

THE PILGRIMAGE OF SORROWFUL.

BY ELIZABETH PATTEN HUNT. Edited by Mrs. Hunt-Morgan.

The following story of Christian experience was written about forty years ago by my late mother, in the form of a series of letters to her favorite brother and sister. In late years she often spoke of preparing it for publication, but was prevented by her failing health from carrying out this intention. It remains, therefore, for me to perform this now sacred duty. I have omitted from her MS. those personal and family allusions naturally occurring in letters addressed to relatives so near and so tenderly loved, but which would not be interesting to the public; I have also made a very few verbal alterations, substituting for an obsolete word one more modern; but, with these slight exceptions, the story is simply as it was written long ago by her whose one object in life was to make known the way of salvation through Jesus, in whose precious atoning blood she trusted alone for admission into that "prepared" place which she named with her last word before she received His call to come, "HOME."

E. M. HUNT MORGAN.

CHAPTER I.

Sorrowful was a native of the Lost City; and she loved the place of her nativity, its inhabitants, and the Prince who tyrannized over them. She regarded none of the words which the King's servants had spoken, expressive of the dangers of the place. She was generally intoxicated with wine, with which the Black Prince and his servants constantly supplied her; and she not only loved their society and conversation, but she gloried in her association with them as an evidence of her rebellion against the King; and in this state she continued, until Conviction, one of the royal household, knocked at her door; as she did not rise to admit him, and burst open the door with violence, he found her sitting by a table on which were three sorts of wine, of which she had been drinking. The names of these wines were Delight-in-Sin, Self-Love, and Vain-Hope.

Conviction took up the decanter containing the first, and dashed it to the ground, at which Sorrowful was greatly enraged, as it was a wine of which she was particularly fond. She arose, and would have turned him out of her house, but he had a dagger, with which he wounded her near her heart. She retreated, unable to contend with him, for the wound she had received caused her the most exquisite pain, and made her groan bitterly.

The Black Prince and many of his servants being near, and hearing her, went to inquire what was the matter. She related how Conviction had treated her, on which they all set upon him, and tried to deprive him of life; but their efforts were ineffectual. They then advised her to pay no attention to his words, but to drink freely of Delight-in-Sin, with which they would still constantly supply her, telling her that if she did so, her wound would soon be healed. They also exhorted her to take a person named Thoughtless for her constant companion, in order that Conviction might be prevented from again wounding her. All this was in unison with the inclinations of her heart. Thoughtless remained with her, her wound soon appeared to be healed, and she soon forgot Conviction. But the Lord Comforter, who had sent Conviction, had not forgotten her; for she was one of those on whom He had set His love,—one whom He was determined to rescue from the tyranny of the Black Prince. Accordingly He again sent Conviction, who found her with Thoughtless, drinking of the wines Delight-in-Sin and Vain-Hope. He struck Thoughtless to the ground, and again wounded Sorrowful, as he had done before; but as Thoughtless had, as she imagined, once delivered her from Conviction, so she hoped he would again; in spite, therefore, of the pain she felt, she assisted him to rise, and to oppose Conviction; but on the latter's drawing his dagger once more, she hastily resumed her seat, filled with anguish both of body and mind. Hoping to obtain some relief, she poured out a glass of Delight-in-Sin, but could not drink it, for it was no longer pleasant, Conviction having put a bitter ingredient into it. Astonished at its bitterness, she put it down, and in haste poured out a glass of Vain-Hope; but that also, from the same cause, was bitter, and agonizing were her reflections. She wanted ease, but could not obtain it; she wanted to be delivered from Conviction, but could not, for he continued with her and thus addressed her:

"Woe art thou, for thou art undone! Thou hast destroyed thyself! Thou hast lived a life of rebellion against the King, whom thou oughtest to have acknowledged and served! Thy heart is even now full of enmity against Him as it ever has been. Thou art hastening to Everlasting Despair, the place to which all His enemies will be forever banished. Lost! lost! for ever lost!"

These words, with the pain of her wound, and the bitterness which had been cast into her sweetest delights, made poor Sorrowful feel as she had never felt before. She now saw things in quite a different light, and to all who called on her she would be speaking of her lost condition, of her rebellion against the King, and of the destruction that she feared would speedily overtake her.

