A Sketch of the Early Life and Labors of the Late Rev. Joseph Crandall.

AS WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

(Continued.)

From Chester I went thirty miles through the wilderness to Windsor, there I was kindly received by Mr. McLatchey, a pious christian man, who proved a constant friend to me during his life. I held meetings in Windsor, Falmouth, Horton, Cornwallis and Newport. There I met with Edward Manning who treated me with the kindness of a tender father. In all these places where I held meetings I was most kindly treated and listened to, as I thought, with approbation, and I am led to believe that the Lord was pleased to bless my labors for the good of many souls. Some time in the month of August I left these places and went to Onslow, the place where I had first opened my lips in the name of the Lord. There I continued until the last of October, laboring in about the same manner as heretofore, with about the same success. From Onslow I went in company with Mr. Thomas Lyons to Amherst. We made it our home while there at the house of Wm. Freeman, Esq., by whom I was ever after, treated with marked friendship. Many times after I have found a welcome home with him in Amherst. Elder Samuel McAuley's (McCully's) conversion was somewhat remarkable. He, like myself, was then a young man, and having received a special charge from his father *not to go to any* "New Light" meetings (as they were then called) said to a Mr. Lusby that he would not go. But, the old gentleman replied "Why, Sam, ye are not bound to believe what the lad says." So he went with the family to meeting, and when the words of the text were announced—"He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me"—it proved a word in season to the young man and some years later I baptized him in the Macean river, and ever after felt towards him as Jonathan did to David. Our union was strong and steadfast.

From Amherst I went to Sackville where I found a people who received me with open hearts and hands. There were many "New Lights" there, but I think there was only one in that whole Parish who had been immersed. Here I held many meetings and felt myself thoroughly at home. From Sackville I passed on to the Petitcodiac river, holding meetings in all the different neighborhoods. In this section I found many christians, many of them noted for their piety and public speaking. Brothers Christian and Henry Steeves held meeting in the different settlements and exhorted the people and the Lord was evidently with them there. I remained there until spring and then returned in a schooner to Cornwallis.

There I met again with Elder Manning who had become pastor of the Congregational church at that place. It was at this time that I first made the acquaintance of brother and sister Bill at whose house afterwards Brother Manning and I often preached. Those aged pilgrims then were fast ripening for immortality. There we saw the infant son, Ingram, in his cradle. He was the subject of many prayers, which the Lord has graciously heard and answered. (He is at the present time of writing, pastor of Germain St. Baptist church, St. John.)

After spending two months at Cornwallis in company with Elder Manning, I returned to New Brunswick by way of Parrsboro, preaching as I went at Macean, Amherst, and Sackville until I came to Salisbury where I was married to the eldest daughter of Mr. Young Sherman. I then began to think I must provide a living for us and went and settled quite in the wilderness. T'was there my troubles of mind became almost overwhelming. I thought there was a possibility that I had deceived myself, and if myself, then others. Under these depressing fears I decided that I would preach no more. I went to work on a new farm with the determination to live like other people. The people used to meet on the Lord's day and I could not stay at home, and when at meeting and urged to conduct it I could not deny. I continued about eighteen months in this way, till one Sabbath morning I attended a meeting at Pollet River, about three mile from my home. There the cloud of darkness that had for so long obscured my mind, disappeared and the Lord so blessed my speaking that a number of the people were brought to cry to the Lord for mercy and the meetings continued for several days. Oh, it was wonderful to see groups of people at the midnight hour returning home from the meetings with their torchlights and making the wilderness echo with the praise of God. Truly these were happy days. This work spread through all the land in different directions. The doctrines preached were—Man's total depravity by the fall of Adam, Salvation wholly and alone through the Lord Jesus Christ, Regeneration by the Holy Spirit, and Sanctification progressive obedience to the Lord's commands, which led believers to follow Christ in an immersion in water, then to unite in church fellowship according as the Lord had ordained, that his children should be holy and walk before him in love.

