Reminiscences and Reflections.

BY W. S. MCKEEGIE, D. D.

It is the evening hour. The tolls of another day are ended, but not completed. I have again gladly turned away from the great city, with its surging mass of humanity, its din of voices, its clatter of hoofs, its rumble of vehicles, its war of traffic, its glaring electric lights. A fast speeding train, crowded with weary workers in commercial, mechanical, professional, and other pursuits, moves out of the mammoth railway station, and whirls off beyond the city limits to transfer its living freight of mortals to suburban homes. It is my privilege and delight to have a home in a quiet and beautiful suburban town. How tranquil it seems in contrast with the excitement and turbulance of the metropolis eight miles away. The evening meal is finished. The daily journal, with its home and foreign news, is perused. The juvenile members of the family are poring upon the tasks, on which their teachers will to-morrow test the capacity and intelligence of pupils, who are being fitted to live and labor in the rapidly approaching years of manhood and womanhood, when the sterner verities of human life will give them a ring, in comparison with which that of their school days is only a *bagatelle*. My cosy study is warmed and lighted. The walls are lined from floor to ceiling with books. The products of many brains that have wrought with a consuming energy in this land and in other lands are stored in those volumes that look out upon me. Many of the thinkers and writers, whose names and celebrity the printed page perpetuates, have long since passed on from the scenes of earth to "the undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns." One could pray that the publications of some of those departed authors had also gone down to the oblivion of the grave. Who does not wish he could rid his mind and his memory of the contents of some books he has fallen in with?

Here I sit alone in my study, pondering, not on the present but on the past. Before me lies a manuscript document. I have just read it and laid it down. That document has "set me to thinking." Not of what that manuscript contains am I thinking, but of the years, the community, the events, and the scenes which the name of the writer has suddenly revived in my memory. That writer is still living. He is nearly seventy-eight years of age. It is several years since I last saw his face and heard his voice. Occasionally we exchange a letter. His mind and pen retain the keenness and force of his best days. He was the first Baptist minister I knew in my childhood. To me he was a wonderful man. That he is to me now, but for other reasons. His regnant will-power, his extraordinary ability for mastering adverse circumstances, his herculean labors in scholarly pursuits, his versatile intellect, his copious stores of linguistic lore—all these now excite my amazement; and not only mine, but equally that of all who know him and can appreciate his intellectual labors and achievements. This Baptist minister crossed my path when I was a mere boy. On my young and plastic mind he made impressions profound, lasting, invaluable, even when he knew me not, and knew not that such a boy was in existence. Those impressions seized me, held me as in a vice. They have remained with me to this day. There is no recollection connected with my childhood so definitely and vividly before my mind, not one so ineffaceably engraven on my memory, as is that of the man to whom my thoughts are now turned. How distinctly and palpably it all comes up before me as I gaze back! It seems to have happened only yesterday! Ah, but years of conflict and struggle, of sinning and repenting, of hope and depression, have intervened. The romance of early aspirations and ambitions has been dissipated or rectified by realities—realities that were not foreseen and reckoned upon, not even dreamed of, as among the possibilities of my life. It was well that the sober verities which were coming, to levy a tax on my piety, my patience, and my courage, did not herald their approach. Could I in advance summon the faith and the fortitude requisite for an heroic and successful encounter? Nay! He who appoints for us the difficulties needed to discipline us for life's duties, graciously conceals the appointment, and is present with his aid when the hour for the struggle arrives. How many there are who could give testimony in verification of that truth. The Lord has led us by a way we knew not.

