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Doctry.

For the Christian Messenger.

An Address to Cape Blomidon.

Thou ponderous Cape! the winds may howl
Around thee; the terrific storm
Grow furious and exhaust itself,
In rain upon thy massive form:
Thou look'st erect and proudly o'er the Bay
Which flings about thy base its briny spray,
Come! take a retrospective look
At ages that have long since fled,
That geologic period, when
The mastodon with heavy tread
Marched o'er our earth; while things as strange as he
Sped through the air; and others swam the sea:

How changed, since then, the face of our
Torqueous globe. And what wast thou—
A little unpretending Cape—
Or such as I behold thee now?
Perhaps an Isle! or did some ancient sea
Flow over all this land and cover thee?

Tell me old Cape! did Noah's flood
Roll o'er thy summit? and, if so,
Did the huge rush of waves on waves
Change thy position? Let me know:
Or did that mighty sea without a shore,
Love thee in shape and outline as before?

Infer me now who was the man
That first ascended to thy peak?
Civilized or savage, black or white,
Or red? what language did he speak?
And when, or where; but why need I enquire—
For thou wilt never grant what I desire.

Didst thou not think it very strange
(I know thou didst,) when first thine eye—
Behold a ship with canvas spread?
Thou might'st have fancied she could fly,
And thought her some large bird upon the wing,
She turned and moved so like a living thing.

But when a steamer passed thee by
Didst thou not stare and wonder more?
And think it queer to see a ship
Dash onward without sail or oar,
Churning the water, breathing smoke and fire,
And yelling like a demon filled with ire!

I've heard it said that captain Kidd,
That famous pirate bad and bold,
Hath somewhere in thy bosom hid
Millions of treasure,—heaps of gold:
That devils guard it there—and make a rout—
When any seek to take the treasure out.

'Tis said they raise the tempest high,
And spectres come as thick as hail—
With hideous sounds enough to make
The stoutest buccaner turn pale;
It may be so, but could I find the cave
I'd seize the cash, and let the devils rave.

'Tis Summer's morn! the orb of light
Pours down on thee his golden ray—
While vapours dancing on thy top—
Strange and fantastic forms display;
As if some wizard, by enchantment led—
Was making merry with thy old bald head.

Evening has come with sable hue,
The moon is coming from the deep—
She sheds her silver rays upon
The valley, and the mountain steep;
And less severe bluff Cape and softer thou,
When the pale moonbeams light thy rugged brow.

'Tis Winter! and rude wild Jack Frost
Makes feeble mortals shrink and shake;
Who binds the earth with gripping cold—
And freezes up each pond and lake;
Who shakes the forest with his powerful blow—
Sunders the stately tree and lays it low.

And Jack will crown thy brow old Cape,
With wreaths of snow; and grin at thee;
And caper round as if he meant—
To dash thee headlong in the sea:
But let him puff and blow and freeze and crack,
Thou carest not for bitter blasting Jack.

Gigantic Cape! although thou art
So proud, and frownest from thy throne,
As if the sea that bathes thy feet
And all beneath thee, were thine own;
Although thou bid'st defiance to the gale—
To hurl thee down, or o'en to make thee quail—

Yet the Eternal One, that God
Who guides the planets as they roll,
Will one day come with mighty power,
And shake this globe from pole to pole;
And thou old Cape shalt tremble with dismay,
And at his awful presence flee away!

A TRAVELLER.
Partridge Island Aug. 24th 1863.

Nova Scotia Church History

For the Christian Messenger.

The Baptists of Nova Scotia.

PERIOD VIII.

From A. D. 1850 to A. D. 1860.

LETTER LXXV.

JOHN E. COGSWELL.—RICHARD W. CUNNINGHAM.—
EDENEKER STRONACH.—SAMUEL N. BENTLEY.—
MAYNARD PARKER.—ISRAEL POTTER.

