

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

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CHAPTER X.

A YEAR ON PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

(No. 2.)

In the month of October the prospects of the Church at Tryon and Bedeque seemed to brighten. Five persons were added by baptism. Three of them, however, had previously been pious members of another religious body. Their Minister evidently became much excited, and displeased with me, as he imagined they had been drawn from him by my persuasion. This suspicion was groundless. As I believed the doctrine and ordinances maintained by us to be accordant with Scripture, it was, of course, pleasing to me to see them embraced by others: but I always regarded the actual conversion of an unregenerate sinner as of vastly more importance than a change of sentiment in a person already in a state of grace. It has, therefore, invariably been my aim to win souls to Christ from the world, rather than to gain proselytes from other bodies of Christians. In the case of those to whom reference has now been made, I had indeed conversed with them in a friendly and Christian manner, but had never used any persuasion or argument to induce them to unite with the Baptists. Of their own accord they came to us, and declared it to be their conviction of duty to be immersed and walk with us. Consequently none had any just cause of complaint. An untoward circumstance, however, tended to augment the disaffection. It was reported, and probably was true, that of my friends—these sometimes do us more harm than our enemies—jestingly remarked, of the Minister who was already disquieted, Mr. Tupper will get away all his sheep and leave him none but the goats. The circulation of this report greatly increased the prejudice and jealousy which unhappily were prevalent before. Hence let all learn to refrain from the utterance of vaunting and imprudent remarks. They are very liable to be detrimental to the interests of truth and godliness.

About the close of the same month I set out on a missionary tour to the Eastern part of the Island. Soon after the commencement of my journey I became greatly distressed with boils. On the 1st day of November, while travelling on the North shore, where the people were almost universally Roman Catholics from the Highlands of Scotland, I rode 17 miles on horse-back, in much pain. On my arrival at the only public house in that region, I called for refreshment. After a long delay the landlady informed me, that she had no bread, and had sent her girl through the neighborhood, but could obtain no meal. She then proposed to boil potatoes and fry pork for me. A funeral had just been attended, at which rum was furnished, and by this time the attendants were coming to the tavern in crowds for more. It was said to be 12 miles to the next place where entertainment could be obtained; and my exhaustion and indisposition seemed to forbid the attempt to reach it: but the thought of remaining at my present quarters, when even my horse could have nothing to eat but very poor hay, was intolerable. I determined, therefore, to proceed. Overtaking on the road a man who could speak English, I inquired for a place at which the people might keep me for the night. He kindly invited me to tarry at his house, about four miles distant. The invitation was gratefully accepted; and the family—Roman Catholics—entertained me hospitably in their way, giving me salt herring and potatoes to eat, and for my bed a thin pallet of oat chaff, laid on the floor, at the foot of the bed in which the man and his wife slept.

On my arrival at East Point, though suffering greatly from boils, I attempted to preach. It had always been my choice to kneel in prayer, when this could be conveniently done; but now bodily infirmity rendered this posture an accommodation to me. A friend had remarked to me, that a lady who, though not a Baptist, but entertained our Missionaries before, would probably invite me home, and provide comfortably for me. She did not, however; and the reason assigned to one of my friends was, that from my kneeling in public prayer she concluded I was a Methodist.

At the house where I principally tarried the people were exceedingly kind, expressed much sympathy, and readily did all in their power to alleviate my sufferings. Gaelic was their native tongue; and the old lady, in her imperfect Eng-

lish, remarked to me, "you'll get nae sweet sugar nor molasses here." My illness became so severe as to compel me to lie in bed day and night for some time. Their style of living has subsequently been much improved; but at that time, though they doubtless gave me their best bed, it was only a small quantity of oat chaff, laid on rough slats, which made my sides sore.

It may be noted here, that the trial of being obliged to lie on an uncomfortable bed, made me subsequently prize a comfortable one more highly, enjoy it more richly, and sometimes, as I trust, with feelings of gratitude for the favor bestowed.

As soon as it was by any means in my power to resume my labors, my friends having no better vehicle for my accommodation, carried me in a horse cart to preach at several places. At the close of a conference, the members of the Church, of whom nearly all spoke Gaelic, had a long discussion in that language. At length one of the deacons informed me what subject was under consideration. Most of them wished for me to administer the Lord's supper; but a few objected to commune with me. I then asked one of these, if he had any thing personally against me? "Not at all," he replied, "but it is on account of the marriage question." "Certainly," said I, "you have no solid ground of objection against me on that point, for my wife is a church-member, and she was so at the time of our marriage." "But," said he, "you will commune with those who have married out of the church." Aware of a case that had recently occurred in their church, I answered, "And so will you, with only this shade of difference, that the party has been excluded, and, on his saying he was sorry for what he had done, has been restored, and he is now allowed to live with his non-professing partner." One of the brethren observed, "There is then in reality no difference." The objectors, however, remained steadfast in their view; and the ordinance was not administered.

