

pride when visitors from this western state saw their own exhibit. It was amusing to me to hear how little praise most exhibitors had for the apples on other tables than their own. But Mr. Haulkinson was more frank, and he had a really good chat over apples. Among other things he said, 'When it comes to apples we Americans have to throw up our hands, and yield to Canada for we simply cannot compete with her.' Nebraska's apples are not large, but the quality is good. I tasted her Winesap and Jonathan, and found them a good flavor.

Then I lingered around Ontario's tables. Well, truly, they were simply marvelous. I never saw in our Halifax exhibitions such giants of such exceeding beauty. Why they were simply wonderful to behold. Of course, of quality and flavor I cannot speak, but if the insides were anything like their outsides, they must take first prize. Notwithstanding the Dudes (Big pompous apples) that swaggered on these benches from Ontario, I could not help but inwardly chuckle to see that the very first plate of apples in the front row was a heap of Old Ben Davis. And he was grinning so heartily over his longevity, that you could see his teeth between the streaks on his cheeks.

Then came rows of solem looking apples, with now and then a plate of rosy cheeks, to tone up things. Mr. Mann, Miss Fallawater, Golden Russet, Northern Spv, Alexander, Greening, Malinda, La Victoire, Mammoth, Black Twig, Gibson, Rolf, Mann Pippin, Cranberry, Spitzenberg, Wolf River, Glori Mundi, Bailey Sweet, Pound Sweet, Belleflower, Parlin, Cottachia, Munson's Sweet, Wharton, Isabella, English Russet, Belle Russet, Pennock, Van Morris Reinette, Pumpkin Sweet, Pevankie, McMahan White, King, Baxter, Antononka, Spy, Beitenheimer, Scarlet Pippin, Huttardston, Gideon, Blenheim, Kentish, Hill Basket, Hawley, Alexander, Hawthorden New, Ribston Pippin, St. Lawrence, Garden Gem, Primate, Lowell, Haas, Isham, and more. Here are over fifty varieties, not as many as Mr. Starr's show on the Nova Scotia tables. But Ontario's fruit was something marvellous to behold for size and beauty. Of course, the judges would be largely guided by quality and flavor in awarding prizes, and of the latter the published list of winners above will tell if these two things were in Ontario's fruit.

Now we come last and not least to Nova Scotia's exhibit. Just as I got to the tables what should catch my eye but the word "Truro." Having just closed a pastorate of nine years in that lovely town, my eyes grew wet at the sight of the name. And what do you think it was from Truro? A Tray of giant potatoes from "The Government Farm Truro." I felt like hugging those potatoes. How many times I have passed the spot where these many-eyed monsters were grown! I tell you, Professor Smith, this tray of the Irishman's delight, is a credit to your craft. Here are the American Wonder, Vigorosa, American Giant, Irish Cobbler, Rural New Yorker, Record, Burble's Extra Early, Carman No. 3, Seattle, Sir Walter Raleigh, Borca, Early Gem, Late Puritan. If this collection doesn't take a prize, well there must be something very unIrish in the judges heads.

It was a shame that N. S. was given a little corner in which to show her apples. Why there was one exhibitor, Mr. Starr, who alone set eighty-six varieties. And such was the cramped condition of the plates that the names of a dozen or more varieties were lost; either to view, or from their plates. Well here are some I read, perhaps Mr. Starr can give the remainder in a footnote of my next article.

Milding, Hurlbart, Victoria, Westfield, Canadian Reinette, King of Pippins, Sutton Beauty, Rox Russette, Bottle Greening, Princess Dagmar, Pecks Pleasant, Saxton, Calkins Pippin, Red Calville, Wagener, Blenheims, Sweet Russett, King of Thompkins, R. J. Greening, Cox's Orange Pippin, Granite Beauty, Chestnut's Beauty, Blenheims, Ribstones, Glori Rusdi, Maiden's Blush, Ohio Nonpareil, Twenty oz. Early Bough, Yellow Belleflower, Fallawater, Reynard, Baldwin, Winter St. Lawrence, Colvert, Mann, Pevankies, Holley, Bailey's Golden, Drap A Ar, Hubbardston, Spitzenberg, Munson's Sweet, Pennock, Mackintosh Red, Victoria, Mammoth, Russett, York Imperial, Coxes Orange Pippin, Falman Sweet, Pomme Grise, Cooper's Russetting, Smith's Cider, English Golden Pippin, Margaret Pippin, Court of Wick, Granite Beauty, Wagener, Stark, Spy, Flushing Spitzenberg, American Golden Pippin, Willoughby, Porter, Fall Pippin, last and best Gravenstein. Here are only 67 of the 86 Mr. Starr sent, but as I said the remainder of the tickets were missing. It was a wonderful variety, though for size they do not equal Ontario's apples. But just think of the extraordinary number of different kinds of apples. And Mr. Bigelow believed that whatever premium the judges might put upon bigness in other exhibits, that for quality and flavor Nova Scotia would take first prize. What chiefly astonishes the Americans in the little N. S. corner, was the apple that seems to be king in N. S., and which I did not see on one of the other tables, that apple seems to outrank and outflavor all others, it is the sweet, fragrant, luscious, beautiful GRAVENSTEIN.

