

THE PILGRIMAGE OF SORROWFUL.

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

CHAPTER XI.

While Sorrowful was thus employed, the Black Prince sent Pride, who drew her attention from the contemplation of her Lord, by a flattering speech which he addressed to her. He complimented her highly on the victory which she had accomplished over Vain-Thoughts, and in such a way as left none of the glory to her Lord, or to His Grace and Everlasting-Love. This had such an effect upon Sorrowful, that she, who a little before had thought that no pilgrim had ever given so much encouragement to Vain-Thoughts as herself, now began to think that none had ever striven so much against him. But he was not now far off, and was hastening to join Pride.

At this moment, Grace exclaimed:

"O! Sorrowful! You have been listening to Pride!"

Sorrowful started, looked at the person whose remarks had delighted her, and discovered that it was even so, of a truth. She was stung with bitter remorse for this new instance of her folly, but was filled with gratitude for the timely interposition of Grace. She now looked up, hoping again to behold the beauties of her Lord; but He had withdrawn Himself, and was gone. She then perceived that it was no trifling thing to listen to Pride.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "how could I, who, if I am a pilgrim at all, am one of the least, how could I, the most unworthy, the most inconsistent, think myself one of the greatest? How strange that Grace and Everlasting-Love cannot obtain a victory over Vain-Thoughts, but I must immediately encourage Pride!"

While she was thus bemoaning her sin, Doubt drew near, and said:

"It is written: 'Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith? You are awfully remiss in this particular; this is a fruit of the deceitfulness of your heart. You know that you cannot stand the test. If you examine the nature of your joy, you will find that it is not like that of true pilgrims; they are described as going on their way rejoicing; but yours is an exact resemblance to the joy of hypocrites, which is 'like the crackling of thorns under a pot,'—a blaze, and soon out. This is the case of all who, like you, have mistaken Natural Excitement for the City of Refuge. They all for a time seem to endure; and some are very difficult to distinguish from real pilgrims. But in Temptation, it is easy to know them, for then they fall away, as you have done.'"

As Sorrowful mused on this speech, Vain-Thoughts again approached, but on her crying for Grace, he withdrew. The Black Prince now sent Blasphemy to molest her, who said:

"He whom you style Lord and Master is only an imposter, and the book he has given you is nothing better than a heap of inconsistencies and contradiction, and"—

He was continuing, but Sorrowful suddenly turned on him with vehement rage, struck him to the earth, and stamped on him. She then went on her way, exclaiming:

"My Lord an imposter! Never! And, even if He were other than I deem Him, I would own no other Master, I would submit to no other Lord: for there is none like Him for beauty, power, and compassion; and even were it possible for any other Lord to dethrone and cause Him to fall, then would I gladly fall with Him. Thou fallen, conquered Prince of the Lost Land, thou shalt not gain anything by sending Blasphemy to me!"

"On this, the Black Prince shot another arrow at her, saying:

"It is Presumption, and not Grace, on whom you have so often leaned for support. Tremendous will be your disgrace, when the King of the Holy Land shall come forth to judgment against his enemies. Look at yonder towering mountain-pass. Over that you will never be able to go; that is an obstacle which will ever remain to keep you out of the Holy Land."

She did indeed behold a mountain before her, but her Lord was not visible, and so much had her weakness impaired her vision, that she saw neither His Grace nor His Everlasting-Love. Her enemy also continued to shoot his arrows, and the longer she looked at the mountain, the higher it seemed to rise, and the more formidable was its appearance. Those over which she had passed in Trial, were nothing compared to this one. She now stood still and moaned:

"It is useless to attempt to proceed!

O how could so vile a creature ever think of reaching the Holy Land! Ah! now I fear I shall be made to reap the fruit of the folly of all my past wanderings. O how many and how great are mine iniquities! My strength faileth because of them, so that I can go no farther. Now shall I be in derision among all my enemies. There is no soundness in my bones, because of my sins. Mine iniquities are gone over my head; as an heavy burden, they are too heavy for me. My wounds stink and are corrupt because of my foolishness. I am troubled, I am bowed down; my heart fainteth; as for my once joyful hope, it is gone from me. I shall be counted with those who are banished into everlasting Despair."

Thus she continued for several days, at the foot of the mountain, lamenting her case. Forwards she thought she could not go; backwards she would not, for she was well aware that if she did, she would find neither safety nor happiness. At length as she listened in an agony of waiting for some token of aid from the Lord, she thought she heard the voices of His Grace and Everlasting-Love; she looked up—and behold; this mountain which had appeared so insurmountable, was entirely gone! Then did she cry with joy:

"Who art thou, O great mountain? Before Zerubbabel, thou shalt become a plain?"

