

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

By Rev. Charles Tupper, D. D.

CHAPTER XV.

PASTORATE IN AYLESFORD AND WILMOT.

(No. 6.)

In my *resume* of labors in 1854, at the close that year, besides the baptizing of 100 persons, (noticed in my last No.) my Diary shewed that I had travelled 3065 miles, preached 198 sermons, delivered 9 lectures on Temperance, attended 63 conferences, and 88 other meetings, making together 358, that is, very nearly one public meeting for every day in the year; and had also made 710 family visits. The following remark was offered, "Blessed be the Lord for enabling me to perform this labor; and for giving me reason to hope that it has not been wholly in vain."

The first day of the year 1855, was kept by us as a day of Thanksgiving to God for His numberless mercies. How much more suitable and beneficial was this course than that adopted by many of devoting it to worldly amusements, by which, instead of recounting the blessings received from **JEHOVAH**, and imploring aid from Him for the time to come, people become increasingly unmindful of their obligations to Him and more addicted to vice!

As considerable changes had taken place with reference to the members of the Church under my pastoral care, since the commencement of my labors among them, it appeared to me desirable to have my whole list revised. I therefore procured a new small book, and, at the middle of February, copied all the names of present members—335—into it, under separate heads, according to their residences in the different sections. By this means I could more conveniently look after the spiritual welfare of each individual.

On the day of February, my worthy and beloved brother John Ferguson, one of the Editors of the *Christian Messenger*, was, after a brief illness, called home. As we had long been intimate by acquaintance, both personally and by frequent epistolary correspondence, and closely connected by the strong ties of uninterrupted Christian friendship, this stroke was keenly felt by me. On my return home from Upper Aylesford I found two letters and a telegram from his justly esteemed associate in the Editorship, J. W. Nutting Esquire, strongly urging me to go immediately to Halifax, in order to aid in adjusting the *C. M.* accounts, and in consulting with reference to future action. As there was no other person so well acquainted with Bro. Ferguson's manner of keeping accounts, or with the financial affairs of the paper in general, it seemed indispensable for me to comply with this request. Indeed, bro Ferguson had, in a document written some time before, particularly requested that, in the event of his sudden removal, I should be called to give assistance. In conference with brethren in my field of labor, it was decided that duty demanded compliance with the call from Halifax. Accordingly on the 5th of March I proceeded thither.

While sorrowful, indeed, on account of the decease of my dear departed friend, I was favored with a pleasant home in the house of my valued brother Nutting; and Mrs. Black, the only daughter of the deceased Editor, aided me in adjusting accounts. On my remarking to her, that we must have a new book, and copy all the names of subscribers into it, with as exact a statement as possible how the account stood with each one, she examined his books, and found a new one, into which he had recently commenced copying the names in the manner proposed by me. With this work we proceeded as far as we could during my stay in Halifax; and the books were then committed to me, to complete it after my return home.

Prior to my departure a discourse was delivered by me with special reference to the decease of my beloved bro. Ferguson from Isa. lvii. 1, 2.

Some persons expressed a desire that the Editorship should be committed to me, but it was not congenial with my views and desires to be so far diverted from the work of preaching the Gospel of Christ, to which my life had been conscientiously devoted. I readily agreed, however, to aid by publishing an Address to Agents and subscribers, writing to individuals, preparing communications, &c. The venerable J. W. Nutting, Esq., who had long labored faithfully and usefully without compensation—he has aided

much since—kindly consented to continue his services till the middle of the year, with such assistance as might be obtained; and an arrangement was made with bro. S. Selden, who subsequently took the general responsibility, to take charge of the financial department.

In compliance with a request from my beloved Bro. William Burton, to attend the funeral of his second wife, at Hantsport, on the 22nd day of March, I proceeded thither on my return home, and preached from 1 Thes. iv. 13. Mrs. B. had been a valued member of the Church under my pastoral charge in St. John, N. B. fifteen years before.

For the Christian Messenger.

Pen Sketches.

No. 7.

GRUMBLERS.

No matter how things go—they may be bright and pleasant, there are some persons who will be sure to grumble, whether it springs from an internal complaint that may be called Dissatisfaction I cannot say, all that I know is that during my walks up and down the world in cities, villages and sequestered spots, I have met with the curious genius homo—a Grumbler—sometimes where I have not expected to see the animal, it has crossed my path—when I have looked upon all the surroundings so well calculated to give pleasure, I have heard the croak of a grumbler. There is the *Domestic Grumbler*,—grumbling at the meals, or at the partner—seldom anything is right for such, the meat is over done or under done, or something has gone wrong through the day; then the house becomes a scene of wrangling, and clouded countenances and bitter spirits are the results. But there is the *Religious Grumbler*. They grumble about the minister; he either preaches too plain and pointed, or too high for them; there is hardly a sermon which they hear but excites in them the spirit of grumbling. We are reminded of a description of certain characters found in a good old book as having itching ears. They grumble at calls made upon them for money. They have many *ready-made excuses* for declining to give. They can lavish as much money upon their poor perishing bodies as would keep some poor servant of Christ, or send several copies of Scripture to those that need them—they forget they are *but stewards for God*.

