needing any local help into any of the ports. Perhaps part of that was because the "M.G.M." only drew about three feet of water, and the other most important fact was the Lord was with His servants and guided them all the way.

When they finally reached Corner Brook, they were all very tired but happy men. Before they separated, Doug Howard read the portion of Psalm 107 that is at the beginning of this chapter. Then they all prayed for guidance as to how to continue the work with the boat another year, and what to do about the places they had already visited. Determining God's will, is one thing, and following up on a lot of open doors is another. When there are many open doors, how do you come to an understanding as to which one the Lord wants you to go through first? Prayer and fasting are not just words, but they are actions that people of faith can take when we are not sure of the path ahead.

It is a wise man or woman who will make time, to "come apart" to seek guidance and understanding from the Lord. Prayer involves being thankful for what God has done and for the burden He lays upon our soul. Fasting is a means whereby we shut out all other issues that have a tendency to sidetrack our minds, so that we can focus our attention on the urgent matters at hand. To deliberately avoid distractions is not easy, so on occasions, one may need to go to a private place with only a Bible, and stay there until there comes clarity regarding the issues before us.

(picture #10 on stick #45)

NINE

“And now, behold, I loose thee this day from the chains which were upon thine hand. If it seem good unto thee to come with me into Babylon, come; and if it seem ill unto thee to come with me to Babylon, forbear: behold, all the land is before thee: whether it seemeth good and convenient for thee to go, thither go.”

GOD AT WORK!

A man for a place

It is not uncommon for believers when they are first saved to be so filled with zeal and enthusiasm for the things of God and love for the Lord, that they think there will never be any obstacles in life from now on. That may continue with some for a while but when the reality of the ungodly world in which we live, and the awareness that we still have the old nature that is attracted to some of the things in the world, a caution sets in. This can be a good thing as long as we don't let fears and doubts get a hold of us so strongly that faith becomes weak. God's strength is made perfect in weakness, and that becomes real to us as we make inroads into the enemy territory that Satan wants to keep for his own nefarious purposes.

Young believers may wonder why those who are older seem to be so slow to act, and older people have a tendency to try to temper the zeal of youth and enthusiasm. There is a balance that needs to be found and maintained. George Campbell found the first two or three years he was in Newfoundland a real hard time for him personally. There were times he wondered if he was laboring in the right place, because there seemed to be so little interest in most of the centers where the Gospel had been preached for over ten years. Herb Harris was a good mentor, and he knew George's temperament was much the same as his own. When they got back to Corner Brook after the first boat trip, Mr. Harris knew George was quite agitated, wondering what he should do next.

One evening as they had supper together in the apartment at 8 Valley Road, the subject came up as to what each would be doing now that it was late fall and the cold of a long winter was coming on. Mr. Harris spoke up and said, “I know what I'd do if I was a young man. I'd get a few things together and go back to Forteau, Labrador. But at my age and health condition, I can't do that.”

(#52 on stick #45)

George took those words to heart, and for two weeks, he basically shut himself in a small room to read the scriptures and pray for guidance. With an open heart he appealed to the Lord to make it known to him what he should do and if he should go to Labrador. In the short time they were there on the boat, his heart had become knit to the people on the Labrador coast, but by nature he was impetuous and he knew that. So, he wanted, and asked the Lord for confirmation in some way, if he was to go to Labrador for the winter. Reading the Bible on his knees in that small room, he came to Jeremiah 40 and verse 4 seemed to stand out and speak to him in a direct way. “And now, behold I loose thee this day from the chains which were on thy hand. If it seem good to thee to come with me to

Babylon, come; and I will look well unto thee: but if it seem ill unto thee to come with me to Babylon, forbear: behold, the all the land is before thee; whither it seemeth good and convenient for thee to go, thither go.” That was his answer from God to go to Labrador.

We may not get a precise verse of scripture every time we seek the Lord’s guidance, but when we pray specifically, we can expect an unmistakable answer of either “Yes,” “No,” or “Wait a while.” There are a number of ways to get guidance and discern God’s will, and each of them can be very affirming. There is one that I have found particularly satisfying to me, and that is found in Colossians 3:14 and 15. “And above all these things put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness. And let the peace of God rule in your hearts, to the which ye are called in one body; and be ye thankful.”

Mr. Harris certainly agreed with him when he told him of his decision. It was a great joy for both Herb Harris and George Campbell when he got on the last coastal boat for the year, MV “Northern Ranger,” with Bibles, tracts and some warm winter clothes for the winter ahead. He had sent a telegram to Nurse Mary Taylor, and she had arranged with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hancock for George to stay with them. They had a number of sons around his age, and so it wasn’t difficult for them to make room for this stranger.

When George got off the boat it was dark although one or two people had hurricane lamps, and he got into a small boat on top of mail bags and freight, and was landed at a small pier in Forteau. Mr. Joe Hancock was a small man with a big heart and he inquired if George was “Mr. Campbell.” George assured him that he was, and Uncle Joe, said, “Then you are coming to stay with me.” Mr. and Mrs. Hancock received him gladly into their home.

It wasn’t long before Uncle Joe Hancock and others in his family and some from English Point across Forteau Bay, when they heard the Gospel, to respond in repentance and faith in the Saviour. Mr. Hancock sat weeping in a chair in his home on night after the Gospel meeting. When George asked him what was the matter, he said with tears, “My sins, my sins, my sins!” It wasn’t long before Mr. Campbell pointed him to Christ and he was assured from the word of God that he was saved. Miss Taylor had been praying for and witnessing to people in that place for four years, and God was answering her prayers.

God’s saving grace was at work right from the beginning of his time there. He was able to have meetings in the old hospital that was being used as a place of storage since the new Cottage Hospital was built. Every night he had a Gospel meeting and people came to listen. God was at work! One of the first ones saved was Olive Belbin, who when her boyfriend Wallace Buckle, came back from Seven Islands, Quebec where he had been working, got him to come to a meeting with her. He was so upset at the challenging message of George Campbell that he tore the door off the hinges when he went out that night, determined to prove George Campbell wrong. That story will be told later.

Mr. Campbell was asked to have meetings in Stan and Elsie Trimm’s house at English Point, and some more were saved there. While he was there, Mr. Will Earle from L’Anse

au Loup came on his dog team to ask George Campbell if he would go to that community and preach the Gospel. Mr. Earle and two of his married sons, Spofford and Ralph Earle had been saved a few years earlier when Mr. Mitchell, a faithful preacher of the Gospel from the Pentecostals had meetings there. He had also preached in Red Bay and had built a small church building there.

Mr. Earle arranged for Mr. Campbell to use the old school in that community for Gospel meetings. The Earle's didn't have a big house but welcomed George to stay with them for which he was glad. He slept in comfort on the day bed in the kitchen with smooth, soft caribou skins for warm blankets in cold nights. There were some young people who were saved at that time including Francis Barney, Cornelia Linstead, Ellen Earle and quite a number of others. The young girls who were new believers began meeting together to pray for their parents and others to be saved. For a while nothing was happening and George was inclined to stop the meetings, but Spofford Earle said, "Don't quit Mr. Campbell. God is going to do something yet." Sure enough, a number of men and women were soon saved and formed the backbone of the work there. God was at work!

One night, Mr. Pierce Linstead who had been attending the Gospel meetings, heard Mr. Campbell preaching about the woman in the parable in Luke 15. During the course of his remarks, he made this statement, "She had to move the furniture that was in the way, until she finally found the lost coin." About that time, one of Pierce Linstead's daughters had to be taken to the hospital in critical condition, and then another serious event took place in his family. As he came to the door of the old school, he heard the young women who had gathered to pray, one of whom was his own daughter, praying out loud for him by name. That smote him to the heart and the Lord saved him.

When he told his testimony after that, he almost always said, "God had to move the furniture in my house until Jesus found me." He was a man of a cheerful personality and a positive attitude. David Jones, a missionary in Chile, South America, who visited Labrador several times said of brother Pierce, "He has the gift of cheer!" God raised up spiritual leaders in that assembly when He designated Pierce Linstead, Spofford Earle and Wesley Linstead to guide His people.

After being there awhile, George became quite aware that God had been working by His Spirit through others before he got there. Beside Miss Taylor, Mrs. Suz Fowler from West Ste. Modeste had been saved a number of years before. Some of the old Methodist preachers in past years had been faithful preachers of the Gospel and the people knew the straight forward preaching of Mr. Campbell was like the old-fashioned preaching the older folks on that shore had heard years ago. The same denomination that once was faithful to the Gospel, had watered down the messages so much that the younger generation of people didn't know anything about what salvation really was. All through that winter George Campbell preached the Gospel and precious souls were saved in the Straits area of Labrador. God had His man ready and prepared to reach out in the Gospel, and He had suited Mr. George Campbell to fill the need for that time and in that place.

(#19 on stick #45)

However, in all of us there are some things we are either not cut out to do, or else we haven't got the background of experience to do. When George Campbell went to Labrador, he fit in with things the best he could, and so thought he needed some mode of transportation of his own rather than walking or depending on other people to take him around. Somehow, he persuaded someone to let him drive a dog team hoping to go up to English Point from L'Anse au Loup which is around five or six miles, and not a comfortable walk, in cold weather during the winter. So, he headed up the shore with the dog team and had gone about a mile when he met another team coming the other direction. The two words used to direct the dogs either right or left, were "Yahda, Yahda, Yahda!" for one way, and "Tukk, Tukk, Tukk, for the other. And of course, one has to be loud and firm or the dogs don't pay attention.

At that meeting on the trail, either George said the wrong word, the dogs didn't hear him, or they knew he wasn't the boss. So, the two teams met and tangled. Now you can imagine what a time they had with sixteen Labrador huskies, each one on a single line and harness of their own! They could travel like a fan in that way with some on a short leash and then gradually getting longer up to the lead dog with the longest line. Anyway, the result of that encounter made it plain to George that he would either have to ask for rides, or walk.

Letters would go to his mother and father in California, telling of souls being saved, and as they were both new believers themselves, they shared in his joy. George Campbell had never done much singing in his life, and never having heard hymns sung when he was young, there were not too many that he knew the melody to. Over sixty years later, visitors coming from the mainland find themselves singing out of sync and off tune to the hearty singing on the Labrador coast. For visitors who haven't been there or who don't come very often, they are best to sing quietly, follow the tunes sung there, and be content to follow along and listen to the words. One or two mainland preachers have tried to lead their own singing, or to teach them, "the right tune" and either find themselves singing alone or else drowned out by the real singing of the saints.

During the summer of 1957, the crew on the "M.G.M." after stopping at the communities on the Labrador side of the Straits of Belle Isle, travelled farther north. There were varying degrees of interest in the communities which seemed to reflect the opinions of the local businessmen, the clergy or those who were lay-ministers who took church services when the minister was not there. In each settlement they had open air meetings, preaching the Gospel from the front deck of the boat. The singing of Gospel hymns by Alex Morrison continued to be a great opening for gathering the people to the wharves. God was at work!

The nurse at the Mary's River Cottage Hospital was Ruth May, another faithful Christian who was nursing there as a service for the Lord. A good hearing was found at Square Islands, the summer fishing place for people who lived in the winter, in the more sheltered areas, farther in St. Michael's Bay. Ben Powell, a merchant there, was one of the sons of Mr. Herb Powell who was part of the assembly at Carbonear. His father-in-

law, Alex Campbell of Scottish descent, was a believer and his family and almost all of the other people living in that area, had real respect for the Bible, and for God. That area was a real point of interest in follow-up for the brothers on the boat.

Different places on the coast, the farther down they went, responded well to the preaching of the Gospel and so those on board the boat felt the season of travelling the Labrador coast was well-spent. They went as far as Goose Bay, which was quite a different story, because of the variety of armed forces that were stationed in that place. During the war years, the Americans built a major airport there as an alternate stopping place for air travel to and from Europe. The USA Airforce had a base there. Canadians had a base there. Other countries sent their pilots there for training for low level flying and flying in cold weather. All the things that accompany the influx of military bases world-wide, were at Goose Bay. It wasn't until nearly forty years later, a consistent Gospel effort was made in that small city by Wallace Buckle.

While they were down on that part of the Labrador shore preaching in the open air in one larger center, a message was sent from a small place asking the preachers to come there as soon as they could. They responded to the message right away, and when they got to that small community, they were asked to speak to a man who was dying and he knew he wasn't ready to meet God. Mr. Bert Joyce moved to his bedside and asked him what he needed most. The reply was forgiveness of his sins.

Mr. Joyce opened his Bible so the man could see that he was reading and speaking from God's word, and he began to read to him about what God said about sin. Then he read what God has done about sin through the death of Jesus. Then reading John 3:16 and Acts 16:30 and 31 what God expected of the needy sinners. The anxious soul saw right away through the word of God and the comments Bert Joyce made, why he needed to be saved, how he could be saved and how he could make that plain to himself and others. He did confess with his mouth the Lord Jesus and was saved. Soon after he died. He was saved just in time.

More and more the confirmation of the outreach of the Gospel by traveling by boat was evident. Not every community responds the same. It often depended on what the merchants thought, or some of the leading people in the community, as to how the community as a whole accepted the Gospel. Some communities were openly favorable to the Gospel and others were opposed. That was the same all around the shores of Newfoundland and Labrador.

Mr. George Campbell was committed heart and soul to the work on the Labrador coast and couldn't wait to get backup into the Straits area to continue to seek souls for the Lord to whom he had been preaching for over a year. God was working in the area, but God was also working on his servant. He had never spent much time in one place in his life, and now he realized that when a man preaches the Gospel and souls are saved, they are almost like his own children. "Though you have ten thousand instructors in Christ, yet have ye not many fathers: for in Christ Jesus I have begotten you through the Gospel."

In five years, God changed a tough Marine who had been traveling the world, to a spiritual father who dearly loved those who the Lord saved through his preaching.

I believe this would be an appropriate place to speak about the heart of George Douglas Campbell towards those to whom the Lord of the harvest sent him to take the Gospel to on the Labrador coast. Those of you who knew him when he was in his late twenties, and for the twenty-five years until the Lord took him home, will remember a man who could talk to you straight from the shoulder. Sometimes he might have hurt your feelings, but that was because he had your best spiritual welfare in his heart.

In the spring of 1984, he had been in Vancouver with his wife and daughters for a year. His son was graduating from Memorial University that year, and he would have been the first one to do so in his family. For some reason George wasn't feeling good, and when I was talking to him on the phone, he indicated he wouldn't be able to come to the graduation ceremony. However, he did come alone on the airplane to St. John's to rejoice with his only son on his educational accomplishment.

When I picked him up at the airport, he was extremely tired and went right to bed when we got to our house. He did enjoy seeing that milestone in the life of his son, but then he told me, there is something wrong with me that I have to find out about, but we will not be back to Newfoundland this summer. I offered to take him back to the airport so he could go right home, but he said, "No. I must go to Labrador again one more time." I never thought much about what he said at the time, but a month or so later I found out what he was afraid of.

He wept tears, and his heart was soft, as he spoke to me of those who the Lord had saved through his preaching. When he left for Labrador, he felt that was his last time seeing those people to whom his "soul was knit" for twenty-five years. He dearly loved the Lord's people there and it was the joy of his heart to be there, even though he was engaged in the Lord's work in other places as well. It was on the Labrador that he became his own man. It was there he became the Lord's own servant in a special way. It was there he met his wife, Mona. It was there his son was born, and where he lived with his whole family for the early years of their life. All of the saints of God there were dear to his heart and he was delighted, even when in his pain as he was nearing death, when two of his dear friends came from Labrador to be with him when he left this life to go to be with the Lord.

TEN

“Then they that gladly received his word were baptized: and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls. And they continued steadfastly in the apostles’ doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers.”

Acts 2:41, 42.

GOD AT WORK! Go forward in faith

(#0010 on stick #44)

The believers who were saved in the Forteau/English Point area and those in L’Anse au Loup, were for the most part faithful and growing in the Lord. As they heard the word of God taught to them, and realized how important it was for them to base their life and faith on the word of God, they were baptized and gathered to the name of the Lord. The first meeting place on English Point was in a portable hall that was made permanent. It was there the breaking of bread commenced and later a larger hall was built. There was some open opposition as the word spread along the coast from place to place, that a new religion has come and the preachers are breaking up homes and communities. As it became obvious that there was an on-going and permanent work that was established, a tension grew between those who just wanted a religion, and those who God saved by His grace.

Then when a baptism by immersion took place out in the open, tension turned to animosity and open opposition. One Sunday afternoon when the “M.G.M.” came back to the coast, they went to L’Anse au Clair on the boat to have an open-air meeting. A number of believers went along for the ride on the boat, and to hear the Gospel themselves. For some reason, a man was provoked by others to get in a dory and row out toward the boat with his shotgun. Mr. Doug Howard was preaching at the time, when the man in the dory fired some shots at the loudspeaker horns and blew a couple of good-sized holes right through them. The actual sound comes from a driver in the middle of the horn and the metal around it was too hard for the pellets to penetrate, so Mr. Howard just kept on preaching. When the man in the dory went ashore and got a rifle, and fired some shots toward the boat, it was agreed that the time had come to close the meeting and go back to Forteau Bay.

As long as the men on the “M.G.M.” came, preached and then left the area, the religious leaders and those who were opposed to the Gospel didn’t mind. However, when it was clear that a permanent work was being established, and that became obvious when believers were baptized by immersion, that was a different story, because the major religions had control of the churches through “spiritual advisers” who had parishes which paid their salaries and contributed financially to the headquarters of the various religious denominations.

All of this was new to Mr. Campbell so he was often in contact with Mr. Harris when he got in a bind over some matter that he didn’t know just how to deal with. Mr. Fred Holder

came to help in the work there, and as other workers in other places became aware of the new work on the Labrador, interest grew and some others came to help George Campbell from time to time. Interest in the work that was opening up in Labrador, created interest and a desire to participate in a new work, on the part of others who heard about what the Lord was doing there. Some men came to help George Campbell in the winter of 1957.

Bert Joyce, who was living on Prince Edward Island with his family, was getting more and more reattached to the Newfoundland and Labrador work; especially Labrador. With that in mind, he got an airplane to use in the work in that area, and flew in during the winter to help George. "Do you have a place you want to go?" was his question. With the airplane on skis there were not many places that were unreachable in the winter. "Yes, to Red Bay," was George's quick reply.

There were people from Red Bay who had married in L'Anse au Loup, and people from L'Anse au Loup who were living in Red Bay. So, they flew to Red Bay and had meetings there, although there was some opposition. Mr. Alan Moores was sick but his heart was in the Gospel. When the two young preachers visited him, he told them, to not get discouraged. God was going to work in Red Bay, and the main interest would be up in the bottom of the bay. The night Mr. John Layden was saved, the first one in those meetings; was the night Mr. Alan Moore died. God was at work!

Bert Joyce became convinced that the Lord wanted him and his family to move to Red Bay, so in the spring, summer and fall of 1958, there was a lot of building going on. A hall was built in L'Anse au Loup and a house was built in Red Bay. The English Point assembly was meeting in a portable hall, and now, amidst serious opposition, a 20 by 40-foot hall was built in L'Anse au Loup. Some brothers from Ontario came after one of them provided and then shipped down material to build a Gospel Hall. He and some other men came down to help build it. It was an unusual type of building made of tongue and groove pine 2x4s that were put up vertically with plywood between the inside and outside boards. So, the walls were over four inches thick.

There was a great deal of opposition when the bulldozer came on the land to level off the place for the building. In fact, men came and were ready do battle to stop the hall from being built. God's grace and spiritual power overcame the problem, and the hall was able to be built rather quickly and then a house for the Joyce family in Red Bay. God in His great mercy, saved at a later time, one of those men who was in serious opposition to the Gospel and particularly the building of the hall. For several years that hall was used, but by the mid-1960s, it was obvious more space was needed to accommodate the increase in numbers of those who attended the meetings.

Before the spring conference of 1961, Mr. Harris made contact with Mr. Theodore Williams of Chicago and asked him if he would come to Labrador for the conference. Mr. Williams was thrilled to do so as he had an interest in that work since 1956 when the boat was first mentioned at Vancouver. He was a very interesting preacher and had come through a lot of hardship in his life. He had a Master's degree in theology, but was a practical man who knew what it was to suffer for the sake of the Gospel. He had been

preaching in a large church in Detroit, Michigan when he met Mr. Louis Hoy. Through visiting with Mr. Hoy, he began to see the difference between a New Testament church that is like a living organism, and the religious group of which he was a part, which was an organization. He paid a high price to “go outside the camp, bearing His reproach, but was a faithful Gospel preacher and teacher of the word of God until he died at age 91. Mr. Hoy was the grandfather of Tom Hoy who has been to Labrador a couple of times. Mr. William’s visit to the Labrador coast was a special time to him as well as to people who heard him preach there. The Gospel Hall in L’Anse au Loup was packed with people at that time.

At the 1962 conference which was held on the Easter weekend, the 20x40 foot hall was so full of people that when the seats were all filled right from the front wall to the back including the platform so there was only room for the preacher to stand (he couldn’t move without stepping on someone), chairs were set in the aisle from front to back. The first part of every Gospel meeting was open to testimonies from the brothers from different assemblies. At that conference some of the men stood up on their chairs to speak so they could be heard all over the building because there was no way they could get to the front of the hall.

People from Red Bay and other places came on dog teams, so around the hall there were dog teams separated from each other by quite a few feet. Every now and then a dog fight would start outside, so some men would jump up and got out to deal with the problem. There would be a whole lot of loud yelps and then whimpers and soon they dogs would settle down again. Looking around outside all you would see of the dogs were white bumps of snow where they were lying covered over with snow and their noses under their paws. I can recall walking with Bert Joyce through L’Anse au Loup one night when it was calm and cold, and he howled like a dog. Almost instantly all around us dogs jumped out of the snow and began to howl. Within minutes it seemed like every dog in L’Anse au Loup was howling. Bert grinned, “That’s the Labrador Band!”

The last night of the conference, another snow storm came, so the conference continued another two days. People didn’t travel heavy in those days. Only a few very fundamental things were brought along, and people stayed in each other’s homes and had a lot of happy times singing hymns, talking together and just enjoying the blessings of Christian fellowship. That year, Robert McIlwaine flew there in a Piper Cub that he had been using in the seal fishery. Over the years he came quite often to help in the work as an able Gospel preacher and a practical minister of the word of God.

The small Pentecostal church Mr. Mitchell had built in Red Bay wasn’t being used, so arrangements were made to buy that building for a Gospel Hall in Red Bay. Bert Joyce and George Campbell had to fly to St. John’s to deal with that matter because the buildings of that group belong to a central authority, and they had to make the final decision as to whether to sell the building or keep it. It served the assembly that was formed in Red Bay until the 1970s when new and larger building was built near the original location.

Late in 1958, the Joyce's moved to Red Bay and made their home in that place for fifteen years. The "M.G.M." was used back on the Labrador coast that summer, although there was a lot of ice in the straits until July. In fact, the boat was just able to get to the coast, and then the ice came in behind so they were stuck there for quite a few weeks. But God has His ways of working and the outcome is according to His will. Later in the summer they traveled down the coast to Square Islands and Charlottetown. Also, they went to some places not too much farther north.

(#0030 on stick #44)

That winter Bert and George went by plane to Charlottetown to have a few nights of meetings, and then the weather closed in so they had to stay longer than they intended. As George was preaching at the end of one meeting, a big man got up and started coming forward towards him. George thought there was going to be a fuss, so he stopped preaching and said, "Let's pray." When he opened his eyes after praying, that man and others were down on their knees in front of him wanting to be saved. By those two men not hesitating to go forward, God showed that He was still working and has continued to work there. God was at work!

It was during the spring of 1959 George Campbell came to the assembly I was a part of in Oregon and told of the work going on in Newfoundland and Labrador. We had opportunity to talk again. I had been saved three months after him in a Gospel series held in a town a few miles from our home. The tape recording of some testimonies of people in Labrador was of great interest to me and to others in our assembly. His recorder was a small battery powered one that had only small reels, but the message on those small reels was very large. God was at work!

As a result of that visit Mr. Campbell had in 1959, Andrew Bergsma went back with him and helped him in Gospel work on the Labrador coast for over a year until August of 1960. Mr. Bergsma was a very personable man and loved to visit people in their homes. He was never stuck for words and would always get a Gospel point across in his conversations. While he was on the Labrador coast, he had quite a number of nightly Gospel meetings for several weeks at a time. Some he had with George Campbell and he had at least one with Bert Joyce in Red Bay. Stan Linstead in L'Anse au Loup really liked Andy's preaching and his open and blunt way of talking to him personally. But for all the preaching he had heard since the Gospel preachers went there, Stan didn't get to Christ until about a week or less before he died 60 years later.

That summer the crew of the "M.G.M." went to Charlottetown and while they were there, built a small Gospel Hall. Mr. Ernie Dellandrea was one of the men on the boat that summer, and he was a skilled carpenter. So, he headed up the work on the new hall. At a later time, he went back and built a small house for those who came to stay in. The Campbell's lived in it during the winter of 1961-1962. Most of the people of the village were out at Square Islands fishing during the summer, so the men on the boat would travel out to Square Islands for the Lord's Day and have meetings and visit while people stopped fishing. Most of those people would not bring in their haul of fish on the Lord's

Day. They would make a last haul late Saturday night, and as soon as they could after midnight on Sunday, they would head out to pull their cod-traps. It was not unusual to hear the “putt, putt, putt,” of motor boats in the dark during the time when the fish had struck.