A fair keeper, a good seller, and a fine eater. You can cook it in half a dozen ways, yet it triumphs in all, and seems better in every one. Nova Scotians look after your royal apple, for it is making your valley's famous. Toronto, Nov. 26th.

From Canard; A Roll Call and Some History.

In almanack's sometimes saint's days and holidays are printed in red letters, hence our phrase for a specially happy day—"Red Letter Day." Such a day was Friday the 6th of the current month, for the old Cornwallis church at Canard. Since the Rev. D. E. Hatt began his pastorate of this historic church of unique origin and history, the resolve was taken to have a roll-call. Letters by the score were sent through the mail bags looking up non-resident members, whose number was about seventy. A good percentage of them responded. Their letters were filled with outpourings of soul, appreciative of the old home and its blessed memories. Over thirty dollars were picked out of the epistles, mostly "green backs," suggesting the places where the non-residents now have their homes.

The members on the ground had been well notified of the roll-call day, the first in the history of the church. The newness of the contemplated service contributed

its quota to make the day one of exceptional interest. The pastor, too, was fresh, and that helped to swell the interest in the matter, which grew stronger and fuller as the days went along. At bottom, however, there was the permanent force which abides, whether increased or diminished by such accidents as novelty of any and every kind. Deep down in Christian hearts there is the holding force whose power was cast into metrical mould by the Baptist minister Fawcett:

Blessed be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love,
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

While the tributary helps poured in from various quarters, this heavenly element—this bond of sympathy—renewed its energy and force of sweat coercion and was felt more or less by every member from the little boys and girls ten and twelve years old, to the dear aged sister Mahew Beckwith, ninety-four years of age who was present, active, bright and brimful of light and sweet sympathy. Dr. Kempton and Reporter were honored with special invitations to this honored feast. We accepted of course. At two p. m., the finely-finished audience-room began to fill up. The members of all ages kept coming until there was a good congregation. The pastor, who has alertness, presence and tact in a high degree, added to his other well-known qualifications, called the roll and at his right sat A. S. McDonald the clerk—a host in himself—a brother strong and willing to work for the Lord. Already he has given good service to an appreciative church and has in himself, God being willing, the promise of still greater usefulness. Well the call of names proceeded. Each one at the announcement of his or her name, rose and either by his own or her own words or by Scripture responded. Letters from absentees were mingled with the responses in person. The singing of a verse occasionally enlivened the service. I forgot to say that Reporter read the Scripture and led in prayer. Dr. Kempton and Rev. Alfred Chipman and Mrs. Chipman and others addressed the assembly. The tide came in gradually higher and higher as the afternoon wore away. By and by the darkness came and the first course of the spiritual feast came to an end. The doors were then opened into the commodious school-room; and behold, there were tables all prepared for the three hundred more or fewer present. In due time this material course, sandwiched between two spiritual courses was finished. Thus followed the evening service—more roll-calling, responses and letters followed. The choir caught the inspiration as the inflowing tide of joy and fellowship increased. The singing was made the channel through which the hearts of the large congregation found expression of their communion and fellowship, only a little below that enjoyed by those who have it in perfection. The old hymns and tunes especially must have carried the senior souls back to the good old days of the blessed past. On and on the service drifted. The pastor at the head, and his first lieutenant at his side, conducted this first roll-call of the grand old church without a hitch or stumble. Plans had been well laid, and they were just as well executed.