They grumble at their fellow members; because with their microscopic eye they can see the least fault and it is distorted and magnified, that to hear of the faults of other fellow members from their lips you would be ready to conclude that they must be very wicked.

There are *grumblers* at their paper. If they see an article in it that does not suit them, they have a fit of grumbling and threaten to give up the paper. I wonder what kind of an Editor they would make.

If grumbling helps one to bear the burdens of life, then grumble on; if grumbling makes things better, then grumble to your heart's content.

JOHN.

For the Christian Messenger.

Ordination Service at Yarmouth.

An Ecclesiastical Council was convened with the 1st Yarmouth Baptist Church, June 25, 1868, at 3 P. M., for the purpose of setting apart to the work of the Gospel ministry Bro. G. E. Day, M. D.

The Council consisted of Rev. A. W. Barrs and Bro. Jos. Robbins, Lic., of South Yarmouth. Rev. W. L. Parker, of Argyle. Rev. A. Cogswell, of Beaver River. Rev. I. E. Bill, of St. John, N. B. Rev. Jos. H. Saunders, of Ohio. Dea. W. R. Doty, of Hebron. Deas John Derkee and W. H. Gridley, and Bros. Edward Heustis and Wm. Churchill, of 1st Yarmouth.

Brethren invited to a seat in Council—Bros. Benj. Brown, Jos. Shaw, B. B. Moses and C. F. Myers, Lic.

Rev. I. E. Bill was Moderator and Rev. Jos. H. Saunders, Clerk.

After hearing the Candidate's christian experience and call to the ministry, together with his views of divine truth, it was unanimously resolved to proceed with the Ordination Services at 7½ P. M. This was done in the following order:—

Sermon by Rev. I. E. Bill, from 1 Tim. iii. 16.

Prayer of Ordination, by Rev. J. H. Saunders. Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. A. W. Barrs. Charge to the Church, by Rev. A. Cogswell.

Concluding Prayer, by Rev. W. S. Parker.

Benediction, by Rev. G. E. Day.

These interesting exercises were interspersed with excellent music, led by Prof. Bill; and the Council separated wishing much success to this old Zion and its young Pastor.

JOS. H. SAUNDERS, Clerk.

For the Christian Messenger.

A Dishonest Picture.

"As certain also of your own poets have said."—Paul.

In my library is a copy of Pollok's Course of Time, illustrated by the American publishers. The pretended embellishments cast a false reflection upon the pious and devoted author. The work reminds us of some of the viciously illustrated bibles where denominational traditions and superstitions are introduced in ingenious pictures which the illiterate often hold as inspired. I am cognizant of a case where an old woman of much fancied intelligence grounded her faith in the administration of baptism by pouring on a picture in the family bible, where John the Baptist was represented standing on the bank of the Jordan pouring water on the Saviour's head. In the "Course of Time" before me is a cognate misrepresentation. Pollok was a Presbyterian, yet too honest a man, and too eminent a scholar to sacrifice in his immortal poem the mode of christian baptism to the tenets of any ecclesiastical party. In Book IV, near the beginning, discoursing on the lust of power, he writes:—
"And marvelous though it seem, this monster, when It took the name of slavery, as oft It did, had advocates to plead its cause; Beings that walked erect, and spoke like men; Of christian parentage descended, too, And dipped in the baptismal font, as sign Of degeneration to the Prince who bowed To death, to set the sin-bound prisoner free."

There is no picture for this baptismal scene, but I turn over a dozen pages and here it is where there is not the remotest allusion to baptism in the context. In this beautiful embellishment, the Jordan glides smoothly along its rugged banks. Jesus stands in the water. John in prophetic garb high on the bank is pouring water from a cup on the Saviour's head, over which the dove hovers encircled in a resplendent halo of light, while on either bank recline and kneel the eager gazing multitude. The picture is beautiful but it does not fit the text. It does not fit the Presbyterian poet's baptismal confession of faith:—
"dipped in the baptismal font."

It does not fit good baptist Milton's Paradise lost:—
"Baptizing in the *profuent stream*, the sign Of washing them from guilt of sin."

It does not fit the testimony of Ecclesiastical History, and the most eminent scholarship of the world. It does not and never can be made to fit the bible:—
"And there went out unto him all the land of Judea, and they of Jerusalem, and were baptized of him in the river of Jordan, confessing their sins." "And it came to pass in those days, that Jesus came from Nazareth of Galilee, and was baptized of John in Jordan." More anon.

Adieu. D. O. PARKER. Liverpool, July 6th, 1868.

For the Christian Messenger.

IN MEMORIAM.

