

THE PILGRIMAGE OF SORROWFUL.

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

CHAPTER II.

The inhabitants of the town of Atheism despised all authority; every one did that to which his inclinations led. That all came "by nature," and that they had a right to go wherever "nature" led them, was a doctrine they were continually trying to establish; and Sorrowful was wishing and hoping that they would establish it to her satisfaction; but she hoped in vain. She could find no comfortable resting place for her aching head in Atheism; her wound was not yet healed, and it was very painful. She had not been in the town many days, when she observed the clouds gathering an unusual blackness, and as she watched their appearance, they grew darker and darker; the thunder began to roll, and the lightnings to flash; an awful storm ensued, such a storm as Sorrowful had never before witnessed, and she exclaimed to Infidelity, who stood near: "I fear there is a God, and that He has sent this storm on my account, because I have come to this town."

Infidelity. "Ridiculous! It is the work of Nature. This storm will pass off as all other storms have done. You will never be at ease, while you encourage these silly fears. It is the work of Nature! The work of Nature," he continued to ring in her ears.

But a flash of lightning and a peal of thunder tremendously awful, the earth shaking at the same time, made poor Sorrowful fall prostrate on the ground in an agony of fear and woe greater than any she had before experienced.

"Vengeance will seize me! Justice will strike me dead! Woe is me, for I am undone!" were her cries.

Infidelity. "Must I again tell you—it is all from Nature!"

Sorrowful. "All from Nature! Is there, then, no God to restrain the fury of the storm? Is it left to roar as Nature leads? Wretched doctrine! The thought that there is a God fills me with unspeakable horror; for I have broken all His laws, I have despised His servants, I have turned to my own way. The thought that there is no God fills me equally with consternation; for then what can stay this storm? What can prevent the destruction that it threatens? Who can command it, and say: Hitherto shalt thou go, and no further? From Nature, the next flash may strike me dead; Nature may cause the next bolt to fall on me. O why did I ever enter this town?"

She would have continued, but the fury of the storm prevented her. She could now only express her woe by cries and groans, for the lightnings flashed without cessation, and before one peal of thunder had passed, another began; the earth also increased its tremulous motion. Sorrowful could no longer stay in the town of Atheism; but, expecting every moment to perish, she fled from it, and again entered the Lost City. She now had not only to endure the pain of the wound inflicted by Conviction, but from partaking of improper diet, and from going to places the customs of which were ruinous to health, it being there the fashion to sleep by day, and sit up by night, she was "full of wounds and bruises, and putrifying sores," which were "not mollified at all nor bound up with ointment," (Is. i. 6), even from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot. And while she was in this truly deplorable state, Conviction renewed his visits, wounding her more deeply than ever, and upbraiding her with her rebellion in the place of her nativity, her folly in Pleasure, her pride and vain-confidence in Formality, and with her blasphemy in Atheism. Sorrowful's cup of woe now seemed to be full. Many of her neighbors came to visit her, but her constant language to them was: "Lost! lost! for ever lost!"

Some pitied her, others laughed at her, and others advised her again going to Pleasure, and again drinking freely of Vain-Hope, and Delight-in-Sin. But she was now brought so low as entirely to disregard both their contempt and their advice. She would often break forth in strains similar to the following: "Of Vain-Hope I shall drink no more; Delight in sin with me is o'er. Pleasure I ne'er again shall see, There's nought can comfort wretched me. My all is gone, my hopes are crossed, And I am lost, for ever lost! Despair will be my final doom, Despair will be my constant home. The anger of the King will burn, And none from me His wrath can turn;

Of woe I always shall be drinking, In woe my soul and body sinking, Ah! I shall soon be lost in hell! My future sufferings who can tell? On waves of wrath I shall be tossed, O I am lost! for ever lost! Into Despair I shall be cast, My woes will last, for ever last. Forever! O the dreadful sound! For ever will my woes abound! O Thou great King, Thou God of all, And must my soul forever fall? For ever feel Thy wrath divine Burning within this soul of mine? Yes, yes, I must! No hope for me, Lost, lost to all eternity. From pain and fear I cannot fly Lost, lost, shall ever be my cry. Despair Eternal will pursue, Despair Eternal is my due. No ease for me will e'er be found, No balm to heal my painful wound, Seek not my mourning to restrain, Your efforts now are all in vain. I will lament, and groan, and sigh, For I must die, for ever die. No mortal can my woes redress, No language can those woes express. I have no hope, I have no friend, My agonies will never end. Over my sorrows I will pore, For joyful I shall feel no more. Of rebels I have been the chief, And now for me there's no relief? My follies, O what have they cost! My soul is lost, for ever lost!"