My Young Friend,

JOHN E. COGSWELL died Aug. 6, 1856. He was a native of Cornwallis, was converted under the ministry of Father, Manning and sent out to preach by the First Cornwallis Church. After eighteen years of faithful labour in the cause of the Redeemer, chiefly in the county of Cumberland, he was removed to the better world without the slightest warning. On the day above mentioned he was found dead on the road, about half a mile from his own house, at River Philip. Whether death was occasioned by a stroke of apoplexy or by disease of the heart, does not appear to have been ascertained. The members of the Church of England pray every Lord's day to be delivered from "sudden death." Lord's day to be delivered from "sudden death," how far such a prayer is consistent with the teachings of the Bible, need not now be inquired into. David said, "O spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence." Paul had "desire to depart and to be with Christ." Happy are they who are habitually ready!—Mr. Cogswell was in the 48th year of his age.

RICHARD W. CUNNINGHAM died January 15, 1858, aged fifty-five. He was a native of Antigonish, and a shoemaker by trade. But though he was an expert workman, and might have attained a respectable position in society by the labour of his hands, it soon became evident that he was destined to move in a higher sphere. His intellectual superiority showed itself at an early period. A melancholy illustration of his power of persuasion and argument was afforded in the conversion of his mother to Romanism, which was effected by his means. Having embraced Popery he employed his energies in the perversion of his parent—a success which was afterwards bitterly but vainly regretted. It is always easier to pull down than to build up, to destroy than to restore.

Mr. Cunningham's conversion to God took place in the year 1823. He was engaged at that time in the way of his trade in the house of Simon Fitch Esq. of Horton. One day Mr. Fitch and the late Dr. Harding, who then resided with him, were conversing on religious subjects in Mr. Cunningham's hearing, a remark was made on the instructive and edifying character of the Epistles to the Thessalonians, distinguished as they are by a continual outflow of apostolic affection, anxiety, and faithfulness. The young shoemaker listened with much attention and took the first opportunity of reading those Epistles. Other portions of scripture were also studied. The bible became his favourite book, and often, after retiring to his room for the night he spent considerable time in searching the divine pages for the precious treasures of truth. All this was preparation-work. Shortly after, Mr. Fitch lost one of his children by death. The Rev. T. S. Harding was gone to preach at Windsor, and it was necessary to send a messenger to him in order to secure his attendance at the funeral. Mr. Cunningham volunteered to go. When he reached Windsor Mr. Harding had commenced public worship, and was reading his text. What the words were has not been remembered; but they smote Mr. Cunningham's inmost soul, and produced strong convictions, which the sermon deepened. God's time had come. The convicted one returned with a wounded spirit, and "mourned apart" for his sin. Under the ministry which had wounded him he found healing and comfort. No sooner did he experience the consolations of the gospel than he sought to bring others to Jesus. He went from house to house, earnestly exhorting the inmates to flee from the wrath to come. He hastened to Antigonish, in the hope of rescuing his mother from the bondage of Rome. But he met with a sad disappointment. She had changed her religion once, she told him, in consequence of his persuasions, and she was two well satisfied to change it again. He bade her a sorrowful farewell, and returned to Horton, firmly resolved to "spend and be spent" for the glory of the Saviour. His excellent qualifications for the work of the Lord were recognized by the church, and he entered on his ministerial career amid the congratulations of his brethren.

There was one drawback. A severe cold had been followed by a thmatic symptoms and general derangement of the breathing apparatus. Frequent attacks of illness were the result, occasioning long intervals of cessation from labour. This was his "thorn in the flesh." But

the Lord gave him "sufficient" grace, and the sympathies of his brethren were practically and repeatedly shown, by public collections in the churches for his relief, when the violence of the disease imposed on him the necessity of silence and rest.