The “M.G.M.” crew would go in the bay to Charlottetown to work on the hall again on Monday morning. It was warmer in the bay than out where they were open to the Atlantic Ocean, but the mosquitos also liked the warm weather, the calm winds and preachers’ blood. Some of them worked with netting all over them. By the end of the summer, they were quite ready to go back to other work, but the Lord had them there where He wanted, when He wanted. On the way back to Corner Brook, the “M.G.M.” stopped at Daniel’s Harbour to visit the ladies from Square Islands-Charlottetown who had married the three men from that community. Clarence Perry and his wife had moved back as they had a growing family and some of their children were of high school age. They were well received by the three sisters who lived there but their husbands were all away working in the woods cutting wood for Bowater’s pulp and paper mill in Corner Brook. So, they were only there for one night and part of a day.

(#14 on stick #45)

Clarence

Two men from Daniel’s Harbour on the west coast of Newfoundland’s Great Northern Peninsula, Ralph House and Clarence Perry, went north one winter to trap as there was a good price for fur right after the war. Both of them ended up marrying one of Mr. Alexander Campbell’s daughters then, and Edmond Perry of Daniel’s Harbour married another one at a later time. Ben Powell was also married to one of his daughters. Ralph and his wife went back to Daniel’s Harbour but Clarence stayed on, and he and Ben Powell started a sawmill at the bottom of the bay, about twelve miles inland from Square Islands.

There was a lot of untouched forest there. They could get logs, saw them into lumber and make a boom to take them out to where the lumber could be loaded onto boats, and it was all done in the one place. The mill-work prospered and so Clarence and Margaret his wife, and Ben and Effie, his wife, built homes not far from the mill. Soon other people from small scattered places around the bay began building near them, and they soon had a real community. Ben and Clarence decided to call the new village, Charlottetown, after Clarence’s mother, Charlotte, and Ben’s older brother Roland, who was living in Charlottetown, Bonavista Bay. Roland had been trapping in Labrador and Ben had gone north to trap with him, a number of years before.

During the winter it is easier to haul logs out of the woods on sleds, so they worked there most of the time, except when the fishing was really good at Square Islands. Then the people moved there for a few summer months. Charlottetown became a business center for that part of the coast, and soon people considered Charlottetown home rather than Square Islands, Triangle or other places in that bay.

One school boy used to come to the mill after school to watch the men saw logs into lumber, and seemed to be fascinated with the whole enterprise. The big flywheels on the engine gave extra power to the belt that turned the saw, and he like to get as close as possible to the action. Clarence told him often to not get too close, but one time, curiosity got the best of him and he got too close. The sleeve of his coat got caught in the belt that goes around the flywheel and he started flying around and around until his arm was twisted off.

The closest nurse and hospital were at Mary's River and the bay was frozen. The rivers and brooks were starting to open as the days were getting longer and could not be crossed by dog team. The weather was quite cold so that might have been a help in keeping the bleeding slower than normal and the bandages they put on were soon frozen quite hard. Clarence knew he had to do something, so decided to go the twelve miles to Square Islands by dog team, and see if the drift ice was far enough off from land that he could get a motor boat in the water and travel by water to Mary's River. When he got there, the ice was in on the land. He launched a motor boat at the edge of where the water should be, and then wondered what he could do.

He told me, "I always believed in God, but I didn't know Him. Now I had nowhere else to turn. There was nothing else I could do. So, I went up on the hill and stood there and prayed to God. 'Please God, slack the ice so I can get this boy to the hospital.' Mr. Goff, before I got the boy in the boat and the engine going, the ice had slacked enough that I could go along between the shore and the ice, and I got the boy to the nurse at the hospital."

That boy lived, and then made his home in St. Anthony for many years, and worked at the Grenfell Hospital there. Clarence and Margaret Perry moved back to Daniel's Harbour on the Northern Peninsula, where he got work cutting pulpwood in Bowater's Woods. When the highroad was being built down the Northern Peninsula, Clarence got work driving a dump truck hauling ballast for the road. One day when the road had reached Belburns, he had a full load on the truck he was driving and after crossing the bridge over the brook and going up the other side, he began to shift gears up, but one gear was stripped. When he put his foot on the brake to stop, the brakes also went, and he began to roll backwards down the hill he had just climbed. At first, he wasn't too concerned because he thought he would just roll across the bridge and be stopped by the hill on the other side.

When he looked in his rearview mirrors, he saw the bridge was filled with children who had just got out of school. Without hardly a hesitation he turned the wheel and the truck rolled off the road and turned upside down in the creek with Clarence injured in the cab. He managed to get out but his back was seriously injured, and he lived with the results of a broken back and all that kind of pain for the rest of his life.

Sometimes in our lives, we have plenty of time to make decisions, but there will be some that we have to make in a second. What a person is in their character, comes out when those kinds of choices have to be made quickly. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is

he.” It wasn’t too long after that happened that the Lord reached and saved him. We will address that at a later time, but for now it is important to know that a person can be a good-living citizen who thinks of others and does them good, and still be lost. There has to be personal faith in Christ in order for a person to be saved from their sins.

Clarence knew he was what the world calls, a good person, and he thought that was what would make him acceptable to God. He had made a great effort to save the life of a boy who lost his arm. He had been injured himself in order to save the lives of a group of children who were on a narrow bridge. It sometimes is hard for people who think of others so kindly, to realize they need the Saviour themselves.

The Holy Spirit of God saved him shortly after, and fitted him to be one of the elders of the assembly of believers at Parsons Pond. He had such an interest in the Gospel, that he wanted the Gospel preached in Daniel’s Harbour on a regular basis. He and some other brothers in that community sawed lumber and with the help of others from the assembly at Parsons Pond built a Gospel Hall just behind Clarence’s house. For quite a number of years, those believers in Daniel’s Harbour preached the Gospel there every Lord’s Day and also had a midweek meeting.

Ben

Fishing and trapping were important to Ben Powell, and consequently he became quite famous in the province of Newfoundland and Labrador, when he wrote a series of books about his experiences in the forests of that part of Labrador. The Lord saved his wife and some of his children, and he too professed to be saved.

It is important for those engaged in the work of the Lord, to never lose sight of the value of precious souls. It lends weight to one’s preaching as well as bringing the light of God to the dark souls of the lost. An assembly without vision for outreach and the Gospel in other places as well as their own area, cannot survive for more than two or three generations of believers. There is a “historical drift” (the title of a book), that comes to every work if we are not convinced of the need of outreach and “the regions beyond.”

ELEVEN

“Continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving; withal praying also for us, that God would open unto us a door of utterance, to speak the mystery of Christ, for which I am also in bonds: that I may make it manifest as I ought to speak. Walk in wisdom toward them that are without, redeeming the time. Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt, that ye may know how ye ought to answer every man.”
Colossians 4:3-6

GOD AT WORK! Another door opens

In the winter of 1959 and 1960, Mr. Herb Harris went to spend some time with his brothers and sisters in Ontario and California. While in Palm Springs, California he had Gospel meetings in a rented building and there was some blessing in salvation in that resort area among people who lived and worked there. In the spring of that year he came to Oregon to visit the assembly I was a part of, and had a few nights of meetings and a Lord's Day with the assembly. From there he went to Arlington, Washington where he had seen a good number of souls saved over the years. Donald Moffatt and his family had moved to Arlington, Washington where they lived for several years before moving back to Ontario where they came from originally.

The “Family Bible Hour” had been on CJON radio in St. John's for ten years, and had expanded to many stations across Canada. There was a Christian radio station in Blaine, Washington, not far from Arlington, from which they could cover the lower mainland of British Columbia and the northwest part of Washington. Mr. Moffatt never lost his interest in Newfoundland and Labrador even though he only went back to visit two or three times after they left. They had lived and labored for the Lord, for a few years in St. John's, Newfoundland in the early 1950s.

Herb Harris was in Vancouver, BC also for a while before going back to Newfoundland. He had a lot of spiritual children in the Vancouver area going back over forty years since he had his first Gospel series there. He had stopped at the assembly I was a part of in Oregon on his way to California to be with his relatives who lived there. I was in university at the time and he showed a little interest in what I had studied and what I had some training in.

George Campbell also left Labrador for a few months in the fall of 1959 to visit his parents and relatives, and then to get his pilot's license. Andrew Bergsma was on the Labrador coast all that winter and spring preaching the Gospel in Forteau, L'Anse au Loup and Red Bay. Mr. Fred Holder also came to assist in the work on the Labrador coast on several occasions. George Campbell came by the assembly I was a part of in March or April of 1960, on his way from San Francisco to Toronto to get some flying lessons. George thought it would be good to not only be a licensed pilot, but to also have his float rating, so he knew how to take off and land an airplane on water. We had a few talks together about the work in Newfoundland and Labrador and he gave a report of that work at the Forest Grove Gospel Hall.

Bert Joyce was experienced in flying a float plane as well as skis for winter landings on snow and ice. The airplane was his exercise and responsibility, but I guess between the two of them, they thought it would be good if they both were able to use the plane if Mr. Joyce was away for some reason. Mr. Joyce had a pilot's license since he was a teenager. I guess it is different learning to fly when a person is a bit older. One becomes more cautious the older you get. A novice in flying airplanes or a novice in the assembly needs to learn by experience how to deal with issues that arise unexpectedly. That is why a novice is not to be one of the overseers of the local house of God.

I had been in university for some time and was intending to be a school teacher, so I was quite surprised at the end of June that summer when a phone call came from Mr. Harris. I was going to get my father who was an elder in our home assembly to talk to Mr. Harris, but he said he wanted to talk to me.

"I understand you did some courses in diesel mechanics a few years ago?"

"Yes sir. I took some classes in Chicago in 1958."

"Well, I want you to come to Newfoundland to fix one of the engines on the 'M.G.M.' It is overheating, and I want to get the boat in the water next week."

To say the least I was very surprised to even hear him call, let alone to ask if I would come to Newfoundland, so I said to him, "How long do I have to consider this and find out if I can do it?"

"We've been on the phone two minutes, so you have one more minute to decide," was his straightforward answer. Of course, that was in the days of the three- minute phone call, and after that the cost went through the roof.

I took a deep swallow, and a giant leap of faith and answered, "Yes Mr. Harris, I will gladly come and thank you for asking me. When do you want me to come?"

"Well, today is Saturday," he said, "And I would like you to be here by Monday or Tuesday if you can."

By this time, I was practically shivering with fear because it was five o'clock Saturday evening, I was driving a truck for a man, and I would have to be able to get a Sunday evening or night flight to get there by that time. When our phone call was ended, and I told father and mother what it was about, they seemed to be really glad and that kind of surprised me. Then I went to the man I had been working for and he seemed glad about it and wrote out a check for my wages. He said to me, "I can always find a driver, but not many people will be taking the Gospel to wherever that place is."

The elders of our assembly didn't seem too surprised either and wrote a "happy fellowship" letter of commendation to the Corner Brook assembly that Saturday night. The next morning after the morning meetings of the assembly were over, an uncle of mine who had a pharmacy, asked me, "How are you off for money?" I told him I had a check for my wages and some other money in the bank, but the airlines wouldn't take my personal check. So, he took me with him to some businesses that were open. Most

businesses in 1960 were closed on the Lord's Day in those days. Restaurants and gas stations were the exception. He was well-known to them and they loaned him the cash so that I could buy my ticket that night.

There is a lesson for us to learn in almost every experience we have, if we look for it and are willing to act upon what we learn. A Christian who has a business or is in some form of enterprise, will find before too long, the business community has your number. You will have a reputation built very soon that will stick with you all your life. My uncle was saved when he was about thirty years old. He had his pharmacy for five or six years before he was saved, but in his case there quite a visible change within a short time after the Lord saved him. He used to sell cigarettes and some other products that made him a lot of money. The markup was big and the demand was high. The day after the Lord saved him, he took all of that out of his store. People who came in to get those products, asked why they weren't there, and in his quiet way he briefly told them his testimony.

Another thing he did was to order a supply of Bibles and put them right where the cigarettes had previously been. Above that, he hung on the wall a beautiful text painted. It wasn't an actually scripture verse, but it said:

“In peace let me resign my breath,
And Thy salvation see.
My sins deserved eternal death,
But Jesus died for me.”

When people asked about that he would tell them the story of Dr. Valpy who wrote it, and the many people over the years who learned that brief four-line stanza and were saved through the teaching contained in such a simple way. Over the many years he was in business, that was on the wall where everyone could see it. “Let your light so shine before men, that they might see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.”

Passenger planes then were propeller driven then except for a few new Boeing 707s that were just being built. I got my first ride in a big airplane on my way to Newfoundland by way of Boston. From there Trans Canada Airlines flew to every airport in eastern Canada that was on the way to Halifax, and from there to Stephenville, NL. Even though I was stuck in fog for a day and a night in Sydney, Nova Scotia, I got to Corner Brook Wednesday morning after landing at Stephenville. Taking Eddie's Taxi to Corner Brook I think was the longest drive on a gravel road I had in my life up until that time.

The first assembly person I met when I got out of the taxi at 8 Valley Road, was Harvey Lynch who took me to the “M.G.M.” where Mr. Harris was working on the boat to get it ready to put in the water after it being on the wharf for the winter. Later I met Melvin Hancock who was going to school in Corner Brook, and Henry Hancock was in doing some business. A few parts, some dismantling of pumps and a day or so fixing the water pumps, and we got the engines running right in a few days.

The Wednesday night meeting at the Gospel Hall was small compared to what I was used to, so every man there spoke in one way or another, once or twice. The same was on the

Lord's Day. The rest of that first week of July was spent getting provisions, fuel, fresh water and other needed supplies for traveling north. The following Monday, Mr. Harris, Andy Bergsma, George Evans, Henry Hancock and I went north on the boat, although I didn't know up until then where we were going. I think no one else except Mr. Harris did either, because we sailed right on past Daniel's Harbour where he wanted to go.

Instead of Daniel's Harbour we passed a number of settlements we could see from where we were about two or three miles off shore, and finally we stopped at a fairly large town called Port Saunders. George Evans caught a boat back to Corner Brook, and Henry Hancock went on another one to Labrador where he lived. Mr. Harris, Andy and I were there for about two weeks having meetings off the deck of the boat and visiting the people. Andy had his own way of visiting and wanted to go alone, so he and I spent the days going to the homes of Port Saunders. Mr. Harris couldn't walk very well so he stayed with the boat.

The new road down the Northern Peninsula was being built then, and had gone as far as Port Saunders that summer. There was a small ferry at River of Ponds that could take a car on a raft set on oil barrels. There was a larger ferry at St. Paul's that could take small trucks that carried some freight and took back lumber to Corner Brook. Most freight was delivered by coastal boats that hauled freight and people. There was usually one going one direction from Corner Brook to St. John's and another going from St. John's to Corner Brook. They would pass each other down on the northern part of the Northern Peninsula.

It was strange to me to see a car or pickup on the deck of the coastal boat almost every time it went north. The road wasn't through and I wondered what they would do with a vehicle without a road. I was surprised to know that there was a road on the Labrador shore when there wasn't one on the Newfoundland side. It was then I learned that there were short sections of road in a lot of areas that were never joined until quite a few years later.

Everything was new to me, even the way people talked, so I listened and wrote down words and phrases that I didn't know. That way I could learn them and where they could be used in the right places in talking to people. I knew an engine had a head, animals and people had heads, boils came to a head, there was a head of steam that had to buildup in a steam engine (or a person with a bad temper), but I had never heard of a wharf having a head. It took me a while to learn which end was the head, and then I learned that a wharf doesn't have a tail.

While there I also learned that men traveled a lot in Newfoundland outports, but women hardly ever went more than eight or ten miles to the next settlement. Men thought nothing of walking two or three days to go to work in the lumber woods, but when they were home, they only walked to the store to talk to other men. As far as I knew, the men would go to the store to get a one-hundred-pound bag of flour and carry it home on their shoulder. He would also carry home the kerosene or whatever heavy things his wife bought. A man would go to the store, to get tobacco and tell yarns. His wife would buy

what she needed and go home with a bag of lighter things. His visit to the store would be mainly for telling stories and talking with other men. It was then I learned that a lot of the things I was used to at my home didn't fit in Newfoundland. We lived quite a distance from other people on farms, and even in towns, people had fairly large lots on which their houses were built. In Newfoundland, people wanted to be close enough to call out to the neighbors from the back step. At our home, women didn't want men around when they went shopping.

During the time men were home from the woods, they would mow and make hay, cut up and cleave enough wood for the family to use until he got back home the next time. If he had some time, he would go out in a boat to catch some fish to salt and then dry for the winter, and/or go into the country with his gun to find some birds or some wild meat for the family. During the latter part of the summer when he was home, he and his wife and children would go berry picking to get marsh-berries, partridge-berries, blueberries and raspberries. If he was home for a good while, he would make a trip up on the Long-Range Mountains to get bakeapples.

Even though I only came for the summer, I knew enough about Gospel work that a man had to be like the people he wanted to reach with the Gospel. He had to be a visual as well as an audible Christian. He needed to be among the people and able to do some things that might be a help to them. I did know how to use a scythe and a pitchfork so occasionally I was able to lend a hand to someone who looked like they could do with some help making hay. A man who was unwell was putting a roof on his house, and was glad for my help. That gave an opportunity to bring a little bit of the Gospel through my own testimony coming from a farm and being used to working in the woods. There were some who would come to meetings after we showed personal interest in them.

Visiting was very different from Oregon where I had done quite a bit of house to house work with Mr. Allen Ferguson. I had been able to preach the Gospel in a few different places but not every day, two or three times, and month after month. During the time in Port Saunders, we had at least one meeting a day and occasionally went a short distance to a couple of other small communities and had open-air meetings. In Newfoundland, everyone wanted to talk with us. They didn't really want to talk much about the Gospel but they wanted me to go into the house and have tea and talk. So, I did. Andy was used to the way things were, so he would go and take about ten minutes and give a Gospel message, some tracts and then went to the next place. He would go to ten houses to my one. Usually after a long time talking about fishing, the lumber woods, logging and a bit about the USA, I could get around to telling my testimony or telling how I got the scar on my face that they all looked at and most asked what happened. That always opens doors to talk about being saved or lost.

Mr. Trimm senior, the father Stanley George, Gideon and others in English Point, has a daughter married to a Mountie in Port Saunders. He was glad to hear the Gospel there and was at the meeting each night with family members and people he knew in the area.

While we were in Port Saunders, Bert Joyce flew in and landed on the water with his brand-new Cessna 180 and tied it onto the water side of the "M.G.M." What a beautiful airplane was LUJ, "Love Uncle Jake." That was where I met Mr. Bert Joyce for the first time. Between the nice boat, the airplane and strangers in town from "up-a-long" Canada, and from the USA, we were known by everyone within hours. By the end of the second week, the community was divided as to who wanted us to stay and preach the Gospel in the open air, and who wanted us to leave.

One older woman came to the wharf to listen to every meeting. In talking to her one time, she told me she had kept all of the Ten Commandments, so she didn't sin. She was not making a joke of the matter. She truly believed that was true. She knew a lot of "sinners" were in this town, but she believed she was "good." Night after night she was there and even after listening to plain preaching, she still believed she had kept all of the commandments. And she knew every one of them word for word. She also knew the Beatitudes, the Lord's Prayer and the catechism. One night she mentioned she had the Commandments on a plaque on the wall of her kitchen. When I asked if I could see them, she seemed delighted that I would want to visit her again in her home. It was arranged for me to be there at 9:30 in the morning.

As I entered her yard through the gate, I saw the curtain move in the kitchen window, so I knew she had been waiting for me to come. On her kitchen table was a big family Bible open. Then she showed me the plaque of the Ten Commandments and it was really quite impressive and well done. It certainly had a prominent place on the wall. Then she poured some tea and we sat at the table to have tea and talk.

I saw the Bible open, and said to her, "Do you always read the Bible like that?"
"O yes, my dear; I was reading it when you came through the gate."
"No, that's not what I meant. Do you always read it upside down like that? The words are facing the window."

She looked down at the page, and sure enough; the words were facing away from her. Red color came on her neck and face as she looked at the Bible, and finally looked at me. "You wanted me to think you were reading the Bible when I came, didn't you?" The I went to the commandment plaque and pointed to the words, "Thou shalt not bear false witness." "That's what those words mean...", and I spoke to her by name.

"O my, I thought that meant when you're in court, and I have never been to court."
"Can you understand that you have not really kept the commandments at all? To break one is to break them all; just like breaking one link in a chain, breaks the whole chain." The poor lady started to cry, "O my, what can I do?"

"You can acknowledge you are a guilty sinner before God and tell Him that out loud. Then you can receive the Lord Jesus Christ as your own Savior from your own sins. He saves people from their sins who will trust Him to do that. That's why He was willing to die for our sins. He knew we could not save ourselves, because we are all sinners. But He can and does save sinners from going to hell for breaking God's laws. He suffered on the

cross to pay the full price of our sins and bring us to God. That is what you can read about in the Bible.”

Mr. Joyce stayed a few days and came to Daniel’s Harbour where we went next. It was over half way through July by then and he felt he needed to get back to Red Bay as he had a lot to do to get ready for the winter. We anchored a bit off shore in Daniel’s Harbour because there was no government wharf to tie on to. We had a stern anchor out on the port side and a line tied to some big rocks on the starboard side. Forward we had two lines ashore so we were quite secure even if there was a bit of wind from the north, which didn’t happen often that time of year.

Each evening we played hymns and had an open-air meeting off the deck of the boat and a lot of people came down to the land-wash to listen. Mrs. Margaret Perry, Clarence’s wife, and her sisters from Charlottetown, Labrador, were there every night. There was a good interest so Mr. Harris arranged to rent a small building to have some nightly meetings in. The first night the little building was full and you could see interested faces in the lamplight. I opened with some hymns and a story for the children who were there. Then Mr. Bergsma and Mr. Harris preached the Gospel. It was a good start. The second night when we went to have the meeting, the man who owned the building said he couldn’t rent it to us anymore. The Anglican parson told him he could not do that, and was there to tell the owner what to say.

So, we went back to the boat and preached again from the open air even though it was raining. The next day was a nice day, and two men were working in the cove tying a boom of logs together. We had a good talk with them and helped them a little pushing the logs together so they could fasten them tight with ropes and chains. To our surprise a large crowd began to gather on the beach around the cove which seemed strange to us and to the two men as well. Naturally, we thought maybe they had come for an open-air meeting. It was the largest crowd we had – but it wasn’t to hear the Gospel.

The parson/minister from up the coast at Cow Head, had come and told all the people to come down to the land-wash. He passed out a few bottles of beer to three or four men. Then the minister rowed “the worshipful master” of the Orange Lodge out to our boat in a dory. The Orangeman was all dressed up with the sash on, hat, ribbons and all the rest of the things they wear, and he was standing up in the dory.

“Ahoy aboard the boat,” I heard him call, so I opened the door and asked what I could do for them. “We want to talk to the captain!” I could tell he was upset, so when I told Mr. Harris what they wanted and they seemed upset, it didn’t bother him a bit. I was green as grass, and didn’t know much about what happens in Gospel work.

Mr. Harris took his time and got all dressed up in his black suit, white shirt and wine-colored tie. Then he said to me, “There’s a captain’s hat around here somewhere. See if you can find it and bring it here.” When I got it and he put it on with the black suit and all, he looked pretty intimidating. “You go ahead of me, slide open the door, step out and go to the left. I’ll follow you and when I come out, I’ll go to the right.” It was quite an exit he made, and all the people on the shore went quiet as Mr. Harris leaned over the rail and said to the men below him in the dory, “What can I do for you men?”

The Lodge master spoke very loud because he was really nervous, “In the name of the Orange Lodge, I command you to leave this harbour!”

Mr. Harris looked him in the eyes for a long time, maybe a minute or two, so there wasn't a sound on the shore or anywhere, and then he said loud and clear, “No!” Then Mr. Harris waited for quite a while before he said, “Is there anything else I can help you with?”

They both seemed stunned to silence and didn't know what else to say. I guess they were so used to people jumping to do what they said, that they didn't know what to say or do next. Mr. Harris turned and went through the door and signaled me to follow him and close the door behind me. “That's round one!” he said. I was so naïve I hardly knew what was happening. The noise outside on the beach really grew loud as people began arguing among themselves. Some of the women who came to the meetings were the loudest and they were wanting us to stay and preach the Gospel.

Then the clergyman got some men with knives and axes to go to each rope that was tied on the land to cut them off, and he said to the men working on the boom of logs, “Go out in your boat and cut that rope off the anchor.” One man who had arms like logs, and was really big and tough, rolled up his sleeves and said, “No sir! I will not! And if I don't,” he said loud enough for everyone to hear, “Nobody else better!” “No one ever cuts the anchor off!” The other man who was working with him backed him right up.

Then another man came up and said to the parson, “I fought in the war under the Union Jack, and that boat is flying the Union Jack. You better not touch those lines or the next war will start right here!” With that he turned to the people and said, “Get on home, all of you. This is a free country. Tom and me and others fought for this. This is all a bunch of foolishness.”

That incident passed, but there was real tension in the community of Daniel's Harbour. Late that night after it was dark, I heard a quiet voice calling, “Ahoy aboard the boat.” I thought the minister was back. It was so dark I couldn't see anyone, but the person called out in the dark, “The parson's getting a lot of people liquored up and they intend to cut you off in the night.” I called back and thanked him for the warning although I don't know who the person was because I never saw him.

When I went inside and told Mr. Harris, I think he was kind of glad because he figured if the devil is working, God is going to work. Andy Bergsma was really having a hard time those days because he was exercised about going to Holland and wanted to leave for the mainland and home for a while before going to the Netherlands. He was spending a lot of time in the back cabin with the Lord, so much of what was happening kind of went over his head. But that night Mr. Harris set watches, and had Andy take the first one. About 12:30 Andy opened the door and saw a silent crowd coming down the beach and he called us up. All we could hear was the sound of gravel moving under their feet as they came toward us. Not one word was said by that whole crowd.

Mr. Harris told me to go out on deck and aim the searchlight, and he put Andy on the light switch that was inside. He would tell Andy when to turn it on and told me to shine it

right on the crowd because, “Men love darkness rather than light.” As they got closer, I could see they were all dressed in white likely so no one could tell one person from the other. When they came to the place closest to the boat, Mr. Harris said to Andy, “Light!” And I aimed it right at the crowd. It was a flock of sheep!