At half past eight Reporter was called up for a sketch of the history of the church. His address was as follows:

It is a great privilege to be in this feast of fat things, of wine on the lees, well ripened. Wonderful phenomena! What zeal, what union, what fellowship, what purpose, what an uplifting! How divine, how sweet the joy. Men and women of all ages, and little boys and girls of one heart and one mind. From two o'clock in the afternoon until half past eight in the evening they have been on the high places of intense fellowship and pleasure. Had a stranger dropped in who knew nothing of the church and its history, his verdict would be, this is no Joush-goud production—A madroom comes in a night, but the causes of this effect, this grand session, must be found far in the past. Many streams must be found, tributary to this river of Christian blessedness. Nor would the stranger be wrong. Look back, said Reporter, 146 years last September—Look abroad and around the semi-circle of this Basin of Minas. Smoke and flames are going up to the sky. When the darkness comes down the heavens are lurid with the burning homes of the people of all this land from Habitant to Palmonth. All the men, women and children, old and young, are in these British transports riding at anchor at the mouth of the Gaspareaux; and the walls of the Acadian French ring out on the night air as they see their homes and churches in flames. The transports weigh anchors and away they go out around old Blomidon to scatter their human freight all along the American coast from Maine to Georgia.

After the homes and temples of God have gone up in smoke and flame and the Acadians are away on the sea in the crowded holds of the ships, the domestic animals and fowls in dumb amazement have their part of the tragedy. Horses, cattle, sheep, fowls and swine are the prey of adventurers by land and sea. Those, not captured, starve to death, and find their graves in the snows of the winter their approaching. Five summers and winters came and went, and over this once happy Acadia, the land of Evangeline, neither the voice of an Acadian nor that of Acadian's fowl nor brute was heard. Beasts and birds of prey from the forest returned to their haunts, from which they had been driven by the fathers of the expatriated Acadians.

Birds built their nests undisturbed in the Acadian orchards, and the wild beasts fed upon their apples. The sea, too, chafed and lashed the dykes, and retook the marshes of which it had been robbed by the Acadian spade.

The red Indians wandered over the ashes of homes where once they had received raiment and food; and remembered with sighs faces to be seen no more, and voices to be heard no more.

At the end of the five years, New England Puritans and thin imported animals came and took possession of the land. For five years after arriving, they had no minister of their own faith. But in the third year the Rev. Ebenezer Moulton, ancestor of his MacMaster of Toronto, came among them. A revival was the result, and immersion of converts, for he was a Baptist. At Horton he formed a mixed church—members, Baptist and Pevdo-Baptist. A graduate of Yale, Bemiah Phelps, in response to a pathetic appeal to a Connecticut Association at last, came over to help these Puritan Congregationalists in their new homes. Then they began to feel less homesick. Long sermons and a college bred clergy-

man meant much to these pioneers in the wilderness. Ten years after Phelps came, Henry Alline, burning with a sunlight zeal, just from the plough-tail, the axe and hoe handle, appeared in the midst of these quiet Puritans. Religiously dead, cried the flaming evangelist, minister dead, church members dead! He had a following, of course he had. A meeting was called at the house of Simon Fitch in July, 1778 a reformed Congregational church was organized. Jaw-bone-corner, Hamilton's corner now, was their head quarters. A new light meeting house went up, and the old lights and the new lights pitted themselves against each other. Be careless of ordinances and forms, said Alline, sprinkle, pour, or immerse for baptism, or have no baptism, as you like. Get religion, get Christ in your hearts, get the new birth, get salvation, was the burden of this voice in the wilderness. Newlightism sang and sang. In eight years the evangelist was with Christ whom he loved; and served with zeal so great, that it consumed him. But Monilton had been there before Alline. Ah, said the Newlightist, who went to their Bibles, believers were baptized, immersed in the name of the Trinity. We must obey. All right said Alline. All right said John Payzant who came next. All right said Edward Manning who followed Payzant. By the end of the century, 76 had been immersed and 40 or more held to their infant baptism. Alline, Payzant and Manning sprinkled or immersed just according to the request of the candidate.

Mr. Hatt had called the roll of the 370 of today. Reporter, in his address, called the roll of the members who had been immersed 100 years ago. It was not a Baptist church then but a Newlight Congregational church with a majority of its members holding Baptist doctrines.