My earliest religious training, what there was of it, was received under the ministrations of "the church," so called, whose ministers, with some exceptions, are credulous enough to believe that they derive their authority to exercise clerical functions through an "apostolic succession." The fallacy is a harmless one; and scarcely worthy of a single serious effort to confute it. My connection with "the church," whatever that connection might have signified, was wholly involuntary on my part. Indeed, I was an unconscious infant when the transaction took place which established my church membership. By virtue of a certain rite administered to me in my infancy at the hands of a most excellent surpliced clergyman, in the presence of "the congregation of Christ's flock," I was duly declared to be "regenerate," and to be "grafted into the body of Christ's church." My sponsors generously renounced for me "the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world." The rite of baptism, I ought to say here, was not administered to me according to the instructions of the Prayer Book. According to directions therein given, the minister should have taken me "into his hands," and should have "dipped" me "in the water discreetly," or he should have "poured" the water upon me. If I am correctly informed, the minister neither dipped me nor poured water on me. He simply flung into my face a few drops of water. *Ergo* I was not baptized in infancy, neither according to the teachings of Scripture, nor according to the prescription given in the Prayer Book. But I was not old enough to assert my ecclesiastical franchise, and I was obliged to accept what my elders saw fit to bestow on me. Young and defenceless as I was, report has it, that I did assert a rebellious and unbecoming temper when only a few drops of water struck my infantile face. In subsequent years I learned from my mother that during the ceremony I gave unmistakable evidences of my natural depravity by a most vociferous remonstrance, which occasioned her no small amount of mortification. I am sorry that I gave my mother occasion to be mortified over me in that early period of my life. But I could not then check my irritable temper as easily as I can now. I do not claim that what I have just written about my infant experience and deportment in "the church," is a reminiscence; it is rather of the nature of a comment, which I venture to think is not entirely irrelevant.

It is among the earliest remembrances of my boyhood that I would occasionally abandon the repetitious and soporific services of "the church," and, not without a feeling that I was committing some very grave offence, steal off to a small, simple, but neat and attractive, Baptist meeting house. That structure was located in the outskirts of my native town, on a low point of land extending far out into the river. The house was built so near the shore that even ordinary high tides always washed the rear foundation, and the spring freshets sometimes flowed and surged all around the building. While the preacher was delivering his discourse one could hear the river, roughened by high winds, awashing against the foundation wall next to the shore. Let us look within the Baptist meeting house on Ship Yard Point. There are three galleries. The gallery fronting the pulpit is occupied by the choir. The choir is assisted in the sacred service of song by a violin, a bass viol and a flute, or clarionet. The side galleries are usually empty. The congregation that assembles here is seated away down below on the ground floor. I, a mere waif, astray, unknown, and unnoticed, creep into an obscure seat in the side gallery. There I sit alone, nearly hidden when seated, and gaze with great respect at the tall strong man in the little box pulpit, elevated far up towards the ceiling. When his speech grows fervid his eyes flash behind the gold-bowed spectacles. It seems to me he is fixing his gaze on me; but that may be only a fancy of mine. The pulpit is reached by a long, narrow and winding stairway. Do I not see "Father Turner," the sable sexton, with an almost jet black face beneath a hoary head, mounting that pulpit stairway in advance of the minister, to open and close the pulpit door? Is it an evening service? About midway the sermon, the venerable African, with his feet shod with a pair of soft treading slippers, in his hands a small tray containing the snuffers, slowly and noiselessly ascends the pulpit stairs, quietly opens the pulpit door, and proceeds, first on one side and then on the other side of the preacher, to snuff the dimly burning candles, four or five of which give light from a brass and branching stand fastened on each corner of the pulpit. His presence and performance may occur at the very moment the preacher has reached a climax of thought and expression in his discourse. But the rapt preacher pays no heed to the sable sexton's presence, is not in the least disconcerted when the trembling hand of the venerable snuffer extinguishes almost every light he attempts to snuff. From my seat in the gallery, though a mere boy, and scarcely understanding the meaning of the phrases that fall on my ears, I listen, with rapt attention and in utter amazement at the clarion voice, the penetrating utterances, the flaming eloquence, the solemn, searching sermons, the thrilling warnings, the tender, earnest pleadings of Rev. Silas T. Rand, the first Baptist minister I had ever seen or heard of. Oh how distinctly and vividly does it all flash on my mind this evening as I sit here thinking and recollecting! There is a delicious sweetness, a kind of sacredness, in the delight with which I recall those early days; those plain, homely customs; that sincere, unostentatious, artless worship; that small, unadorned sanctuary! Linked indissolubly with my memory is my primitive acquaintance with Baptists, as they simply and devoutly worshipped the Lord, and sounded forth his word in the Baptist meeting house on "Shipyard Point," in the town of Liverpool, N. S. It was there the sovereign grace of God rescued me from Satan's grasp. Near by that meeting house, in early spring, I was led into the baptismal waters. Never can I forget that hour! Well do I remember the hymn I heard the little company singing on the shore as I walked out into the water:

"In all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.

Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not, shall by my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose."

Much more of reminiscence rises up before me, on which I would like to dwell; but enough for the present, perhaps too much.

Notes from Many Lands.

The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Adoniram Judson occurs August 9, 1888. In commemoration of this event it is proposed to erect a Judson Memorial Church in Mandalay, the capital of Upper Burma, within sight of the prison pens at Ava and Oung-pen la. Those who desire to aid in this may send their contributions to Rev. E. O. Stevens, Waterville, Maine.

Another new mission station has been opened in Upper Burma, at Pyinmana, formerly Ningyan, on the railroad between Toungoo and Mandalay. This the fifth central station, and they are to distributed as to cover a large extent of territory.

Rev. J. E. Clough, D. D., has been laboring on the Ongole field, among the Telugus twenty one years. In that time the number of christians has increased from none to 25,545, and the original field has been divided into five. Rev. William Powell baptized one hundred and eighty four Telugus on the Nursaravapetta field from June 19th to October 2, 1887.

China has made more progress toward civilization in the last five years than for twenty years before. The population of the Empire is so vast that it is estimated that 24 are dying every minute, 1,440 every hour, 34,560 every day, 1,036,800 every month, and 12,441,600 every year. At this rate the whole population of the United States would be swept off in five years. There is one Protestant missionary to every 500,000 people.

Baptists are the only Protestant body which have the privilege of carrying on missions in Russia with the sanction of the government, but they are not allowed to baptize members of the Greek church. There are in Russia 34 Baptist churches, 41 pastors and evangelists, 82 Sunday-schools, and 12,371 church members; 850 were baptized last year.

There is a great call now for foreign teachers in the government schools of Japan. Mr. Moody has become interested in sending out christian teachers to occupy these positions. The movement toward foreign manners and customs has effected the women of Japan, who are largely adopting the English style of dress.

Acadia College.

The Rhetorical Exhibition of the Junior Class was held on the evening of Dec. 20. Prayer was offered by Rev. D. H. Simpson, of Hantsport. Music was furnished by Miss Buttrick, of Acadia Seminary, and Mr. Fletcher, a member of the Junior Class. The audience gave the best attention and showed appreciation of the exercises. All the orations had been presented to the Faculty; but of course the entire number could not be heard by the audience in a single evening. Accordingly seven addresses were given, the selection being made from the different groups of the following

PROGRAMME.

MUSIC. — — PRAYER.

ORATIONS.

The Office of Conscience.....
H. T. DeWolfe, St. Stephen, N. B.
Disraeli.....
E. M. Hill, Billtown, N. S.
The Epicurean.....
A. B. Reilly, Portland, N. B.
Success.....
J. H. Cox, Cambridge, N. S.
Knowledge of the Past.....
W. B. Crawley, Sydney, C. B.
The Philasthrophist.....
L. A. Palmer, Dorchester, N. B.

MUSIC.