The Lord so blessed his own word, that a number of the Christians drew up a letter to the churches in Chester, Horton, and Cornwallis, asking them to send their ministers to Sackville, to set me apart to the work of the ministry. In response to the letter of my people, the ministers came and a church was organized on gospel grounds, with the exception, that unimmersed Christians might commune. The ministers who were present at my ordination (and I cannot think of these holy men of God or write their names without feeling a holy awe resting on my mind) were Edward Manning, Joseph Dimmock and Theodore Harding. After the ordination Bro. Harding remained with me for a time and we passed over the ground where the Lord's work had prospered. I continued to travel through all the settlements—Sackville, Salisbury, Moncton, Coverdale, Hillsboro, and Hopewell. I also went into Nova Scotia as far as Parrsboro and all the different neighborhoods, preaching often in poor log houses, where I experienced the truth of the Lord's word, "The poor have the gospel preached unto them."

After the work seemed to cease I felt my mind sink into a state of great darkness, my food seemed tasteless, my energy departed from me. I had heard Elder Manning talk of his trials on the River Saint John and I at one time felt that I should like to go over that ground, but this anxious desire had left me and I felt like one lost as to where my path of duty lay. However I decided to go to the River Saint John. It was now midwinter, and how to get there I could not tell, but it seemed, my going there, was the only door of hope, open to my troubled mind. But as the Lord ordered it I found a young man going that way on snow shoes, so I rigged up a pair and went along with him. We started from Sackville about the last of January in the year 1809. Not being much accustomed to snow shoes, I was often much fatigued, but travelled on, preaching as I went in all the villages until I came to Norton. Here I found an old pilgrim, Brother Ennis. He had been converted in the Army, and was a soldier of Christ. He preached in his own house, he was a man of native talents and had a fair education for those times. I held several meetings and found many kind friends. Brother Ennis then accompanied me on his snow shoes through the wilderness to Bellisle. There I stopped at the house of a kind man, Mr. Gillis, and preached in the evening, but I was so fatigued that I could scarcely stand. I learned afterwards that one precious soul at least was brought to the knowledge of Christ on that occasion. I preached several times in that place and a goodly number were brought to a knowledge of the truth. Among the number was that good brother, Deacon Drake. There I found friends ready and willing to convey me on my journey to the River St. John in a sleigh on the ice. I next put up with Mr. and Mrs. Case. Mrs. Case was the only person that I found on all my way from Salisbury to this place who had been immersed. This dear sister received me joyfully and arose after the sermon and bore witness to the truth of the gospel. She contributed to my support and caused others to do so, as well. From this place I passed on to Mr. Stephen Potter's, who was keeping a public house and just at that time giving a series of balls, his musician being a blind fiddler who made a living in that way. However, as Mr. Potter had myself and friend as guests, he invited me to preach in his house, which I did, and am happy to say it was the means of breaking up the "frollicking." The poor blind fiddler came to me next day in dire distress. I told him he was fulfilling the words of our Saviour, "The blind was leading the blind," and they would all perish together, if he could play no more. From that place I passed on to Waterborough, New Canaan, and preached many days at that place. Many persons here had congregational principles. A very godly man was their leader, Elijah Easterbrooks by name—he was absent during my visit. Before I left this place I saw the spirit of the Lord was moving on the minds of the people; one or two had found mercy. I passed on up the river from this place, until I met a Mr. Cole, who was coming after me to preach a funeral sermon. I attended the funeral and the day following preached again. The Lord wrought wonders in that place—it was called Kingsclear. On the Lord's day a pious woman asked me how she should proceed in order to be immersed. I pointed out the way and announced that sister Cole would be immersed at ten o'clock the next day at a certain place. Long before the hour arrived, people came in from all directions for many miles around. The ice being open the candidate related a clear experience and was immersed. When we came up out of the water, two men came forward and related what the Lord had done for their souls. We could not leave the water until fourteen happy converts were immersed in the same manner as our Saviour. Truly this was the Lord's work. Four or five hundred people surrounded the watery grave and it was wonderful to see the young converts going around among the people as they came out of the cold water, praising the Lord and exhorting others to come and embrace the Saviour. Surely this was the beginning of good days. The work of the Lord spread in every direction. As they returned from the meeting they said the bible was altogether a new book to them. I remained on the river above Fredericton, preaching and immersing believers, proceeding as far as Woodstock.