Mr. Cunningham's first pastoral charge was at Chute's Cove. That church had sunk into a very low state, so low that in 1828 ten members only were reported. But the powerful revival with which the churches were blessed in the Autumn of that year reached Chute's Cove, and the "little one" was increased more than tenfold. Writing under date "August, 1829," from Wilmot Mountain, Mr. Cunningham said—"I came to this part in February last. There was a good work of grace going on in the Chute's Cove church at that time; but it appeared not to have reached this place. The people were engaged in vain amusements, such as dancing, gambling, &c. and to all appearance, plunging deeper and deeper in vice. But it appeared 'the set time to favour Zion had come' I preached once here, and then returned. The Lord applied the word preached with power. Backsliders soon came forward confessing their sins, and sinners cried for mercy.

In March I visited them again, and found several rejoicing in the love of God, and nearly all much concerned for the salvation of their souls. I preached several times in this and the adjoining settlement (Chute's Cove). The people in this neighbourhood united with the Chute's Cove church in calling me to the pastoral office. "The work commenced in the Cove at their prayer meetings, which had been always kept up since the organization of the church. The work has been general in both settlements, so that this church, which last fall contained only ten members, now contains one hundred and one."

Mr. Cunningham presided over the church in Annapolis and Upper Granville, in 1835 and the two following years. During the next ten years he was at Wilmot Mountain, labouring for the church when he was able, but frequently prevented, and sometimes for long intervals, by severe affliction. After a residence of three years in Lower Granville, he removed to Digby in 1851, taking the oversight, in the first place, of the Joggins, and afterwards of the latter only. But the state of his health occasioned many interruptions of his work.

He had suffered greatly from asthma as has been before observed, for many years. The immediate cause of his death was the rupture of a blood-vessel. The account was thus given by the Rev. A. H. Munro, in a communication to the *Christian Messenger*:

"On Tuesday morning he took me by the hand, and said, 'I am going home, my brother. In reply to a question I put, he answered, 'It is all well. I have often felt afraid that I should die in darkness, struggling with doubts and fears. But, he added, raising his voice, while tears of joy flowed down his cheeks, 'it is all light and peace. I am in the valley of the shadow of death, but I am not alone. He is with me.' In this frame he continued till he died. In another conversation I asked him upon what his soul rested the most for support and comfort. He replied, 'The fact that Christ died to save sinners;—the promise that he will cast out none who come to him.'

"On Friday morning I read and prayed with him for the last time, though I did not then know it. After I left his room he told his wife and daughter that he felt an unusual interest in the devotional exercises in which we had just been engaged, and that they had afforded him the greatest comfort. He then alluded to myself in the kindest manner, expressing the pleasure he had derived from our religious intercourse. This was his last conversation. Soon after he fell asleep. In a short time he awoke, bleeding copiously from the lungs. I was immediately recalled to his room, but could not now converse with him, from the rapid flow of blood was choking his utterance. In a few minutes the struggle was over, and then his spirit gently passed away to the land whose inhabitants shall no more say, 'I am sick.'"

The funeral took place on the Tuesday following. A sermon was preached by the Rev. A. H. Munro from 2 Kings xiii. 14. One who heard it said—"It was a most pathetic and masterly discourse, delivered by a weeping minister to a weeping congregation. Brethren Randall, O. Parker, Morse and Cogswell, as well as the Rev. Mr. Tuttle (Wesleyan Missionary) were present, taking part in the impressively solemn services. They all spoke of the deceased in the most affectionate language, as they departed, with deep feeling, upon the piety of his life, the splendour of his intellect, and the magnitude of his usefulness. One of these brethren in the fervour of his utterance exclaimed—"How, fir-tree! for the cedar has fallen."

Mr. Cunningham was one of our best men. Though he had to struggle hard with physical infirmities, he performed a great amount of labour, and was remarkably useful. He was actively engaged in the various revivals which took place during the period of his ministry, in the counties of Annapolis, Digby, and Yarmouth,

and there is reason to believe that hundreds owed their conversion, under God, to his faithful and urgent appeals to their consciences.

