

An Historical Sketch of the Jeddore Baptist Church.

(Read at the Nova Scotia Central Association, and published by request.)

Jeddore Harbor, one of the many magnificent and commodious harbors that distinguish the southern shore of this province, has its location in Halifax County, about thirty miles east of the city of Halifax. Here there are today, two vigorous and thriving Baptist churches, located one on each side of the harbor. Each church numbers about a hundred members, and each possesses an attractive and commodious meeting-house, beautifully and centrally situated. There is also a third, although a smaller house of worship, on the east side, near the head of the harbor. This sketch, however, is concerned almost exclusively with the western side of the harbor, as there the work of evangelization and organization began.

The year 1819, saw the earliest attempt at church organization along this shore. In that year, just seventy years ago, Rev. David Nutter, a Baptist minister, who came from the United States, visited this harbor, and spent several weeks in evangelistic labors. During his stay, a few brethren and sisters, to the number of twelve in all, were drawn together, and the first Baptist church in Jeddore was organized. Almost immediately after this, Mr. Nutter returned to his own land, where he subsequently died in the State of Maine. The infant church thus bereft of pastoral care, sadly languished and almost died. Year after year, it was left uncared for, and it was not until 1834, fifteen years after the date of organization, that the ordinances were again administered. And when, after the lapse of such a period, an effort was made to reconstitute the church, only four of the twelve constituent members could be collected. However, with these four, not inaptly designated "the four corner posts," the work of rebuilding was undertaken, by Rev. David Harris. This brother remained only six weeks, but through his ministry ten or twelve persons were baptized and received into fellowship, and the promise of life and growth was renewed.

The first regular or settled pastor of the church was Rev. James Skerry, who continued in the exercise of the pastoral function for three or four years. But alas! it is said of this man that he afterward lost his credentials, and ultimately associated himself with the Mormons. The second pastor was David B. Pines, who took charge of the church in 1845, and continued for two years. This good man was abundant in labors, and preached not only on the shores of this harbor, but at Musquodoboit as well, and also at Porter's Lake.

In the year 1848, brief visits were made to the church by Rev. B. Taylor, Mr. Chute (Jr.), and Rev. C. Randall. The next year the church received two visits from William Collier (Jr.). In 1851, Rev. J. Miller came and baptized two persons. In 1852, Mr. J. Thomas, who had been licensed to preach by the colored church in Preston, began a series of visits to this church, which he continued for three years, and in 1854, twenty-five persons were added to the church by baptism.

The year 1856, marks a distinct era in the history of this church. Certain "rope of bitterness" had sprung up, to the sorrow of many. Disaffection and dissatisfaction became so general that it was necessary to dissolve the existing church and form a new one. Accordingly the church was dissolved, as the record states, and a new church at once formed with twelve members. But this anomalous dissolution failed to dissolve the difficulties. "Things were worse than ever." Under these circumstances Rev. J. Stevens was invited to visit the church. He came, and under his ministry order and good feeling was restored, and several were baptized.

In 1858, a blessing came to the church through the visit of Rev. K. Porter, missionary for Halifax Co. In the same year, during a visit of Bro. J. I. Higgins, four persons were received for baptism. In the spring of the following year, C. H. Corey, licentiate, spent six weeks in the field, during which time sixteen others were added to the church. In Dec., 1859, S. Bell, licentiate, entered upon a mission here. His salary was fifty pounds a year. After a nine months' stay he withdrew from the field in order to pursue a further course of study. He had spent more than forty persons received into church-fellowship. His leaving the community was deeply regretted.

Throughout the next four years the church was left unsheltered, and again such ill-feeling was generated. In August, 1861, Rev. O. Barker arrived. He remained nearly four months, and through him the church was once more revived.