About the last of May I came down the river to Waterborough. The low lands were all inundated and I could not see how the Lord's work could be carried forward just then as the people could not attend the meetings. Then I began to think it was about time for me to return home. We landed at brother Marsters, and soon the boats came in loaded with anxious inquirers asking about the reformation up the river, for they had heard about such numbers being immersed, that many had been led to read their bibles and were prepared to yield obedience in the Lord's commands. And in that room in an hour or two after my arrival the Lord's work commenced and a number rejoiced in the Lord. It was wonderful to see the aged, the middle-aged, and the youths relating in the language of the Holy Scripture, what the Lord had done for their souls. Brother Elijah Easterbrooks, their leader, a Holy man of God, led the way, and the whole society followed in the holy ordinance of immersion. At the second conference many related their experience. An aged man arose from his seat, it was Esquire Easy, an old New England Congregationalist, rooted and grounded in the old puritan practice of infant sprinkling. He was a man much beloved. He said to me: "I see you are going to break up our church." I said to him, Sir, if your church is built on Christ, the gates of hell cannot prevail against it. He said "Do you not call us a church of Christ." I said to him: I consider you are a company of pious christians, but not walking in the order of the gospel as commanded by Christ. He arose, took up his hat and went out, saying "his parents had given him up to the Lord in infancy and from that he would not depart." As he was passing out I said to him: Squire, I have one word to say to you, The Scribes and Pharisees rejected the counsell of the Lord against themselves, not being immersed. Next morning being the Lord's day, we met at the water side at 9 o'clock. There was a great host of people assembled to see the effects of the new religion and to my great surprise, the old gentleman, who was determined "never to depart from his infant sprinkling," was the first to yield obedience to the commands of Christ. Such a day of the Lord's power was I believe rarely witnessed on earth. There was about thirty immersed at that time. This meeting did not break up until after the sun had gone down, and it was truly solemn, and delightful as well, to hear the praises of the Lord sung by great numbers of happy converts, returning home in their boats from the solemn scene. The work of that day I can never forget. The clear setting sun, the broad expanse of smooth water spreading over a large extent of land, the serenity of the atmosphere, the delightful notes of the feathered songsters and the solemn tone of the hymns from the many happy voices, presented to me an emblem of of the very presence of God. It seemed as though the very Heavens had come down to earth and I was on the brink of the eternal world.

Next day I passed over the river and at 8 o'clock in the morning immersed a number that came into liberty the day before—among this number was brother Jarvis Ring. After that I bade them farewell, proceeded down the river seven miles, where I had made an appointment to preach. Much to my surprise, a large number of the dear young people followed me down in boats and endeavored to persuade me to return with them. Thence I proceeded to Long Island and spent the Lord's day there, preached several times and immersed quite a number, some of whom had experienced a change some years before. Soon after I came on the river, dear old sister Case was greatly rejoiced to see her husband and children come into the gospel order. From this place I went with the postman in an old bark canoe to the City of Saint John. It was a perilous trip, when crossing Grand Bay, when far from land, the frail bark was near overwhelmed in water. But the hand of an Almighty Sovereign who rules the waves brought us to our desired port. In the city I found a number of pious christians; among the number was an old lady and gentleman who treated me with as much kindness as if I had been their own son. Mr. Blakslee and Mr. Leavitt provided me with a place to preach. I remained in the town three weeks, and then returned home by water, having been from home from the last of January till the last of June. During my five months from home I was kindly treated on every side and was able to pay all my little bills necessary for the maintenance of my dear wife and child. And here I must stop to notice the kindness of a gentleman, by name Stephen Milledge, who willingly supplied the needs of my family during my absence, and when I went to pay him and express my gratitude, he was loath to take the money and would actually only take a part. I mention these matters as marks of the watchful eye of God over me and mine.

THE S. S. TEACHER AND HIS WORK.

BY REV. G. C. GRABBE, BARTON, N. S.

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A subject with such boundless and unfathomable depths as the one upon which I have been asked to write might well occupy a large volume, or volumes, instead of one brief paper such as I bring before you today. There is so much that one might say, that I have been much perplexed as to what to say and what to leave unsaid. I have aimed, however, to briefly touch upon a few points, hoping to awaken such discussion as will prove both pleasant and profitable—much more so than anything I have written.

In this subject the teacher claims our first attention, about whom one might write much. I shall, however, merely note a few of the requirements of a good teacher and then leave him with you. In the first place he must needs be a regenerated person, one who not only has been changed in his outer life, but one who has been made a "new creature in Jesus Christ." It is sadly inconsistent, and out of place, for one whose eyes have not been opened to the beauty there is in Christ, to seek to instruct others. It is truly "the blind leading the blind." As the unconverted man is out of place in the pulpit so is he as a S. S. teacher. "The laborer must first be partaker of the fruit."