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

NEWFOUNDLAND MISSION.

No. 2.

Having completed the missionary survey of St. Johns, Bro. McDonald proceeded to Harbor Grace, a flourishing town of about nine thousand inhabitants situated on Conception Bay. Here he was kindly received by the leading Presbyterians of the locality. Their church was placed at his disposal, and he preached, morning and evening, to attentive congregations.

"There appears to be an opening in Harbor Grace for a Baptist Mission, if we mistake not the indications. Not that there are Baptists there, but that there are unconverted people who are not reached by the evangelical societies now in operation in the town. A leading officer in the Presbyterian Church showed your missionary much kindness. He gave a few dollars toward the mission, and assured us that he would be very glad to see a Baptist church in full operation in the place. He is of the opinion that there is room for us there and that we would be likely to benefit a class beyond their reach. The fact of the matter is that the weaker bodies feel the need of a denomination to take hold of St. Johns and Harbor Grace which would be likely to break up the monopoly now existing there greatly to the detriment of truth. Mr. Hall has impressed the people of both places with the idea that we Baptists are the most successful people in the world in breaking up monopolies and in preaching equal rights to all."

Leaving Harbor Grace, Bro. McDonald visited Carboneau, a little town three miles further out the Bay, and containing a population of about three thousand. Here was planted, about sixty years ago, the first Methodist mission in Newfoundland. "There exists no opening for us in this town," Bay Roberts, Brigus and Heart's Content were next visited. The Methodists are actively and successfully laboring in all these places, leaving little to be done by other denominations.

"The latter place derives its chief importance from its being the landing place of the Atlantic cable. It presents a rather favorable opening for our missionaries. If we had a missionary stationed at Harbour Grace he might spend part of his time in Heart's Content to good advantage. The distance between the two places is eighteen miles."

On August 4 our missionary brethren returned to St. Johns. It was decided that Bro. McDonald should return to Sydney by the steamer *Tiger*, which was to sail on the following day, whilst Bro. Armstrong should remain over Sabbath, and trust to Providence for a chance of returning in a sailing vessel.

Bro. McDonald on his homeward route revisited most of the places on the southern shore at which the missionaries had previously called.

"At Harbor Briton we remain three hours, and, having no opportunity for preaching, your missionary employs his time in distributing tracts and talking to the people on the wharf and on the streets

about the way of salvation. The truth is very eagerly listened to, and the tracts thankfully received. One respectable-looking man to whom tracts were given with some hesitation, gratefully accepted them, inviting your missionary to his house to get something to drink if there was anything left in the jar! Such hospitality prevails too largely in Newfoundland.

"Leaving Harbor Briton we were driven by stress of weather into La Hune Bay, thirty miles westward. The scenery in this bay is surpassingly beautiful. We anchor within a stone's throw of a mountain five hundred feet high, over the perpendicular side of which a foaming stream of water rushes continually. On the western side of the bay there is a small village, without a school and without a minister, with the exception of an annual visit from an Episcopalian who resides in a distant village. Your missionary lands, feeling that for once at least he is a foreign missionary, and hastens to secure a place in which to preach. In less than half an hour the entire population of the village and the crews of the vessels are assembled, listening to the glad tidings of salvation. The occasion was one long to be remembered. The benediction failed to dismiss the people; they hung around as if hungering for more truth. Tracts were distributed among them, which were eagerly and thankfully received. The missionary to Newfoundland should be bountifully supplied with tracts and books."

"We left Channel for Sydney on Wednesday, Aug. 11. As Cape Ray fades away in the distance the thoughts of your missionary pass on to Cape North, through Cape Breton, across the Strait of Canso to Cape Porcupine, westward to Hants, Kings, Annapolis, Digby and Yarmouth; and he fancies he sees the South Mountain beckoning the numerous Baptists of those flourishing counties to send the gospel in its purity to Newfoundland; while Cape Ray lifts its snowy head on high and sends over by your missionary the Macedonian cry, 'Come over and help us!'

"Thursday morning, Aug. 12, we arrive at Sydney and early in the afternoon your missionary reaches his home in North Sydney, thankful for the care and guidance of our Heavenly Father, and craving Heaven's benediction on the service performed."

Such, following the course of the Report, is the account of Bro. McDonald's researches. Let us now accompany Bro. Armstrong in his trip to Notre Dame Bay.