"His mental faculties," it was observed by a friend who had known him many years, "were far above mediocrity. Quick reasoning powers, a fertile and lively imagination, and a playful and ready wit, chastened by deep religious sensibilities, were, perhaps, the leading features of his mind." To this it may be added that he was an independent, bold thinker—disposed to break loose from all human trammels, while cherishing the utmost reverence for the authority of the word of God.

At the meeting of the Western Association, held at Bridgetown in the June following his death, the "Committee on departed brethren" reported in the following terms:—

"The Committee on departed brethren report that it has pleased God, during the past year, to remove from us our much esteemed brother, the Rev. R. W. Cunningham, late of Digby. He departed this life on 15th of January, 1858, in the 56th year of his age.

"Brother Cunningham, was no ordinary man. He had diligently improved his talent, and used it for the glory of God and the good of man, as one that must give an account. In knowledge he exceeded many whose opportunities were more favourable. Quick-sighted to discover error, he boldly exposed it. Truth was loved by him for its own sake, and his views were at once correct and comprehensive, free from partiality or one-sidedness.

"Our brother delighted in genuine friendship. His warm heart yearned for sympathy. Hopeful and confiding, he nevertheless reserved the full expression of confidence till he was assured that it might be safely yielded, and then he unveiled his very soul to his friend.

"His piety was a happy combination of knowledge and feeling, and was exhibited in a life of eminent consistency and usefulness.

"Brother Cunningham was an instructive preacher. His discourses were distinguished by pureness of doctrine and were delivered in chaste and appropriate language. They were also characterized by distinct directness of aim.

"His sufferings were severe and protracted, and often seriously interfered with his ministerial labors. Divine grace sustained him under them all, enabling him to endure patiently. He has now entered into rest. May we join him there.

"The Committee doubt not that the Association will unanimously express their sympathy with the widow and family of our departed brother, and the churches over which he so faithfully presided. The denomination has lost in him one of its brightest ornaments."

EDENEKER STRONACH died November 25, 1858, at the age of sixty-six having been twenty five years in the ministry. He was ordained at Aylesford, and spent a large portion of his public life in that district. He ministered three or four years to the church on Locke's Island. He was better adapted, however, to missionary than pastoral work. His itinerating labours, were extensive and remarkably successful. At Hammonds Plains, at Margrets Bay, and in various other parts of the county of Halifax, he was the instrument of turning many "from darkness to light." As a solid judicious preacher, and a man of peace and upright deportment, he enjoyed the esteem and confidence of the brethren, and was universally beloved.

SAMUEL N. BENTLEY died Nov. 28, 1859, aged thirty-seven, after eight years only of ministerial labour. Educated partly at Acadia College and partly at Newton Theological Institution, he entered on his work under very favourable auspices, and expectations were reasonably entertained that a long course of usefulness was before him. Having held the pastorate at Liverpool from 1851 to 1856, with great satisfaction to the church and congregation, he removed to the North Church, Halifax, and there also was loved and honoured as a faithful dispenser of gospel truth. A deep conviction of the responsibilities of Baptists with respect to the destitute districts of this province, together with a desire to engage the denomination in more strenuous and systematic efforts, induced him to undertake the secretaryship of the Nova Scotia Baptist Home Missionary Society. He travelled considerably in the service of the Society, and had succeeded in awakening many of the churches to a deeper sense of their obligations, when he was reluctantly compelled to desist. A wasting disease attacked him, and he sunk under its power.

"Our departed brother," say the Minutes of the Central Association, "was eminent for the depth of his piety. As a preacher he was winning and impressive. His mind, richly stored with Bible truth, took a comprehensive grasp of the great leading doctrines of the gospel, and his sermons were rich in happy illustrations drawn from the treasure of the sacred pages and from the wide volume of God's works. He was a profound thinker, and capable of giving the best advice in all matters pertaining to the government of the church, our Educational, Missionary, and other enterprises; and all in these respects his loss will be severely felt by the churches."