We now come upon what may well be regarded as the most prosperous period of all in the history of this church. From 1866 to 1878, Rev. James Meadows was pastor, and under his direction the church was edified, and "walking in the fear of the Lord and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, was multiplied." In the early part of Mr. Meadows' pastorate, a rigorous course of discipline was adopted, and the list of members was considerably reduced. But this policy was not without good effects. Mr. Meadows continued pastor of the church until his death, which occurred on the 23rd of May, 1880. The records of the church for this period are very incomplete; but the following brief entry is very suggestive: "Bro. James Meadows was pastor of this church for fourteen years, and labored with success. The cause was built up, and many souls brought to the knowledge of the truth by his instrumentality. The church mourned deeply on account of his removal. He was highly esteemed by all who had the pleasure of conversing with him.

In the beginning of 1881, the church passed the following important and commendable resolutions: 1. "Resolved, That no one be allowed to occupy the pulpit who does not come fully recommended and approved; 2. "Resolved, That no member of the church shall collect money for any object in connection with the church without the consent of the church."

Were these resolutions more generally adopted by our churches, there can be little doubt that serious difficulties would thereby be avoided, and church work would become more unified and efficient.

This church came next under the pastorate of Mr. H. E. S. Maider, Mr. Maider was engaged for one year, commencing May 1st, 1881, at three hundred dollars a year. He remained not one year only, but nearly four years, and severed his connection with the church in January 1885. Just previous to Mr. Maider's entrance upon the work, that is in February 1881, Rev. D. McLeod came to Jeddore on a visit, and encouraged by the interest manifested he remained about nine weeks, and had the privilege of baptizing thirty-two converts. At the same time four others were restored to fellowship. Among the converts were some who had been taught in the Episcopal, and in the Methodist faith. It may be superfluous to remark that Mr. McLeod is still remembered on this field with the most kindly feelings. Mr. Maider's pastoral efforts were productive of good results. In the months of March and May, 1883, Rev. E. M. Saunders, D. D., was called upon to baptize on different occasions, and twenty-seven persons in all, were thus added to the church.

The year 1885 is marked by several important features. In January, as already intimated, Mr. Maider resigned. On the 20th of February the brethren on the eastern side of the harbor organized a separate church. The proposal to establish a second church on the western side, a good deal of attention, and finally fifty-six brethren and sisters withdrew from the West side, and constituted what is now known as the East Jeddore church. In March, the church, in the spirit of missions, resolved to give Rev. K. Barker, part of the time of the pastor. In June, the church voted unanimously to engage Bro. A. Whitman for three months. Later on it was agreed to extend the engagement for another term of three months. Another and very important feature in this year was the dedication of the new and commodious house of worship in which the congregation now assembles. This house had been in process of erection for some time and the brethren had shown a commendable zeal in its construction. The 9th of August witnessed the dedication service. Dr. Saunders was invited to preach the dedication sermon. Invitations to attend were also extended to Revs. J. F. Kempton, E. T. Miller and E. J. Grant. The cost of this house was about \$2,000.

The next year called to do pastoral work on this field was Addison F. Browne, then a licentiate of the North church in Halifax. Bro. Browne remained one year, and labored incessantly, preaching on both sides of the harbor; at Kent's Island, Owl's Head, Clam Harbor, and occasional points by the side. A praise-worthy effort was made during the year to reduce the amount still unpaid for the church property.

It is to be deplored that during the whole of last winter, as on so many former occasions, the church was destitute of pastoral labor. The men, many of whom follow the sea during the summer, were at home in large numbers, and had ample time for regular attendance upon public services, but there was no preaching. It is to be devoutly hoped that when Mr. Timor returns to his studies, some one may be obtained to take up his abode among this people, and carry forward the work of the church. The hindrances, has been brought into such a promising condition.

If the history of this church illustrates or emphasizes any one truth or principle more than another, it surely expresses the hopefulness of the church that in the past. Nearly every man who labored on this field, even for a short time, rejoiced in the fruit of his labors; but on the other hand, whenever the church was left without an under-shepherd, grievous wolves entering in, spared not the flock. Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God. But "how shall they hear without a preacher?" Halifax, June 19th.