The Black Prince, finding the parts of his could induce Sorrowful to Pleasure, Formality, or Atheism, and that he could not restrain her bitter cry, sent Self-Destruction to her, who inquired with seeming pity, what ailed her. Sorrowful gave him an account of her woes, of her rebellion, of her hopeless state, and ended with the sentence that was so often flowing from her lips: "Lost! lost! for ever lost!"

He then told her that her rebellion had indeed been great; that she had every reason to conclude herself lost; that her follies in Pleasure, if that were all, had been enough to justify her despair; but that all she did there was nothing, when compared with her pride in Formality, and that both combined sank into insignificance before the remembrance of her blasphemy in Atheism.

"You are certainly one of those," he added, "who will be banished into Everlasting Despair. The King is too just to pardon such an offender as you have been. Now as you must go, you may as well go at once, and then you will know what you have to suffer. I know the shortest way thither, and if you will follow me, I will lead you into it."

Sorrowful's feelings were in accordance with all that he said, and she rose to go with him; but right in their way stood a messenger of the King, named Everlasting-Love. This person repeated, as sorrowful was hurrying by, the words: "A just God, and a Saviour!"

These words caused Sorrowful to halt, and she thoughtfully echoed them: "A just God, and a Saviour! A just God, and a Saviour!"

When the Black Prince perceived her thus musing, he came up to her, full of rage, and would have taken her by force out of hearing of the King's messenger, but Everlasting-Love obliged him to desist; he then made an attempt to persuade her, telling her that her intention of going with Self-Destruction was worse than all her former rebellion, that the act could be no worse than the intention, and that therefore now there could indeed be no hope for her. Sorrowful thought this was true, and again made a movement to accompany her tempter, but Everlasting-Love laid hold on her, saying: "Christ died for the ungodly."

"But not for me," said Sorrowful. "Yes, for thee," he replied. "Fly to the City of Refuge. An open door is set before thee, and no man can shut it. Jesus is waiting to receive thee."

Sorrowful. "This is too good news to be true."

Qualification. "It is not true. It would be presumption in you to go to the Lord Jesus with all those wounds and bruises unhealed. You have never been to the Village of Preparation; you have never repented of your sins; both these you must do, before you can enter the City of Refuge."

And he laid hold on her with the intention of wresting her from Everlasting-Love, but the latter would not let her go, but said to her: "It is not necessary for you to go to Preparation, for the Lord Jesus never receives any who come to Him through that place. It is for the inhabitants of the Lost City alone that He built the City of Refuge; and as for repentance, that is one of His own gifts; you cannot have it without Him; but He will bestow it upon you; He will heal all your wounds; He will supply all your wants, and fulfil all your

need. He has sent to you this message: "Only acknowledge thine iniquity!" This you have already done, but you never would have done it, if He had not loved you with an everlasting love, if the Lord Comforter had not sent Conviction to you. And I know that it was the Lord Comforter who sent him, for I was standing by at the time."

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

INCIDENTS IN NOVA SCOTIA BAPTIST HISTORY.

NO. 3. COUNTY OF PICTOU.

The old town of Pictou was the first place settled in this county, by persons from Scotland of the Presbyterian order, who took a noble part in providing sound education, not only within their own county, but throughout the province. Shortly after the late, and much lamented Dr. McCulloch had established his school, (afterwards called Pictou Academy,) the Rev. T. S. Harding having a son whom he wished to educate, and being (as a dissenter) shut out from Windsor Academy, he took his son to Pictou, and, as he was passing, he being a boy about my own age, we would occasionally play together, this was about the year 1811. Mr. Harding's visits to Pictou would now be repeated and his acquaintance with Dr. McCulloch intimate, which gave him ready access to the Dr.'s pulpit, and in all probability he was the first Baptist who ever preached in that county.