He needs also to be consecrated; to "tarry at Jerusalem until he be endued with power from on high." This is as important as conversion. Failure on the part of the teacher comes as often from a lack of consecration, through which efficiency for service is obtained, as from any other cause. He must recognize Divine ownership ("he is not his own") and fill his place because it is his Master's work, and perform his duty as "unto the Lord and not unto man," if he would succeed. Then he should be enthusiastic. If he is consecrated this will follow as naturally as the night the day. When one is filled with the Spirit he is zealous in the Lord's work. Without earnestness one cannot succeed in selling soap up the street corner much less in teaching a Sabbath school class.

He needs good judgment, sanctified common sense. He should realize that he is dealing with rational beings; they are not adults nor converted, perhaps. They may be—are apt to be—children and unconverted. He should consider this, also, that they are differently constituted and have had different opportunities, so should study each one separately, and in such a way as to be able to so adapt his teaching that all may be benefitted. He should have a good teacher's Bible, or such helps as will enable him to get a clear understanding of the lesson text.

A teacher should have his helps in as compact a form as possible for his own convenience. The Bible recommended by the editor of the Baptist Teacher, as best adapted to the teacher's work is, "The Variorum Reference Bible. His reasons are given in these words: "With every verse where any special difference exists there will be found collated in the most convenient manner, the various readings and renderings of the text as given in the ancient manuscripts or suggested by the best Biblical scholars and critics; that the authorities are given in every instance, each being indicated by a number or an easily understood sign; that practically the latest revision is given without disturbing the appearance and order of the common version, except that the practical portions are in correct form, as in a Paragraph Bible, presenting the characteristic of Hebrew poetry; and that the references and other helps found in teachers Bibles are included. . . . This is the most comprehensive and valuable edition of the Holy Bible ever brought within the compass of a portable volume."

A teacher also needs knowledge. His good Bible with all its helps will profit him nothing unless he knows as his own what is taught therein. He must study his Bible, especially the lesson, if he would come before his class prepared to do good work—such work as he could ask the Lord to bless and would enable him to claim the promise that the Word should not return void.

Lastly, he needs illustrations. Christ, the great teacher, lent force to his teaching by illustrations. Says one in speaking of the use of illustrations: "It is striking a match between the mind and the truth so that the latter must be clearly and indelibly impressed." Every teacher should be well supplied with these matches; they are an improvement on the "flint and steel."

We must now turn from the teacher to his work. His work is both important and varied. Important, not only because it is the Lord's work, but because of opportunity. He, chiefly, has to deal with children, and so has the "golden opportunity" of aiding to mould the young lives aright. What a high privilege and great responsibility! The teacher as he looks into the eyes of his pupils looks into the eyes of the future world. May the opportunity then not truly be called "golden" when he remembers that he may be an important factor in shaping the destiny of the future world by his teaching and example.

Then his work is varied. There are grades—the infants, the children, the youths, the adults. In which ever class he is placed he must needs adapt himself to them. But even in the one class his work is varied; a variety of ignorance and intelligence. Some know much about the Bible; others know but little; while yet others know nothing, comparatively, about the Book save that it is the Bible.

One of the first duties of the teacher, then, is to teach the facts in the lesson; and so teach as to arrest the attention and instruct the most ignorant, while at the same time some new light may be received by the most intelligent. Another thing at which the teacher should aim, is so to teach as to awaken slumbering souls to a sense of their condition and their need of Christ.