Some people are much disquieted, and not a few are greatly displeased, because there are those who can not conscientiously unite with them in partaking of the Lord's supper; but in this case, though the reason assigned did not seem to me valid, or sufficient, yet no degree of resentment arose in my mind, as the objection appeared to be made on conscientious grounds. The case of discipline noticed above evinced a strong regard for the dictates of conscience. It appeared that a member of the church married a daughter of one of the deacons. She held the same sentiments, was strictly moral, very friendly to Christians, attentive to religious worship in public and in the family, and was thought by many to be a partaker of renewing grace: but as she was not a member of the church; her father, though agreeable to the match in all other respects, raised his hand for the exclusion of his son-in-law for marrying his daughter. He might surely have been excused from voting on such occasion; but his determined adherence to principle, regardless of relationship, may well excite admiration.

One of Job's sore afflictions attended me through this tour; but the boils were probably beneficial to my health, and the various inconveniences suffered undoubtedly worked for my good in one way or another. In the midst of tribulations the gospel was preached to attentive hearers in a number of places; an interesting acquaintance was formed with many persons, and the way was prepared for subsequent full fellowship in the gospel with valued brethren in Christ. The labor expended evidently proved to be "not in vain in the Lord."

ERRATA.—In C. M., Jan. 16, No. 8, col 1, line 41, for "folly of the argument," read *fallacy*, &c. Col. 2, l. 5, for "neither would he assign any," read, neither could he, &c.

For the Christian Messenger.

"Behold I stand at the door and Knock."

Here is a voice direct from the upper sanctuary. It is clear, distinct and earnest. Many centuries roll between us and the period when it fell on the first human ear, but it is as important and as full of interest to us as to the men of former times. The voices of the world load the air we breathe, they din us with their echoes. But they are confused and unsatisfactory, they answer not the deep cry of the soul, "Who will show us any good?" Let us then for a few moments close our ears to the Babel voices of the world and listen thoughtfully and devoutly to the voice direct from the throne of God. "Behold I stand at the door," this indicates his wonderful patience. The Saviour is not like us, we may be compassionate, but we are not long-suffering in our compassion. We seek to reclaim our fellows, but after a few slight efforts, if they con-

tinue obstinate and perverse we desist. There is no use in our trying, we say, they will not be persuaded, they must take their own course. But not so the Lord Jesus. He acts towards sinners as though he could do anything rather than abandon them. "How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? how shall I deliver thee Israel?" "You may think that my interest in you has been just awakened; but no, I called to you in childhood and said I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me." But you refused to listen. In youth I entreated again for admission into your hearts reluctant as ever to give you up, but your answer was, "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for thee." Now childhood and youth are gone and business has succeeded to pleasure and yet I still stand at the door, I heed not the many refusals you have given me. Repulsed and insulted here I still stand, still asking for admittance, "waiting to be gracious." But he does not stand there as a statue doing nothing, *He knocks*. Knocks at the door of our reason by showing us that it is right for us to admit him; that it is our duty and interest to do so. Knocks at the door of love by his personal charms. "My beloved is white and ruddy; the chiefest among ten thousand. His head is as the most fine gold, his locks are bushy, and black as a raven. His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters washed with milk, and fitly set. His cheeks are as a bed of spices, as sweet flowers: his lips like lilies, dropping sweet smelling myrrh. His hands are as gold rings set with the beryl: his countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars. Yea he is altogether lovely." He knocks by providence and by preaching, by men and events, by afflictions and bereavement, by conscience and the Bible. The fact that Jesus thus stands, and knocks, and the door does not open, shews the fearful guiltiness of the sinner. Man was created for the dwelling-place and worship of the Infinite. But the temple is destroyed; its walls are broken down, its magnificent columns are in ruins. The grand end of the mission of the Son of God to our world was to rebuild this temple, and once more cause every chamber of man's inner being to irradiate the glory of the Lord. Christ "ascended on high, led captivity captive and received gifts for men, that the hand of God might dwell amongst us." Reader, here is a question of vital importance for thee to answer. What is it? The state of thy business? the amount of thy wealth? the esteem in which thou art held by society? No, no these are trifles compared with the one I propose. Has the door of thy heart opened to the Saviour? If not thou hast no time to lose. Open the door, duty, interest, conscience, all holy voices in all world's cry "Open the door."

"In the silent midnight watches,
List—thy bosom door!
How it knocketh—knocketh—knocketh,
Knocketh evermore!
Say not 'tis thy pulse is beating:
'Tis thy heart of sin,
'Tis thy Saviour knocks and cometh—
'Rise, and let me in!"

Death comes on with reckless footsteps,
To the hall and but;
Think you, death will tarry knocking
Where the door is shut?
Jesus waiteth—waiteth—waiteth,
But the door is fast,
Grieved, away the Saviour goeth;
Death breaks in at last.