The inhabitants of the place advised her to go to the town of Pleasure, telling her that there she would be sure to gain relief. After some little time, their attempts to divert her attention succeeded, and to Pleasure she went. In this town, noise, mirth, and every vain amusement abounded; but Sorrowful could not enjoy these things as she thought others did; a recollection of the visits of Conviction, the pain of her wound, or a thought of futurity would often return; yet ashamed to appear dejected in such a place, she put on all the cheerfulness she could command. After a while, however, she in a great measure forgot all these things, and her heart became engaged with the things that were passing around her; but she was not long to continue thus. Conviction was again sent, and again she was in bitterness, feeling her wretchedness so much as to cry out aloud against the proceedings of the town. At this many gathered round her to know what was the matter.

"Matter!" exclaimed Sorrowful, "why, we shall soon be all in Everlasting Despair! We are sporting on the brink of Everlasting Woe!"

Then said Hauty: "Brink of Everlasting Woe! How you talk! I am sure you must have been in bad company, for none who know themselves, and have associated with proper companions, would use such language. If you continue to talk in this way I shall think you far beneath my notice."

High-Minded.—"I wonder what we have done to merit being banished into— Really, Sorrowful, your language is too horrid for me to repeat! While you are like this, it is quite a disgrace to be with you."

Contempt.—"O! this is not the first time that Sorrowful has been like this! She has such a fit occasionally."

Reproach.—"Yes; she has before this condemned our proceedings, and then practised the same herself! There is no dependence to be placed in anything done or said by one so changeable."

Mirth.—"If you do not put on a more cheerful countenance, all your friends will forsake you. For my part, I cannot endure the society of those who are thus gloomy and melancholy. We were born for brighter things than those which your fears insinuate. No just King can wish to deprive us of the innocent enjoyments this town affords."

Sorrowful.—"If you felt as I do, you would then see the vanity of our proceedings; you would then know that attending the ball-room, the race-course, the theatre, the card-table, and such vain amusements, is an awful waste of that time, of every moment of which we must give an account to our justly offended King. And what will be that account?"

She would have proceeded, but they would hear no more, contemptuously leaving her, and declaring her to be mad.

But she did not long remain alone; for as she was thinking what she should do, and whither she should go, Self-Righteousness knocked at the door. When she had admitted him, and told him her state, he exhorted her to pluck up her spirits, and go to the town of Formality, telling her that then all would be well.

Sorrowful.—"O! I fear it will never be well with me!"

Self-Righteousness.—"Not well with you! Then with whom will it be well? Who is there among all the inhabitants of the Lost City, or of this town, who has wept and mourned for sin as you have done? Although they have all more cause for doing so than you have!"

On hearing this, Sorrowful was in a muse. At length she came to the conclusion that it was a friend who was speaking, and that it would be her happiness to take his advice. Accordingly, she went with him to Formality, and there lived for some time

in a house which she thought was built on a good foundation. It appeared fair and beautiful, but within it was not altogether such as she wished it to be; yet on the whole, she was much pleased with it, and hoped that the King would approve of her being there. After she had been there some little time, she began, like the rest of the town, to love to gaze on the outside of the house. But one day, as she was thus engaged, one who served the King went up to her, and with an awful voice delivered this message:

"Cursed is everyone whose house is not altogether fair within and without! Cursed is everyone who has not always lived in a house that is altogether fair within and without!"

He then set about destroying her house, which he left not until it was manifestly a heap of rubbish. The consternation and wretchedness of Sorrowful can never be expressed. She looked this way and that way for some one to give her aid, but found none. She saw only her old foe, Conviction, with his dagger, who soon hurried her out of Formality. And now for many weeks she wandered about from place to place, not knowing what to do, or what would become of her. Sometimes she would hurry into Pleasure, hoping there to lose the bitterness of her thoughts, but she could find satisfaction in nothing there. Then she would run about crying:

"Lost! lost! for ever lost!" Sometimes she would encourage murmuring and blasphemous thoughts against the King. As she was one day in this state of mind, hurrying out of Pleasure, she met Enmity and Infidelity, who entered into conversation with her, but what they said is too horrid to relate. Suffice it to say, that after much persuasion, they prevailed on her to accompany them to the town of Atheism.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger. SUSSEX, N. B.

Dear Bro. Selden,—

A week or two since, I wrote you a few lines in reference to the business matters of Sussex; and at the same time intimated that I might, at another day, send you a note in reference to the religious history and condition of the town. Let me now try to make good my promise.