Andy Bergsma had a loud laugh and when he got started laughing, he couldn't quit. We all could hardly stop, even Mr. Harris. The attack band was a bunch of sheep! The Lord did save a nice number of people in Daniel's Harbour, but the near riot never did leave the minds of the people, and it was hard to get people to come to meetings there, even though we put up a portable hall there for a couple of months. The most who were saved from that community, attended meetings that were held in Parsons Pond.

Lobster fishing was over by that time, and even early cod fishing had passed and the fall cod fishery when the fish were fatter hadn't started. That time in the summer most men were in the woods cutting pulp for the Bowaters Paper Mill in Corner Brook. A few older men were at home and two or three men who had been fishing for lobsters earlier were trying to catch some cod but for the most part, our meetings in Daniel's Harbour were women and children who came down to the cove to listen to the open-air meeting. We visited the town several times over and gave away a lot of “Kember Texts” that people really liked. Three or four people professed to be saved while we were there and two of them ultimately came into the assembly when it was formed at Parsons Pond.

Portland Creek was not far away so we went there a few times while we were anchored in Daniel's Harbour, and visited the homes giving away texts and talking to the folks there. We were never turned away from any house in that community, but could some of the people argue! They loved confrontation and would raise their voice trying to intimidate us into being embarrassed. There was a great temptation on my part anyway, to try to do the same and win the argument, but I had been taught that whenever you are dealing with people about spiritual things, let them see the answer to their questions, or appropriate responses to arguments, for themselves, from the Bible.

Belburns was another community a few miles to the north, so we went there and gave out texts and talked to people. Again, no one turned us away, but we found out that there was a Pentecostal Church there and quite a few of the people attended because a pastor was stationed there. He was a young man a few years older than me, who was likeable but really didn't know a whole lot about the Bible in general. He did know enough of the fundamentals of Gospel, that some people had been saved through his preaching. There was a problem there though, because more than half of those who had professed to be saved, lost their salvation as far as they were concerned. The main problem was that most of those who “lost their salvation,” were never saved in the first place.

There were some I had made connections with in my school years, who had professed to be saved, and thought they had “backslidden,” but that was quite common among many evangelical churches on the mainland. In Newfoundland the Pentecostals and Salvation Army at that time, were the only real evangelical churches. The Methodist Churches which in the past, were evangelical, had amalgamated with some other denominations

and formed the United Church of Canada. Apart from a few older ministers, the Gospel wasn't preached there any longer. It had become a formal group, that by 1967 when their new Sunday School curriculum came out, they turned away deliberately from being a "fundamental" group.

TWELVE

“And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, He went out, and departed to a solitary place, and there prayed. And Simon and they that were with him followed after Him. And when they had found Him, they said unto Him, ‘All men seek for thee.’ And He said unto them, ‘Let us go into the next towns, that I may preach there also: for therefore came I forth.’” Mark 1:38

GOD AT WORK! The next town also

In mid-August of 1960, Mr. Joyce stopped by in his plane and landed at Lee Wolfe’s camp inside Portland Creek. He was on his way to Corner Brook to get material for a building to put his lighting plant in as there was very few out-ports that had electricity, and he needed that for his ship-to-shore, and other radios beside lighting his house. While in Corner Brook he was also picking up Albert Barbour to build the building for him. Mr. George Campbell also came back from the mainland driving a new Chevrolet van, so he was with us in Daniel’s Harbour for a few days. We were standing on the side of the highroad watching Mr. Joyce take off from Portland Creek, when a car came along and stopped. Two men got out and as we got talking, they invited us to come up to Parsons Pond and preach the Gospel.

“You’ll have no problem getting people to listen to ‘prayers’ there,” they assured us. They told us about “Arthur’s Parlor” that he used to show movies in every now and then. So, Mr. Campbell and I were designated to go up and see what we could arrange. The way opened up to get “Arthur’s Parlor” to have meetings in and the next day the boat was brought up to Parsons Pond. Parsons Pond brook was not the easiest place to get in because of the sand that shifted back and forth depending on the tide. It was necessary to come in on a high tide in a boat the size of the “M.G.M.” Eldrick Parsons was willing to go out and guide the boat in over the shoals and up the brook to the wharf. Mr. Harris made it worth his while financially, and not long after, he brought over to the boat a feed of moose. That was the first time I had ever tasted moose meat.

We had an open-air meeting on the boat where we were tied up to the wharf. Edward Payne was working in Mr. Angus Wentzel’s store at that time and came over to the boat and talked with Mr. Harris quite a while. Mr. Harris said to us right after having that conversation, “God is going to save that man. He’s been dealing with him before we ever came here.”

Even though Mr. Edward Payne used to swear when things went wrong before God saved him, he was a quiet man who had a serious kindly way about him. We learned later from him and his family, that he used to read the Bible a lot, and was looking for something that he didn’t have yet. That was no peace in his heart. He would read the Bible to his family on Sunday and read it personally most nights. There was a woman in that community who died shortly before we got there, who everyone thought was a little off her head because she talked about “being saved” or else a person would go to hell. Mrs. Hannah Payne had heard the Gospel preached in the Salvation Army meetings before. I

expect that woman had prayed for years that there would be people saved in that community. After she died, I doubt there was anyone saved living there at that time, until the Lord reached people through the preaching of the Gospel.

Mr. Campbell left for Labrador then, so Mr. Harris, Andrew Bergsma and I continued on in nightly meetings in the parlor. I spoke to the children and Andrew had the first part of the Gospel meeting. Then Mr. Harris, in full form, finished the Gospel meeting. We picked people up in Mr. Harris' car and Mr. Campbell's van until Mr. Harris also got a similar van. The meetings continued through August and into September with lots of people attending, open air meetings were also being held and yet no one was saved. During that time Mr. Bergsma spent a lot of time in prayer regarding going to Holland to preach the Gospel. One day Mr. Harris told him, "Andrew, you need other counsel than what I have given you. Go and see A.W. Joyce and tell him of your exercise." So, in late August, Andrew left for Toronto, then Vancouver, then on to Holland.

Charley Hiscock who had not long been saved in St. John's, came over for a week or so to help out in visiting and open-air preaching. Being from Newfoundland and a former lay-preacher, a lot of people stopped to consider, when he told his testimony and how the Lord saved him after he had been a lay-minister in the same church that most people in Parsons Pond belonged to. Mr. Joyce stopped by for a night or two when he brought Mr. Albert Barbour to go back to St. John's. Bert landed the plane not far above the new bridge that crossed the brook, but his floats got stuck in the mud. I was there with rubber boots on so he called for me to come and get Mr. Barbour and carry him ashore so he could get the plane in closer. I was carrying Mr. Barbour on my back through the mud when he reached his hand around in front of me and said, "My name is Albert Barbour," and went off in a big laugh. I didn't know then that I had just met my future father-in-law.

From then on at Parsons Pond, it was just Mr. Harris, and a 21-year-old man who thought this was the greatest thing in the world and didn't see any obstacles at all. My biggest concern was that, with all the people coming out, why wasn't anyone getting saved? The time was coming for me to go back west to finish the last few courses in university and one day Mr. Harris said, "What are you going to do? I would like it if you would stay on awhile but if you decide to go back west, I guess we'll take the boat back to Corner Brook and call it quits for this year." Then he said, "I guess we will just have to go back and leave these people to go to hell."

I didn't think I could really say to God, "You know Lord, I just *have* to finish this degree," when there was 100 or more people coming out to listen to the Gospel each night. So, I did put out "a fleece," which I don't think people of faith do very often. Sometimes our faith is weak and we need a special event or "sign" to assure us of God's leading. I asked the Lord if He would assure me that I should stay in Newfoundland by allowing me to point at least one of three men who were attending nightly, to the Lord, and He would save them. The Lord graciously answered that prayer when on September 9th Carl Payne was reached by God's grace and saved. The day after, his wife, Annie, Edward his father, and Sam his brother were saved. Harley Payne came to Christ, either

that night or shortly after. Then others were saved, most of whom have already gone home to heaven by this time. A good number of people came in faith to accept the saving work of the Lord Jesus Christ. Mr. Wentzel was willing to rent the upstairs of his house and Arthur Payne was willing to make it into a meeting hall for us. Before the boat was taken in to Corner Brook and put up on Bowater's wharf for the winter, we had rooms to stay in and a meeting hall getting ready to preach in.

The "upper room" was not too large even after Arthur incorporated two bedrooms and a hallway into one room. We had over one hundred people there nightly and to the one side of the open space was the small bedroom we slept in and another small room we used for a kitchen. When we had all of those rooms filled with people, we had a heating system of around ninety degrees and the place was wonderful to sing in. When there was no one there but Mr. Harris and I, it was really cold because the clapboard was nailed to the studs and in a good breeze of off-wind, some snow would come in through the cracks.

We started meetings at Parsons Pond in August of 1960 in the open air off the deck of the boat. Then we rented "Arthur's Parlor" each night except for when he had movies which may have been about once a month. The man with movies would bring a small lighting plant to have electricity for his show, but apart from that there was only one or two other places in the community that had a generator. Mr. Wentzel had a lighting plant, so we had electricity during the time when meetings were held. The rest of the town was lit with kerosene lamps and candles. Quite a lot of souls professed to be saved that fall and some of the people from Daniel's Harbour came and asked if we would go back there to have some meetings. There was a 16x24 foot portable hall in Corner Brook so we got permission to put it up behind Clarence and Margaret Perry's house. Some of Clarence's brothers who lived close by him got really upset, so we had to put up a fence between the houses so that as far as they were concerned, they were letting people know they had nothing to do with the Gospel being preached there.

Mr. Joyce came and meetings were held in Daniel's Harbour in that portable hall that had been used in Corner Brook. There were some saved at that time in Daniel's Harbour. The portable had a canvas roof, and was hard to heat, but we had nightly meetings there partway into November. Some of the men who professed to be saved at Parsons Pond came down with us each night and gave their testimonies at the beginning of each meeting. That was perhaps the high point of the meetings, because the Daniel's Harbour people, knew the men from Parsons Pond and couldn't believe what they were hearing from men whose lives had been radically changed. Mr. Harris had heart trouble so couldn't go to many of the meetings in Daniel's Harbour, but while we were having the meeting, he prayed for souls to be saved.

When he heard that the men who had been newly saved were giving their testimonies, he was overjoyed. He loved souls, and found great joy when people testified publicly to the fact of God's saving grace. The first one who took public part was Hebbert Goosney who was a quiet spoken man who was as strong as a bulldozer. Others said, "If Hebbert can do that, so can I." Almost all of the new believing men began to take part there.

When the weather got too cold for meetings in Daniel's Harbour, Mr. Joyce went back to Red Bay. I helped Mr. Harris in nightly meetings back in Parsons Pond up to the Christmas season. Some more came who had relatives in Daniel's Harbour who God saved, and that moved them to come to those meetings. The Lord saved some of them. We brought people from Three Mile Rock and from Belldowns Point to the meetings and during that fall quite a number were saved. During that fall and winter, meetings were held all the time in various places but mainly in the upstairs of Mr. Wentzel's house.

Christmas was a very big deal in the outports of Newfoundland at that time. Homebrew had been in the making for months ahead of time in a lot of houses. Women made special kinds of bread and sweet cakes. We had a Christmas program and I got a big fifty-pound bag of peanuts in the shell, from a wholesaler in Corner Brook and everybody who came ate all the peanuts they could. There was a half bag of peanut shells that I collected the next day.

People would go from house to house singing and telling stories, and the men drank a lot. Some mummers would come around and do their song and dance for fun and some good laughs. One popular man in Belldowns Point was Fred Caines. He had been working in the woods when his family started coming to the Gospel meetings. The first one saved in that family was their twelve-year-old daughter, Linda. When Fred heard the Gospel a few times he became very convicted of his sin and God saved him.

He had a barrel of homebrew "making" in an inside room for "his Christmas," but when the Lord saved him, one of the first things he did was to roll the barrel out on the back bridge and dumped it all out on the ground. Another thing he did was to make things right with an uncle who had told him years before, when as a mischievous youngster, he had thrown rocks at the uncle's horse to make it run. The uncle told him to get out of the yard and not come back. Fred decided he never would go back to that house, even though the uncle asked him over and over to come. The morning after the Lord saved him, he put on his cap, walked down the road to his uncle's house and walked through the door. The uncle was quite old then and was lying on the day-bed in the kitchen.

"The Bible says there will be wonders in the last days," Fred said, "And this is one. I was never going to come into this house again, but I had to come and tell you God saved me last night. This is both a wonder and a miracle." They remained close friends right until the older man died.

Mr. Harris went away for a while around New Year's intending to come back after the funeral of a friend of his, Mr. Murdock McDonald of Sydney, NS. It started to snow while he was away and the road was closed and the coastal boats had stopped running, so he couldn't get back. Even though the winter was difficult with a lot of snow, we missed very few nightly meetings. I had meetings there myself all through the winter and the Lord confirmed His word in saving more people during that winter and spring.

I didn't mean for this account of the work to have so much of "me" in it, but I don't know how else to report it. It was such a marvelous time to be alive, and to see God working in so many ways was, almost like it was in the book of Acts. One thing I learned, that prayer

is a real exercise, a real work and brings real results. I had been saved eight years and had never seen anything quite like that in my life until that time. I felt like the psalmist who said, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul. I cried unto Him with my mouth, and He was extolled with my tongue. If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me: but verily God hath heard me; He hath attended to the voice of my prayer."

One cold night I remember hearing Mr. Harris get up and move about quietly. He was not a well man and so I waited a few minutes to see if everything was all right. After bustling about some, he was quiet so I got out and looked to see if all was well. He was lying on the floor on his face, and I was about to pick him up when I realized he was praying. He had on his parka and warm clothes and had entered the throne room of God on his face before the Lord as an intercessor for lost souls.

I was able to keep from crying until I got into another room. It was then I began to realize that all that was going on was a work of God. In spite of myself, I think, up until then I had been harboring thoughts that I was doing pretty good because I was active in the Lord's work. It was God and His faithful servant/intercessor who was making things happen. We were just tools in His hands. How thankful I am to be able to be a tool for divine service.

During that winter the snow was higher than the fences. Then it rained and froze and we could walk on top of the snow five feet above the ground. Sometimes we had to walk quite a lot. Mr. Edward Payne, wanted to go to Cow Head and talk to his brothers about the Gospel and asked me to go with him. So, we put on rackets (snowshoes to mainlanders) and set off to walk the ten miles or so. Part way along he said to me, "I think we should stop here and boil the kettle. He pulled out a tin fruit can out of his "nunny bag" and told me to fill it up with snow. He pulled some bark off a birch tree and broke some dry limbs off a dead tree and before long had a fire going.

I learned then how to start a fire in the middle of a pile of snow. After we had some tea and the edge of the tin can burned my lip, he said, "I think we should pray before going on." Now this man had only been saved a few months, but he had a real consciousness of our need of God when we talked to his brothers. He too, lay right down on the snow and prayed. So did I. How often have I thought of those two older men in their sixties! One saved for years and one a few months, and yet they both had learned and practiced their dependence on God. Hopefully I have at least some of the sense of the presence of God with me that those men had.

It was a real encouragement and privilege to me to be with those men the Lord saved in 1960 and early in 1961. That winter the drift ice brought a patch of seals close to land not too far down the shore, so the men along the shore were able to walk out from land and get a lot of them. That was a good source of cash money that didn't come too often. When it got dark, we all went into the nearest house to get warmed up before going on our way. Robert Goosney had a clear loud voice and he liked to sing, so he started to sing a hymn. All the men sang along with him, and the people in the house were thrilled to

***hear them sing. They urged them to sing another, which they did. Before long the house was filled up with people and they sang hymns for a half hour or more. When they took a spell, I pulled out my New Testament and read John 3:16 and preached the Gospel for ten or fifteen minutes. Years later the lady of the house told me that was one of the best nights she and her family had in their lives.

When people are first saved, there is a holy fire in them put there by the Holy Spirit and they want to tell others. It is good if we give opportunity to new believers to express their new-found faith as quickly as possible. It makes a clear line between what a person was before they were saved and who they are now. Before a year or two passes, much of that enthusiasm and concern for precious souls to be saved, is lost to a measure. As they begin to study the Bible and learn new truths about the Christian life and walk, as well as assembly truth, they grow in faith. Then, when assemblies come together and gather in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, what we do begins to correspond with what we believe. If we are not careful, we can get away from the power of the Gospel message.

The year before, Mona Laird had come from Scotland to nurse in the cottage hospital at Markland, about an hour's drive west of St. John's. When she could get off, she attended the Gospel Hall in St. John's. She had been saved when she was in nurses' training in Scotland and had wanted to serve the Lord in the tropics. However, the opening came to come to Newfoundland first, so she came believing that was the Lord's will for her, so she could get some more experience in out-of-the-way places.

Nothing had opened up after the first year as far as her going to the tropics, so when Dr. Thomas asked her to go to Forteau, Labrador to take the place of Mary Taylor for a year, she believed that was where she should go. When George Campbell got back to Labrador, he didn't have his van at first, so drove around in a little small English car he had. He was thirty-plus years old at the time, apparently figuring on being a bachelor like Mr. Harris. That was, until he met Mona.

His offer to give her driving lessons changed his mind somewhat, and by 1961 he had asked her to marry him, and she had accepted. Mr. Harris came back from being away on the mainland in April that year so he could attend the wedding of George and Mona in L'Anse au Loup, Labrador. She never got to serve the Lord in Africa, but she did serve Him faithfully right where He wanted her. Mr. Harris went back to Corner Brook after their wedding, but as soon as he got there, he sent George a telegram saying, "Have you announced for Gospel meetings at Parsons Pond." George had intended taking Mona to see his family in California, but instead George and Mona Campbell spent most of their honeymoon having a Gospel series in April at Parsons Pond, with a bachelor living at the other end of the building. And some good souls were saved. By spring it was clear there was a work of God to be established here. The Campbells got as far as St. John's for a short private honeymoon rather than just down the hall and a few steps away from this bachelor.

THIRTEEN

“And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul... and with great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus: and great grace was upon them all.” Acts 4:32a; 33

GOD AT WORK! Growth and Grace

In a later account of the work, we will speak of other things that happen in new work, but in a brief way, it is important to say that there were two different baptisms that year in Parsons Pond. Gospel preaching came first and continued nightly for a long time. After a few souls were saved, we began teaching people privately in their own homes and then had meetings on the Lord's Day and at different times from the Gospel meetings, at the meeting hall. There were a lot of people to be baptized and each one had a huge crowd of people attend. There had never been a baptism by immersion on that area of the coast, and people came from all directions to the “dipping frolic.”

In the summer of 1961, the boat went first to Port au Choix, then back to Cow Head, and then on up to Rocky Harbour. I was called away by the U.S. army for part of July, August and part of September. A work opened up in Rocky Harbour that summer so when I got back, to Parsons Pond in October, I started taking people in a van to Rocky Harbour to the nightly meetings there once or twice a week. It was about two hours each way depending on the barge ferry at St. Paul's. Mr. and Mrs. Buckle and Mr. Dellandrea were there with Mr. Harris; preaching first in a gas station and then in a “parlour,” the Newfoundland term for a hangout for kids.

In October, after teaching about baptism at Parsons Pond, the first baptism was held in the Moulting Pond. It is quite shallow so we had to go quite far out to get enough water to get people completely under, but that was good because there were a lot of people around the pond to see the “dipping frolic.” To many people on that shore, it was a cause for bitterness because it indicated that those who were baptized were different now, than the rest of those who had only been sprinkled when they were babies. They had been taught that infant sprinkling was when they got their name “written in heaven, and became a child of God and an inheritor of the kingdom of God.” Baptism by immersion seemed to be to many, an insult to their religion and to them.

There were a few physical blows struck by those who were opposed and had some liquor aboard of them, but for the most part, that first baptism had a big impact on that part of the coast. Mr. Joyce with his son John, came in his airplane from Red Bay. The loud speaker was hooked up to the van battery, so all the people could easily hear the preaching before the baptism, and the scriptural explanation of the meaning of baptism. Mr. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Buckle, and some others from Rocky Harbour were there for the baptism. On the way back, one man who was under the influence of liquor, said quite a few bad words to Mr. Harris when they were on the ferry-crossing at St. Paul's.

Later that fall, my father came for a while, and did a lot of personal teaching from house to house about what an assembly is. As an assembly elder, that probably did a lot better,

than if I had been teaching it as a 22-year-old. In November we rented Shearer's D6 Caterpillar tractor and dug out a basement for the hall to be built on land from Simeon Payne's garden.

In December, another baptism was held in a portable, plywood tank in Arthur's Parlor. We had to break ice in the pond to get water to carry down and fill that tank, so it was really cold. I had a lot of people heat water in kettles and slowly poured on to the cold water so that it would feel warm on the top few inches. Below the first foot or so, the water was cold enough to take people's breath away, but they went ahead anyway for the Lord. The next Lord's Day we broke bread for the first time in remembrance of our Lord, and to show His death until He comes again. There were fourteen of the Lord's people from the area at the Lord's supper in the upstairs room of Mr. Wentzel's house that first Lord's Day. Others there were Wallace and Olive Buckle; Herb Harris; Ralph Goff and Gaius Goff and perhaps another one or two who were from other areas. Within a short time, others who had been saved and baptized became part of the assembly.

One brother came to me after the first breaking of bread meeting with tears on his face saying, "Mr. Goff, in my wildest dreams, I would never have imagined something like this could ever happen. You don't know what we were like and what we did in the past. But to see (and he mentioned a number of people by name) us all sitting down together and taking the bread and wine from the same plate and cup, and singing and worshipping, (and he paused for a long time before continuing with a shaking voice) is beyond belief. This could only be done by God."

The first weekend in January 1962, was the first Sunday the believers there carried on the meetings without any of us who had been preaching the Gospel being in attendance. No one in the meetings or taking part, had been saved more than a year and a half. When I returned a week later everyone thought they were the best meetings yet. During the spring of 1962, some more from Parsons Pond, and from Daniel's Harbour and a number of young people from Belldowns Point and Three Mile Rock were saved. Mr. Theodore Williams from Chicago came following the Easter conference in L'Anse au Loup, and we held another series of meetings in Mr. Wentzel's house. I believe that was the last series held in that location.

In the late spring, the "Christmas Seal" boat came into Parsons Pond and tied up at the wharf for a few days to test the people for TB. Before the boat left, twenty-two people were identified as having TB and had to go to Corner Brook to the sanitorium. Some were there for two years before they got their clearance from that disease.

Late in May of 1962, Mr. Albert Barbour came over from St. John's to head up building a Gospel Hall "along the lines" of the one in St. John's. Mr. Harris liked the windows on the side and over the top of the door idea. Also, he wanted an entrance with steps up to the auditorium and down to the basement. After that, he didn't really mind too much what the shape, lay-out or size it was. He just didn't want it too big because he liked a hall to look full. He also wanted clay bricks, not cement bricks. He said, "I've always wanted to build a brick hall and this year we are going to build two so we're getting bricks." A schooner brought them over from Shaw Bricks in Halifax and landed them at

Norris' Point. Then they were trucked down the coast in a dump truck. So, before they were laid, they had been handled six times. That's why quite a few of them had pieces (spalls) out of them by the time they got laid on the outside of the building. Brethren from Rocky Harbour came and helped pour the cement walls. Then with lumber that men sawed in the woods nearby, and that was sized to the right width with a little gas driven saw, the hall was built in just about two months.

Mr. Barbour stayed until the roof was on, and then handed Mr. Peter Mathews, who came from Langley, BC for the summer, a piece of brown paper from the inside of his hat as a token blue-print before he went back to St. John's. Ellis Payne and Wilson Caines helped the brick layer, by mixing the mud and carrying the bricks. Mr. Mathews did the finishing inside. All the other brethren from the area worked as much as possible even though it was the the lobster season and other fishing was going on as well. I have a picture of Sim and Carl Payne putting the top on the hand rail the day before the building was opened for the use of the assembly. Sandy Payne hung the doors and the assembly moved in to have their meetings in the first hall built at Parson Pond in July of 1962.

That same year, a month later, the hall in Rocky Harbour was begun. It was completed in October and meetings were held in both of these buildings that fall. The first conference was held in Parsons Pond in the fall of 1962. Visiting preachers were Mr. Albert Ramsay and Mr. Arnold Gratton. The roads were bad at the time and I think Mr. Gratton had second thoughts about driving his big Oldsmobile down the unpaved coast road. The meals were excellent fish and potatoes, fresh homemade bread, excellent moose and homemade pie. A few came up from the Labrador; some came down from Corner Brook and Rocky Harbour. The ministry was good and it was also a time of salvation. A year later, they changed the conference in Labrador from the spring of the year, to be held the week after the one at Parsons Pond. Then the St. John's assembly had theirs after that. A few years later that order was changed because it was harder to get from Labrador to St. John's, then it was from Parsons Pond to St. John's in the fall of the year.

At the first conference though, we knew we had made a mistake. The building was too small. The little rooms at the side of the platform had people in it during the meetings and they couldn't see the preachers. The entrance had people in it down to the doors. It was okay for most regular meetings but even for special Gospel meetings, the building filled up and the seats had to be so close together, it was really quite uncomfortable. A few years later the brethren decided to put an addition on the hall.

Mr. Ernie Dellandrea laid the bricks on the new section. For about ten years the assembly also had an Easter conference. This was started because there was a series of meetings going on at the time and for fellowship's sake, people from Rocky Harbour, Corner Brook and Flowers Cove were invited along for Friday, Saturday and Lord's Day meetings. As the work grew in central Newfoundland, other conferences started. St. John's assembly wanted to have an Easter conference for a few years.

