any other person, about
but committing himself to
er of mistaking the decep-
blood," 2 Kings, 31 chap.
ob to the spoil," as if re-
tried union services once,
naller share without moles-
w we will have the whole,
n besides, and on he goes

oung persons whom Rev.
earnestly seeking salvation,
to battle, were soon bap-
time Rev. Mr. R, in the
rch, gave one of his *char-*
ons on immersion, as the
mode of baptism.
went on from October till
ember; and up to the clos-
tle the Methodist Church
y prepared for him and his

he baptized the three
in the early part of his
reached his views on what
ght way of baptism," he
s God gave us converts
t out" of the Methodist

out this "shutting out?"
say that during the meet-
ins had two occasions of
f preaching his views of
"
isions his remarks on the
n were, according to the
other denominations, ex-
ritable and severe. Charg-
disobedience as to the
, applying to them Jas. 2,
ever shall keep the whole
fend in this one point of
is guilty of all—that is
sin of omission and *com-*
ty of all."
say that under these un-
cks many good people
m their own place of wor-
e preacher and grieved in
on the sexton, when he
rch doors the night Rev.
losed his special services,
uld not open them again
s till authorized by the

wing Friday evening Mr.
the church closed against
t, remember, on the *sole*
e sexton; and when Rev.
questioned him upon his
losing the door, the sexton
had the highest authority
—the sexton meaning the
se in the "Deed," and Rev.
nderstanding him to mean
ister of the Circuit or the
Church.
lace on Friday evening.
Saturday evening Rev.
d a conversation with our
Minister on the subject,
suring Mr. Robbins that
g of the matter whatever,
red Mr. R. that he would
eeting in the early part of
, and let him (Rev. Mr.
w the decision of the

eeting was called on the
sday in the church, but
rustees not being able to
infirmity and *age*, a second
alled on Friday, where *all*
hich they did. After the
e year had been adjusted,
"closing the door" on the
evening was introduced,
sexton defended his act
ying clause in the deed, &c.
(the old Board, not a
ted Board, as Rev. Mr.
eased to state) passed a
olution, granting to Rev.
s Baptist friends all the
ed by his pious and peace-
, the late Revd. Willard

hodist Church may be used
s for Conference Meetings

aching the Gospel in on
ce a month.
eral services as *often as*

ese arrangements would
ther notice.
od people, in the face of
ur correspondent, Rev. J.
s the affrontery to publish
ugh the columns of the
nger, the *shameful untruth,*
as soon as God gave him
was *shut out of the church.*
s it worse on his part, he
ement after he is *assured*
inisters nor *trustees* had
sexton to do as he had
bove Resolution had been
hands of Mr. Robbins by
Do you, as christian men,
nd the statements of Rev.
n the case? We believe
l will not.
r correspondent close his
icle without "molesting"
putation of a *female church*
ys, "but just before the
nd occasion of immersion
t another society hoisted
ained the pond."
Rev. Mr. Robbins that he
me to mention the good
e would not probably find
sband as long-suffering
es, but might have to
for such liberty with
acter. Your readers are
that the said gate was
orkman who was repairing
that it was hoisted, he
day or Saturday, previous
the ordinance was to be
d without any knowledge
l pond" would be required
ent of Baptism. Yet Mr.
es, *it was done by a sister*
ty just before the hour of
me forward Mr. Robbins,
ake, and prove your state-
the Lady's pardon.
n, Have not the readers of
f Caution to Baptists" in-
Baptist denomination had
two thirds of the cost of said
—but what are the facts in

the case?—they are these—If the pews bought by Baptists were all paid for, they would have the wonderful sum of *Forty-eight dollars* and *Fifty cents* in the Methodist Church at Port George—in which Rev. Mr. Robbin claims, *unlimited privileges*, and because the Trustees of the Methodist Church, will not deliver up the building to the *unlimited* sway of Mr. Robbins, hence his *unchristian—unmanly* and *untruthful* column of "Caution to Baptists," meaning slander of Methodists.

Hence we charge Rev, J. H. Robbins, with bearing false-witness against his neighbour—as we honestly believe—in his article of "encouragement, and caution to Baptists" in the following particulars, if he apply his remarks to Port George, namely:

1st—As to the manner of obtaining "Deeds."

2nd—As to violating Pledges given to other denominations.

3rd—As to shutting Baptist ministers out of Methodist Churches, as soon as God gives them converts.

4th—As to a sister of another denomination draining off a mill-pond on the Sabbath day to prevent the sacrament of Baptism.

In behalf of the Board of Trustees of Port Geoge Methodist Church.

JAMES H. MILLER,
Secretary, Board of Trustees.