The teacher's chief aim should be to lead the believing pupils into a deeper consecration of life—to build them up in Christ. He should seek to develope a broad christian character and create a growing desire for an increased conformity to Jesus Christ. This should be the great end of all teaching, even as it is the great end of Christ's redeeming work. The question may arise just here, "How can a teacher best accomplish this work, i. e., of leading a soul to Christ and building them up in Christ?" He can best accomplish his work by teaching the *truth*—the plain Word of God. Faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God. No teacher can improve on this method. Many, by being so anxious to help some one, have resorted to that which has beclouded the plain truth instead of shedding light upon it. It would be well for the teacher to have a firm grasp of the fact that he is not responsible for the salvation of souls, but for an earnest and faithful presentation of the truth, "Salvation is of the Lord." When the teacher has done his work faithfully he can then afford to "stand still and see the salvation of the Lord." He need not harbor any doubts about the Holy Spirit failing to use the truth taught according to the will of God. What is true in reference to leading a soul to Christ, is equally true in leading them to a deeper devotion to Christ. It can best be done by teaching the Divine requirements concerning every believer and opening up to them the glorious possibilites as set forth in the promises of God. This makes it imperative that the whole truth be taught. Nothing gives such force and beauty to christian character as a firm grasp of the fundamental principles of the gospel.

In concluding, I may say, there are three things which the teacher should ever keep before him if he would succeed. First, he must so teach as to reach the understanding. This makes necessary the clear explanation of the lesson in simple language. A little boy hearing his teacher pray that her pupils might be bound up in a bundle of love, said to his mother when going to bed: "I don't want to be bound up in a bundle." Such expressions as a child-mind cannot grasp should be studiously avoided. Secondly, he should so teach as to reach the memory. It is not the amount of truth the teacher has uttered but the amount the scholar is enabled to retain which counts. Lastly, he must so teach as to reach the heart. Having failed in this, he fails in all so far as the eternal welfare of the child is concerned. While we say this we do not forget that the Holy Spirit alone can reach the heart, but the teacher may be the medium through which the Spirit applies the truth to the tender heart of the child.

I have seen a little plant beneath an oak tree sheltered from the storm and wind and rain, and it felt pleased and happy to be so screened, but I have seen the woodman come with his axe and fell the oak, and the little plant has trembled with fear because its protection was removed. "Alas! for me," it said, "the hot sun will scorch me, the driving rain will drown me, and the fierce wind will tear me up by the roots." But, instead of these dreadful results, the shelter being removed, the plant has breathed freer air, drunk more of the dews of heaven, received more of the light of the sun, and it has sprung up and borne flowers which else had never bloomed, and seeds that may never else had sown themselves in the soil. Be glad when God thus visits thee, when He takes away these overshadowing but dwarfing comforts, to make thee have a clear way between thee and heaven, so that heavenly gifts might come more plentifully to thee.—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

When death comes we walk down in the valley of shadows, knowing that we shall find there the shining footsteps of the Saviour, and confident that in the time the morning light of the resurrection will break upon the spirit, and we shall be with God forever.

Drop Your Brooms.

Patrick Donnolly, an Irishman, was sweeping the streets of London, and as he was crossing from one side of the street to the other, and using his broom, a lawyer came up to him, tapped him on the shoulder and said:

"Is your name Patrick Donnolly?"

"Yes, sir; it is." After getting other facts from him, the lawyer said:

"A client of mine has recently died, and left you twenty thousand pounds."

Patrick dropped his broom instantly, and followed the lawyer, and entered as speedily as possible into the realization of his fortune. Jesus Christ has left us a fortune to save us from moneyed mental and moral poverty. Drop your brooms, and receive this fortune now and here.—Joseph Cook.

Not the success thou gainest
Will be the test at last,
By which the Master judgeth
The service of the past;
But lowly, quiet efforts,
The faithful love and care;
The patient, constant spirit,
The trustful, earnest prayer.
These are by Him recorded;
Each one by Him is known;
These will He then acknowledge,
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"From a condition of helplessness—being unable to sleep or eat—I now feel well and strong. I am astonished at the results, as my trouble was an old and chronic one. I have recommended Paine's Celery Compound to some of my neighbors, and in every case it has given satisfaction. I will always strongly recommend its use when I have opportunity."

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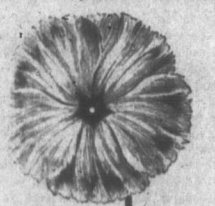

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It is instructive to notice how each living thing takes from the sunbeam what it wants—one its aroma, another its color, a third its luscious taste. So shall we extract from Christ whatever we require to complete our character. The short-tempered must take patience; the passionate, purity; the cowardly, moral strength; the doubting, patience; the downcast, comfort. We must not simply pray for them, but take them.—F. B. Meyer.

The Word of God will never satisfy our hearts so long as we cut it to fit our carnal appetites.