A Sweet Surprise. It is related that Dr. Adoniram Judson, while laboring as a missionary to the heathen, felt a strong desire to do something for the salvation of the children of Abraham according to the flesh. But it seemed that his desire was not to be gratified. During a long course of years, even to the closing fortnight of his life, in his last sickness, Dr. Judson felt that all his efforts in behalf of the Jews had been a failure. He was departing from the world saddened with that thought. Then, at last came a gleam of light which thrilled his heart with grateful joy. Mrs. Judson was sitting by his side while he was in a state of great languor, with a copy of the Watchman and Reflector in her hand. She read to her husband one of Dr. Hagne's letters from Constantinople. The letter contained some items of information which filled him with wonder. At a meeting of missionaries in Constantinople, Mr. Schaeffer stated that a little book had been published in Germany giving an account of Dr. Judson's life and labors; that it had fallen into the hands of some Jews, and had been the means of their conversion; that a Jew had translated it for a community of Jews on the borders of the Euxine, and that a message had arrived in Constantinople asking that a teacher might be sent to show them the way of life. When Dr. Judson heard this his eyes were filled with tears, a look of almost unearthly solemnity came over him, and clinging fast to his wife's hand, as if to assure himself of being really in the world, he said, "Love, this frightens me, I do not know what to make of it. Do you make of what?" said Mrs. Judson. "Why, what you have just been reading. I never was so deeply interested in any object. I never prayed so sincerely and earnestly for anything; but it came, a some time—no matter how distant the day—somehow, in some shape, probably the last I should have expected it. What a testimony was that! It lingered on the lips of the dying Judson; it was embalmed with grateful tears, and is worthy to be translated as a legacy to the coming generation. The desire of the righteous shall not be frustrated. Pray and wait, and the answer to all true prayer will come. In Judson's case the news of the answer came before he died, but it was answered long before. So we may know the results of prayers and toils even while we sojourn here; but if not, what sweet surprises await us in our great beyond!—Northwestern Christian Advocate.

A Knot in the Skein.

BY MRS. NORA MARBLE.

They made a pretty picture, did grandmother and little Dot. Grandmother sat in her low rocking-chair, with her glasses pushed back above her forehead, and before her stood Dot holding outstretched a brilliant skein of wool upon her chubby little hands. "Hurry up, grandma," said Dot, with a slight frown, "you're so slow."

Grandmother took no heed, apparently, but went on with the utmost precision. Slowly the yarn reeled over the chubby thumbs, slowly went on the winding about grandma's ball. The dot stood first upon one foot, then the other, like a barn-yard owl, and gave at intervals a tremendous sigh as evidence of her weariness. "You're zasperatin' me at last broke out; 'really and truly, grandma, you're old zasperatin' hisself."

"What!" cried the startled old lady, who had been intent upon her winding or perhaps lost in a reverie of other days; "what is that you are saying, Dot?" "I said you was a zasperatin' old poke," replied Dot firmly. "I am most tired to death, and there you go winding 'till as if you was asleep."

"Well, I never," gasped the old lady. I pretended to be intent upon the work before me, yet could scarce refrain from laughing aloud. "Tired, eh?" queried grandma with a twinkle in her eye; "well, you will soon be through, and you can lay down and rest."

"No, I'm going out to jump rope," incautiously said Dot, "with Willie and Rose. They're jumping now, don't you hear 'em, grandma?" "Ah, you are going to rest your weary limbs by jumping rope," replied grandma. "Well, so that you won't be entirely used up, suppose you sit on this chair, pulling one up beside Dot."

Dot sulkily complied, but as she did so, dropped her hands in feigned weariness. "See," cried grandma, "you are letting strands of wool slip over your fingers. Hold up your hands, dear, and we will soon be through," and on went the old lady, placidly and slowly winding as if in a dream. "Dot for a space looked the picture of youthful resignation, but soon her impatience returned. "Hurry up," she cried, vehemently. "You're enough to zasperate the patience of Job," and again I saw her slyly look at Kent's Island, Owl's Head, Clam Harbor, and occasional points by the side. Grandma looked at her reprovingly, but hastened somewhat her movements. There was a pause presently in the winding. The old lady brought her spectacles down from her forehead, and peered at the skein of wool. "There's a snarl," she said, "dear, dear, how did that come?"