At an Association held at Onslow, I think in the year 1821; the Presbyterian Synod meeting in Truro at the same time, Dr. McCulloch wished to secure the co-operation of the Baptists, especially in behalf of Pictou Academy, he made his way to Onslow to gain an interview with Messrs. Harding and Manning. They were called out of the meeting, I think Mr. Manning was acting as Moderator at the same time. Many wondered what this call could mean. The next year, I think it was, at the meeting of the Association held at Amherst, a letter was presented to the Association by Mr. Manning, asking for Dr. McCulloch a recommendation to persons in Britain, on behalf of Pictou Academy, the Dr. finding it necessary to appeal to the British public for help. The request was readily granted, giving to the Dr. in the letter a high character as an educationist—both secular and theological. Some few years after, perhaps in 1827, when a permanent grant to Pictou Academy was asked from the Legislature, it was considered desirable to get the names of what Baptists there were in Truro and vicinity to these petitions, and in particular that of the pastor, who, residing in Onslow presented a difficulty, I put my own name to it and said to Jotham Blanchard, Esq., M. P. P., who had called on me in company with his uncle, E. S. Blanchard, Esq., of Truro: "As you are in haste to get the petition forwarded to Halifax, I will go to Onslow and get the signature of Mr. Munro, and what other Baptists I can in Onslow;" which I did. Mr. Munro demurred a little, at the idea of a permanent grant, but after signing it, said, "We may want a lift in getting up one of our own before long perhaps." This was the first intimation I had heard of the Baptists in the province, looking forward to an institution of learning for themselves. After going the rounds for other names, I returned home in the evening, having traveled the most of the day in a snow storm. A grant of £444 a year was obtained for ten years. This little service was done willingly, but that day's ride in the storm, has often occurred to my mind when witnessing the part their leading politicians took in endeavours to take from Acadia, what little it was getting from the treasury. More about Pictou anon.

Yours, &c., COBEQUID.

August 2, 1875.

For the Christian Messenger.

BAPTIST CAMP MEETING. MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

Dear Editor.—

We are really here in the midst of a Camp Meeting, and that conducted by the inhabitants of Boston and vicinity. This new enterprise is largely due to Dr. Lorimer and his Church, and is proving itself worthy of their watchfulness to utilize all available influences for Christ. The meetings began last Sabbath by a sermon in the morning by Rev. W. S. Brantley, of Baltimore, and one in the evening by Dr. Lorimer. The afternoon was occupied by

a Sunday School meeting. The colored Jubilee singers were present and added much to the interest by their excellent singing. The services have been continued every day, and consist of three sermons a day, with a short prayer-meeting before the afternoon and evening meetings. All have been so good and so appropriate that it is impossible to name any of particular interest. The preachers have been such men as Drs. Neale, Eddy, Foster, of Connecticut; Levy, of Philadelphia; Kennard, of New York; Revds. Earle, Warren, &c. Vice-President Colfax is present and has taken part in the meetings. A large number of ministers are here from various parts of the country, seeking new physical and spiritual vigor, and doubtless their hopes will be realized. Others who have till now been far from God are seeking the Saviour. Last night, after a sermon by Dr. Kennard, from the words, "He saved others, himself he cannot save." Mr. Earle invited those who desired Christians to pray for them, to stand up, and several responded. To-day (Friday) is to be devoted to addresses on Sabbath School work. This island has been the camp meeting ground of the Methodists for forty years, and through their influence has become "The Cottage City of America." There are about four thousand cottages, and in the summer, about fifteen thousand inhabitants. When the warm weather is over it is almost deserted. Its beauty is beyond description, and is destined to become one of the greatest watering places in the country. The Methodists own about sixty acres which is beautifully laid out and covered by tents and cottages. The Vineyard Grove Company own three hundred acres along side, and offer the Baptists a sufficient quantity for Camp Meeting purposes, free of charge. Arrangements have not been completed but it is likely their offer will be accepted and a Baptist Camp Meeting become a permanent institution.

Our Provincial brethren would find this a pleasant place for a few weeks vacation after their hard work. The healthiness of the climate is almost unequalled. Several cases of consumption have been cured by a residence here. The morning meeting has commenced—Dr. Banyard is the first speaker, but your correspondent must leave for other work. He who writes and runs away, May live to write some other day. Yours, &c., PROVINCIALIST.

Aug. 20th, 1875.

Religious Intelligence.

For the Christian Messenger.

TRUTH TRIUMPHANT IN P. E. I.