When the assembly in Gander was formed in 1982 and they later finished their own building, the Easter conference went there. The Parsons Pond Gospel Hall has been used

continuously for 60 years at the time of this writing. If we were to figure out the number of people that have entered the door of the old hall, including the regular meetings, +special meetings, conferences, funerals etc. – the door has opened over a million times to receive people into the building that was expressly used for preaching and teaching the word of God.

Quite a number of young people were saved near the beginning of this work. After a short time, a nice group of young people were part of the assembly. But because of the economics of the area, and the fishing restrictions, some who came into the assembly fellowship, moved away for schooling and then moved further away for work as the fishery was diminished significantly. Some went to Toronto and to Alberta and other provinces of Canada. A good number are in fellowship in assemblies in various places today. Others from Newfoundland and Labrador assemblies are in other places which is to be expected in all church groups in out-ports or rural areas. It happens all over Canada and is part of the dynamics of present-day life. Many young people will find their way to cities and will make their living there, raise their children in the cities and the outport will gradually die. Hopefully, what they have learned and experienced where they were born again, will be helpful to them wherever they are. We trust they will be willing to use their God-given gifts for the benefit of the Lord's people and unbelievers in the places where the Lord leads them.

There have been areas of outreach in the past from the Parsons Pond assembly. I recall in the early months of 1961 that while seal hunting by day down near River of Ponds, the brothers were willing to help in cottage meetings at night. Open air preaching has been done in towns nearby as well. From Port au Choix to St. Paul's, there have been outreach works from the Parsons Pond assembly. The outreach in Daniel's Harbour was maintained for years by the brethren from Daniel's Harbour helped by Carl Payne, Robert Goosney and others who went to Daniel's Harbour to help the Perry's, the House's and the Biggin's as often as they could. Those families were in fellowship in the assembly at Parsons Pond, but had Gospel meetings and mid-week meetings in Daniel's Harbour.

When the road was upgraded a number of years ago, the Parson's Pond Gospel Hall ended up being dangerously close to the high road for traffic access on and off to the hall, and for pedestrians as well. That, coupled with the deterioration of the roof, problems with the windows in the basement, leaks in the basement and other structural damage; made it a reasonable conclusion to draw, that the best thing to do was to make another building. The first logs were cut in 1994. When they were sawed there was 22,000 board feet of lumber for the new building. This was the first step of faith in what turned out to be a whole lot of steps of faith. The Lord knew when the needs were there and arranged in His own way, that everything and the finances to meet the needs, were there at the right time.

In the winter of 1998, a lot of the brethren from the assembly were able to work together to put up the strapping and gyprock and the underlay. So, over the last number of years the work has been done and no money is owed to anyone. The Lord knew, and met the need and when that the work was done, the money needed stopped coming. God knew

what was needed, He supplied the need and we marvel at the provision of God. Some of the men spent time working on the new hall alone, and other times there were two or three older men working on the building. Harvey Parsons, Garland Caines, Fred Caines and Ellis Payne spent months working on the building. With the help of some of the brethren from other places who were there in the summer when the assembly moved into the new building, and brethren who helped when they were able; the job was finished. July 18th, 1999 was the date of the last Gospel meeting in the old hall. Mr. Albert Barbour and Sterling Payne from the Mimico, ON assembly, who came from this area, were the last two speakers in the first hall.

The first breaking of bread meeting in the new hall was Sunday morning, July 25th, 1999. Mr. Arnold Adams had ministry at that meeting. The first Gospel meeting in the new hall was July 25th, 1999. The speakers that night were Mr. Carl Payne and Mr. Arnold Adams. The Lord of the harvest; the great Shepherd of the sheep; the Bishop of our souls keeps records as to all that has been done for His glory alone. The building is a credit to the assembly and commendable to the Word of God and the Lord Jesus Christ who the assembly represents. It has served both the assembly and the community well as a testimony to the Lord's name. An assembly hall is a stewardship, given by God to be used for His work. Use it well and use it often. Let all understand it needs to be cared for, for the Lord's sake, and is used for purposes that represent our Lord Jesus Christ in these times of increasing departure from practices taught in the word of God.

Don't expect a few of the older saints to do all of the maintenance work. Keep it as presentable as possible and use the building as often as possible for an outreach to your families and friends and the citizens of the community in which you live. I have held over 20 Gospel series of meetings at Parsons Pond over the 60 years I have been going there. We remember with joy the work of God and sometimes there has been sadness. However, God has been faithful to the Lord's people and we look with anticipation as to what He is going to be doing there, and in all the assemblies of this province, until our Lord returns.

Most of our brothers and sisters who were there in the beginning of the work, are now gone to be with the Lord. They were not well-to-do people but had vision for the work and appreciation for what God had done for them. Hebbert Goosney, quiet as he was, was the first man in the area to take public part. He did that in Daniel's Harbour in the portable hall, a few days after he was saved. Robert Goosney saw the value of inter-assembly fellowship and in his later years could be found at any conference on the island. He would take very acceptable part in ministry or Gospel as the Lord opened the way. The last time I heard him speak was at a Seal Cove conference. Rhoda Caines was a real mother in Israel here for years before she went to be with the Lord. Violet Payne, her father Edward - the whole group whose memory we cherish, whose remains are out in the cemetery behind the hall, have all had their day of service and have served their day and generation.

Mr. Albert Barbour and Mr. Ephraim Freake were hard working family men who had assembly responsibilities in St. John's right from the beginning of the work there in 1946 when they were in their 20's. Both of these men took time to have Gospel series in

Parsons Pond. Both attended conferences here when they could, knowing that others were taking their cue from the leadership they were giving. Their ministry and counsel have been important to the work all over this island. Now even though they are gone, they still have an impact on the work of the Lord because they were participants in it all of their lives.

Now is the time for men and women of vision and enthusiasm to step up and take labour responsibilities and ultimately, leadership responsibilities. Don't stand back and wait for others to make things happen. Talk over the work of the Lord constantly with each other and be willing to act for God as the Holy Spirit directs you. In the early church they used the assets God gave them to carry out work that God gave them. They had sanctified bodies; some had houses, some had certain freedoms that allowed them to move about from place to place and country to country. They had the indwelling Holy Spirit; they had each other and the fellowship that is so important to the work of the Lord.

God will not require us to do what we can't do. He is the One who gave the commission to us and He is the One who gives the ability to carry out the work. He is the One who said "Occupy till I come," and He is the One who gave the talents to use. Gospel work is not a new work on the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador now. For many in the assemblies today, assembly life is all they have known. Before all the first-generation Christians leave, be sure you have learned from them all the good things you can. Study the books of Joshua and Judges and learn from God the benefits and dangers associated with a new work. Learn from the mistakes of God's people in the past, and resolve not to do them.

The Lord Jesus promised the abiding presence of the Father and the Son with us before He left. He promised the indwelling presence of the Holy Spirit so that none are left comfortless or powerless. Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever. The Word of God is unchanging. The gates of hell shall not prevail against the Church. Our position in Christ is secure. We are accepted in the Beloved. Our voices are heard by our heavenly Father. People are still in the same condition by nature. God is still able to save to the uttermost. The spiritual powers of God's grace; the Word of God; the Holy Spirit and prevailing prayer are still with us unchanged and unaltered. Let us therefore, move ahead in patience, in unity, in consistency, in joy, in faith, in steadfastness with vitality, vision and venture as Mr. Herb Harris used to say. God is still on the throne and we are still here, ready for use, and empowered by Him.

In the course of the first two or three years of a new assembly, it becomes obvious to most of the Lord's people, the men who can be counted on to have a Gospel message to preach at the Sunday night Gospel meetings. They also take time to prepare a word of devotional ministry to give after the breaking of bread meeting and in the afternoon teaching meeting. They make it a point to be at the prayer/Bible study meeting in the middle of the week, and come prepared.

Pointing out elders was one of the things Paul and those with him did as they went back to the new assembly works in Asia Minor and other places where new assemblies began

gathering in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. There are those who seem to be able to gain the confidence of the Lord's people without making a great demonstration of themselves, or pointing to their accomplishments as a reason for them to be leaders in assemblies. The care and interest in other believers are in the heart of those who the Holy Spirit raises up as shepherds of God's people. In a new work, those who bring the Gospel are responsible for shepherding and feeding at first. As they do what they are supposed to do, the gifts God gives to all His people become obvious. They mesh together in a good way so that an orderly, scripturally functioning company of people, in a local area can practice God's truth in God's way without some distant group telling them what to do or believe. Local people, know those who live there, and God gives them a heart for their own people.

Carl Payne was one of those men the Lord raised up to guide, feed and guard His people. His wife was a support to him and was given to hospitality. He had a "parlour" in partnership with another relative, but not long after the Lord saved him, he realized that they couldn't continue in business together. With a firm commitment to the word of God, Carl made his point to his business partner, who accepted his decision and why it was necessary. The result was the business was closed, and the income from that was gone. However, through the years following, God met their needs.

From the time I met Carl and Annie Payne, August, 1960 until they went home to heaven, I have counted them among the list of close friends. I was at their home until late in the night, the night God saved Carl, and Annie was saved the next day. Their hospitality was extended wherever they were, whenever you arrived and included whatever they ate. I recall a meal of moose and bread in a canvas tent covered with browse that was completely snowed over, when Carl and Sam were cutting wood on the Bellburns barrens. When they were sawing logs down at 5 Mile before there was a 5 Mile Road there, Annie would go into the slab cabin and cook for the men. The meals she cooked up seemed to taste better there.

For some reason, Carl wouldn't take part in the Gospel meetings for quite some time after he was saved. However, when I was gone for a week and inquired upon my return how the meetings went, the believers said, "Carl took part and we had the best Gospel meeting yet." He didn't stop taking public part since. The interest of Carl and Annie in the work of the Lord, was apparent right from the time they were saved by God's grace. Herb and Russell Harris, two preachers who were natural brothers, each had a great and strong influence on the young couple: Herb for his enthusiasm and Gospel zeal; Russell for his patience and shepherding instincts. Russell and Ruth Harris spent quite a number of years as they got older, seeking to guide the Lord's people in Parsons Pond, Flowers's Cove and Buchans.

It was a special joy to me, when Carl and Annie were called to preach the Gospel. They came to Bonavista Bay to help in the Gospel work about eight years after they had responded to the Gospel themselves. They put the same vigor into the work of the Lord that they had put into their efforts to make a living in the woods.

The most touching thing I shared with Carl and Annie, was in Dr. Hannah's office in St. John's when the doctor came to where Carl and I were sitting waiting, while Annie was examined, and told Carl, "Annie has breast cancer. I would suggest that you stay here and I will do the surgery right away. Do you want to tell her she has cancer, or do you want me to?"

Carl asked me to go into the examining room with him and tell her. She was a woman who was willing to accept what happened, as part of God's plan for her life. Many years have passed since then and other health crisis have come. Annie who seemed as strong in spirit as a steel cable, has been with the Lord for many years. Their confidence in God has been a strong influence for good on many who knew Carl and Annie and have benefited by their ministry.

For quite a few years, Carl's second wife, Gertrude, shared with him in the work of the Lord. In many parts of Newfoundland, Carl was known as the man with the bus. People remember getting Bibles, texts and Gospel literature as well as the Gospel from the "Gospel Bus" that came to their village. Sowing the seed of the word of God does not always bring immediate results, but the Word of God will never come back empty.

Over the 60 years since I have known Carl and Annie, and then Carl and Gert, we have had a number of Gospel series together and we have rejoiced to see people saved. Christian workers always are made glad when we see those God has saved during meetings, going on for the Lord. We preached often in Bonavista Bay and Gander Bay together. One time we had a fruitful series in Clementsville, NS. I met a man in Lethbridge, AB who had attended those meetings as a teenager and since sought to get away from Gospel influence. God followed him and when we were in Lethbridge in a Gospel series he came out and the Lord saved him. Even though he suffered from the effects of sinful living, he was a part of the assembly there until he died at comparatively young age.

Carl and I were asked by Don Wardell who was in the Dunkerton assembly at that time, to have a Gospel series in Evansdale, IA as an outreach between the Waterloo and Dunkerton assemblies. A middle-aged couple who the Lord saved at that time went on well for the Lord. The man lived only a few years before he died. How glad they are that they were reached in time. During those meetings, the Lord saved a nice number of people, but it was hard on Carl because a form of cancer he had, began to make its effects known to him. From then on much of his work had to be suited to his physical condition, but he kept at doing what he could do all the way through his life.

God has His people for the right time and place. Carl and Annie were the right people, in the right place, for the right time in their generation. Gertrude was of the right personality to help him along in the latter part of his life. She knew when it was right to go ahead, and when it was right to stop for a while.

FOURTEEN

“Who, when he came, and had seen the grace of God, was glad, and exhorted them all, that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord. Then departed Barnabas to Tarsus, for to seek Saul: and when he had found him, he brought him to Antioch. And it came to pass, that a whole year they assembled themselves with the church and taught much people.” Acts 11:23-25

GOD AT WORK!

Laborers in the harvest

Eleven miles of water in the Straits of Belle Isle couldn't keep young men from crossing the straits to connect with young women on the other side. There were those who married young women from Flowers Cove on the Newfoundland side living on the Labrador side, and some from the Labrador living on the island. So it was, that the "M.G.M." went into Flower's Cove in 1959 on the way up the coast to have some open-air meetings, knowing there were people who were saved in meetings in Labrador who had family members there. However, there was not a good reception in Flowers Cove. It was mainly the "spiritual advisor" who was opposed, but because of his position, he had a lot of influence on how people reacted to the preaching of the Gospel.

Because they could not remain tied up at the wharf in Flowers Cove, Joe Rose, who had a daughter married at L'Anse Amor, Labrador, told them they could tie up on his small wharf. He also said that they should go across the harbour to Nameless Cove (part of Flower's Cove), and offered to guide them there. They were able to tie up in Nameless Cove at the wharf of Mr. Richard Dempster who had been in the British Navy during WW1, and appreciated seeing a British ex-navy boat like the "M.G.M." His wife was a born-again believer and was so glad to hear the Gospel preached, that they opened their home for the preachers to have meetings in their large kitchen. Their one daughter lived across the straits next door to Joe Rose's daughter. The Dempsters had three grown sons, one living right next to them who was married to a woman from L'Anse au Loup, and two unmarried sons living with them. Those two also married two young women from L'Anse au Loup later.

One of the denominational "spiritual advisors" who lived in Flowers Cove came into the Dempster's home very upset because "those preachers who upset the Labrador coast, and broke up families" had come to Flowers Cove. He was determined they could not stay there to preach and insisted that the Dempsters would not allow them to stay. However, he found out that Mrs. Dempster who had always been quite outspoken about her personal faith in Christ, could be outspoken in other ways also. Even though Mr. Dempster was a kind man, he was also a very firm man, and was not going to be told what he could or could not do. Not by a minister, or anyone else.

Mr. Richard Dempster was moved by the Holy Spirit to believe the Gospel when he listened to "The Family Bible Hour" on the radio, and was saved by God's grace. The preachers were there long enough to know there was an interest in the Gospel on the part of quite a few people there. But because it was getting late in the season, they had to pick their weather to travel to Corner Brook to put the boat up for the winter. There was no road all the way down to Flowers Cove at that time so they had to wait to come back at another time.

It was late in the fall or early winter in 1960 -1961 that Bert Joyce went to Parsons Pond for a week or two of meetings. When he flew up, he dropped Ewart Bridle and John Ryan, brothers in Christ in the Red Bay assembly, off at Flowers Cove to visit. They knew a lot of people there and wanted to visit around. During the time they were there,

they had nightly meetings in the Dempster's house that lasted the whole evening. A number of men their own age who they knew, came to the house each night, and they visited them in the day. The result was that during the ten days they were there a good number of those men professed faith in Christ.

Those men, and their wives who were saved shortly thereafter, were in the foundation of that work. They all showed an interest in the things of God and a willingness to go forward in faith. God was pleased to bless His word and their efforts, so a work was begun there in 1959, that was added to in 1960-61. As the work grew, it became established in the faith and in the fall of 1964 the first Gospel Hall was built there.

The Red Bay assembly was new then and there was a lot of enthusiasm for the Gospel. The believers in Red Bay had taken to heart what they had been taught, and reached out to others in that community as well as those further up and down the straits. Mr. John Layden and his wife, Mr. Ham Layden, Mr. Lewellyn Pike and quite a number of other people had interest in various places because of intermarriages, business and fishing connections and other personal connections, that kept them active in the work of the Lord. The Joyce's living there also was a catalyst to the work. Bert Joyce dropped in to Flowers Cove quite often in his journeys by plane up and down the coast, and so an on-going interest in the Gospel was maintained in Nameless Cove.

There was an obvious interest in an assembly being gathered there to the name of the Lord Jesus Christ alone. After a winter in Charlottetown, Labrador, George and Mona Campbell moved into a small travel-trailer at Nameless Cove for a while and then into a room or two of Dudley's house for the next winter. Gospel preaching and Bible teaching established the believers there more and more.

The next year a new Gospel Hall was built at English Point, Labrador so the Campbells moved there with their growing family after having spent a few months in Scotland with Mona's family. An apartment was made in the basement of the new hall at English Point, and the Campbells lived there until 1969. Mr. and Mrs. Russell and Ruth Harris moved to Flowers Cove and stayed in Dudley's house for a couple of years. Mr. Russell Harris was not too well physically, but that didn't keep him from visiting people regularly and teaching the believers so that they were well established in assembly principles when the assembly began breaking bread there in 1963.

Believers were baptized there and meetings were held in Dudley Dempster's unfinished house. The first baptism in Flower's Cove was held in the basement of Clyde Dempster's house. A portable baptistry was set up there and the basement was filled with people to be baptized and to watch the baptism. The wedding of Dudley and Elizabeth Dempster was held in the upstairs of the house Dudley had built, which was where the people who were saved, met to hold the Gospel meetings and other assembly meetings. The night of the wedding, there were so many people upstairs that the floor had to be propped up.

When Mr. and Mrs. Russell Harris were living there, he got his heart set on Don Dempster who was one who did not have interest in the Gospel. Time after time through

the winter, Mr. Harris would go hopping over the snow banks to get to Don's house so he could get a word about the Gospel into the conversation. His persistence paid off, and Don was saved that winter. There is more to be said about the work at Flower's Cove/Nameless Cove that will be addressed later.

The road was opened to the whole Northern Peninsula in 1962 so there was travel by road from St. Anthony to Corner Brook, even though it was rough and very hard on tires. I recall going to Flowers Cove and getting a ride in Robert McIllwaine's Piper Cub to the Labrador conference in the spring. He landed on the road to pick us up. The conference was held in the 24x40 foot hall at L'Anse au Loup. There was a lot of snow that spring and outside the door of the little hall there were a lot of snow humps that turned out to be dogs from the many teams that brought people from as far as Red Bay to the conference. They would curl up and sleep even while being covered with the snow fall. Because of the continual snowfall, the conference ended up lasting five days. Every night there was an hour or more of testimonies before the Gospel was preached.

Pierce Linstead was a good song leader, so the singing was good and hearty before every meeting, and especially at the Gospel meetings. The hall was so packed with people the aisle was filled, so men spoke from where they were all over the building. I can recall Uncle John Layden, who was a hearty man, standing up on his chair to speak and people around him were ready to grab him because they thought the chair would break or tip over. Teaching in those times was plain and practical which was appropriate to the beginning of a new work. Everybody needed to hear in plain speech what needed to be understood.

Conferences have been an important part of the assemblies on that coast. Fellowship between the various assemblies is maintained and strengthened when the three conferences are held at different times of the year. The believers in Flowers Cove have a special tie to Labrador even though they are separated by eleven miles of water.

In the summer of 1962 while we were building the Gospel Hall at Parsons Pond, Mr. Peter Mathews came from Langley, BC to help in the work. He was an able teacher of the scriptures and an elder in the Langley assembly. For a number of years, he had been wanting to go to Indonesia with his family to do missionary work in that country, but the door had not been opened in spite of his many attempts. Donald Moffatt had spent a number of years in St. John's and had maintained his interest in Newfoundland. He knew Peter and Blanche Mathews and he knew of their interest in missionary work, even though they were in their forties. He encouraged him to make a visit to Newfoundland and contacted Mr. Harris, who was aware that Mr. Barbour wouldn't be able to stay long enough to finish building the Parsons Pond Gospel Hall. He also knew that if the local brothers and I were left to finish the building, it would be rougher than he wanted. So, he was very glad when Mr. Mathews came.

Peter Mathews was saved when he was fifteen, and right away began certain habits that would help him in the study of the scriptures. When he, and quite a number of young men were called up for military service during WWII, they went as conscientious objects to a

camp in the interior of British Columbia, where they served their country in various ways. Some of those young men spent a lot of time in the scriptures and became proficient teachers and leaders in assemblies in British Columbia. One of those men was Bill Funston, the father of Bryan Funston who came to Newfoundland in 1968 to join in the work of the Lord.

Peter became a carpenter and was skilled and precise as a workman. As an independent building contractor, his reputation as a builder who could be trusted to do good work was important. From foundation work to finishing work, Peter Mathews was a good workman. He had the same characteristics when it came to teaching the word of God, and his teaching was very needed over the forty-some years he and his wife served the Lord in Newfoundland and Labrador.

Mr. Barbour had been taking the lead on building the hall up until then, but he needed to go home. Mr. Mathews was an independent building contractor himself, and was very skilled at finishing work, so his coming was at the right time. The outside was finished and inside work required better skills than most of us had who were working on the building. One morning not long after daybreak, Bert Joyce landed on the pond and asked Mr. Mathews and me if we would go with him to Red Bay for the day to lay out the foundation of an airplane-hanger he wanted to build. Peter agreed and wanted me to go with him so we could do the job quickly and get back to Parsons Pond the same day.

It took about an hour in the airplane to get to Red Bay. That was my first visit to that community although I knew some of the believers I had met in other places. The Gospel work began in Red Bay when a Pentecostal preacher named Mr. Mitchell had preached there and built a little building to preach in. For some reason he could not get anything established. Bert Joyce and George Campbell went there to have meetings in the winter of 1957 – 1958. The night Mr. Alan Moores died was the night Mr. John Layden was saved. They were able to buy the building Mr. Mitchell had made and the meetings were held there. From then on quite a number of people were saved by God's grace, and an assembly began breaking bread when the Joyce's moved there.

A road had been put through to Red Bay from farther up the straits after a bridge had been built over the "Mighty Pinware River." Red Bay was then connected to communities in the straits right up to some of the communities in Quebec. It was nearly thirty years later that the Labrador highway was finished and other communities farther north were linked up, including Charlottetown where there was another assembly gathered to the name of the Lord. Mr. Joyce used his airplane to get from place to place before there was the road, but he was limited to skis and floats for the most part. He used floats in the summer and skis in the winter, but during the other seasons he was extremely limited unless he had an airstrip. So, he made one not far from his home in Red Bay, and needed a safe place to keep his plane.

The building he wanted had sloping walls and so needed a cement foundation that was angled to take the sideways pressure of wind and snow. That was no problem for Peter

Mathews so we set to work and by four o'clock the forms were ready for cement. That evening Bert had us back in Parsons Pond for work the next day.

The Joyce's made their family home there for about fifteen years. Albert Ramsay, Fred Holder and some other brethren came to help in preaching the Gospel and teaching for believers. The hall they had bought from the Pentecostals became too small for the needs of the assembly, so in the late 1970s and early 1980s another Gospel Hall was built. The Joyce family moved in the early 1970s to Corner Brook where there was better access to their family's needs when he was away in meetings in different places in Newfoundland and Labrador, the Maritimes and other places.

I recall speaking at the funeral of Mr. Lewellyn Pike at Red Bay, and the wind was so high and temperature so cold when we were at the graveyard, that one ear and one side of my face froze. Then I knew why the men didn't take off their hoods and hats for more than a moment or so at a time when prayer was made at the grave. I am made aware of Red Bay every time the weather gets cold. One side of my face starts to turn white, and one ear burns.

Red Bay is like a lot of other places where fishing was the only way to make money locally. Even though people there were not rich, they could make enough to survive as long as they could fish. In recent years, the fishery has changed so much that only a few young people are living in Red Bay. Most of the young people up to forty years old have gone to other places in Canada to live and work. The faithful few believers who are still there, find it hard to maintain a testimony, but still are "faint yet pursuing."

In the communities of Forteau/English Point and L'Anse au Loup there are more opportunities for employment and schooling than at Red Bay. A fish plant, hospital, highway department, senior's homes and other commercial enterprises have kept quite a lot of young people there. They are able to make enough money for personal life, and are able to be involved in assembly life. It is likely that in future years the majority of young people will go to major cities in Canada where they can find employment using their college and university training.

The English Point assembly met for a number of years in a portable hall. Then in the early 1960s a Gospel Hall was built that accommodated the needs at that time. In the late 1970s it was decided to build a larger hall nearby, and the Dryburgh family that had been living in the basement apartment, got the whole building and made it into their family home. They had come from Scotland in 1975 to spend full time in the work of the Lord.

Alex had first come as a young man in the late 1960s to be with George Campbell, Wallace Buckle and others on the second Gospel boat, the "Northern Light IV." George Campbell had bought that boat from the Grenfell Association where it had once been used as a doctor's boat going from place to place having clinics. Grenfell Association no longer needed it, and it was very suitable for traveling on the Quebec and Labrador coast where there was an exercise on the part of both Mr. Campbell and Mr. Buckle to reach out with the Gospel.

Mr. Vern Markle was with them for most of the years they went along that south shore. A lot of labor and effort went into the work of the Gospel on the Quebec coast from the 1960s into the 1980s. Souls were saved in several places that were reached by the brothers who were on the “Northern Light.” A Gospel Hall was built at Old Fort and meetings held there for a number of years. Each winter for around ten years David Hunt and others with him, travel by snowmobile along the Quebec shore visiting house-to-house with calendars and Christian literature. They also go from Goose Bay north to those villages that can be only be reached by snowmobile in the winter and boat in the summer, or by airplane.