Among the names of the immersed of 100 years ago, called over by Reporter, were Dewey, Bigelow, Harris, Randall, Eaton. (One hundred years ago there were four Eatons; Mr. Hatt called out fifty-six Eatons. Good for the Eatons.) Campbell Manning, Dunham, Sandford, Loomer, Chase, Bentley, Barney, Clark, Chipman, Skinner, Brown, Palmeter, Beckwith, Sweet, Bligh, Coffin, Pineo, Cogswell, Richards, Owen, Rear, Godfrey, Dickie, Whalen, Welch, Graham, DeWolfe, Power, Newcomb, Kinsman, Woodworth, West, McDonald, and Elizabeth Tapper. The Rands, the Cleavelands, the Strongs, the Welles, Parsons, the Alidines, the Fieldings, the Foxes, the Harringtons, the Elders, the Shaws and a number of names the same as those in the Baptist list, still held to their infant baptism. Reporter's roll-call took less time than that by the pastor, for there was none present to respond. They were in the church above.

In 1798 the pastor, Edward Manning said, while looking upon Rev. T. H. Chipman immersing some candidates for him, "I will never baptize another babe."

Immediately after this in 1798 he went to Annapolis and T. H. Chipman immersed him. Mr. Chipman a companion of Alline, was immersed in 1779; Joseph Dimock later, James Manning, in 1797, Harris Harding followed in 1800.

From the time he was immersed until 1807 when a Baptist church was formed at Cornwallis, Edward Manning had his hands full in his attempts to keep these contrary beliefs in harmony. The longer he tried, the less his success. Finally in 1807 he and seven or eight others formed a Baptist church and later he was ordained its pastor. But when he first organized this church sixty of the immersed would not follow him. John Pineo led those who refused to follow. But Mr. Manning was strong in the Lord. When the year 1800 came he had 124 members; but the opposing party was much scattered and discouraged. The following is the succession of pastors of this people from the coming of the Phelps:—Beniah Phelps, Aaron Bancroft, father of the historian, Henry Alline from 1777 to 1794; but he was on missions nearly all the time. John Payzant from 1786 to 1794. Edward Manning from 1795 to 1831, A. S. Hunt from 1846 to 1867—five years co-pastorate, S. B. Kempton from 1868 to 1893, C. H. Martell from 1894 to 1901 and D. E. Hatt now beginning.

Here said Reporter, originated the Association. First session in 1797, in 1798 second session, in 1799 third session, all held in Cornwallis. This Association was called The Baptist and Congregational Association. At Lower Granville in 1800, the name, Congregational, was dropped, and Baptist retained. But the churches, except at Halifax and Wolfville, were composed of both immersed and sprinkled members. Baptists and Pevdo-Baptists. In 1819, here in Cornwallis, the Association became exclusively Baptist in practice. The history of the church had been unique and phenomenal. The present church was a living example of the soundness of the doctrine of evolution, an axiom at first an oak now. The New Testament principle survived. It was the fittest. By a constant assertion of itself, trammels and other extraneous bonds had been broken and thrown off, and now Baptist doctrine and practice had elbow room, a fine field and good air. The present is a legitimate outcome of a grand past. What shall the future be? Responsibilities for 150 years were now on the hearts and shoulders of the present generation. Church and pastor were congratulated for being the inheritors of such a history—a history charged to the full with power and inspiration. Nor was the end yet. Let each succeeding generation be true to its past, and to its Lord and Master, and centuries after this the past will be still more grand and glorious; and the then future will be more bright and more glorious even like the moon's path of light on the bosom of a glassy sea.

An hour went by; and it was nine thirty by the clock. And still the house was hushed and that sea of upturned faces seemed desirous to hear more. The people can hear no more so thought Reporter and so thought the pastor and so he said. But both he and Reporter were mistaken. Dr. Kempton was bursting with reminiscence; and thus heavenly manna. He came to his feet and not a seat was vacated. On and on he went. He told the people how much the old Cornwallis church had done in the past for temperance, Foreign and Home Missions and the schools at Horton. He blessed the church and the pastor gave it back in full measure. Come, said the young pastor to the expatriate, as often as you can. We want to see you and hear you. Now it is ten o'clock and still the people were reluctant to leave the house of God—the gates of heaven. Seven candidates await baptism. The church is in full tide, united, grand and strong. May it remain so. REPORTER.