But at the very beginning it must be understood that I do not attempt any history of other denominations save the Baptist. Others beside the Baptists have a history in Sussex; but they also have men who are fully competent to the work of giving it publicity whenever they deem such a step to be wise.

The good people of Sussex by no means belong to that class who are sometimes—and justly too—called close-fisted in reference to the support of the gospel in their midst—as will be seen when it is known that to-day they are giving a comfortable support to no less than seven clergymen—of different denominations; viz., one Baptist—one Free-Baptist—one Presbyterian—one Wesleyan—two Episcopalian and one Roman Catholic. And these men, so far as I am aware, are good men and true—well, perhaps, I ought to make an exception with regard to the Baptist Pastor. Being so well acquainted with him for some years past, I prefer to say nothing in his praise just now. It seems to me therefore, that with the blessing of God upon the means in operation, the religious prospects are very encouraging, to say the least.

The Baptist church in Sussex is very young and small. It is but three years old; and has a membership of only thirty, still it is destined to live and grow. Its number has trebled since its organization. God grant that its increase in the future may be no less than in the past.

The organization of this church was brought about in the following manner. In 1863 quite a number of the inhabitants of the town felt anxious for Baptist preaching and the result was that Rev. J. E. Hopper—then a licentiate, and graduate from Acadia College—was employed to preach one half of the time in the Mechanics' Hall, Sussex, assistance being rendered by the Home Mission Board in securing for him a support.

In 1866 Rev. W. A. Corey was employed to serve the people a portion of the time in the same way as bro. Hopper had been doing—bro. Hopper having, in the mean time, felt it his duty to leave Sussex in order to pursue Theological studies—though

his leaving was deeply regretted by the people of his charge.

The labors of bro. Corey were greatly blessed. The interest in Baptist preaching increased and soon it was manifest that a place of worship was needed in order that comfortable accommodation might be secured for continued preaching services and also for Sabbath school work.

No sooner was this need clearly seen than several large-hearted and liberal gentlemen—such as Sussex or any other community may well be proud of—came forward and said, "Let us arise and build." And so they did. And in Oct. 1870 one of the neatest and most comfortable little houses of worship to be found in the three Provinces was completed and dedicated to God. And God blessed the labors of his servants, for the interest and the congregation increased, till in July 1871 the church was organized, as stated above, and immediately, began to rejoice in accessions to its membership. Three were received for baptism on the very day of organization; and these were immersed and welcomed to the fellowship of the church the following Lord's day.

In 1872 bro. W. A. Corey resigned the charge of the church—believing it his duty to devote all his time to the church in Springfield. This was a heavy blow to the little band in Sussex. Gladly would they have retained his services. Still they consented to what seemed to be the leadings of divine Providence. But they only remained pastorless from January till May, when they secured the services of Rev. E. C. Corey a part of the time.

That this little church has not been idle in benevolent work may be seen by noting a quotation from its records of the year 1872. Here it is—"Monies raised for benevolent purposes, during the year are as follows, viz:

Table with 2 columns: Item and Amount. For Acadia College. \$ 40 00. For Sabbath School. 50 00. For Union Society. 15 20. Minute Money. .75. For preaching at home half the time. 400.00.

Of course, it must be borne in mind that the same liberal-hearted men who figured so largely and nobly in the erection of the house of worship—men who are not members of the church, but who have always manifested a deep interest in her prosperity stood in the front ranks in raising all these sums of money for the work of God. All honor to such liberality. May God send the richest spiritual blessings upon all such.

But I must hasten to the close, already my letter is too long, I fear. Bro. E. C. Corey preached his "farewell sermon" May 27th, 1873; and on the 4th of April following Rev. Thos. Todd undertook the pastoral care of the church, devoting to it all his time. But at the end of one year; though the church were exceedingly sorry to lose his services bro. Todd, feeling it to be his duty, undertook the work of a General Agent for the Home Mission Board of the Province of New Brunswick. And so the little band were left pastorless once more, and so remained till within a few weeks since, when your correspondent was permitted to assume the pastoral oversight. He regards both the privilege and the responsibility to be very great. May he not successfully, as he does humbly and earnestly, solicit the fervent prayers of God's believing people, who may read this communication, that the rich blessing of our dear heavenly Father may be bestowed, in large measure upon both pastor and people.

Yours in the gospel, J. F. KEMPTON. Sussex, N. B., Aug. 16, 1875.