"It's an awful hard knot," cheerfully said Miss Dot, after grandma had made several attempts to disentangle the snarl. "I don't see how it came," said grandma, and we'll wind the ball nother time." "Oh, no, Dot, we'll get it all right now," replied grandma with a jerk. Snap went the strand. Several minutes went by in vain attempts to straighten the skein, and grandma carefully knotted the broken threads together before resuming her winding.

The sounds of laughing and jumping outside the window came borne in upon the stillness of the room. Another petulant remark from the child, "I'm so nervous, I can't hold still," she next exclaimed, impatiently tugging at the wool. "Dear, dear, another knot," cried grandma, peering over her spectacles at Dot. "Why, at this rate we will never get through!" "But at last it was done, and away scampered Dot, every vestige of ill-humor banished from her pretty face. Grandma's glance met mine. "The wool is for her own stockings," quietly said she, as if in answer to some thing she read in my eyes, "and I intend those knots shall teach her a lesson which mere words would fail to accomplish. Youthful experiences, if rightly impressed, may serve to guard the future from sterner ones."

"Not as different as you suppose. Our Father gives Himself in every form for our use. If we should use Him in our daily life to procure patience, long suffering, endurance of little trials, would not that be legitimate?" The conversation between Mrs. Loomis and Mrs. Osgood had been concerning an experience which Mrs. Loomis had been relating to her friend. She had, years before lost a beloved child, had submitted heartily to God as to a father, and had found unexpressed peace and uplifting. That wondrous heaviness of feeling she had lost, and never expected to regain. As the talk went on, Mrs. Osgood said, "Why not make our lives a perpetual surrender in the thousand little ways in which our wills are crossed, a perpetual yielding to God? There is no doubt we should then perpetually receive of His blessing."

The Land of the Inquisition.

The arms of the Escorial bear the motto: Post Pala Reaurgo, with the sun emerging from behind clouds. That motto is prophetic. Nothing more wonderful has saluted the eyes of our watchers who wait for the morning than the recent work of the Gospel in this Land of the Inquisition, where the ashes of 10,000 martyrs may be found, who were burned alive for their faith's sake. Three hundred years of ecclesiastical despotism, upheld by the awful appliances of torture, had desolated the Spanish church. But for twenty years past this country has seen the arena of very remarkable triumphs. Already, when Pastor Fliedner, of Madrid, addressed the Evangelical Alliance in Copenhagen, in 1884, there were more than 12,000 evangelical disciples, representing nearly one hundred congregations, courageously holding their ground against papal opposition, in various parts of Spain; and over 8,000 children were in Christian schools, with high schools at Madrid, St. Sebastian, and Puerto Santa Maria; and Sunday-schools everywhere, and evangelical hospitals at Madrid and Barcelona.

Those who apologize for Romanism and question whether it be even worth while to send missionaries to papal lands, should visit such countries as Mexico and Spain. As in Brazil and Italy, it is in Spain that is practically worshipped, so in Spain it is the virgin; in fact, the great day of the Passion Season is not the Good Friday of the Lord's death, but the Friday previous, sacred to the Virgin of Sorrows. Her breast is pierced with seven wounds, and beneath are the words: "Is there a sorrow like to my sorrow?" and above, "I am the Mediatrix of the human race!"