Handley Mountain, Annapolis,
Jan. 22nd, 1880.

UNCLE DICK CURNOW'S CONVERSION.

A STORY OF EARLY CORNISH METHODISM.

BY THE REV MARK GUY PEARSE.

CHAPTER V

IN WHICH BIG DICK CURNOW BECOMES A LITTLE CHILD.

The adventure did not end by any means with Dick's escape from the coastguard. The cold and wet of that winter's day were too much even for this young giant. On came rheumatic fever, with all its helplessnes. His strength was gone, and he lay in bed suffering dreadful pain, and unable to move hand or foot.

The bustling mother, herself a very strong big woman, tended him with a rough kindness that did everything for him speaking to him, as she always did, as *the chield*. Dick was her only son, and the pride and joy of the mother's life was in his strength and courage. When he came home from some encounter, bruised and cut, but yet victorious, nobody welcomed him with such triumph as his mother. She rubbed her hands with delight, and, folding her big arms, she nodded her head approvingly, and claimed more than half of the victory. "Me an the chield do know how to do it, an' no mistake."

Yet clean, honest, fierce in her likes as well as her dislikes, hard-working, there was not a young fellow in the parish who could sit down at a cosier fireside, or lay under a snugger roof than did young Dick Curnow.

Now as he lay quite unable to do anything for himself, his mother feeding him with the little that he could take, and holding the cup of water to his thirsty lips, Dick almost forgot his pain.

"Mother," he whispered, tenderly, "just like being a little child again, isn't it?"

"Little chield! why o' course—whatever else was 'ee then I wonder?"

Poor Dick sighed. He had been great, big, strong Dick Curnow. But he *did* hope that he was quite different now. Then as the mother bustled about—for she was one of those women who have not a gift for sitting down and doing nothing—she heard her son feebly moaning and muttering something strange. At first she thought he was dreaming, or he might be wandering in his head. And if she had caught the words that Dick kept repeating, it certainly would have confirmed this last suspicion.

"Please, Lord, I aren't big Dick Curnow any more. Please Lord, I'm just a little child. Please Lord do make me all gentle an' loving an' forgiving. Amen."

But coming rather suddenly upon him once, in the middle of his prayer, his mother asked him, "Who are'ee talkin' too, then, my dear?"

"I was a talkin' to the Lord!" whispered Dick.

To the mother this was terrible. It was the surest token of death—certain death. To pray like that—a prayer that was not learnt or read out of a book, was what she had only known people driven to when there was nothing else to be done. Her voice choked with grief, and she rocked herself to and fro. "La, my dear chield, you aren't goin' to die yet, you know. The doctor haven't a-given 'ee up yet. Don't 'ee go doin' such dreadful things."

Thinking that it might be well, however, to be prepared for the worst, the mother proposed, as she knew how to send for the parson.

Dick startled her by suggesting that he would sooner see old Jan Treloar. At once the mother's roughness and fierceness came back again.

"The old Jan Treloar! whatever do 'ee mean, chield?" and she rose up amazed and indignant. "What do the ould Jan Treloar knaw about heaven? he's cutting out breeches all his days, an' mendin' em. He don't belong for to knaw anything about religion; brought up to the tailorin', and not had any eddycatin' nor nothin'." Then her voice and manner grew more kindly, "No chield; I can't abide these here new-fangled notions, a making' folks so good all their lives, like as if it was fitty for folks to be religious afore their time! I can't think how folks can hould with such nonsense I can't."

So the clergyman was sent for. A man with whome drunkards and thieves and outcasts were angels compared to the Methodists. But then remember, good reader, that I am speaking of a thing that happened a hundred years ago; and though my character is drawn from life, there were some very different men then, and happily there are very few, if any, such amongst the Episcopalian ministers of to-day.

The parson, who never hurried himself except in the hunting-field and in reading prayers, came on leisurely to the house. He sat down by the bedside, and opened his prayer-book at the form of prayer for the visitation of the sick. His voice dropped into a kind of sing-song, and he hastened over them, running the prayers one into the other so quickly that it was almost impossible to understand a single sentence.

Then he shut up his book, and bent over the sick man. "There now—you feel better don't you? Just so—just so. Of course yon do. Keep up, you know, keep up. Take a little brandy sometimes. Mrs Curnow, give him a little of the best French sometimes. Nobody can do anything more for you; nobody. Good morning.'

But Dick went on moaning and muttering his prayer, as if the parson's charm had somehow lost its magic, and had by no means done him any good.

"Don't 'ee go on like that, chield—'tis dreadful wished for to hear 'ee."