The Dryburgh’s lived on the Labrador coast for about fifteen years and then moved to Ontario. Labrador is a special place of interest in the hearts of Alex and Irene, and in the hearts of the people toward them by those who knew them when they lived there. They have returned quite often to have teaching meetings in the assemblies in both Newfoundland and Labrador.

A second Gospel Hall was built in L’Anse au Loup which was attached to the original one. It was more than twice the size and had plenty of room for the conferences, funerals and special meetings. Stanford Fowler of the L’Anse au Loup assembly headed up that work. He was a good builder but had kidney failure and had to go to St. John’s where he could get dialysis until he passed away. Another addition was put on the hall which made things more convenient. There was a fiftieth anniversary held in that hall a few years before it was taken down and a new Gospel Hall was built early in the 2000s headed up by Alfred Belbin. On the Labrador coast all of the original assembly halls have been replaced. Don Wardell came from Iowa, and helped build the present Red Bay Hall. Others came to help on the Charlottetown Hall. Laborers in the harvest do more than preach and teach.

For a good number of years Wallace and Olive Buckle lived at Flowers Cove and then moved to Goose Bay to start a new work there. Gospel meetings and believers’ meetings were held in a Gospel Hall they built there. Alex Dryburgh, David Swan and others helped the Buckles in that work. He had a small airplane that he used for getting to different places on that part of Labrador and for following up the work done previously. It was while they were living there the Labrador highway was finished making road travel possible. They were there for about fifteen years before moving to the St. John’s area.

The ripe harvest field is reached by many ways, and many laborers who go into the harvest to labor in the Gospel. There are sisters in Christ who teach students they have never seen by postal Bible studies. Children in many places are getting the Gospel and the seed of the word of God is being sown and watered. There are health-care workers and builders who go to out-of-the-way places as well as to cities, who are being used by God. When God’s people are available to Him, He will make sure they will be used. There are those whose work is to maintain what has been established, whether it be in Bible-teaching or work on buildings. The combination of natural talents and spiritual

gifts are used by God to effectively further the work of the kingdom of God. When a believer is willing to honestly say, “Lord, what will Thou have me to do?” and mean it, they will find those words are for us as well as the apostle Paul.

FIFTEEN

“Now there were in the church that was at Antioch certain prophets and teachers; as Barnabas, and Simeon that was called Niger, and Lucius of Cyrene, and Manaen, which had been brought up with Herod the tetrarch, and Saul. As they ministered to the Lord, and fasted, the Holy Ghost said, Separate Me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them. And when they had fasted and prayed, and laid their hands on them, they sent them away.” Acts 13:1-3

GOD AT WORK! The Lord added

God has His own timetable for work to be done, and He also has His own workers. One of the big things I have learned by working in the Gospel with Mr. Herb Harris and other men older than me, is the necessity of adapting to, and being able to work with others. No one person is indispensable, and no one has all the gifts needed and the natural abilities, to effectively carry on the work of the Lord in any place. Plurality of workers in outreaching with the Gospel, and plurality of elders in local assemblies has many benefits. Spiritual, doctrinal and moral safety is preserved when there are the checks and balances of the variety of gifts given by divine Persons to frail mortal men and women.

Our Lord Jesus Christ “chose Him twelve” that they would be with Him. After they had been with Him long enough to learn basics and fundamentals, “He sent them forth to preach.” When they came back to the Lord from their preaching tours, they told Him how things went and what happened in the places they had been. Accountability is a needed principle in any work for God. We have not been called to be “free-lances” in the work. The apostle Paul recognized the benefit of having others with him; both for the benefit he would receive from them, and the benefit he would be to them. Mr. Harris understood that need, and whether “M.G.M.” was part of his plan for training us, or it just developed over time, it was a good training tool. To have four to six men in a small boat 8’x38’ with very close living quarters, for three to five months, is a “make or break” situation.

In June of 1961, after Mr. Harris had spent a month in Corner Brook preparing the “M.G.M.” for summer work, Mr. Harris, Bert Joyce, George Campbell, Wallace Buckle and Gaius Goff went to Port au Choix on the boat. There was a measure of interest there but not a lot in the open-air meetings that we could tell. Contact was made with the Spences, and one of the Spence ladies professed to be saved after listening to the Gospel only a few times. Apart from those families and a few others who were connected with them, there wasn’t a whole lot of interest nor a reason to stay there at that time.

We went with the boat to Parsons Pond again for a few days, and then went farther up the shore to Cow Head. A brother from Vancouver joined the boat there for a month or so. One of the Shearers families from Rocky Harbour had a construction company that was

doing work dredging the entrance to the brook at Parsons Pond, and extending the wharf at Cow Head. While in Cow Head, I had a telegram calling me back to the USA to report for drafting into the army, so I had to leave early in July.

There was a bitterness in Cow Head against the Gospel by those who were leading members of the community, and that affected the community in general. That was basically because the minister who lived there was the man who tried to get the boat cut off the year before at Daniel's Harbour. Also, quite a number of people from Bell Downs Point which was close to Cow Head, professed to be saved in meetings we had at Parsons Pond. Mr. Shears knew that there was opposition at Cow Head and told the men on the boat they should go up to Rocky Harbour and preach the Gospel. So, they did that and found a whole different response.

There was a good government wharf there to which they could tie up the boat. When they preached from the deck of the boat, a good number of people came to the wharf to listen. After a number of weeks there, they were able to rent the bays of a garage that wasn't being used for about two months to hold meetings in. By God's intervening hand, I was able to return to Newfoundland by the end of September, just around the time the owner of the garage wanted it back. An unfinished building nearby was made available to use if we would finish it off, which was done fairly quickly and meetings were held for that winter in Ken Parsons Parlor.

Mr. Harris rented a house in Rocky Harbour, and Wallace and Olive Buckle moved there with their new baby to help in the work of the Lord there. He and Mr. Harris were helped for some of the winter by Mr. Ernie Dellandrea who came from Ontario for a number of months. They had Gospel meetings there all fall and winter, and the Lord saved some precious souls. I was with the work at Parsons Pond and could usually get a load of people to come in the van with me to Rocky Harbour a couple of times a week. It was about a two hour drive each way depending on how the ferry crossing at St. Paul's was. If it was blowing too hard, or if the tide was running too fast, the wait at the ferry could be an hour or so.

Wallace and Olive Buckle are from Forteau, Labrador and were both enthusiastic about the Gospel. Olive (Belbin) Buckle had worked with nurse Taylor for a number of years at the cottage hospital in Forteau, so was acquainted with the Gospel to a degree when George Campbell went there in 1956. She was one of the first ones saved there. When Wallace, her boyfriend, heard about the "new religion" in Forteau, it wasn't too long before he wanted to return home from Seven Islands, Quebec where he was a heavy equipment operator.

He had been working on the Q, S and L railroad that was being built to carry iron ore from the Wabush/Labrador City open mine, to the Gulf of St. Lawrence where the ore was shipped out to iron mills in the USA. While working there he had some very close calls with death himself, and when he saw the remains of a friend he worked with, after he had been run over by a train, he wanted to go home to Buckles Point for a while. God has His ways of awakening people, and He certainly did that with Wallace Buckle.

When he went with Olive to hear the Gospel one night early in 1957, he got quite upset with what Mr. Campbell was preaching. He and some other people had it in mind that George Campbell had a different Bible than they used in the local churches, so he sent to Eaton's to get one that was what he believed was the right one. He would not go to any more of George Campbell's meetings but started reading the Bible for himself. He saw what Olive was like since she had been saved, and as he read through the New Testament scriptures, he came to Acts 2:21, "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." The same words are almost identical in Romans 10:13, "For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." He had read enough to know that what Mr. Campbell had been preaching was right, and when he came to that verse, he got down by his bed and called on the Lord to save him. He was changed from within because that is what happens when a person is born again. There was a real change in the outward part of his life as well. Wallace and Olive moved up to Toronto after they were married, and it was there he was baptized and came into the fellowship of the assembly that met at the Pape Avenue Gospel Hall.

After a couple of years living in Toronto, they decided to return to Labrador to be a help in the work there. Wallace started a garage to fix cars and trucks, and it was a year or so after he was at that work, that he was asked to go on the "M.G.M." When the summer work was over, Wallace and Olive brought their baby and stayed on in Rocky Harbour working in Gospel work with Mr. Harris. From that time on, they have been involved in the work of the Lord in many places, preaching the Gospel and seeking to reach out in other areas of Newfoundland and Labrador. During the winter of 1961-1962, souls were saved at Rocky Harbour, Parsons Pond and Daniel's Harbour as the Lord added to the work those He saved. Also, there were meetings in Labrador and St. John's where precious souls were saved. God was at work!

Mr. Buckle had been operating heavy equipment in Quebec and had made good money for those times. When the Buckles married and went to Toronto, he had worked all the time and they had enough to meet their needs financially. Then in Forteau when he started the garage to repair vehicles he was doing fairly well. So, to go from having enough to feed your family and take care of everyday needs, to going without a job or normal income to living by faith alone, was quite a change. To not having food in the cupboard or money for gas, can be hard on a man who knows he can do well financially in life if he chooses to work hard. There were hard times in that way for the Buckles when they were in Rocky Harbour and other places, but when one is able to lead a lost soul to the Saviour, any losses we might have seems so small compared to the gains in the kingdom of God. The joy of serving the Lord in the place where He wants us, is far greater compensation than security in temporal things.

During the summer of 1962 after finishing building the Parsons Pond Gospel Hall, the crew went on the boat back to Port au Choix to try to reach some more people there and to be a support to those who had professed to be saved in that community. Mr. Harris was only at Port au Choix briefly, and then went back to Rocky Harbour, where Peter Mathews was fixing up an old house, he bought at Norris Point. They also got materials

ready to build a Gospel Hall at Rocky Harbour. Bert Joyce and George Campbell went to Labrador to be with their families and Wallace Buckle and I stayed on the boat having open air meetings and nightly meetings in a school. Most of those who attended were two Spence families and some family connections.

One brother who had been saved earlier in Port au Choix, not only bought fish but fished himself. He had his nets spread out on one of his gardens drying so that he could clean it, and as he was on his way to the school to the Gospel meeting, he saw a young man with a knife cutting up his nets. As he was telling us this when he came to the meeting, he seemed quite dismayed with himself. He had run and caught the young fellow who was taking his spite out by cutting up the nets. As he told us this, I was imagining in my mind what I would have done and what he had actually done. He guessed right away what I had been thinking, and said, "Mr. Goff, I never hit him. I shook him a bit and I guess it scared him, and he pled with me to let him go, which I did. I never hurt him although he bled a bit out of his mouth." I guess he really did shake him.

That same young man, later stole the tires off of Mr. Buckle's car. When we got looking around the community and saw the tires on the few vehicles that were there, it wasn't long until Mr. Buckle said, "Look there, those are my tires and wheels on that car. The wheels are just newly painted." I watched as he walked up to the young man who was trying to jump in his car and drive off, and Wallace called out, "Hey, give me a ride back to the boat will you?"

He very quickly replied, "Sure thing, Mr. Buckle," and off they drove. When I got back to the boat, the young fellow had all his old rims and useless tires out of the trunk of his car and they were all on the wharf. Wallace had him cleaning the paint off the rims of the Buckle's car and was preaching the Gospel to him all the time. Then he told the young guy his testimony, what he was like before he got saved, how the Lord saved him, and why he was preaching the Gospel now. He had a captive audience as that young fellow kept scrubbing the paint off the rims until Wallace was satisfied.

When he went to put his old rims and useless tires back on his car, Mr. Buckle said, "Hold it." We had tires on the side of the boat as bumpers against the wharf, that were twice as good as the young guy's tires, so we traded him our partially good tires for his useless ones. He went off amazed and from then on was as favorable as an unsaved person could be, especially toward Mr. Buckle.

"Heaping coals of fire" on a person's head wasn't a punishment but was a way to show kindness to one who didn't deserve it. That is how grace works. "Do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." However, it happened, the gist of that incident went around the whole community, and Mr. Wallace Buckle has been a well-thought-of man in Port au Choix ever since.

God did save another one of the Spence ladies at that time. Late in July, Bert Joyce and George Campbell came to take the boat to Labrador for a few weeks. Mr. Harris wanted Wallace and me to help Peter Mathews get going on the new hall at Rocky Harbour. It

wasn't easy to find a suitable piece of ground in Rocky Harbour, but a man who had been saved at the Salvation Army, had a useless piece of ground across the road from his home. Part of it was a bog and part of it was a high nob of ground that stuck up like a twenty-foot bump and then it dropped right into the creek. After looking it over we all agreed there was room to build a hall if we pushed the dirt off the nob into the bog. So, slabs were laid down and a bulldozer pushed the nob flat and the whole piece was usable. One part would be good for the building and the other for the parking area.

Mr. Peter Mathews stayed on to head up the building of the Rocky Harbour Hall, and Wallace and I went to help him in that work. We had some local help and occasionally when a big job like pouring cement, putting up walls, and putting on the roof, we got help from Parsons Pond men. To get gravel for cement we had to shovel truckloads of sand and gravel into a rented dump truck and then it was hauled about three miles to where the hall was to be built. It was a difficult job to get the basement down far enough because the ground was sticky clay. However, in spite of difficulties, the Gospel Hall in Rocky Harbour was finished in October.

Peter Mathews then went home to Langley, BC with the intention of coming back to live in Newfoundland the next summer. Douglas Howard and George Campbell had a Gospel series at Rocky Harbour at the opening of the new hall. After the meetings were finished, there was a baptism and the assembly of people there began to break bread in the new hall in remembrance of the Lord on the Lord's Day morning. The Gospel has been preached in that hall in the sixty years since, and the assembly meetings are still held in that same building, although there have been some renovations and repairs since that time.

Mr. and Mrs. Buckle, Mr. Harris and Mr. Dellandrea were constantly at Gospel work in that area, but they would occasionally come to Parsons Pond and I would go there for some of their meetings. Mr. Albert Barbour came over that winter, and he and I had a Gospel series at Parsons Pond. A number of people from Daniel's Harbour professed to be saved at that time.

Late in the winter I went to Oregon for a couple of months, and while there bought a four-wheel drive International van. When I left for Newfoundland in the early spring, I loaded the van with things to bring for the Mathews who were moving to Norris Point after their children were finished school at Langley. After I came back to Parsons Pond, and Mr. Harris came back to Rocky Harbour for a while, he agreed to take the boat to the Quebec coast where Bert and George had an interest, and specific exercise toward Harrington Harbour. A young man from Ontario came with Mr. Harris and was on the boat that year and for several years after. There were some believers in Ontario or somewhere in the Maritime provinces who had relatives who lived in Harrington Harbour.

We headed straight across the Gulf of St. Lawrence from Bay of Islands and got there in seven or eight hours. There was some interest in that family, but they were quite intimidated by the religious leaders who lived there. So, even though we had two weeks

on that coast, that seemed to be about all the time they wanted to spend there. Mona Campbell and their little boy David, were in Scotland, and George wanted to go there as soon as possible.

After we left Corner Brook for the second time that summer, the crew was Mr. Harris, Bert Joyce, Wallace Buckle, Roger Richardson and Gaius Goff. We headed for the south coast, spending about a week at Port au Basques visiting the houses and having open air meetings. That was the first time on the south coast, so we went from one town to the next. There were a few miles of road there that went as far as Harbour la Coup. When we were in Port au Basques, Mr. Anderson who had a freight boat, invited us to go to Isle au Morts where he lived. There was an interest there and we were able to rent a community hall for a while until a religious leader had the town council put us out of the building.

By this time, it was well up in August so we went from place to place, with brief stops for a night or two. There wasn't too much interest at Magree and Fox Roost, but at Burnt Islands there was a real interest. We were able to rent a building on the island there. One or two people professed to be saved at that time. We had open air meetings at Rose Blanche and there seemed to be an interest there also. There wasn't much at Harbour la Coup but when we got to La Poile, everyone seemed interested. That place was beyond the road and from there all the way to Terrenceville, there was no road. Perhaps that was why interest seemed greater, because there were not very many distractions in those settlements.

We stopped at each place along that coast as far as Burgeo and then went out to Ramea which is on an offshore island, before we called it a trip and turned back. When we left Corner Brook, we had hundreds of Kember Texts and cases of Bibles. We sold the Bibles for twenty-five cents because people seemed to appreciate what they paid for, more than what they got free. When we got back to Corner Brook, they were all gone. It was October then and the weather was getting cold and stormy, so it was time to put the boat up for the winter.

Talking things over with Mr. Harris at Rocky Harbour, he seemed to think it would be a good idea if Wallace and I took the little portable hall and went to Rose Blanche to try to get a start in the Gospel on that coast. The interest in Rose Blanche wasn't as good as some other places, but that was as far as the road went. We put the portable hall on a trailer and pulled it behind my van and made a place by the road in Rose Blanche just big enough to put the hall on. The visiting was okay, but we could not get anyone to come to the meetings. They had a new minister there who had come from Labrador and he told the people that "those Gospel preachers divide homes, break up families, and they haven't even been to a seminary." He came from a village not far from where Wallace Buckle grew up on the Labrador coast. His influence was strong enough that any interest people had in the summer, was gone by the late fall.

Construction on the TransCanada highway had just begun in Newfoundland and the roads were terrible on tires. Sharp rocks blasted out for ballast were probably two to six inches big and had a lot of sharp points on them, so by the time we got back to Corner Brook,

we had ruined four tires. For quite a few years when roads were first being built in Newfoundland, tires were one of the biggest costs of travel. Gas was about fifty cents a gallon and we thought that was a lot. But tires – whew! So, recaps were what I used most of the time.

Our foray to the south coast was a bust, so Mr. Buckle went back to Rocky Harbour where his family was, and continued his work in the Gospel with the new assembly there. However, a new development had arisen, and Mr. Harris wanted me to haul the little portable hall to Buchans, a mining town toward the center of the island. Archie Sharp, a son of Mrs. Tom Lynch of Bishop's Cove, had been saved a number of years before at the People's Church in Toronto when he was working there. He had returned to Newfoundland and married. His home and family were at Whitbourne, Trinity Bay, but he went to Buchans to work for ASARCO who owned the mine at that time. "Brother Archie" was a small man with a big heart for the Lord, and he didn't mind talking to people about the Gospel.

There was a bunkhouse for men who came and went to work for the company, but Archie wanted some privacy. So, he went outside the town in which all the houses were owned by the company, and built a small cabin at Pigeon Inlet. There were quite a number of small homes built there, and then some nice homes started to be built at Pigeon Inlet.

Archie Sharp was well known around Buchans because one of his jobs was to deliver coal to the homes for stoves and furnaces. His testimony and zeal for the Lord interested Melvin and Ralph Penny, and soon the Lord saved them. They knew Sidney Locke and they would all go to Archie's shack and read the Bible and talk about the scriptures. Moses Adams came from Upper Island Cove and knew Uncle Tom Lynch and Archie. Moses had a serious drinking problem, but Archie kept at him with the Gospel, and Moses and Sid also professed to be saved.

When Archie told his half-brothers, Harvey and Cron Lynch, what was happening in Buchans, they got some of the brethren from St. John's and drove to Buchans to have some open-air meetings. While there they had a baptism and Moses Adams was baptized in Red Indian Lake. When they got back to St. John's they contacted Mr. Harris, so when we got back with the portable on the trailer, Mr. Harris said to me, "Don't unhook that trailer. We're going to Buchans." Two days later, Mr. Albert Barbour who had come across the island on the train or plane, had got enough framing and plywood so we could make a roof on the portable hall for the winter. A canvas roof would make the hall impossible to heat.

Albert Barbour and I went ahead with my rig, and Peter Mathews pulled a small 12-foot travel trailer behind his van. We left Corner Brook around 5:00 in the morning because we knew the "TransCanada" would be in bad shape. The "highroad" was very muddy and we passed a number of transport trucks that were sunk down in the mud to the bottom of the box. In other low places there was standing water but we were able to keep going slow but steady all the way to Pigeon Inlet where we arrived at 10:00 that night.

By noon the next day the hall was up and the roof was on. By late afternoon most of it was painted with waterproof paint, and I took Mr. Barbour to Gander so he could get back to work at St. John's. Douglas Howard had come along with Mr. Harris and Peter Mathews. He and I started Gospel meetings there at Pigeon Inlet and Mr. Harris and Peter went back to Rocky Harbour. We were having meetings in Buchans when I heard that President John F. Kennedy was shot.

Mr. Howard and I continued meetings in Pigeon Inlet until a week or so before Christmas. An interesting development happened while we were there. The government of Newfoundland started a centralization program which was to move people from small isolated settlements, to centralized larger communities. That way they could have larger and better schools, better access to health clinics, and in a general way, to have better conveniences at less government cost. In Buchans they made a townsite to move the houses from Pigeon Inlet right next to the actual town that was owned by the mining company. We could see that soon no one would live at the Inlet, so we were able to arrange for a piece of land in the new townsite.

When the Mathews family came to live in Norris Point and be with the Rocky Harbour assembly in 1963, Wallace and Olive Buckle and their two daughters, moved to Flowers Cove to live and be with the new assembly there. It became obvious that there soon have to be a Gospel Hall as a meeting place for the assembly at Nameless Cove. Mr. and Mrs. Harris went back to Nova Scotia where their home was as they were both not too well and the assembly at River Hebbert was small. The Buckles knew the people in the straits at least in a general sense and it was a good place for them to live and work in the Gospel.

A day or so after Christmas day, Mr. Harris told me to go to St. John's to speak at the annual Sunday School treat. I had never been farther east than Gander, so it was new to me to get on the "Newfie Bullet" train in Corner Brook and head for St. John's. There was a lot of snow that winter, so it took two days of going forward and backward to get across the island. There was a big V-plow on the front of the engine, but there was too much snow in the Gaff-Topsail mountains to just push through. So, for most of a day they spent punching through hard snow drifts.

The train got to St. John's at twelve noon on January 1st, 1964. Mr. Albert Barbour picked me up at the train, and a half-hour later I met Linda, the young lady who would a year later become my wife. The assembly at Carbonear also had a Sunday School treat at that time, so I went there for the first time. While there I was asked if I would come back and have a Gospel series in the Smith Ave. Gospel Hall. That was the first of many series I have had the privilege of speaking at in St. John's. Bert Joyce and I had meetings there beginning in February and lasting nearly to the spring.

In the spring Wallace Buckle and I put the loud speaker system on my van and began having open-air meetings in different places where the St. John's brethren had been preaching in the open air. They had a good interest at Templeman, Bonavista Bay the year before, where they had contacts from the St. John's assembly. They also had been

having Sunday afternoon open air meetings around Conception Bay, and then went to Trinity Bay South. They found a family at Whiteway who were related to believers in the assembly at Parsons Pond. Wallace and I found an interest in Bonavista North, but the interest in Trinity Bay South seemed quite urgent. It seemed to us to be the right thing to go back there as soon as we could.

Again, that summer we went to the Quebec coast to Harrington Harbour where there was a family with connections to the assembly at Sherbrooke, Quebec. Mr. Harris, Bert Joyce, Wallace Buckle, Roger Richardson and Gaius Goff were on the boat in Quebec until early in July. After being in Quebec, we went back to Burnt Islands on the south coast first, and had a series of Gospel meetings. From there we spent about two weeks having meetings in La Poile. Some people wanted to buy Bibles and we gave some away to those who didn't have the twenty-five cents.

The interest in Grand Bruit was quite small. While there, one woman was quite upset that we preached the Gospel in the open air off the boat, and made that very plain when we got to her house. Her words were, "What are you doing here? Go with that stuff to the heathen." Her husband who was listening, said, "Where do you think they are? Everyone here is a heathen." We were in Burgeo for a few weeks preaching in open air in different coves that are around that community.

A famous Canadian writer named Farley Mowat was living there at the time and wrote a couple of books while there. One of them was titled, "A Whale for the Killing," and it was about the people there who shot a whale that got into one of those coves and couldn't seem to find its way out. He had an old Newfoundland schooner that he sailed around in with his friends and they partied and drank a lot when they were aboard of her. One Sunday afternoon he sailed up along beside us when we were having an open-air meeting, and turned up the volume of his record player so that the songs they were listening to would drown out our meeting – and it did. Monday morning when he had sobered up, he sent a message to the boat asking if a couple of us would come to his house. When we got there, he was apologetic to a certain degree, and asked us to have a drink with him. Mr. Joyce explained to him who we are, where we are from, what we do on the boat and why we preach the Gospel. He was respectful at least and we never had any more difficulty from him.

From there we went to the island of Ramea where the lady who owned some fish plants and a fleet of draggers lived. She employed most of the people who lived in those isolated communities. There were no roads connecting them so all traffic was by boat within the community and between communities. The only other means of transportation was to walk. She had electric plants for her fish plants but didn't supply power to the communities. We came back to Corner Brook in September as the weather starts to get bad on that shore when fall sets in by the end of September. Mr. Harris wasn't well so went to the mainland and California for the winter.

Mr. Buckle and others were wanting to build a Gospel Hall at Flowers Cove, so Kenneth Taylor who had moved from Abbotsford, BC to Corner Brook to be a help in the work

there, and I, went to help at the hall in Flowers Cove. The hall was soon finished and the assembly started to meet there. The Buckles moved into an apartment that was on one end of the hall. Ken Taylor and I went to the east coast again and had meetings in the Bishop's Cove Hall, but there wasn't much interest except on the part of those who were saved before. Moses and Madge Adams who were living in Buchans and had both professed to be saved there. They came from Upper Island Cove and Bryant's Cove which are near Bishop's Cove, so we thought there might be some interest in those families. Actually, there was opposition from them instead of interest.