Dear Bro. Editor,—

I was summoned some days ago to Murray River to baptize several persons who professed conversion and desired to follow Jesus in all his commandments. This was the fruit of Bro. M. W. Brown's labours. This brother spent the first half of his vacation with the church at East Point, where, under the blessing of God, he was made eminently useful in training the new converts (and old, too) in that large church of 180 members, then as now without a Pastor. The last few weeks he has been spending at Murray River. Here in a poor settlement, where we have no church, no supporters, and only three Baptists, he has toiled with amazing perseverance. His days were spent in visiting, his evenings in preaching. Nearly all his journeys were made on foot, owing to the comparative poverty of most of the people, and the prejudice of the rest. One Lord's day he walked 16 miles and preached three times. His great and untiring efforts have not been in vain. The word has been "gladly received," and many hearts have been opened to hear. On the Sabbath of Aug. 22nd I baptized six happy converts for him, and several are yet waiting. The whole community has been touched. When we assembled at the shore of that beautiful river we found a large concourse of people. Profound silence reigned. The spectators were about to behold a new sight, for never before had a single convert been buried with the Lord in baptism in that lovely stream. Immersion had been heard of but not witnessed for miles around. When we spoke the pent up feelings of the anxious throng found vent in tears and the self-imposed silence for prayer was broken by the sobs and moans of the people. It was a sight upon which angels might have paused to gaze. The candidates were buried in baptism, and we proceeded to

the hall where a large and attentive audience awaited the Gospel message. The Lord has greatly blessed Bro. Brown's labours here, and now that he must leave I feel that I must enter into the remaining harvest, which the Lord through him has ripened.

As he leaves us to resume his studies he may go with the consciousness that jewels shall sparkle in his crown of glory for the work done here.

Yours in the Gospel, D. McDONALD.

Montague Bridge, P. E. I., August 24th, 1875.

LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF A NEW BRICK MEETING HOUSE AT MONTAGUE BRIDGE, P. E. I.

The labors of the Island agent of the H. M. Union—Rev. D. McDonald—have been signally blessed during the last year. Over 150 have been converted under his ministry and baptized by his own hands. Of that number about 30 have joined the Church at Three Rivers, and this large accession, together with the new life infused in many of the former members, has stimulated the brethren to erect a new Meeting-house in the field. The present house of worship, where, for so many years that venerable servant of Jesus, Rev. John Shaw, has been faithfully sowing the seed, is located near the Brudnell River, but the rapid growth of a thriving village at Montague Bridge, and the centralization of business there, have not only determined the commercial capital of King's County, but also established a focus whence the rays of the glorious light of the Gospel shall flash upon the adjacent districts, a centre for missionary operations. Hence the house which the church at present occupies was deemed insufficient by reason of its distance from the village, as well as on account of its smallness. Accordingly a lot has been purchased at the Bridge. Stones for a foundation have been quarried, brick has been burned, other building materials have been secured, and in a few weeks an edifice 30 by 50, is to be erected in which the Association expects to meet next year. On Monday, August 23rd, the ceremony of laying the corner stone was observed, and the propitious inauguration of the good work will not soon be forgotten by the friends who witnessed it. When the hour for opening the service had arrived, Brother J. G. Schurman, who is now laboring with the church, read a suitable hymn, which was heartily sung, and then Brother M. B. Brown, who has lately been preaching at Murray River, read a very appropriate selection of Scriptures, beginning with Jacob's vow over the stone of Bethel, and ending with the relevant words of the Apostle Paul: "And are built upon the foundation of the Apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone, &c." Then came the laying of the stone by Rev. D. McDonald, upon whom the brethren, in the unavoidable absence of Mrs. George Davies, had rightly bestowed that honor, in regard to his untiring efforts in organizing and pushing forward the scheme. Brother F. W. Ryder, of Newton, who is spending his vacation with the church at Dundas, then invoked the blessing of God upon the enterprise and prayed that the church itself might grow "unto a holy temple in the Lord." Brother McDonald then addressed the audience and in a few words unfolded the whole scheme of redemption, the agencies employed in extending salvation, and the necessity of houses consecrated wholly to the service of God. His peroration was the eloquence that moves—the presentation of a purse. Brother Schurman, having examined its contents, announced that it contained \$100. He then proceeded to urge a like liberality upon the audience, insisting that men are but stewards of the Lord's property and are responsible for their stewardship, and instantiating cases to show that the Lord honored them who honored him. He concluded by stating that notwithstanding the fears of the over-cautious, and the wishes of the hostile, he believed firmly that a building would soon stand in perfect completion over that corner stone, and the brethren would not cease to sacrifice until free from debt, it was wholly consecrated to the Lord. After singing and prayer the assembly dispersed, feeling, it is safe to say, a deeper interest in the work and a strong determination to carry it to a happy issue.

It has been stated that four brethren who are preaching the Gospel participated in this service. In a few days they will all be returning to College and then all King's County, one third of the whole Island, will be WITHOUT ONE BAPTIST MINISTER. There