Mrs. THANKFUL WOOD, beloved wife of James Wood, Esq., Alexandra, Lot 49, P. E. Island, bade us farewell on Saturday, May 30th, aged 71 years. With what pleasure do we raise a few words as a monument to her much loved memory. Born in the State of Maine in 1797, she removed at an early age with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gay, to this place about 60 years ago. She was one of the first listeners to the loving voices of our sainted fathers who proclaimed the Gospel with the tongue of fire on this Island. In the Autumn of 1830 Rev. Benjamin Scott, then a licentiate, was compelled by adverse winds to land at Lot 49. The Lord graciously blessed the word preached. Fifteen were then gathered up in the bundle of Christian love among whom was our dear departed sister. Rev. Hezekiah Hull administered Christ's Ordinance and set them apart as a Baptist Church in the Spring of 1831.

In her youth she was much beloved by all. Few possess better natural traits of character. Hence, when grace took possession of her soul, mellowing down the heart into peaceful submission to God, and love to His dear Son, we are not surprised to find her a model of excellence within the region of her acquaintance.

A few brief references may not be unprofitable to all interested. And first, the *steadiness of her christian character*.

From the solemn hour of her baptismal vow till her departure she sought those things that are above. Like a star she has always seemed to shine, and the more the darker grows the hour of spiritual gloom. The church of her choice was always dear to her heart, while she dearly loved all God's true children. The man of God felt as from time to time he ascended the pulpit, that he was upborn on the strength of her prayers. As a mother we hold her up as a model. While she gave her children's temporal good sufficient concern, this was far outstripped by her anxiety for their soul's eternal welfare. May God in great mercy fit them all to meet her in the peaceful haven beyond the swellings and tossings of Time's uncertain sea.

It is a mystery to the unregenerate to see a person in health long to die. On her last Sabbath she said to her beloved friend, "O I long to die." "Are you really in earnest?" "Yes" said she, "I am so," and a heavenly radiance shone from her happy countenance. We and her dear friends little thought that she would get her wish so soon.

Yonder we laid that dear body that toiled for us, in the calm slumber of the grave. Up yonder by faith we saw the soul that loved us with her God whom she loved better, "to go no more out."

And art thou gone! O, can it be,
My aged long-tried friend,
Shall I no more thy loved form see,
Till time with me shall end?

Yes she is gone! her loving eye,
Is dim and cold in death,
But far above the upper sky,
Her spirit knows no death.

Her ransomed soul has joined the choir,
On heavens celestial plain,
O weep ye not then sorrowing friends,
Or wish her back again.

She's but attained her ardent wish,
So oft while here expressed,
That she might soon, so soon go home
To her eternal rest.

When to her house we yet may go,
As oft in days of yore,
How shall we miss her kindly voice,
Her welcome at the door.

Yet we'll not weep, but reverently
Strive in her steps to go,
That when God's summons comes to us,
We too shall long to go.

There will we join with those above,
All who have gone before
In giving glory to the Lamb,
Who all our anguish tore.

A. A.

THE LATE DEACON ABEL PARKER.

Dear Editor,—

I find that Dr. Cramp has anticipated me in some things that I had written in connection with the death of Deacon Abel Parker.

Ten years of intimate intercourse with the deceased gave me an opportunity of knowing our departed brother as a man, a christian, and an office-bearer in the church. I cheerfully record my testimony to what Dr. Cramp has published; and in addition can say, that I am thankful to have had, especially in the earlier part of my ministry, so wise, kind and faithful a deacon as Mr. Parker proved himself to be, during the period of my Pastorate in Cornwallis. I have many pleasing recollections of his constancy and kindness. The last interview that I ever had with him was one of the happiest that I ever enjoyed. It was only a few weeks before he died. He spoke of death with much composure; and named the text which I see was used by Dr. Cramp at his funeral.

There is one thing for which the people of West Cornwallis should always remember the late Rev. W. Chipman and deacon Abel Parker. I refer now to the part that they took in the cause of education. To them for the encouragement which the good cause ever received at their hands, and to the Rev. Wm. Sommerville for years of hard labor as an educator that section of the country will ever be indebted.

In speaking in praise of these three men a distinction must be made between the latter gentleman and the other two, inasmuch as Mr. Sommerville came—an educated man—into an uneducated community, and as a minister and a philanthropist was induced to exert himself for a people whose future depended so largely upon the influences that he might exert. These advantages had not been enjoyed by Dea. Parker, but nevertheless education from the common school to the College had his full sympathy and support. Although, at the time the present school law came into operation, his family had been educated, and he possessed a large farm for which he was required to pay taxes to support the school, yet he was as enthusiastic in his approval of the new law as if he had just begun life.

I record my thankfulness to God for the enjoyment of ten years of sweet fellowship with Deacon Parker in the House of God. As one of the many blessings which has been received the 2nd Cornwallis Baptist Church, the family of the departed and the community should thank God for a deacon so faithful and devoted, for a father and husband so kind and affectionate, and for a citizen so industrious and intelligent.

Yours truly,
E. M. S.