The History of Slavery.....
C. S. Lyons, Somerset, N. S.
A Critique on Wordsworth's Excursion.....
A. J. Kempton, Hopewell, N. B.
What is Eloquence?.....
H. S. Blackadar, Halifax, N. S.
The Sword Superseded by Arbitration.....
A. W. Foster, Bridgetown, N. S.
Dryden's Poetry.....
C. S. March, St. John, N. B.
The Present State of Astronomical Study.....
C. H. McIntyre, Springfield, N. B.
Edgar Allan Poe.....
E. P. Fletcher, DeBert, N. S.

MUSIC.

What is Civilization?.....
M. C. Higgins, Wolfville, N. S.
The Obligations of Opinions.....
S. H. Rogers, Windham Hill, N. S.
The Relations of Commerce to Civilization
W. L. Black, Salem, N. S.
More's Utopia.....
W. H. Jenkins, Johnston, N. B.
Turning Points of History.....
O. O. Lyons, Waterville, N. S.
Literature Reveals Us to Ourselves.....
F. C. Hartley, Carleton, N. B.

NATIONAL ANTHEM. — BENEDICTION.

Acadia College Jubilee Fund.

100,000 SHARES OF 50 CENTS.

PLEDGES

Since last report, taken by Rev. E. M. Saunders, D. D., at Hantsport:

Mrs H Lawrence 8 shares; Carter Brothers 10; C I Margeson, M D, 256; T B Dickie 2; W A Porter, Jr, 1; John Comstock 1; H J Coffill 1; E Robinson 1; Aubry Faulkner 1; Harry Porter 1; Andrew Davison 2; Katie Davison 1; Vira Lawrence 1; Everna Lockhart 1; Wellesley Davison 1; Vincent Lake 1; Wiley Margeson 1; Eva V A Vaughn, 1; Mrs Cyrus Davison, 1; W P Blenkhorn, 2; Chas Trenholm, 1; Amos Davidson, 2; Fred Riley, 1; John Davidson, 1; M Trefry, 1; Ralph McDonald, 1; John Reid, 2; Ralph Lawrence, 1; Jeddie Newcombe, 1; Edward Furguson, 1; James Silver, 1; Annie Dimock, 1; Edward Borden, 2; D. C. Chisholm, 4; Clara S Burgess, 2; Lina Young, 1; Bessie Shaw, 2; Sadie Tooker, 1; Annie Silver, 2; Rose Robinson, 1; Mrs Israel Trask, 1; Lucy Dolman, 1; Winnie Porter, 1; Flora Dalton, 1; Minnie Young, 1; May Toy, 2; Jennie Borden, 2; John Frizzle, 1; Lewis A Borne, 1; Mrs H Tretry, 1; Mrs Charles Shaw, 1; Mrs David Shaw, 2; Mrs Wm Parker, 2; H C Beckwith, 1; Mrs Fred Lockhart, 2; Mrs T E McDonald, 2; Mrs A M Greno, 2; T A Young, 4; Mrs T A Young, 4; Mrs Ezra Coffin, 1; Mrs C W Turbridge, 1; Mrs J Coffin, 1; Mrs D Gullas, 1; Mrs J Frizzle, 1,—360. Before reported, 14,273; total, 14,633.

PAYMENTS.

Rev. Wm. Newcomb, Thomastown, Me., for 100 shares; Dea. John Ford, Sackville, N. B, 20; Rev. F. A. Kisson, Margaree, C. B, 20.

Per Rev. E. M. Saunders, D. D., at Hantsport: Rev. D. H. Simpson, B. D., for 20 shares; Leander Shaw, for 10; Mrs. Ann Andrews, 2; Mrs. C. L. Holmes, 9; Capt. D. F. Faulkner, 4; Chas. Lawrence, 2; Mrs. C. Lawrence, 2; Edward Davison, 2; Abby Davison, 1; Gertie Holmes, 1; A Friend, 4; Rufus Comstock, 3; Mrs. Rufus Comstock, 3; Mrs. Whitman Holmes 1;—264. Before reported, 2,016. Total, 2,220.