After we finished those meetings, Ken went back to Corner Brook. Wallace Buckle came and we went to Whiteway to visit and try to get a place to have meetings. There were connections we had there with people from Parsons Pond and Bonne Bay which led us to that place. The brethren from St. John's had good attendance at open-air meetings there Sunday afternoons. We thought those contacts might be interested in the Gospel, but that wasn't really so, although they were always polite to us. We did make a good contact with the Jacksons, but we couldn't find a place to rent to have meetings. We found an old bus in Carbonear that we could buy, so we got it and fixed the inside so we could have meetings in the bus. While we were there Mrs. Jackson professed to be saved and there was a fair interest. Mrs. Minnie Snow from Carbonear had a daughter who lived there. Mrs. Goosney from Parsons Pond assembly had a sister who lived there, and aunt Barbara Snow from Carbonear came originally from Green's Harbour which was the next town. She had a lot of family members there. By the first part of December, it was too hard to heat the bus, so we closed the meetings.

The new hall in Flowers Cove was opened and so Wallace and I started Gospel meetings there in early January. I had a limited time because Linda and I were getting married January 27th. The interest was good and we were sure we needed to continue to have meetings there, but decided to wait until Linda and I got back from our honeymoon to the west so my people could meet my new wife. There were on-going meetings for the Gospel on the Labrador coast and as far down as Charlottetown where Mr. Joyce visited quite often getting there by his airplane. George and Mona Campbell had three children by then and so he stayed in the area of English Point and L'Anse au Loup having meetings in the assemblies there. He and Mr. Fred Holder had some very good Gospel meetings that winter.

Mr. Fred Holder was having believer's meetings in St. John's when we got married. Wallace stood up for me and Doris, Linda's sister, stood for her. Bert Joyce officiated. Mr. Harris sent us a telegram that was read at the reception in the basement of the St. John's Hall. "Dear Gaius, 'The thing which I greatly feared has come upon thee.' Love, Herb." That verse of scripture was applied with humor, but I don't think Mr. and Mrs. Barbour thought it was funny at all. He was a confirmed bachelor, and some thought he believed all of those who worked in the Gospel shouldn't get "bogged down" by a family. Actually, he came to love Linda dearly and greatly appreciate her when we lived with him for a while in Corner Brook.

Mr. Harris was at Desert Hot Springs, California at the time, so on our way to my parent's home in Oregon, we were able to visit him for part of a day. He seemed anxious for us to get the honeymoon over and get back to Newfoundland. When we did get back in March, we went to Flowers Cove and stayed with the Dempsters, while Wallace Buckle and I had a Gospel series in the new hall. Quite a number of people professed to be saved then, including Gussy Norman, his wife and two daughters. He was the mayor of Flowers Cove at the time, and he and his family faced a lot of opposition. The weather was really bad with snow piled high everywhere. However, that was a good thing because people couldn't go anywhere. The hall was full every night and we didn't miss a night even though snow just didn't stop coming. God's weather doesn't stop God's work.

Gussy and Dora along with their girls came to the meetings at nameless Cove each night in the Bombardier that could hold at least thirteen people. It was made out of plywood, had two tracks on the back and a Dodge engine on the back facing backward. There were skis on the front that could be changed for tires when there wasn't snow.

One stormy day Wallace and I went across the harbour to Gussy's store and found him alone there. We had a good opportunity to bring the Gospel to him personally, during which time we told him the story of "Captain Coutt's Conversion." He was saved by putting his own name in Isaiah 53:5-6. After we left, Gus got down before the Lord with Isaiah 53:5-6 before him and inserted his name in the place of "our." In faith, he saw that was a real fact, and God saved him. When he told us that night, there was a lot of rejoicing when the mayor was saved. There were quite a number of people saved at that time, most of who became part of the Flower's Cove assembly.

God was at work in Corner Brook and there was real encouragement there. Mrs. Bertha Payne and her family started coming to the hall at 8 Valley Road. They had lived near the new hall in Rocky Harbour, and when her husband got work as a plumber in Corner Brook, they moved a few blocks up the hill from the Corner Brook hall. Mr. Campbell and Mr. Buckle had a series of Gospel meetings in Corner Brook then and during those meetings she was saved. Also, Shirley Pelley, whose parents were from Carbonear, started coming to meetings at Corner Brook and was saved. Melvin Hancock who had finished school in Corner Brook had a good job there and was a great help in the assembly. Marina Dennis professed to be saved at the meetings held in the hall and so the numbers were increasing there. She and Melvin were married later on.

George Campbell had been exercised about another boat for the Labrador and Quebec coast for quite some time. The way opened in 1965 for him to get the "Northern Light," and so during the summer, George Campbell, Wallace Buckle, Vern Markle and some other brothers went along the Quebec shore to Old Fort for quite a while. Then they went farther up that coast and found interest in some places and opposition in others. The "Northern Light" was a great asset to the work on that coast.

The full summer crew on the "M.G.M." in 1965 was Mr. Herb Harris, Roger Richardson and Gaius Goff. Bert Joyce was on the boat for about two weeks when we returned to the south coast and visited the same communities, we had for the two years before. Then

Doug Howard joined us at Burgeo where we had some fair interest that we wanted to follow up. We tied up at Muddy Hole and pitched the small 16x30 tent we had on the boat, on a bog that we covered with some rented lumber. A man was building a house gradually, and was glad to make a few dollars renting out some lumber for a couple of months.

We were there for around six weeks having meetings in the tent. Mr. Howard stayed for a month and then Mr. Albert Barbour came for a week. Even though there was quite a lot of opposition, some people professed to be saved. That made quite a stir among the people, most of whom who worked at the fish plant, which is a great place for gossip. Some were for the Gospel and some were against us being there. To take some precautions against the tent being cut down when we had to be away from the tent for a while, we braced it inside so that it could stand, if necessary, without ropes and pegs tying it down outside.

While there, we put fixed up the basement under the house of one of the people who professed to be saved, so we could come back later and have meetings there. One day we heard rumors that some young men who worked at the fish plant were going to cut the tent down at night, so I stayed in the tent for a few nights. Sure enough, one night between 11:00 and 12:00 when it was good and dark, a group of probably around eight or ten came quietly with fish knives to cut the ropes. They were very startled when I asked them if I could help them with something. I couldn't see them very well but they couldn't see me at all because of the darkness in the tent. They cursed and swore at me a bit, but I could tell they were likely only teenagers or a little older who thought they were being brave. So, they cut the ropes with me watching them. They seemed to think they had done a wonderful thing – except the tent didn't fall down.

“It won't come down until God wants it to,” I told them, “And He doesn't want it down yet. You guys are up against God.” I don't know if they were superstitious, or if common sense set in, but for some reason they all took off running as quick as they could. That little incident went all over the town, and we had no trouble from then on.

Roger Richardson had to go back to school, and so Mr. Harris and I were there staying on the boat and having nightly meetings until well up in September. Linda was in St. John's with her family, and we were soon expecting our first child, so because the interest gradually dropped off as the nights got cold it was time to take the boat back to Corner Brook. A skipper on a dragger that was in Curling near Corner Brook wanted to ride back with us, so we left early in the morning, but had a real rough ride for close to thirty hours. For some reason, when we went back to Burgeo several times to follow up the people who professed to be saved, the community was “straightly shut up.” Those who professed to be saved would connect with us when they came to St. John's for some reason, but in Burgeo they were so afraid of what might happen that we couldn't even get a place to stay overnight.

During the fall of 1965 we were able to get started building a Gospel Hall in Buchans. Some local people put in the foundation and put the floor on. Then, we were able to get brethren from St. John's and Corner Brook to come and help us for a few days. Mr.

Barbour took the lead, and the building was up and finished outside including the roof in a week and a half. Later we got a good deal on some insulation and paneling in St. John's, and had the building well finished by the end of the year.

SIXTEEN

“Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons: but in every nation he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him. The word which God sent unto the children of Israel, preaching peace by Jesus Christ: (He is Lord of all) Acts 10:34-36

GOD AT WORK!

Stay the course

Mr. Herb Harris was having quite a bit of heart pain, so he went to the mainland for a few months. Most of the time he was in California at Desert Hot Springs with his sister and brother-in-law, Mac and Eva McDonald. He found a lot of relief for his heart trouble and angina when he was in the hot springs that came out of the ground there. While there, he had meetings with a few believers who lived there and was encouraged when they wanted to commence meeting as an assembly. They began gathering regularly in Palms Springs where the most of them lived.

Bert Joyce and Vernon Markle had a very fruitful Gospel series at Flowers Cove during the winter of 1966. Hazel Rose who had professed to be saved a year before, had shown the reality of her salvation as she lived before her family. Her father and mother and a number of other family members professed faith in Christ during those meetings. The Buckles were living at the right place at the right time to follow up those the new believers there, as well as going to Port au Choix from time to time. He put the portable hall up in that community so he could have meetings there as opportunity arose to go there. Some of those folks used to come to Flowers Cove for meetings when they could.

The Campbell family had increased in size to where George and Mona were realizing they need a home of their own rather than living in the basement of the Gospel Hall at English Point. There was still at good interest from time to time in the assemblies on that coast so there were one or two Gospel series every winter. Linda and I, and our new daughter went to Corner Brook in January, and were there for the rest of the winter. The “M.G.M.” had been leaking more and more each summer and it was getting hard to keep the water out of it when we were in bad weather. The boat was double planked on the bias from keel to deck and brass rivets at each joint, so we couldn't really get the bottom tight. During that winter we got a man to come and help us fiberglass the bottom hoping that would keep it tight. We also had a Gospel series at Parsons Pond, and had a short series of meetings with Peter Mathews in a rented building just across from his house in Norris Point. A few people from that community came, but most who attended were the assembly believers from Rocky Harbour.

When Mr. Harris came back in the late spring, it was obvious he wasn't well. Twice within the month we had to take him to the hospital for a stay for a few days until he

recovered enough to come back to 8 Valley Road. He didn't get off the bed very much, but Linda took good care of him, and he really appreciated her care. It took the whole month to regulate his medication to where he was strong enough to walk a little bit and yet handle the angina pain. He had lost a lot of weight, so I thought he might stay in Corner Brook for the summer or go back to the mainland to stay with family members. With that in mind, and the fact that I would be on the boat for the summer, Linda and Lael went west to be with my parents for a few months.

Bert Joyce, Roger Richardson and I went on the "M.G.M." back to the south coast, and beginning at Grey River, the next place past Burgeo, we stopped at all the settlements along that rocky coast. There are no roads there so we had a pretty good number gather on the wharf wherever we stopped. We stayed in Grey River for about a week and had a good measure of interest. From there we went to Francoise, Push Through, St. Jacques, and all the little places in Hermitage Bay. Then we went up into Bay d'Espoir to St. Albans, Conne River, Head of the Bay and the other settlements in that bay. Mr. Harris got an airplane to bring him to St. Albans and two other men from one of the Maritime Provinces came as well. Mr. Harris wasn't well at all, but his heart was in the Gospel work. Bert Joyce left then on that plane, so we went on from there to Hermitage, where there was a fair interest.

We tied up at a wharf there and after being there a couple of days, got a place to put the tent up. It was quite well filled and some coming were interested in salvation. The men from the Maritimes were there two weeks and then went home, so it was Roger, Mr. Harris and me for a week or so. Peter Mathews and Fred Caines came to join the boat there, and it was just at the right time. A couple of people had professed to be saved, and that may have been the reason the bishop, canon and archdeacon came in on an airplane and called a meeting of all the people. Roger went to hear what he said, and the gist of it was that we broke up families, and the boat had to be cut off the wharf to drive us out.

Sunday afternoon a huge crowd came, some to watch and some to participate. Some were drunk and wanted us to fight them off physically, because they wanted to join us in the fight. God was at work though, and when the crowd got there to do what they planned, Fred Caines who was a lumberjack with Bowaters and sometimes with the A, and D company, recognized quite a number of the men, and they him. When they saw Fred, they turned on the crowd and told them to go home. "If Fred Caines is part of this, then this is a good thing!"

Fred had been saved five or six years before at Parsons Pond, and when he was in the lumber woods, he had a good testimony and was liked by the people he worked with. He was friendly and outspoken as a person, and he was like that when he spoke about the Gospel. The men in the woods-camps had a lot of respect for the men who God had saved through the preaching of the Gospel over the years. They were marked men because of their changed lives, but they were also willing and glad to help others out when they needed help. In the camps they read the Bible and got down to pray, but did so without a "holier than thou" way about them. There was a respect for God generally among all Newfoundlanders in those days.

While we were in Hermitage in the tent, the word went down the shore to Seal Cove, Fortune Bay, and a good number of them came in two dump trucks each night for a week. They asked if we would go there, which we did when we took the tent down. For two weeks we had open air meetings there and people listened. At that time the government was floating houses from islands and small communities, to centers like Harbour Breton, Hermitage and a couple of other places to carry out the “resettlement plan.” That way they could have bigger schools, less power lines, fewer roads, better health care etc. than try to maintain small isolated places.

In Seal Cove, Mrs. Cassie Loveless and her daughter Nita were already saved and were very open about it. The interest was there, but “saved and lost” teaching was what they all had been taught. When the Loveless ladies saw eternal security from the scriptures, they got great joy by realizing they didn’t have to try to keep saved. God had saved them and He is the One who keeps them. He gives eternal life and those who believe in Him never perish but have everlasting life. Doug and the children were saved later as well as some others in that community back in the late 60s and 70s. It wasn’t until quite a while later an assembly began breaking bread there, but those people all remained steadfast in the faith, in spite of a lot of opposition for a long time. That area was isolated for a number of years, until the road was finally put through from Bay d’Espoir all the way to Hermitage, Seal Cove and other communities in that part of the south coast.

It was part way into September when we left Seal Cove and went to Harbour Breton and from there to all the communities on that coast until we got to Terrenceville. The Burin Peninsula highway goes through Terrenceville, so we turned back from there in early October and headed for Corner Brook stopping at a few places on our way back. Mr. Harris wasn’t well at all, and he couldn’t really get out of the bunk most of the time, but he stuck with it the whole way. He was very feeble when we got him to the plane to go to the mainland again. I went to Oregon where Linda and Lael were. While there we had a Gospel series at my home assembly and then tried another community about thirty miles away where the young people had a youth work going on. God was pleased to save souls at that time, even in my own family.

Brethren on the “Northern Light” spent the summer preaching and working on the Quebec coast, and going farther along the Gulf of St. Lawrence than they had before. The Lord was working there and souls were saved in several places on that Quebec coast, although there wasn’t a large enough group in one place, to settle in to getting an assembly work started. Isolation has disadvantages as well as advantages. The work in Old Fort warranted having a Gospel Hall built there which was used often for Gospel meetings. Brothers from the English Point and L’Anse au Loup assemblies knew people there, so went there on occasions during the winter. Don Roberts especially had an interest in Old Fort.

During the late 1950s and through the 1960s, there was quite an on-going interest in many places that could be reached by boat. By the mid to late 1960s things started to change in Newfoundland and Labrador that had a real effect on the work of the Gospel.

The TransCanada highway across Newfoundland was finished in 1965, which opened up the island to easier movement from place to place. The highway down the Northern Peninsula was opened up as a gravel road, but people began getting vehicles and traveling farther and easier than ever before. The road to Bay d'Espoir connected to the TransCanada highway near Grand Falls. Travel by vehicles took the place of boat travel, and access was open to most areas of the province year around.

Centralization shut down many small settlements, as people were paid by the government to move away from their historical homes, to centers where things were "more convenient," and they were open to a modern way of life. Also, electricity became available to most areas within a relatively short period of time. The Bay d'Espoir hydro-project made it possible for electric power to be hooked up which was much better than local generators. Radios, television, record players and other things became available to everyone in a short time. The interest in Gospel preaching on the deck of a boat became well down on the list of interests that people had.

The winter of 1967 was especially hard with a lot of snow and no mild weather to settle the snow. We drove back from Oregon in January and were in snow the whole way. Because of heavy ice between Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, we were two days on the "William Carson" getting across. We moved into the small apartment in the Buchans Gospel Hall, and were able to get Mr. Douglas Howard to come for a series of Gospel meetings there. Every morning we had to go out and look for our vehicles that had been buried over with snow during the night. The road would be plowed in the day, so we could bring people to the meetings in the old school bus. The main interest then was at Buchans Junction about fifteen miles away. The Lockes, the Adams, the Gosses and Archie Sharp were living there at that time.

Mr. Albert Ramsay and Bert Joyce had good meetings at Red Bay and some were saved at that time. They also had meetings at L'Anse au Loup. Mr. Joyce went to Charlottetown on several occasions. The new Gospel Hall at L'Anse au Loup seemed large when it was built, but it was quite often filled when special meetings were held and the assembly at English Point came to the special meetings, and occasionally some came from Red Bay. It was always well filled at the annual conference in the fall.

Mr. Freake and his wife knew some people at Templeman, Bonavista Bay. The men had been in the British Navy together during the war, and they both had married young ladies from England and brought them to Newfoundland. The two Barbour couples in St. John's came from Newtown which was about a mile from Templeman. The Blackwoods in the St. John's assembly were also from Bonavista Bay, so there were a lot of contacts in Bonavista North. The men from St. John's went on several occasions to that area and had open air meetings and visited relatives and friends in that area, and had come to the conclusion there was an interest on that shore. We went there in the early spring to look over the area, and were able to buy a piece of bog land in Templeman from Mr. Peter Blackmore for \$50.00. We could put down slabs and sawdust and put a tent on the land to have meetings there.

Plans were made to go there on the "M.G.M." in the summer, and when Mr. Harris returned in May, he was agreeable to going to that shore and trying a whole new area in Gospel work. Due to ill health, he let me get the boat ready that year, and I in turn got Sid Locke from Buchans to do the painting. He was a professional painter who worked for the company in Buchans, and he did a superb job of painting in two days, that would have taken me two weeks. Mr. Harris was so pleased to see such a good job done on the boat, both inside and out! He had to go into the hospital again for a week or so, and it was obvious that traveling on the boat was out of the question for him.

Bert Joyce, Carl Payne, Roger Richardson, Bruce Copp and Gaius Goff were the crew on the "M.G.M." when we left Corner Brook to go down north and then up the other side of the island to Wesleyville. The Kelvin engine that was in the "Northern Light IV" had to be replaced. Mr. Campbell went to Liverpool, NS and got a new 100 horse-power Perkins engine for the "Northern Light." It was installed when the boat, was on drydock at St. Anthony. The "M.G.M." journey was to Rocky Harbour for a day or two. Then we stopped at Port au Choix, and crossed over to the Labrador shore for a week of open-air meetings in the communities in the Straits of Belle Isle where the three assemblies were located. We waited at St. Anthony for a few days and had open-air meetings there, until the "Northern Light" was ready to go back up the Quebec coast. That was the first and only time the two boats were at the same place at the same time. Wallace Buckle, George Campbell, Fred Krauss, Andrew Bergsma (back from Holland for a visit) and Bryan Funston were on the "Northern Light" that summer. That was Bryan's first time in Newfoundland. He came back the next year and stayed in the work from then on.

We stopped at a few places on the way to Wesleyville to see if there was some interest in the White Bay, Notre Dame Bay, and Fogo Island. Actually, we had a good hearing every place we stopped, but didn't get any real contacts at that time. Mr. Walter Gustafson drove down in his station wagon from Maine, USA, picked up Mr. Harris in his car and drove to Wesleyville to help in the work for the summer. He and Mr. Joyce held the Gospel meetings at night in the tent on the piece of land we bought. The rest of us had children's meetings and open-air meetings, and visited the area from Valleyfield to Lumsden. We distributed hundreds of "Kember Texts" that were well received by most people. The numbers who attended the meetings over-filled the tent, so we were able to get another tent in a few days and put the two up together.

Quite a number of people were saved at that time, so Linda and I decided to stay there and keep at the work there for the winter. After eleven years of traveling in rough weather, the "M.G.M." started to leak more than ever. The fiberglass that we covered the bottom of the boat with, started to come away from the wood because the wood was old and soaked up to a certain degree. The boat had been built in 1928, and the joints were getting loose. So, we took the boat to Lewisporte and put it on drydock there. A man wanted to buy it and gave a fair price. The boat was sold, and the funds were put into a tractor-trailer unit which we could use all year around and stay in as well as move about easily without a lot of maintenance required. We stayed in that trailer all winter at Templeman.

Mr. Harris had a pretty good summer, but by September he had enough, and went back to the mainland for the winter. I met him in Detroit when I went up there to get a tractor-trailer unit to take the place of the boat. He was not looking very well then. Even though he was in his early seventies, it seemed like he was aging before our eyes. He needed a surgery but the doctor wouldn't do it until his heart got stronger, so he spent the winter resting.

While we were wondering what changes we should make in the work, I saw a photograph of a portable hall Robert McIlwaine built for the work on Prince Edward Island. It was two trailers that could be put together to form a 20x40 foot hall for preaching in. It could be easily moved with the tractor unit we had. The "Northern Light" was needed on the coast of Quebec where there were no roads, and would not be in the foreseeable future. The south coast was opening up and soon there would be a road to Seal Cove. As far as Newfoundland island, travel by road and open-air work from vehicles was a more versatile way to get around to places to preach the Gospel. So, it seemed like a trailer unit like Robert had made would work well for Newfoundland.

During that winter George and Mona Campbell and family had gone away, but they were planning on building a house in Forteau in the near future. He held a number of Gospel meetings in the Vancouver area while they were away. Bert Joyce was busy on the Labrador coast, and Wallace Buckle was working in the Flowers Cove area. Peter Mathews was living in Norris Point and would visit the Parsons Pond assembly as well as keeping at the work in Rocky Harbour.

Early in 1968, we went to St. John's and rented a warehouse on the waterfront to build a double wide trailer-portable hall. Robert McIlwaine came over for a few weeks and helped us out getting the main things done for the frame, the trusses and the main beam for carrying the roof. While he was at St. John's he had meetings at night in the Gospel Hall. We had the portable finished by spring and were taking it to Templeman one half at a time. It was when we were on the road, towing half of the portable hall that we heard Robert Kennedy had been shot.

The "Northern Light" crew went on the Quebec coast again that year. Fred Krauss was on the boat that summer and Bryan Funston was back again. Actually, the summer of 1968 was a good season of blessing with precious souls being saved in the various places outreach was extended. Perhaps the Lord of the harvest was giving us some assurance that He was still wanting the Gospel to go forth into new places, in view of what He was going to do at the end of the year. It was an assuring time even though there were quite a few changes, not the least of which the "M.G.M." was no longer usable in the work.

Doris and Ken Taylor were married that year and were willing to go to Rocky Harbour to help the work there while the Mathews family went west to visit family and be at their home assembly for a while. The "Northern Light" crew went back to the Quebec coast, and this time Bryan Funston had it in his mind to stay on that coast at Old Fort, so was there when the summer work was past. Walter Gustafson came back in the summer with his family and got a house to stay in at Templeman. He and I had meetings in the portable

hall at Templeman, while Carl and Sam Payne had meetings in the tent at Deadman's Bay.

The interest in the tent meetings at Deadman's Bay was good, and the Lord saved some there as well. Mr. Harris came back late in the summer for a while but it was no trouble to see that he was not well. The Gustafsons were staying on for a while and the Payne's were willing to stay on that fall and winter, so our family went to Oregon to try and start a new work at Salem where a number of believers were now living. The Paynes moved the portable to Deadman's Bay for the winter and had Gospel meetings there. Carl and Annie Payne and their family moved there to live in the trailer unit at Templeman.

While we were at Salem, Mr. Harris got so sick when he was in Ontario, that he felt something had to be done. "I don't want to live if I can't preach," he told me on the phone one day. I talked to the doctor and he said that if they could take out his gall bladder it might give him some relief, but his heart was so weak they didn't want to do surgery unless it was absolutely necessary. Mr. Harris finally persuaded them to go ahead with the surgery, and I had a talk with him on the phone just as he was going to surgery. He came through the surgery, and as soon as he could talk, he called me on the phone. "Thank the Lord, I made it." I cried for joy. The next day his sister called me, and said he had just passed away – and I cried for sorrow. That was December 8th, 1968. An era was over!

SEVENTEEN

"He, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God... And devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentation over him." Acts 7:55; 8:2

GOD AT WORK!

What next?

In the early spring, Wallace Buckle, George Campbell, Bryan Funston, Gaius Goff, Bert Joyce and Peter Mathews all met for a few days in Corner Brook. Mr. Herb Harris had gone to be with the Lord three months before, so we all felt it was only right for us to get together to pray and discuss the work before us. There would be changes in the work, at least in a measure, because we had all had looked to him for approval of things before acting upon our areas of interest. It seemed right that because of the smallness of the population in the province, we should coordinate and cooperate in the different things we each had before us. We had been to Toronto to attend his funeral and then his burial at the community cemetery of Atherly after another service at Orillia. He was buried in the same plot as his parents. In fact, his name is on the same tombstone as theirs. It was very difficult for all of us to realize that our mentor and spiritual advisor was gone at 73 years of age.

We had returned to Newfoundland in January. Father and mother came back with us on the train as far as Kingston, Ontario where my sister, Margie and Phil Hill were living. We bought an Oldsmobile station-wagon there (a real lemon) and drove back to Newfoundland. I had meetings back on the west coast of the island and Linda stayed

with Ken and Doris so Lael could go to school in Valleyfield. I came back from time to time. Later in the spring, Linda, Lael and I were in Parsons Pond for some meetings when Linda had to go to the Norris Point Hospital. That was in late April or early May. In late May, Wallace, Olive and Timmy Buckle, Linda, Lael and I went to PEI for the conference. While there, Linda got deathly sick and nearly died. She had to have emergency surgery. We were staying with Mrs. Cutcliffe who was very, very kind to us. She took care of Lael until Elizabeth Barbour came over to help. Wallace and I were asked to have meetings in the Crapaud Gospel Hall. A nice number of people professed to be saved during those meetings. Blessing came from difficulties.