Then 'tis time to stand entreating
Christ to let thee in;
At the gate of heaven beating,
Waiting for thy sin.
Nay—alas, thou guilty creature!
Hast thou then forgot?
Jesus waited long to know thee,
Now He knows thee not."

R. R. P.

For the Christian Messenger.

An Appeal to the Baptist Churches.

DEAR BRETHREN,—

Your brethren in Shelburne appeal to you for sympathy and aid under the following peculiar circumstances:

Three years ago an effort was made to secure a place for Baptist preaching in this town, which resulted in the purchase of the old school house and lot for £87, £50 of which was paid down and three Trustees were chosen, who gave a joint note for the balance, and got it deeded to the Baptist Association, which deed is on record in Shelburne. The house answers well for the present interest, and the site is the very best in Shelburne. Some two years after the purchase, the Trustees voluntarily advanced equal sums and took up the note. Thus, as was supposed, freeing the property of debt.

Last March extra meetings were held in the

house, when God sanctioned the proceedings by converting souls and a Church was organized. All went on well until last November, a Second Advent minister came from the U. States when one of the Trustees without consulting any other person gave him the house to preach in, which he occupied for several successive nights and went to Liverpool. Shortly he returned and took possession as before, going on monopolising all the time, when dissatisfaction became so manifest that it was evident something must be done or the church would be broken up. Accordingly another Trustee procured the key and took possession of the property in behalf of the denomination.

When the first Trustees and the other church members came out avowedly, second Adventists and went with them, established separate meetings, which they still hold from house to house.

Now the first Trustees and the third have put their claims against the property into a lawyer's hands to collect, amounting to about £30 with the interest. Brother Patillo of Liverpool, has kindly hired us the money, to release the property until it can be made up. The few of us who remain Baptists here have more than we can do to sustain our interest without meeting this debt. We have only an occasional sermon when Brother Bares is at home. Because we cannot offer him any remuneration, he has to travel for a living. If the Missionary Board would appoint him a few weeks' mission in town, we will do all we can to sustain it.

Brethren help us. Let each church bring the matter up and take at least a collection, what would it be among so many. O help us for the Masters sake.

Send your donations to either of us, whose names are subscribed, and they will be thankfully received, and duly acknowledged in behalf of the church.

DAVID D. HAYDEN.

JOHN J. HUTCHINSON.

Shelburne, Jan. 25th 1867.

WILL THE CHURCHES RESPOND TO THE APPEAL FROM SHELburne?

Dear Brethren, the interest in Shelburne demands your help; could you understand its difficulties, you would come to its aid. The impression abroad is, that I am in connection with the church, but I have no connection with it whatever. I have merely a home for my family here, until Providence opens a field of labor for me. The church has a Sabbath School, numbering about 40, in operation, with 75 volumes in the Library, the prayer-meetings are well sustained, and could a mission be sustained for a while, good would be done.

Yours in Christ,

A. W. BARSS.

Jan. 25th 1867.

For the Christian Messenger.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

Having had no formal notice, we have not had, in our list of deaths, that of Mrs. Armstrong, the wife of the Rev. George Armstrong of Bridge-town. She died on the 11th ult. Our afflicted brother in a private note informs us that "she died in full assurance of being accepted with God through the merit and mediation of Jesus Christ. In the support she received, and the comfort she obtained, the grace of God was gloriously made manifest. This affords us now great comfort, she triumphed in the last conflict, and now she is free, and at rest forever. Gain to her, loss to us. How my eight motherless children are to get along without their unwonted guardian, protectress and guide, I know not. May the Lord give us more grace. We hope He will,—we pray that He may. We trust that He will "provide." Our dear little Maria is very delicate and very feeble—she does not look with much hope on this life but with a strong and living one on the life to come. Christ is hers—she believes in and loves Him."

CAPTAIN WILSON HARRIS.

Of Margaretville, Wilmot, was removed by death January 26th, 1867, aged 36 years, leaving a sorrowing widow, and two sons. In early youth bro. H. united with the Baptist Church where he lived, and continued in it till the close of life. For a number of years he sailed in a packet between Margaretville and St. John, N. B. the latter part of the time as captain. He was affable and obliging, was noted for honesty and trustworthiness, and was esteemed and beloved by his extensive acquaintance.

A few years since bro. Harris built a house at Margaretville in which he accommodated his father-in-law and family with rooms. In the inextricable arrangements of Providence there had died in this house, in the course of four years, his first wife, her mother, one of her sisters, two of her brothers, two of his children, and lastly himself, eight in number, and all of consumption. There is good reason to trust that they have all entered into rest. Bro. Harris was an industrious man, as well as one of benevolence; and the cares of life unhappily drew him from that close