"Mother," pleaded Dick, "the old Jan Treloar could read the Bible to me, couldn't he, and not do no harm by it?"

"Read the Bible, do he?" cried Mrs. Curnow, thoroughly aroused again. "Then Jan Treloar ought to be ashamed of hisself, an' I do hope that Jan Treloar will get what he do desarve—that's all."

So two or three days went by, Dick still turning his helplessness and pain into a prayer—a most plaintive entreaty. "Please, Lord, I am so weak an' feeble as a little child. And please Lord, I thank thee for it. And now, please, Lord, I will try for to be gentle and lovin' and forgivin', like the blessed. Amen."

With Mrs. Curnow there was a long and fierce conflict between her dislike of the Methodists and her love to her to her son. At last there came a happy way out of the difficulty. A compromise was possible, for Jan Treloar had passed the house with a stranger who, the neighbors said, was "a regular preacher." Here, then, was one who only wore those garments the making of which so disqualified old Jan Treloar as a teacher of religion.

Before the day was done Dick opened his eyes to find, standing at his bedside, the very man who had preached on that memorable night about the conversion of St. Paul. Now he could ask all about it—where he lived, and whether Dick could find him. It was a little bit of grief to learn that the fighting man was dead, and that it was all so long ago, too. But it was good to know that the mighty Lord who made St. Paul what he was could do a like mighty work for every one of us.

"But why doesn't He come to me with a great shinin' light and a voice speakin'?" asked Dick sadly. "I have begged and prayed Him too; and I thought he was goin' to once; but He didn't."

"The Lord has got many ways of coming to people," the preacher explained; "and many ways of speaking to them. Sometimes He sends sickness like this."

"Does he?" cried Dick eagerly, and his face lit up with gladness. Is this one way that He comes?"

"Yes, this one way," and the preacher went on to tell Dick of the way of salvation. Then he kneeled in prayer.

As he rose to leave, Dick whispered, "Please will you read that in the Bible about bein' gentle, an' forgivin' 'an lovin', and comin' to be among the blessed?"

"I don't know what you mean," said the preacher kindly.

"About 'blessed are the meek,' you know," Dick explained.

"Oh, yes, you mean the sermon on the mount;" and sitting down, the preacher opened the Book at the fifth chapter of the St. Matthew.

"'Twas up on the Downs," Dick explained, thinking only of Mr. Wesley's sermon.

But the visitor had begun to read, and did not hear the correction. He read on until he came to the fifth verse. *Blessed are the meek which inherit the earth.* Then the tears filled Dick's eyes and flowed down his cheeks. "Do you think that ever I could come for to be one of them, please sir?"

"Why, bless you, of course you may," said the preacher, as his heart warmed towards the simple and earnest inquirer.

"Well, you see, sir, I used to be so, big an' strong—I couldn't help it, you know, sir, an' I didn't want to bet neither, for I knowed that there wasn't a chance for me then. An' now I'm quite frightened to think about it. Whatever shall I do when I'm strong and big Dick Curnow again; for I don't expect I can always be weak and bad?"

The preacher smiled at Dick's simplicty. "It is not *our* strength or *our* weakness. To be strong is one of God's good gifts for which to be thankful."

Dick shook his had sadly. Jan Treloar was old and and feeble; and Mr. Wesley was little, and the preacher looked thin and pale. All the good people he knew weren't big and strong like he used to be, and like he feared he should be again.

Day after day by further talk and reading and prayer, the preacher led Dick on step by step until he came to see some things clearly enough to be comforted and hopeful. It was the Lord who must do it all. The preacher was right. Dick's own weakness or strength had nothing to do with it. And Dick rejoiced to think that this pain and helplessness was one way of the Lord's coming. "The Lord have knocked me down," and he can keep me down, he repeated to himself. "The Lord took away all my strength; perhaps if I do keep askin Him, he'll keep me weak and feeble still, so that I shall never be big, strong Dick Curnow any more."

Thus little by little Dick came nearer the truth, until upon St. Ivart's, as upon all the world, there dawned another Christmas-day. The bells rang out merrily upon the still and frosty air. Dick lay thinking of Him who was born a little child in Bethlehem, longing that he had been there among the shepherds or with the wise men who came to worship Him. Would not Jesus come again and be the Holy Child within his heart, and dwell there. Then all should be kind and gentle and loving, and Dick would indeed be among the blessed. Then suddenly the light flashed upon him. Not about him, but *within* him shone the glory of the Lord. Christ was come; and all within Dick's soul rang with the joy. As surely as in the manger of old, there came and dwelt within his heart from that day forward, "a Saviour which is Christ the Lord."

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