We were all aware that many people would think that with Mr. Harris gone, the vision for outreach in Newfoundland and Labrador would be gone also. Prayer and reminiscences over the work took up the first day we were together in Corner Brook. It was then George Campbell told us about the decision he and Mona had come to. They were confident the Lord wanted them to move to Corner Brook. Within a very short time, the Lord opened the way for them to get the house they wanted on East Valley Road. They had been planning to build a house at Forteau and even had the basement dug out. However, the property they were going to build on wasn't suitable because of water in the ground and other considerations. After a lengthy time of prayer and discussion, they had decided to move to Corner Brook as soon as they could.

George had been sick for at least six months with hepatitis, and even after the sickness was passed, he had quite a measure of weakness. To build a home was more than he could deal with. They were moved and settled before the next school year. While we were all together as workers in Corner Brook, each of us told of our individual exercise toward the work ahead in the summer. A number of things were considered as to how each one would be able to do what we felt we needed to, and at the same time not interfere with the work of others.

Ken and Doris Taylor had moved to Valleyfield, Bonavista North, to work as the bookkeeper/accountant for Beothuck Fisheries. He was a capable Gospel preacher and teacher who would be able to help in the Templeman assembly. Carl and Annie Payne and their family were living there as well, and they had come into the work to spend all their time in Gospel work. Even though the Lord takes away one of His servants, He gets another servant to step into the work in a different capacity. No one can really take the place of another, because each one is uniquely gifted to fulfill the work the Lord gives him and her to do.

In the summer we did a lot of open-air work around the Loop in villages from Gander and back. Meetings were held in the portable at Deadman's Bay for a while. Then we put the tent up in Cape Freels and stayed in a little trailer we got from Doug Howard. It was a tight fit. Scott Goff, Dennis Hanna, Carl Payne and Gaius Goff were there. One evening we sat down at the table in the back for supper and the front of the trailer lifted right up in the air and dumped us all, and our food, against the back wall. We had people come but no more than would come to the portable hall. We were there for three weeks. Then we moved the tent down the coast to Ragged Harbour where Freeman Chaulk and

Ruby Stokes had family connections. David Hunt, who had been newly saved, came to join us there for a while. We had meetings in the tent until it got too cold to continue. Things were pretty tight that year but we managed. We went back to Salem, OR that fall for the beginning on the assembly there and to have meetings with Doug Howard at the inauguration. I was very happy to see that work going. People had moved in from other places so most in the fellowship were those who already knew assembly life and purpose. We also had meetings in Lebanon, OR where Leonard DeBuhr had family connections. Nothing came from that effort. When we got back to St. John's late in the fall, we found a piece of land to build a house on. Then just before Christmas I left to have meetings in English Point, Labrador with Vernon Markle. We couldn't get across the Straits from Flowers Cove until Christmas Day. They had a Christmas program that night. The meetings in English Point were well attended and a nice number of people professed to be saved. The meetings lasted into February. I got hepatitis there and had to be put into the Forteau hospital. After I got a bit of strength, I got to St. Anthony and then chartered Clayton Pilgrim to take me to Deer Lake. When I finally got to St. John's after two days getting there, I was as weak as a kitten.

Bryan Funston had come into the work in Newfoundland and Labrador in a permanent way in 1969. Each of those people: Ken and Doris Taylor, Carl and Annie Payne and Bryan Funston took a step of faith in leaving one area where they had been serving the Lord, to another place and another responsibility. During the late winter and early spring of that year, my family and I stayed in the Payne's house at Parsons Pond. We had a Gospel series at Rocky Harbour and another at Parsons Pond. While there we had the first of several Easter conferences at Parsons Pond. There was one in the fall there, and also one in L'Anse au Loup and another one at St. John's, but there was none in the spring. A few years later it was held at St. John's for a year or two and when the assembly met at Gander, the Easter conference has been held there since.

The Lord continued to confirm His word and work in quite a number of assemblies in the months after Mr. Harris passed away. The Campbell's made a big effort to move the work in Corner Brook ahead, and a number of people were saved there that winter. Mr. Buckle was the man on the "Northern Light" who had the most experience with boats, so he piloted the boat along the Quebec coast with a regular crew for quite a number of years. The boat was 47 feet long and 13 feet wide. It had a deep keel because originally it had two spars and two sails along with the Kelvin diesel engine. When Mr. Campbell bought the boat, Stanford Fowler did quite a bit of work on it to make it more practical for the work. One spar was taken down altogether and the other one shortened, as well as the hatches doors etc. were changed to make better access. That summer the Campbell family went to Scotland to be with Mona's family, and George Campbell had a lot of meetings in different places in Scotland. His father's family all came from the Isle of Lewis, and George got quite an exercise for that place. A few years later he was able to go back there and had a good and fruitful series of Gospel meetings there.

We went back to PEI for the conference in May with Carl Payne. I had a man there make a camper for our pickup as a place to live for the summer workers. At Albert Hull's invitation, we went to Clementsvalle, NS for a series of Gospel meetings in early June.

The series lasted right up to July. While there I got a lot of old well-seasoned pine lumber for window and door boxes for our house. A lumber place had a closeout of floor coverings, so I came back to St. John's with a camper loaded with building material and we left behind a number of souls saved by God's grace. We rented the old school in Musgrave Harbour this summer and had meetings for a month or more. We stayed in the small "Howard" trailer and I also bought one from Cron Lynch that he had built. We parked by a brook just to the east of Musgrave Harbour.

LeRoy Junker and Carl Payne were also involved in the work in Musgrave Harbour. We didn't get too far there. LeRoy Junker left in early August to get married. Bruce Barkhouse came and helped up put up the tent in Ragged Harbour again. He and I were there when a man was electrocuted on the pole near Carmanville. We were on our way into Gander to pick up Mr. Sam Hamilton who was coming for a few meetings before going on to St. John's.

The loud voice.

We were having Gospel tent meetings in Ragged Harbour on the Straight Shore between Carmanville and Wesleyville, Newfoundland in 1969. Bruce Barkhouse from Nova Scotia was over helping Carl Payne and I in these meetings. Late in the summer, an Irish preacher named Sam Hamilton, who lived and labored in Wisconsin most of his life, was coming from Ireland back to the U.S. and stopped for a few meetings in Newfoundland. He was landing in Gander so Bruce and I went in to pick him up and bring him out to Templeman.

On the way along the dusty, bumpy road, Bruce and I were talking about the meetings and the fact that a lot of people didn't take the Gospel seriously. I asked Bruce, "Why do you suppose people can't seem to take the Gospel seriously enough to come to meetings?"

Bruce talks slow and with a Bridgewater drawl and also thinks before he speaks. In a few minutes he finally spoke, "Well, Mr. Goff," he said, "I guess people don't think it is real."

"How can we make it real to people? What aren't we saying or doing that we should be saying?"

After another few minutes, "I guess there are some things we can never do. God has to do that."

We didn't talk any more for a few minutes until we got near Carmanville and I saw a group of people and a couple of cars stopped by a Light and Power truck. "I wonder what's going on there?" I said.

As we got closer, I could see two men up on a pole near a transformer; one was leaning over the other and one was hanging clear back on his belt with his climbing spurs jammed in the pole. He was leaning back at least at a 45-degree angle. "Something's wrong there," I commented to Bruce and he agreed because the man's head was hanging back as far as it could and his mouth was open.

We jumped out and ran over to the pole to try to help. A couple of women were there and the young man on the pole trying to help the injured man was his 17-year-old son. The boy was trying to lift the man upright and get him free from the spurs digging in the pole. The electricity had been shut off so I tied a knife on a rope and called up to the boy

to tie the rope around his father and then cut off his belt and we would lower him down. When he did that, we were able to lower him down until his feet were higher than his head and the spurs came loose. When we got him to the ground and went to work on him, we could smell that he had been badly burned. Finally, after a few minutes of fruitless effort at CPR, we decided we had best get him to the Gander hospital. We put him into the Light and Power truck, which I drove. His head was on my lap and his son bent over and continued to try to breathe life into his father.

About half way in over the Gander Bay road the son said to me, “You’re a preacher, aren’t you?”

“Yes, I am.”

“Yeah, we were working across the road from your tent this morning and heard the children singing. We made a few jokes about it.”

I had noticed that in the morning but said nothing about it now as I was driving as fast as I could and it wouldn’t help anything if I had commented.

The young man spoke again; “Do you think my father’s alive?”

I replied, “I’m a preacher, not a doctor so I couldn’t make a comment on that. All we can do now is try to get him to the hospital as quick as we can.”

Again, came a question, “Do you believe people go to heaven or hell?”

“Yes, I do. People who know and love the Lord Jesus Christ go to heaven because they accept the payment He made on the cross for their sins.”

“Why does God send people to hell?”

“People go to hell because they refuse to accept Christ and what He did for them to give them eternal life. God doesn’t want anyone to go there. People make that choice for themselves,” I explained.

When we got to the hospital a doctor and others were outside waiting for us because we had been able to call in on the truck’s radio. The woman doctor came to the truck door and made a quick off-the-cuff assessment and said, “Poor fellow’s as dead as a stick.”

Well, the young man ran over to the wall and banged his head and cried. His father had died instantly and the son wasn’t sure where he had gone.

It can never be emphasized enough that we need to prepare for eternity now, because we never know what might happen. That man had changed hundreds of transformers but this one time his had come too close to where it shouldn’t have. We may not have a chance to make any comments, make any choices, and form any new commitments before we die. That needs to be done well in advance; that needs to be done now.

Edgar and Yvonne Pardy professed to be saved at this time. Linda and I were renting the basement apartment at 53 Wishing Well Rd., her parent’s house and we were expecting a new baby. So, I stayed in St. John’s and worked on our new house during the fall.

During Christmas week the snow just kept piling up until we didn’t have a place to put it.

Vernon Markle was with us for a while as the “Northern Light” crew were having a time deciding what to do. They finally decided to go to Fogo Island and a work started there that summer. Wallace Buckle piloted the “Northern Light” there and later Bert Joyce flew in there in his airplane. The interest in the open air was such that they knew a work needed to be done there and followed up. A Christian doctor from Scotland was the resident physician in the Fogo hospital and his wife also was a committed Christian.

Their support was very valuable, both because of the fact that he supported the Gospel work, and because he was a good doctor. Bert flew over to Ragged Harbour one day so, I went over and helped them put up a tent in Calvin Payne's garden. Bryan Funston and George Campbell kept at that work regularly. Bryan moved there that fall. The meetings were continued in Mrs. Keefe's store building after the tent season was over.

An open door was there, and the Lord had His servants ready, and in position to go through that door. Mr. Albert Barbour and Mr. Ephraim Freake had been building a portable hall in St. John's for outreach work, and when they heard about the opening in Fogo, they offered the portable to the work there. Mr. Freake was born and raised on Fogo Island at Joe Batt's Arm, so he had a special interest in that work that he followed up on for the rest of his life. He assisted Bryan Funston in Gospel meetings as often as he could. George Campbell tried to make it a point to go to Fogo to help Bryan once a month. The Lord saved a good number of precious souls in Fogo and some of the other near-by villages. Bryan stuck by that work for all the years he was in Newfoundland.

He gave everything.

After a Gospel meeting in Fogo, Fogo Island, Newfoundland, an old man named Parmenus Wells, asked me to visit in his home, as he had something he wanted to tell me. We walked to his house that was lit with kerosene lamps and sat down in the kitchen warmed with a wood stove, and settled down to hear what he had to say while his wife got a cup of tea ready. He was a bit emotional even before he began.

He said, "Quite a few years ago, when all the traveling was done in these parts by boat, a schooner came down the coast one night under full sail. It wasn't a bad night but there was a good draft from the southeast and she was making good time. The only trouble was the skipper didn't keep the vessel far enough off shore and she struck a sunker right out there," and he pointed right out through the harbour.

"We could hear the ship's bell ring as they were abandoning ship so we right quick-like gathered wood and browse and set a fire at the water's edge on the beach. By-n-bye people started coming ashore on life rings and boards; on barrels and anything that would float. It wasn't a bad night and so they weren't having a real bad time of it. All hands around here had them into the houses and dried them off and gave'm a cup of tea to warm them up and then served lunches to all hands. One young man over by the stove looked up whenever another person was brought in and then he'd put down his head and tried to keep from crying. By n bye he did start to cry and we thought maybe he was getting a bit mental from the cold or something so I went over.

'Nothing to worry about, my son,' I told him. 'You can stay right here and you're safe and sound until you get a passage home.'

"Oh, I know I'm okay," he replied, "but when I came off the deck of that boat into the water, I didn't have anything to hold on to. When my head broke water, I found I was beside a young man holding on to a rum barrel. I put my hands out to catch hold of the rum barrel too, but it wouldn't hold up the two of us."

(A rum barrel is a small, oval shaped barrel about a foot to sixteen inches long and six inches through at the widest point.)

The man by the stove continued; ‘When we found the barrel wouldn’t hold both of us up even though we kicked and struggled, the young man who had the barrel first said to me, “Are you a married man?” ‘Yes, I have a wife and children.’ “You keep the barrel,” he said, “I’m not married,” and he let go the barrel.

‘He hasn’t come in to the house here,’ he stated looking around at all the other people in the kitchen. We both were silent as we waited for others to be brought in. Soon no one else entered the room and we waited the whole night until dawn hoping and praying that the young man got in someplace. In the morning when it got light, we went down to the land-wash and there was the body of the young man. The only one who died of the crowd who was on the schooner, was one who gave the barrel to the married man with a family.”

Mr. Wells stopped talking and I could hardly speak. I thought about what a good illustration that was of the Lord Jesus Christ giving Himself as a substitute for us on the cross. He, who had eternal life, gave His life that we might have eternal life.

The assembly hall at Fogo had become unsuitable, so in the late 1980s, George Whey, Marvin Derksen, Peter Mathews and others helped in the building of a new Gospel Hall there. The first building coming into the community is the hall. The assembly isn’t as large as it once was, but the work of God still continues. An annual open-air Gospel series is held most years in the late summer shortly before the Labor Day conference that is held there. The Lord has saved some souls in recent years and hopefully they will be able to continue to make a living there even though the island has only about half the number of people living there compared to 1970 when Bryan Funston moved there to continue working in the outreach of the Gospel.

1971

We began the New Year in the Grace Hospital as Linda went into labor late on the last day of the old year. Alison Dawn was born New Year’s Day around noon. She was a special baby to us because the doctor had said we would not have another. God knew different but had us wait nearly 5 ½ years to bring it about. We were able to move into our new home shortly after Alison was born. That was a great time. During that winter we started to build another portable hall in St. John’s. The trusses were made to be bolted together for a strong roof and the same with the sides. The sides had Ranch Wall on the outside and were painted and looked good. We never got it completely finished before the summer.

George Campbell had moved his family to Corner Brook and wanted to make a major push there. So, we got a new and larger tent from Vancouver and put it up on Country Road where the assembly had bought two building lots. All the workers came together for a few weeks there in the summer. Bert Joyce and I preached at night. Bryan Funston, Scott Goff, Steve DeMasters had the youth work and George Campbell and Wallace

Buckle coordinated the visitation that included every house from Humbermouth to Petrie's Crossing. They also had open-air meetings some afternoons. Some professed to be saved and the work progressed well from there on. A new hall was built that fall under the supervision of Peter Mathews.

Bryan Funston and I had a series of Gospel meetings in a tent at Joe Batt's Arm on Fogo Island later that same summer. A number of people from Mr. Ephraim Freake's family attended, but there was no real interest in that community as far as the Gospel was concerned. We tried the tent one last time in Ragged Harbour late in the summer. The assembly started breaking bread in Templeman around that time. There was a fairly good number of people in the assembly there when it started. Carl and Annie Payne were now living in Templeman and Ken and Doris Taylor were living in Valleyfield. At the end of the summer we went to Fogo and put up the portable hall that had been built in St. John's. It became the permanent hall there for close to 20 years. In the early fall we went to Corner Brook again to help in getting the hall up and covered. We put the shingles on in the snow. Wallace Buckle and his family moved to Corner Brook from Flowers Cove for a year to help in that work.

EIGHTEEN

“An eloquent man and mighty in the scriptures... fervent in spirit... they took him aside and explained the way of God more accurately.” Acts 18:24-26

GOD AT WORK!

A New Opportunity

The interest among young men we knew from various places began to grow, and those who could take time off from work and schooling, came for the summer to help in new work. They would help in visitation, children's work, transportation and all other areas of work that are part of outreach evangelism. Mr. Walter Kember began supplying us with thousands of “Kember texts” which over the years were distributed all over the province. Having a group of young men working together, seemed to be a help to them in their Christian life as well as to us in reaching out to new places. Perhaps a vision for the world as a harvest field ripe and ready to bring in the harvest, caught hold of some, because there are a number of those brothers who are preaching the Gospel in North America and other parts of the world in many countries.

Because the “Northern Light” had been put up on dry dock at Lewisport, it was able to be kept on the drydock all summer in 1971. There was a very united effort in Corner Brook and that also gave us a new outlook on the value of larger team efforts.

There were series of Gospel meetings in several places throughout the province during the winter of 1971 and early 1972 by the brethren. I worked on the house to get some more rooms finished to live in. We began to work the ground behind the house to grow our vegetables in. Our home was a real place of comfort and our family was a real joy. Lael went to school at St. Mary's on Waterford Bridge Rd. Alison waited until I got home from having meetings away, to walk. After that she never stopped. Brother Stan

Simms came to St. John's to have meetings. He stayed with us and we preached in the hall for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Simms had lived in Carbonear quite a few years before when the work there was new. He was a kind and gentle man who had a soft-heart toward sinners and especially Christians' children. He had been brought up listening to the Gospel and yet not able to grasp the simplicity of salvation. Like so many, he thought "There has to be something more." He had his own barbershop in Ontario, and even though he was on his own, he still attended Gospel meetings. His father came into the shop one day and as they were talking, happened to mention a verse of a hymn. The chorus of the Gospel hymn says, "Believe, and you'll be saved. The promise takes you in. The Savior see, He died for thee. The promise takes you in." Through the words of that hymn his spiritual eyesight was opened and he was saved by taking in that promise. It was a privilege to have that older preacher staying with us in St. John's during those meetings. His granddaughter, Sheila, is married to Stephen Joyce and they are in the Corner Brook assembly.

After our workers talk in the spring, it was decided to take the "Northern Light" along with us to Wareham for some of the crew to stay in that summer. We had a trailer and camper but had more helpers than places to put them. Bert Joyce, John Joyce, Gordon Hunt, Clarence Perry and Jim Jarvis stayed on the boat tied up at the wharf in Wareham; and Scott Goff, Kevin Perry, Peter Kember, Glen Moore and Gaius Goff stayed in the trailer and camper by the tent in Centreville. We had three vans we used to carry people from Indian Bay, Trinity and Wareham to the tent. We filled the tent nightly as well as in the morning. Mark and Mae Button, Mrs. Waterman and a number of others professed to be saved. We continued there the whole summer. The tent was put up in late June and taken down around Labor Day. The portable hall was moved up from Templeman to Wareham and Carl Payne and others had meetings there. The Templeman assembly bought a schoolhouse in Wesleyville and renovated it for an assembly hall.

In the late summer of 1972, George Campbell and Bryan Funston had some meetings in Main Point, Gander Bay in the Ford's home. The Ford's had lived in Fogo and had come to live at Gander Bay for some time. Mrs. Ford's parents and other relatives lived in that area. Alma Ford was saved a couple of years earlier at meetings in Fogo. In 1973, a number of us who work in the Gospel, met in Corner Brook to discuss the work and the upcoming summer. Two of the sisters in the assembly at Charlottetown, Labrador and one in the assembly at Parsons Pond had a sister living in Gander Bay. Some of the believers on Fogo Island had relatives living in the Gander Bay area as well. Algernon Trimm and Francis Barney from assemblies in Labrador had worked with Alvin Blake in construction in Labrador. Alvin was from Gander Bay and had shown interest in the Gospel when the two Labrador men talked with him from time to time. After prayer and conversation together, some of us decided to go to Gander Bay, while others went north.

Mrs. Ivy Blake from George's Point, Gander Bay had gone to visit one of her daughters who lived at Stoneville and while there heard a minister in the United Church preach the Gospel and was saved a year or so earlier. We didn't know at the time Mrs. Ivy Blake had

been praying that the Gospel would be preached in her community for the sake of her family. Even though there were churches in the area, there wasn't Gospel being preached there. Some young men who had been with us the year before, Jim Jarvis and Glen Moore and others we knew from various places were able to come to help. Carl Payne was along to help. Jim Klein came from Arlington, Washington, John Gamble came from Scotland, Bryan Funston and his youngest brother, Craig Funston from Vancouver were here; Joe Hancock and Melvin Flynn from Labrador were here for some of the time; and Marvin Derksen and Bob Dyck came. Marvin built his first building in Newfoundland that summer – an outhouse!

The roads around were gravel at the time and were pretty rough on our vehicles. We had a Dodge bus, a couple of Chevy vans and a Ford van to carry people. There were always repairs to be made. Jim Klein was the designated mechanic but because vehicles were a priority, he could always call on others to help. Bryan Funston headed up the youth work. George Campbell and I preached the Gospel at night. Everybody took part in the open-air work. We had a small trailer and a couple of campers to stay in. Every few days, a walk had to be made up George's Brook to the swimming hole to get cleaned up. In the morning the bus and vans picked up young people for the youth meeting. In the evening the same routes down as far as Victoria Cove on one side of the bay and Davidsville on the other side, were taken to pick up folks that would come to the Gospel meetings. Some-times, double trips were made.

That summer the CN ferry crossing the Gulf went on strike and we couldn't get potatoes or bread in the stores around. There was a shortage of a lot of things in outport shops. A lady across the causeway made bread for us when we could get flour. They still had 100-pound bags then, and I had to go to some little communities to find the flour. I was the cook so I decided rice would be a good substitute for potatoes. We didn't have a table big enough to seat everybody together at first so the crew would pick up their food and go eat wherever they could. One evening George Campbell said for me to follow him as he had something to show me. Behind some power poles that were lying there was a pile of rice where the boys took their rice and dumped it. George said, "I don't think the rice is going over very big."

He went to someone around the bay and arranged to buy potatoes until the strike was over. Before starting in Gander Bay, Carl Payne and I made up the first open-air trailer we used. I had an old U-Haul trailer and we made sides that would fold around to make a closed in trailer. When the roof was lifted up in front and the sides opened out, we had a 24-foot tent and a roof over the pulpit lit with 12 volt lights off the van battery. When we came to George's Point and put up the tent at the causeway corner, we used that trailer inside the tent for a platform. The seating was wooden seats on metal frames we had made up. They worked well for a number of years. There were times when the tent was filled to capacity and some outside the tent.

It was a beautiful summer that year so there was no problem to visit all the homes with the Kember texts and have open air preaching as well as getting over the roads easily. The roads were really dusty but it didn't seem to hinder people coming to the tent

meetings night after night. The Lord was pleased to save people during those meetings on the causeway corner, both in the tent and in the portable hall that was donated from brethren in Ontario. Jim Jarvis' father and Paul Kember pulled a portable hall to Gander Bay from Ontario, which was used for a year and a half before it was mysteriously burned near Fredricton between 1 and 6 in the morning.

A small Gospel Hall was built in Wareham and the portable hall that was used there, was put in Davidsville and was there until the late summer of 1974 when a portable was built here in Main Point where the sawmill was. The one in Davidsville was moved to Hopeall, Trinity Bay to follow up that new work. In 1974 there were a couple of baptisms and a nice number of believers obeyed the Lord in this way. Then the saints began to break bread that fall in the portable hall in front of the sawmill. In meetings held at that time, the Lord saved some more precious souls. One Lord's day morning after having watched the breaking of bread and hearing 15 men take part in thanksgiving during that meeting, Hubert Squires was saved by God's grace. He had a strong testimony of grace until he died somewhat over a year later. A permanent Gospel Hall was built in the summer and fall of 1975. Mr. Payne, Ronald Biggins and others sawed the logs the Gander Bay brothers cut and, although we didn't have much money, the hall was built free and clear. Before it was finished; Mr. Wallace Blake's (husband of Ivy Blake) funeral was held in the new hall.

The size of the hall made it possible to have the conference more convenient, as well as being a good meeting hall. The first conference here was in the lodge for the meetings and in the portable for meals. It snowed that year on the 24th of May weekend. Mr. Payne spent a lot of time in Gander Bay in the late 70's and early 80's. Besides meetings, he sawed lumber for other halls and other work with Ronald Biggin from Daniel's Harbour, Roy Freake, who now lives at Charlottetown, LB, and other helpers. The Gander Bay brethren did a lot for the Lord's work over the years in cutting logs and sawing lumber. When Mr. Campbell was slowly dying in Vancouver; we spent days and nights together going over the Lord's work. We would pray a lot about Gander Bay and in other parts of Newfoundland and Labrador.

Our prayers were that God would give His people vision for the things that are eternal; vision for the value of men and women; vision for reaching out in the Gospel to other parts. That's what the book, "Take the Challenge" was written for. If we lose the vision; if we lose the spiritual vitality; if we lose the willingness to venture beyond our comfort zone; not only will sinners perish, but we will die as assemblies of God's people. We must take a chance on making a mistake from time to time. We must take a chance on being misunderstood. We must take a chance of failing. Actually, there is no chance to it because in the Bible it is called "walking by faith, not by sight."