"As we were entering the Narrows on Saturday morning one was vividly reminded of the exciting scenes and tender relations of early childhood and youth, and there arose spontaneously in the heart admiration of the manifold and merciful dealings of Divine providence that, after an absence of over forty years, the eyes of your missionary were turned on objects once familiar, and now inspiring as well from their grandeur as from the associations and reminiscences of the past. So now, in passing out, the same thoughts and emotions fill the mind and heart while the same scenes present themselves with distinctness and power. God is reverently adored, and vows of deeper consecration to Christ are made."

The passage northward was both rough and dangerous. A number of small ports were touched at—Trinity, Catalina, Bonalesta, Fogo, Exploits, etc., in reference to which the missionary furnishes all necessary information. From Tilt Cove Bro. Armstrong was conveyed in an open boat to Betts Cove, which was reached after four hours of weary sailing amid fog, darkness and danger. The missionary's rest was "sweetened by fatigue and gratitude."

"Next day I made several pastoral calls at the mines and enquired for Nova Scotians and Baptists. There were about twenty of the former there, but it was difficult to find any of the latter. Meeting was announced for the evening, and, in the absence of a Meeting-house, your missionary preached in a private residence to a full and attentive congregation. A collection of \$5.30 was taken up for the mission. On the following evening I preached again to a similar gathering; and on Lord's Day, thrice addressed large and solemn audiences, receiving contributions to the amount of \$6.96 in aid of our mission. Your missionary deems it a special and significant providence that led him to Betts Cove and gave him an opportunity to preach the gospel in that locality. He found no pronounced Baptists, though a few young men of Baptist families are here at present, and will probably remain if employment continues good. One young man, whose mother is a member of the Baptist church in Windsor N. S., seemed much pleased to have this special

opportunity in Newfoundland to declare himself a Baptist in belief and principle.

"Your missionary had an interesting conversation with Mr. Ellershouse, who expressed his belief in the gospel and his admiration of its divine teachings and pure morality. He also spoke freely of the village of Ellershouse near Windsor N.S., and referred to the fact that a large number of those employed in the business he is carrying on in that neat, thriving place are Baptists. He emphatically declares, in what was understood to be a commendatory tone, that these Baptists have great zeal in their religious profession and life. He mentioned the fact that at his own expense he had built a chapel for the use of the inhabitants of that place, and referred to certain difficulties that arose as to what denominational designation it should bear, and under the control of what religious body it should be placed. By the timely and judicious suggestion of an intimate friend he was enabled to adjust the whole matter satisfactorily by calling it *Lutheran*. Mr. Ellershouse having stated to your missionary that he now designed to build a church at Betts Cove, we asked him whether, supposing the Baptists should send a missionary to this place, he would extend to them the same privileges as to others? His reply struck me forcibly: 'I will do that at least.' In his heart your missionary 'thanked God and took courage.' Our visit to St. Johns will long remain fragrant in our memory, as also our brief visit to Notre Dame Bay and, in particular, to Betts Cove."

Bro. Armstrong returned to St. Johns as before intimated; and thence, after a brief stay, he took passage in a sailing vessel to Sydney. The mission was throughout very successful and encouraging. Our brethren recommend the immediate establishment, if possible, of a mission in Newfoundland, and name St. Johns, Betts Cove, Harbor Grace and Fortune Bay as eligible and promising stations. There is but one thing that hinders our Home Mission Board from immediately acting upon the suggestions of these brethren—a lack of funds. It remains to be seen whether the Baptists of these Provinces will allow such an obstacle to stand in the way of carrying out our Divine Master's commission in the evangelization of Newfoundland. The means are at hand, only the spirit of liberality is wanting.

W. H. WARREN.

Yarmouth, Nov. 11, 1875.

For the Christian Messenger.

THE PASTOR'S SALARY.

Dear Editor,—

I should not have troubled you again so soon if I had not read immediately under my last utterance, the fact, that there are some churches who promise a salary but leave a deficiency behind every year that in some instances is never paid."

Now, for my part, I thank God that there is honesty enough in our denomination to denounce such dealings as these, and in crying out against them, I am sure I utter the feelings of a large majority of my brethren, both of pastors and people.

Some one may say, Perhaps these churches do not belong to our Province, and are not of our denomination. I reply—If there be a society of persons at the antipodes, calling themselves christians, who make a sacred promise to a servant of Christ and dishonour that promise, as sure as my name is Honesty, it is our duty to enter a protest against it. Besides, righteousness is the girdle of the loins of Christianity, and if there be a giving away here, everything in proportion goes wrong.