DON'T FORGET

that the time draws near for taking up that $10,000 mortgage. Two brethren have assured me that their $500 subscriptions will be ready when called for. Other smaller subscriptions are sure, so that we can now count on $4,000 as ready. If all who read this will only send such a contribution as they are able, the whole amount will soon be made up.

It will be seen that most of the payments and pledges above reported are in Hantsport. It is expected that this list will be considerably increased. Mr. Mitchner will prosecute the canvass, and Mr. W. A. Porter will act as treasurer and remit to me.

A. COHOON,
Secy. Jubilee Com.

Hebron, Dec. 23.

Religious Intelligence.

NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

BROOKFIELD.—We are glad to learn that the Brookfield church, as the result of some extra meetings, has been revived, and several conversions have occurred. The truth is prevailing over opposition.

JEMSEG.—Prospects brightening a little; last conference very interesting; every one present excepting two, taking part; prayer meetings gaining a little; Sabbath services well attended. But alas! the election, which is now pending, will, I fear, if the past is safe to judge by, render it almost useless for us to attempt any special work this winter. Brethren, pray for the pastors of Queens county; for here, politics overrid every other subject, and religion is kept in the back ground. C. C.

HANTSPORT.—Rev. Dr. Saunders spent Sunday, the 18th, and the three following days at Hantsport in the interest of the Jubilee Fund for the College. Sunday morning the doctor gave an interesting and instructive discourse on the College, its history and its needs. After a conference with a number of leading brethren, it was decided to attempt a thorough canvas of the field, in order to secure subscriptions. The doctor's plan of dividing the field into sections, and appointing solicitors for each, was approved of, and, as far as possible, carried out. Dr. Saunders was received very kindly by the people, and though the amount subscribed was not large, it was felt by all that an excellent impression was made in favor of the College. Some parties who will give liberally have promised to do so in the near future, but have not as yet named the sums they intend to give. Church work progresses encouragingly. Since the beginning of the present pastorate nine have been baptized, one received by letter and one by experience. Several others have professed conversion, some of whom will soon be baptized. Many others have asked prayer. Our young people's Society of Christian Endeavor is doing good work, and through it several have been converted and baptized. The weekly prayer meetings, held under its auspices, are attended by over one hundred and twenty young people. PASTOR.

ROCKPORT.—Bro. Hall baptized six at Rockport on the 15th, all heads of families.

CAMPBELLTON.—Bro. Vincent baptized five at Campbellton on a recent Sabbath, and the good work is going on steadily.

PERSONAL

Bro. R. B. Kinley has removed from Tyne Valley to Alberton P. E. I., and wishes all his correspondence addressed to this latter place.

Bro. Gordon, the pastor of the Leinster Street church, has been the happy recipient of valuable Christmas gifts by the members of his church and congregation, one of these being $80 cash, the others being ornamental and useful but all valuable articles. These gifts constitute no part of salary—which is promptly paid monthly—but purely tokens of good will, from a kind-hearted and generous people. These people are given to this kind of conduct, so it is no wonder that they are prospering as they are.

Rev. Ira Wallace wishes us to say that a number of letters are following him around in York and Carleton counties, and that he would like to have parties to whose care they were directed to forward them to his address at Branville Ferry, N. S.

NOTICES.

ACADIA COLLEGE, &c.—The institutions at Wolfville will reopen on the 10th of Jan., '88. Will all interested please take notice.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN. James Dawson a young man, about 25 years old, died here the latter part of Nov. 1887. He possessed nothing but naturalization papers which state that he is from Nova Scotia. Neither the name of his parents nor their residence is known by the writer or any other person in this section.

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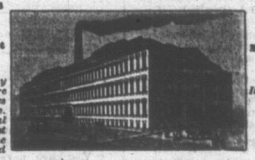

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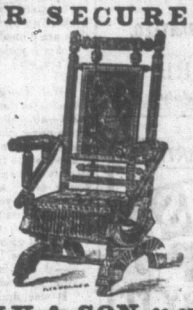

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