Early in the year of 1974, I went back to Stout, IA to have another Gospel series with Albert Hull. The Stout Gospel Hall was full each night and after a number of weeks, LaVerne Weber was the first one to profess to be saved. Then it seemed that each night, one or two more were saved. By the end of nine weeks of Gospel meetings, over 40 had professed to be saved. It encouraged the work in that area. Scott and Elizabeth moved

from Oregon to St. John's during the early spring I think. He began to build houses with Mr. Barbour. I was given a Buick station wagon by my oldest brother Dick and his wife Louise and had it filled with equipment when I went back. A welder was in there; tools; and all sorts of other things. I was glad to get home to see my family. Shortly after getting home I went to Gander Bay for meetings with George Campbell in the portable. Herbert Harris and his wife plus some others were reached then. Carl Payne had been helping a lot in the Gander Bay work, driving down from his home in Templeman and had a real interest in that area. In the summer, he and Mr. Joyce, Bryan Funston, Marvin Derksen, Phil Atkinson, John Joyce and a few others has tent meetings in Fredrickton. George Campbell and I had bought another tent during the winter. It was larger, 30x75 and opened up further possibilities to expand the work with two tent crews and equipment. I had bought another couple of school buses to go along with the vans that were wearing out badly.

NINETEEN

GOD AT WORK! Going further east

For quite a number of years, brethren from the St. John's assembly had been going out to Trinity Bay on Sunday afternoon to have Open Air meetings. From Whitbourne right down to Heart's Content they had preached but found the best interest at that time in Green's Harbour. I had gone along on a few occasions with them and an interest gradually developed. Wallace Buckle and I had meetings in 1964 in a school bus in Whiteway. We had gone there because a man lived there who had connections with the believers in the Parsons Pond area. Not much was done as it was late in the fall and the bus got pretty cold. We slept and ate in the bus and tried to heat it with a Coleman stove. Also, we lost the engine in the bus on the way back to Carbonear so ended our fall campaign with a bit of shortage in cash. A real special thing happened then. I had my first real date with Linda. I asked her to ride back to St. John's in my van and we had our first real heart to heart conversation. Within three months we were married.

10 years later the brethren were still going there with open air meetings and wondered if we would consider going there with a Gospel tent. Mr. Joyce, Mr. Funston and Mr. Payne were going to take the one tent to Fredrickton near Gander Bay, so after prayer and consideration together, Mr. Campbell and I decided to get land at Green's Harbour for the tent. However, I went there talking to people and trying to rent land for several days and couldn't get a spot. We settled on a piece on the highway at the Hopeall Branch.

We went to Hopeall, Trinity Bay because the open-air preaching along that shore was best in Green's Harbour. We put the tent on the highway only about a mile west of Green's Harbour near the Hopeall branch. The crew we had included George Campbell, Jim Klein, Tim Strandrud, Tim Redekopp, Andy Billingham, Peter Etelamaki, Jon Procopio, Tom Hoy, Otto Hoof, Ron Tracey and Gaius Goff. We had two pickup campers, one tent camper and a cookhouse trailer for accommodations. The area we visited and picked up people from was Islington to the east and Dildo to the west. It was not uncommon to have around 300 in the tent. We had made up benches with three metal

frames holding 2x6 slats for the seat and back. Linda and the children had Mona and her children stay with her and our girls for the summer. They came out from St. John's every evening. They provided the much-needed food and washing for the crew. The interest started right from the beginning and continued right through the summer. Morely Harnum, Lewis George, Violet Garland, Beulah Jackson, Laura George, Gladys George, Gilbert Cranford and quite a few more were saved in the first part of the work. After the summer tent season was over (it froze in August that year), we moved the portable hall from Gander Bay, after building one there first. (see notes on Gander Bay). Jon Procopio and Tom Hoy stayed on to help in the work that winter. Jon went home to Boston for a short time and came back with a van and Wes Vitale brought a motor home up for them to stay in. We put together a campsite with campers, cookhouse and a central shelter between them for a big wood stove to sit in. Meetings were held in the portable hall almost continuously during the fall. Lael came home from school one day wanting to be saved. Linda spent quite some time with her going over the scripture with her. What a great joy it was to us when she told us she had been saved. Father and Mother came that winter and he helped a lot in the work there. I went with Bryan Funston to Gander Bay for a series of meetings in the new portable there. Robert Harbin, Hubert Squires and some others in Gander Bay professed to be saved at that time.

During the winter of 1974 - 1975, George and I had a series in Hopeall. Jon and Tom kept the work going and I came back and forth at least once a week and generally was there for the Lord's Day Gospel meeting. Carl and others built up a covered in sawmill in Gander Bay for the use of the work of the Lord. A lot of lumber was cut there before it burned down a few years later. We went to Iowa in the spring and got Talmage and Doris Southard to come for the summer to help us. He did a lot of mechanic work on the buses and kept everything going. At the beginning of the summer of 1975 after the Corner Brook conference, land was cleared to build a new hall in Gander Bay. Bert Joyce, Carl Payne, Bryan Funston, John Joyce, Phil Atkinson, Roy Morton, Lloyd Barbour, Jim Klein and others from time to time had a tent in Blaketown, not too far from the Trans-Canada Highway. They brought people from as far west as Markland and down the shore as far as New Harbour. Evelyn Antle, Ern and Evelyn George, and a few others professed to be saved in those meetings. We put the other tent in Bay Roberts where the Wescall Mall is now. The open-air meetings there were huge with cars filling the lot. We put the tent well back on the lot so we would have plenty of safe room for children's work. Jon and Tom had built a new bunkhouse and it gave good accommodation for the crew. The crew was George Campbell, Tim McCalley, Dennis Gentz, Scott Hayes, Peter Etalamki, Tim Mackay, Tim Redekopp, Talmage Southard, Ernie Dellandrea, Eric Gill, Jon Procopio, Tom Hoy and Gaius Goff. We brought people from as far as South River on the one end and Tilton on the other. Kember texts were distributed as usual and children's meetings were held every morning. Lots of children attended although a good many were as wild as hares. One never knows how much may result from the time spent with the young. Night meetings were quite well attended but not as many nor as attentive as they were in Trinity Bay. Fred Snow and a few others professed to be saved, but no lasting work developed at that time.

During that summer we had the first baptism in Broad Cove that opened the way for an assembly work in New Harbour/Dildo. Wallace Buckle had a crew of men with him on the Quebec coast that year. David Chubbs was a good testimony in the Gospel in his town in Quebec and that opened the way for further work along that shore. At the end of the summer the portable hall was moved from Hopeall to Blaketown for the winter where several series of meetings were held. George Campbell and I held a series of Gospel meetings in St. John's in the newly enlarged hall. A nice number professed to be saved at that time; especially young people from Christian families. After the summer work was over, we began working on the Gander Bay Gospel Hall. Carl sawed lumber and others of us built the building. Alex Dryburgh and I had a Gospel series in L'Anse au Loup, LB this fall. He and his family moved from Scotland to Labrador that summer to join in the work.

The demographics of Newfoundland and Labrador were changing a lot by the mid-1970s. One of the benefits to the larger centers, was that young people began leaving the fishing industry and taking service jobs and other kinds of work in the cities that demanded higher education. Quite a number of young Christians from outport assemblies moved into Corner Brook and St. John's for employment, significantly increasing the numbers in the local assemblies. For the same reason, there was quite an exodus of young people to other areas of "up-a-long" Canada.

That movement had a limiting effect on the small outport assemblies, which was further affected by the moratorium on cod fishing seven or eight years later. The small assemblies in the province will not likely recover from that government edict. A lot of small settlements have only about half the people living there compared to forty or fifty years ago. Denominational churches as well as assemblies are decreasing in numbers of those who attend and some are closing. That is a fatal blow to the future of the small community assemblies as well as the outport communities themselves. Many villages have very few children living there, because the younger parents have moved away for work.

1976

We had the first use of the Gander Bay hall to bury Mr. Wallace Blake. The hall was finished there and we had a series of Gospel meetings. Bryan Funston and Bert Joyce along with Carl Payne and others went to the Eastport Peninsula. A tent was put up near Sandringham and later the work developed into a good solid assembly. Our desire has always been to reach into new places but no particular place opened with a lead. So, we decided the biblical principle of "going to the next town that we may preach there also;" applied to this summer. We then went and found land as close to Norman's Cove as we could to put the tent on. The bunkhouse was towed in and also a cookhouse that Jon had built. These were a real asset. We got a piece of land on the Long Harbour road about 100 yards off the Trans Canada highway. Our crew wasn't as large this year. George Campbell and his son David, Jon Procopio, Tim McCalley, Dennis Gentz, Gary Southard, Ernie Dellandrea, Ralph Goff and Gaius Goff were the crew. We visited right along to Bellevue Beach and the other way down through Long Harbour. We didn't get very far there although some came out every night. The Penecostals had come and

wanted to start a work there and were really in opposition. We were there four weeks and then moved the tent to Harbour Grace near the Mary Brown's chicken restaurant. There we mainly concentrated on Harbour Grace although the location was good and we got quite a few from Carbonear, Bryant's Cove and even a few Mr. Dellandrea was able to get from Bishop's Cove. A young married woman who professed to be saved then and went on quite well was mysteriously missing a few months later. They found her and her husband in a car in an abandoned drive-in theater parking lot. It has been judged to be a murder-suicide. Linda and I and the girls went west that summer in our pickup with the camper on it. Father went along with us but Mother flew home from Boston. We went to Washington, DC; across Virginia and West Virginia and headed west through Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and west to Oregon. After being home for a few days, we settled in a house Dick and Louise had bought with a farm when they moved back from Iowa earlier in the year. That was in Turner, south of Salem in the Cloverdale district. Lael went to the Cloverdale school where Dick's girls went and Alison started Kindergarten in Turner. Her friend was the original kindergarten drop-out. The little girl actually quit school. Alison loved it. It was good for our children to be there and know their cousins. We had Gospel meetings with Jim Webb in Salem in the late summer and early fall. At that time, we made a drive-in trailer out of Dick's 40-foot flatbed. We started drive-in meetings in Salem, then Corvallis, Albany, Scio, Crabtree, Newburg, Brooks, Lebanon and Woodburn before the weather got too bad. In the spring of the next year we had three months in the eastern part of the state in visitation and drive-in meetings.

1977

Bert Joyce and I had a series of Gospel meetings in Stout, Iowa early in the year. The numbers and interest wasn't the same as in 1974 but some professed to be saved and seemed to be genuine believers. Near the end of March, Dad and I went to eastern Oregon with Dick's pick-up and drive-in trailer. I drove that and Dad drove Uncle Frank's motor home for us to stay in. We went to Sisters, Madras, Redmond, Mitchell, Spray, Condon, Antelope, Ione, Fossil, Heppner, Arlington, Umatilla, Hermiston covering most of the towns in the Tri-counties area each week. We visited and had drive-in meetings in each place as an introduction. Then we returned and stayed for several days and visited again and had drive-in meetings each night. Gaylord Lowery came with his motor home. Dick came for a few days. John Fitzpatrick and Phil Howard came for a few days. John Abernethy came for a week. We evangelized in every way we knew how but not too much came from it. A few people told us they had been saved so we will know in heaven how it really worked out. After school was out in June, Linda the girls and I left for Newfoundland and Rick Goff came with us. We went by way of the Grand Canyon, New Mexico and places of interest along the way to Iowa. Then on to Newfoundland. Rick returned home right away. Linda, the children and I got ready to go to the west coast as the tent was going to be put up in McIvers on the north shore of Bay of Islands. We moved the bunkhouse and cookhouse to a piece of land on the top of a hill just before you get to McIvers and just after you leave Gilliams. We pitched the tent there and the work started around the second week of July. George Campbell, Marvin Derksen, Jon Procopio (for a while), Peter Etelamki, Lorne Swaan, Jim Decker, Wilson Caines, David Campbell and Gaius Goff were the crew. We carried people from Irishtown on the one end and down as far as Cox's Cove on the other. We gave out text

all along the shore and were getting a fairly good hearing when a howling gale rose up one night just after the meeting. We tied the tent down as best we could to the buses and vehicles and sat and watched it. The wind went over the top of it like an airplane wing and it finally broke at the old seams and pieces went right straight up in the air like upside down streamers. That ended the tent season. So we went back to St. John's and finished a portable hall that we were building behind our house. This was the third one and it had blown down after it had been partly built. When we got it finished, we towed it to Gilliams where Marvin and George began meetings. A nice work developed rather slowly on that shore and an assembly was formed there. Jon and Violet were married this year.

1978

We did some more work on our house this winter. It has taken us a long time but gradually it is being completed. This year we finished up the basement. Looking for new areas to evangelize has always been a priority, so that led us to go down to the Burin Peninsula where we had never done any Gospel work. When we got to Grand Bank, knowing that it was a major center and knowing Marjorie Ross had relative there, we decided to get a piece of land there. A very good location was found between Grand Bank and Fortune. But we had no tent. George and I decided to get a new one from Boston. Also, we needed some different buses. So, we arranged to take a trip to get buses and the tent plus some helpers for the summer. We dropped Jon off in Boston and he arranged for the tent. We dropped Marvin off in Ontario and buses were found there. George and I went on to Iowa for the Garnavillo conference and got Dave Wirkler and Don Wardell to come to help us for the summer. Don drove back his own van and Dave drove one of the buses from Toronto. Marvin drove the other. George and I went down to Boston to get the tent and Jon. We got back to Corner Brook just in time for the conference there. After the conference we moved the trailers to Grand Bank and put up the new tent. It is a beautiful yellow and white tent and looks especially nice when the lights are on inside. The crew we had that year was George Campbell, Sandy Feltham, Ernie Dellandrea, Bruce Reilly, Gordon Struve, Matt Hann, Steve Barbour, David Wirkler, Tim Gull, Don Wardell, Jon Procopio, Mark Andersen and Gaius C. Goff. We picked up people in Fortune and Grand Bank. Jon had built a drive-in trailer and it was used extensively that summer. George Campbell, Don Wardell and Mark Andersen spent some of the summer on the Bay Verte peninsula. After they left, Jon Procopio preached in George's place. We saw a number of good souls saved in Grand Bank and Fortune. Jon moved there with his family for a year or so and had meetings in the portable hall we brought down from New Harbour/Dildo. The new hall was in use there then. John Barnes and his wife were saved then. Also, Patsy Greene, Gordon Williams father, the Pardy's and some others but it never seemed to go beyond the first stages of a work. The opposition was from all sides. George and I went to New Harbour and had meetings in the hall in the early fall.

1979

During the winter, I had a series of Gospel meetings with Bryan Funston in Eastport. The work in that area was going good and there was an extending work from Eastport into Gander. A problem began to develop though, that would lead to serious consequences. I

believe it was in March of this year, that I had the wonderful joy of hearing Alison confess to having been saved by God's grace. Our family circle was complete. Relief, joy, gratitude all kinds of emotions and thoughts are mine whenever I think of the goodness of God to me. My wife is completely committed to the work of the Lord. Our children may not understand our life and commitment but they don't rebel against it. Jon got a nice red and white tent, so in the summer of, he put it up in Grand Bank where he was living. Bryan Funston helped him, Steve Richards, Tom Hoy and others as well. They found it kind of tough after the first few weeks so they went from town to town on the Burin Peninsula having drive-in meetings. They had good singers and with the good singing and preaching they had a good summer. They even made it on to TV on the Here and Now program. George Campbell, Rob Kirpatrick, Kevin Sawatsky, Eric Gill, Gaius C. Goff and a number of others were the crew of the tent on the Horse Cove Line in Paradise, just west of St. John's on the Conception Bay highway. We went from Paradise far as Kelligrews with texts and invitations. There was a good number out at night and also in the children's work but no real move. Most of the interest was from people the Christians brought who go to the hall in St. John's. Late in August, Hurricane David struck Dominica where Ken and Doris Taylor were laboring with Peter and Marlene Simms. It only seemed right because of the family connection, to try and be a help. So we immediately got some financial help for them and Linda and I went to Halifax to order and ship food and building material and then got a plane down to St. Lucia. That was as close as we could get at the time. We met Brian and Carolyn Owen and through them got food and other things ready to take to Dominica. Linda took Marlene Simms children back to Toronto and I went on the boat with supplies to Dominica. I stayed on until November with Ken and Peter working on rebuilding and building homes and halls. Scott and Jon and Jon's brother Kevin came. Quite a lot of others came too. Some from Ontario, some from Saskatchewan, some from the states. It was nearly December when I got home. Marvin and Barbara were married on December 7th.

1980

Kevin Sawatsky and I had a Gospel series in the New Harbour/Dildo Gospel Hall. Also, I had a Gospel series on the west coast of Newfoundland and in Gander Bay. This summer Bryan Funston and I took the tent to Glovertown for an outreach in the general vicinity of the Eastport work. Bryan's brother-in-law, Randy Marsett, Kevin Sawatsky, Gordon Williams, Tom Hoy and some others joined us there in the work. Gordon was just beginning full-time Gospel work. We worked mainly Glovertown, and Traytown although some came from farther down the peninsula. There was some interest that was nurtured and has been useful in the Sandringham work. Open-air meetings were held late each night after the Gospel meeting near the clinic in Glovertown. Also, open-air meetings were held right down the peninsula each day. We spent most of the summer there. Late in the summer Linda and the girls and I went to Hare Bay to help Gordon in open-air work in Hare Bay, Dover, Gambo and Dark Cove. The work in Wareham was moving ahead a bit and it seemed to warrant an assembly being started there. George and others were over on the north shore of Bay of Islands in outreach in a tent there. There were a few years there where we may have spread ourselves too thin and the work was getting large enough that the believers felt we were neglecting the established work.

George particularly felt this and at the same time wanted to press forward as he had a pioneer's heart. The work in Seal Cove too began to flourish more under Gordon's care and interest. His exercise was to help the new and small assemblies. Jon was getting an interest in his heart toward New Hampshire in the states. Marvin was working mostly on the north shore of Bay of Islands. Wallace Buckle was working on the Labrador out of Goose Bay. Carl Payne and Don Wardell were involved in literature work with the Book and Bible Bus. They were going from town to town and covered the whole west coast and central Newfoundland. George and I had a Gospel series in L'anse au Loup, LB after the conference. There was quite a lot of difference of opinion regarding the remarriage of divorced people and the work was getting divided behind preachers on account of this problem. We had several serious discussions as workers over this and it seemed to be getting worse rather than better. David Jones, a missionary in Chile, came to help us as a moderator and I think helped to get some brethren thinking biblically about this and realizing we had a problem that was bigger than we thought. It seemed that I was the one they thought led the pro side so I could see we may need to think about a move lest the work divide over this issue. We began to think seriously about a move away from Newfoundland around this time. With Bert Joyce, George Campbell, Peter Mathews, Wallace Buckle, Carl Payne, Bryan Funston, Marvin Derksen, Jon Procopio, Alex Dryburgh, Gordon Williams, Jim Jarvis and Gaius C. Goff; all in full-time Gospel work, it was time to start increasing our vision.

1981

We met periodically to try and come to some way of accommodating to differences of opinion. It seemed like we could find no way to work together, just because of this minor issue that had been made into a major one. The last meeting we had unfortunately included some brethren from the St. John's assembly who had come to the Gander Bay conference. They felt that ultimately everyone would be coming into St. John's one time or another and they wanted a position that they could take. As that meeting continued, George wrote me a note and pushed it along the table to me. He said, "They are out to get you and me." I guess that was true. Anyway, he started taking his family west more often and told me that it was maybe time for him to move on. He had been 13 years on the Labrador and 13 years in Corner Brook. To him it seemed like a major change should come. I had been asked earlier to have meetings in the Marysville, WA area. This year seemed like the appropriate time to do this. So after school was out, Linda, Lael, Alston and I went west and started Gospel meetings in a tent in Marysville. There was quite a number who professed to be saved in those meetings and our interest in the on-going of that work was deepened. I remember when Uncle Hector built a portable hall to be used there years before. They had since built a hall on Fred Steen's property. I stayed in a trailer near the tent although we were given the use of Priscilla Hoy's and Jackie Longfellow's house. It was nice to have a time as a family together as well as getting to know the people from Arlington. Tom Hoy headed up a children's work there each day. We also had a Bible study each day with David Jones leading it. Just before we had come west, there was a major break in the work in Forest Grove. Almost all of the younger families and some of the older ones left the assembly at the Gospel Hall and went to the Westside Bible Chapel in Hillsboro. The brethren of my home assembly asked if we would consider moving back to Forest Grove to try and help the work in the

west and particularly at Forest Grove. It was too late to help Forest Grove, but it did get us thinking about what we should be doing next. I can't recall where the tents in Newfoundland were used this summer. I think one was put up near Three Mile Rock and Carl Payne and Bryan Funston preached there. It seemed like there was a sort of fatalism coming over brethren in regards to outreach. We returned home to St. John's in time for the girls to go back to school. Scott and I got interested in having meetings in Mt. Pearl and got started thinking and talking about it. George Campbell spent the fall, winter and spring in the west with his family. Some of his children professed to be saved there and he had a real impact of the young people of that area.

1982

I went to all the conferences in the fall and then we started visiting house to house in Mt. Pearl early in the year. It seemed like there was some interest in this on the part of the assembly at Smith Ave. I had a series of meetings in the court-room in Gander in the early spring. In the preceding years, there were a number of people living in Gander who had been saved in Eastport and were in the assembly out there. A number of us workers decided we should get together and make a push into Gander to try and reach more of the town. The court-room above Milley's store had been in use for some Gospel series and also regular meetings were held there but the folks went to Eastport for the Lord's Day. A piece of land was secured on McCurdy Drive and we began a series in the tent in July. George Campbell, Bryan Funston, Marvin Derksen, Jon Procopio and Gaius C. Goff all worked together in this outreach. We were called "The Gang of Five," after the Communist junta in China. Alfred Corduan, Fred Schmeldter, Ray Hanna, Kevin Sawatsky, Phil Turner, Tim Morton and perhaps a few others helped in that work. Jon Procopio headed up the open-air work and traveled around the Loop, to Glenwood and over to Fogo Island with some of the men helping him. Bryan Funston headed up a booth in the malls. We were first in one and then moved to the other. Marvin Derksen headed up the youth work. George and I preached at night in the tent. We had a bus hired to bring people in from Gander Bay each night. A nice number were saved during those meetings. At the end of the tent season around the first of September, we had a baptism in Gander Lake and began to break bread in the court room. Marvin Derksen moved his double wide home from the north shore of Bay of Islands and made it into a permanent house. He stayed with that work for several years. In the fall we rented space in Mt. Pearl to fix up for meetings.

1983

We spent quite a bit of time working in Mt. Pearl on the rented space so we could get a Gospel series going there. We had children's meetings and then had a Gospel series with George Campbell and I preaching in the upstairs of a strip-mall. A good number came out and a nice number professed to be saved. I spent the winter and spring there in meetings for new believers and in visiting the people. A baptism or two was held in the St. John's hall and quite a few of the Mt. Pearl came into fellowship in the Smith Ave. assembly. We also had a mall display in the Village Mall on three different occasions. We got a lot of contacts there. Bryan Funston came to help us in the one near Easter. The mall work was quite fruitful as some professed to be saved there as well as in the meetings they were invited to. In the summer George and his family were out west again.

The divorce difficulties were making outreach a source of contention with some of the workers. I believe the work is more important than the workers. So to alleviate tension we went to New Hampshire where Jon and Marvin were working for the summer. We were there for a week or two and then went on west to Oregon and had meetings there. We went up to Vancouver and other places around. It seemed the Lord was leading us to move from Newfoundland but when and to where was a bit of a problem. George and I had a Gospel series in Deep Cove where there hadn't been much of a move for a long time. The Lord was pleased to save quite a number of souls there from which we both took some guidance. George was thinking about moving to the Vancouver area and we were thinking about moving to Oregon. Back in Newfoundland we had meetings in Mt. Pearl and were really pleased to see a nice number of souls profess to be saved. We were thinking in terms of a new assembly in the St. John's area and made no bones about it. To my amazement there was very serious opposition to any work that would "take people away" from meeting at the Smith Ave Gospel Hall. I had hoped to see a work started there that winter and spring but many of the brethren were openly and verbally opposed. So that further confirmed us moving away from Newfoundland. Scott and Elizabeth began to speak about it too.

1984

We decided to sell our house and put it on the market. The sale of the house wasn't a confirming issue as to whether we would move or not. That had been decided on the basis of what is best for the work of the Lord and where did the Lord want us. We decided the move was to be in Oregon and a house was offered to us to live in for a year in Salem. George Campbell came back to Newfoundland for David's graduation from university. He wasn't feeling good although he went to Labrador, Eastport and other places before he returned home just after the Gander Bay conference. In June as soon as our children were out of school, Scott, Elizabeth and their family; and Linda, Alison and I started west. Lael had already gone west to get residency long enough to get into a training school in Salem in the fall. We convoyed across the country without major incident. Scott drove a van towing a big trailer. I towed a trailer behind the pickup and Linda drove the Ford van. George Campbell was diagnosed with cancer and he waited for surgery until Linda and I were able to be with them. We stayed in Vancouver for a few days after he was pronounced terminal until they could get kind of settled away for the next few months of trial. We moved into Bob and Anna Menzel's house in Salem and Scott and Elizabeth moved into Lorenz's house in Gaston. We got booth space in some county fairs right away and had opportunity to reach out the first summer. We laid plans for fair work in the summers to come and started getting materials and equipment together for that work. Much of our work was in Forest Grove. We had a series of meetings there that fall and some blessing resulted. A number of the new converts found their way into the assembly and it started to grow again. Bryan and Elizabeth Funston came west that fall and were in the missionary home next to George and Mona until the Campbell's were able to rent a house in Richmond across the street from Bill Funston's. Bryan and I were asked to have meetings in Deep Cove. Linda and I, and Mona and George took Uncle Frank's motor home on a final trip together to California. We saw his mother; Bill MacDonald and Jean Gibson; went on to Long Beach and saw his brother who had cancer too. It was a good trip but we all knew this was our final work together.

We got a trailer and Scott made it into a real good open- air trailer. We traveled all over having open- air meeting. A number of the people who were saved in the fall in Forest Grove had an interest in the Gospel and the assembly grew to near 60 in fellowship again. We rented a house in Forest Grove and moved up before Alison started school again. I spent most of the fall going back and forth to Vancouver to be with George.