For the Christian Messenger.

NOTES FROM PLYMOUTH CO., MASSACHUSETTS.

Dear Editor,—

There is but little of interest now taking place at the "Hub." It is deserted by quite a number of its inhabitants who are seeking cooler air on the mountains or the seashore, or a few more highly favored, including some of our pastors, are away in Europe. I therefore send you a few scraps from a spoke.

Plymouth, the capital of the county is a small unimportant town, and were it not that the Pilgrims landed there would seldom be heard of. This, however, gives it undying fame, and at this season of the year attracts many visitors and sight-seers. For the benefit of your readers who have not had the opportunity of informing themselves about the Pilgrims, I may give an item of their history.

The Puritans or Separatists were first known in England as a separate party in 1550. They were distinguished by a stern abhorrence of gaiety and amusements, a profound love of civil and religious liberty, and firmness in adhering to what they conceived to be the teachings of Scripture. Driven by persecution from their own land, many of them settled in Holland. A congregation was gathered in Leyden, with John Robinson as their pastor or ruling elder. After a residence of eight years, in 1617 part of his flock formed the design of emigrating to the New World. Two vessels, the "Speedwell" and "Mayflower" were got ready for sea in 1620, but the former was considered unsafe, and the "Mayflower" sailed alone with 100 emigrants the latter part of July. She was commanded by Miles Standish, a name familiar to the readers of Longfellow. They landed at Plymouth, Dec. 21st, and near the shore was commenced the first town in New England. They had much to endure from cold, scarcity of food, and the hostility of the Indians, and several died before they were a month in their new home.

Arriving in Plymouth, your first inquiry is for the celebrated rock on which the Pilgrims landed, and you almost imagine you shall see a rock at the water's edge, containing the footprint of Capt. Standish. You are directed, however, to a large granite canopy on the lower street, and under it is visible a part of the rock, about three feet square. The whole top has been removed and part of it enclosed in an iron fence in front of Pilgrim Hall, while the remainder could probably be found in the curiosity shops of yankeedom.

Pilgrim Hall is on the principal street. Here almost everything you see is reported to have come over in the "Mayflower." The curiosities are a few old chairs, a spinning wheel, iron kettle, &c. You can test the correctness of your watch by a clock made in 1700, and as one of our party discovered "is still running." We were interested in an extract from a sermon of John Robinson preached July 21st, 1620, addressed to those about to leave Leyden for their western home. His reverence for God's word is worthy of the President of Newton. The writer says: "He exhorted us to receive whatever light or truth might be made known to us from His written word, but with all to take heed what we received for truth, and well examine, and compare, and weigh it with other Scriptures of truth before we received it.

Above the town rises a high hill on which is in course of erection a monument to the Pilgrims. It is to be built of granite to the height of fifty feet and surmounted by a colossal figure of Faith. Just across the small bay forming the harbor is the Standish monument on a hill near the residence of the Captain of the "Mayflower." Setting up stones has been continued from Jacob's time to the present.

The old cemetery, the last resting place of some of the Pilgrims is worth a visit. There, on a high hill is shown the site of their first church. It was an excavation in the hill and on the top was a kind of fort from which a sentinel could watch the Indians and give warning in case of danger. Just alongside is the family monument of that other pilgrim who first gave the gospel to the Burmese. The stone contains the names of his father and mother, wives and children. His father was pastor of the Congregational church in Plymouth. After the missionary's views on baptism had been changed he wrote an earnest letter to his father requesting him to invite his church to meet together and pray for light on the subject. The request was complied with and a portion of the church met to pray. After a few meetings the pastor and about twenty of the members became Baptists and thus was planted the church in Plymouth now a strong body, presided over by Pastor Byram. Mr. Judson became a very zealous Baptist and was useful in the ministry in several parts of this county, Miss Abigail Judson, only sister of the Missionary, and a daughter of the Missionary and Sarah B. Judson still live in the old family mansion. The aunt is 85 years of age but is in good health and able to walk to Church on Sabbath. The niece has much celebrity as an educator, and has lately declined a call to Vassar College, preferring to be near her venerable aunt and reside over the High School in Plymouth. The front door of the house has not been opened since the day the almost idolized brother and father left it for his Barman home, in July, 1846.

About a dozen miles north of Plymouth, in Marshfield, is the residence of Daniel Webster, the orator and statesman. Many