But may not these churches be able to give a reason for this dreadful state of things? Perhaps so. Let us, however, in the mean time, look into the matter a little, endeavouring to distinguish between things that differ. An earnest and faithful minister is called to labour with a people. Turning from all other openings and advantages he accepts the call upon certain conditions with regard to stipend. He fulfils his engagements faithfully and lovingly; but finds that part of his salary is never paid. I ask, what is the cause of this failure? This, under the circumstances, is a proper question, though a searching one, and one that touches a principle of our free church polity—the voluntary contribution. The advocates of State Churchism are searching the world for arguments against our principles, and our failures are referred to with the bitterest sarcasm.

We are not ashamed of our principles, nor do we fear attack, as those who are in

despair. Our people generally, both members of churches and those who worship with us, are prepared to do their part, in supporting the cause of Christ, if they be appealed to in a proper manner. The trouble lies in the fact that many of our outlying churches are behind hand in adopting and carrying out a proper method. There is lacking *union* and *spirit* to choose the best men to collect the money for the support of the gospel. An average of ten cents per week, each, from two hundred persons, is all that is needed to pay the pastor over eight hundred dollars a year, and have abundance to meet all other necessary expenses of the church. How sad it seems, in this view of things, that any one church should expose itself to the censure of the christian public, and to the contempt of the world, by depriving their pastor of his money, or even keeping him waiting for it a single week!

An inquiry into the matter leads us directly to the source of a grievous wrong suffered by some of our churches. A minister as stated above, on accepting the pastorate of a church, gradually gains the good will of a people by earnest, loving, and faithful labours—succeeds in raising the general interest of the cause—has all the tokens of God's blessing upon his labours. As the contrast of all this, he finds that his quarterly salary is not forthcoming. In simple reliance upon the honesty and love of the people the good man labours on, but as the end of the year approaches he is surprised to receive a hint from important quarters that he had better resign, as the salary cannot be raised. To shorten the story, the pastor's connection with the people is ruthlessly broken.

The inquiry arising from these circumstances discloses the fact that the man entrusted with the collection of salary had lost sympathy with the pastor. The minister, striving to labour in harmony with the whole church, did not know, or did not acknowledge the fact that the collector had the right to rule everything and everybody. The very man who volunteered to raise the pastor's support, sacrifices him while wounds, which cannot be healed, are made in hundreds of hearts as the pastor and his family remove from the association of a loving people, and to crown all, he must go without his money; every cent of which might have been paid had the collector encouraged the people to contribute at the proper time.

Here and hereabout, the reason has been discovered why in some instances the minister's salary is not paid. The right men have not been employed to do the work. Often persons are asked to undertake this work who have no tact or disposition for the business. I apprehend that the right men seldom fail. Instances may be given (all honour to the men) where in the midst of the greatest difficulties this work is done promptly and done well.

The complaint we so often hear about the scarcity of means, is, in almost every instance, a false one. It is not true that the adherents of the Baptist Denomination are so poverty-stricken that they cannot raise a satisfactory support for their ministers. Our people, if they are not rich in every locality, are industrious. Surely, even in these hard times, the adult persons interested in our cause can pay the minister ten cents per week on the average. Where is the community who would not feel highly offended if reported that they were so poor that they could not afford to give that sum per week for the greatest purpose under the sun? Mr. Editor, what bad houses you would expect to see in such a place—half empty cellars and barns—hungry looking cattle and horses,—poor looking furniture in the houses, and nothing better on the people's backs than home-spun, every day and Sundays.

Thank God our people are better off. They are also true at heart regarding their obligation to support the cause of God. Call upon them in a proper manner and they will continue to fulfil their obligation; and in the most obscure part of this Province they will wipe out the stain which has been imputed to them.

It is humiliating to us to think, that, because a church has done her duty to the pastor, it should be considered necessary to report it in the newspapers as though something unusual had been accomplished; but words fail to describe our predicament when it is added that in some instances the pastor is never paid.

OLD HONESTY.

SONNET.

I thought, while musing on man's woes,
Could I work miracles at will,
I'd make the earth like Zion's hill
For joy and beauty. Then arose
A silent voice within: "Use well,
The precious means at your command,
Not broadcast o'er a waste of land,
But in whatever place you dwell;
Love is a talisman, and few
Have learned its power; its giving fills
The measure whence it flows anew;
Hope, joy and comfort it instills.
Up then and learn what miracles
An earnest, loving heart can do."

S. S.