The great means by which God is illumining this death-shade of idolatry and superstition is His Holy Word. But that Holy Word found its way into Spain without resistance. A colporteur sold in the market-place of Montalbor a large copy of the Word of God. A priest, just leaving the adjoining church, snatched it from the buyer and flung it to the ground, exclaiming, "The books of those heretics shall not come into our village!" He led on an assault in which the colporteur, pelted with stones, was glad to escape with life. Five weeks afterward, he passed that same hamlet at evening, when he thought he would not have returned. But the first man who met him asked if he were not the Bible-man. Truth compelled him to say, "I am," though not without fear. What was his surprise, however, to find that, instead of stoning him, the people were all clamoring for his books! And going the next day back to the town, he found the people about the wondrous change. A grocer, picking up the Bible which the priest had thrown to the ground, had torn out the leaves and used them as wrapping-paper for his soap, and candles, and cheese. The Spaniards unwrapped their wares, and were amazed to read the words printed in large type upon them; and so the precious truths taught in narrative and parable found their way into their hearts, and they went to the shop-keeper to get more, and when the stock was exhausted they went back to the colporteur with his Bibles. His re-appearance was the signal for the immediate sale of all his books; and then they begged him to stay and teach them the truth which the Book contained. Pastor Fliedner well says, "It reminds us of the words on Luther's monument at Worms: 'The Gospel which our Lord put into mouths of His apostles, that is His sword, with which as with thunder and lightning, he strikes in the world.' With that weapon alone, the Almighty has been driving before Him the armies of the aliens and being down the strongholds of the devil."

Pastor Fliedner, on his way to prison, where he had the privilege of being cast for Christ's sake, looked over the tracts he had with him and rejoiced to find them suitable to distribute among prisoners. But he was compelled to leave them outside his cell. His handcuffs were so loosely holding his wrists that he managed to slip his hands through and passed them to the sergeant. Thereupon the jailer put a fetter around his wrists and passed him into a cell with five others, but kept his books for his boy, for the sake of the pictures. Pastor Fliedner cared less for being shut in a cell than for having his tracts shut out. Suddenly he was called out and searched by the jailer, who coolly appropriated his books, and violently boxed his money he had about him, and even the pocket-knife which was his little boy's gift. Indignant at such robbery, Pastor Fliedner said, "What do they here call people who take what is not their own?" "You call me a thief, do you?" said the brutal jailer, and violently boxed his ear. Then fixing a weight of three hundred and fifty pounds to his fetter, he shoved him back into the dungeon, and flung his traps after him, saying, "I will have nothing that belongs to you."

In May, 1884, three young disciples were thrown into prison for not worshipping "the host," as it was borne past. But, like Paul and Silas, they prayed and sang praises unto God, even in jail, and a by-passer in the street sent them five francs for their sweet singing. After ten days of their sentence expired, the judge demanded the fine of fifty francs. They had no money and he remanded them to prison for another ten days. Two days later he set them free; for the priest had complained that his parishioners' sweet singing and evening prayers before the prison, and the hymns they sang; and that the interest and sympathy they were exciting would only make more Protestants! And so they were set free.

This brief narrative of facts may serve to show us how the living God is moving with his mission band. Even in the land of the Holy Office, the blood of martyrs, that seed of the church, is now springing up from soil black with the ashes of the "heretics." The first instance in which the blood of the heretic was shed, might as well have presented to be happy, as the man who is chained to a diseased liver. For poor Prometheus, the disagreeable feelings, irritable temper, constipation, indigestion, dizziness and sick headache, which are caused by a diseased liver, promptly disappear.

How's Your Liver. The old lady who replied, when asked how her liver was, "God bless me, I never heard that there was such a thing in the house," was noted for her amiability. Prometheus, when chained to a rock, might as well have presented to be happy, as the man who is chained to a diseased liver. For poor Prometheus, the disagreeable feelings, irritable temper, constipation, indigestion, dizziness and sick headache, which are caused by a diseased liver, promptly disappear.

Why not carry that same spirit of submission into little things? "For instance?" "For instance, in the case of worry that you or didn't you break Dolly's head?" "Did you or didn't you break Dolly's head?" "No, I didn't!" this very emphatically. "No other knot in the skein," said Dot, imitating grandma's tone and manner. "Did you or didn't you break Dolly's head?" she continued without answering his question. "No, I didn't!" this very emphatically. "No other knot in the skein," said Dot, imitating grandma's tone and manner. "Did you or didn't you break Dolly's head?" she continued without answering his question.

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