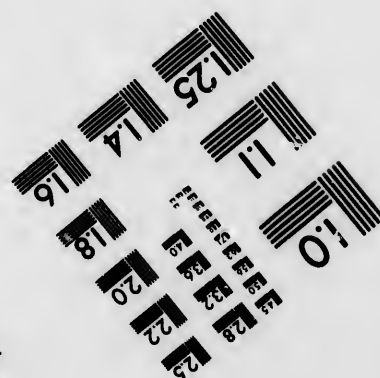
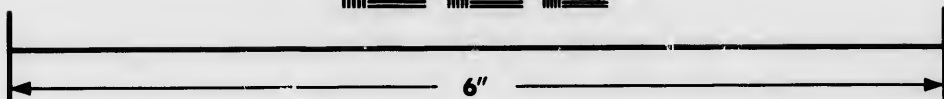
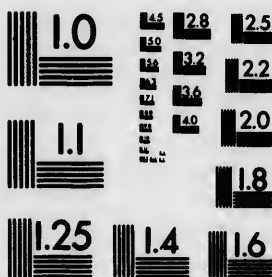


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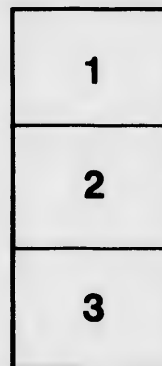
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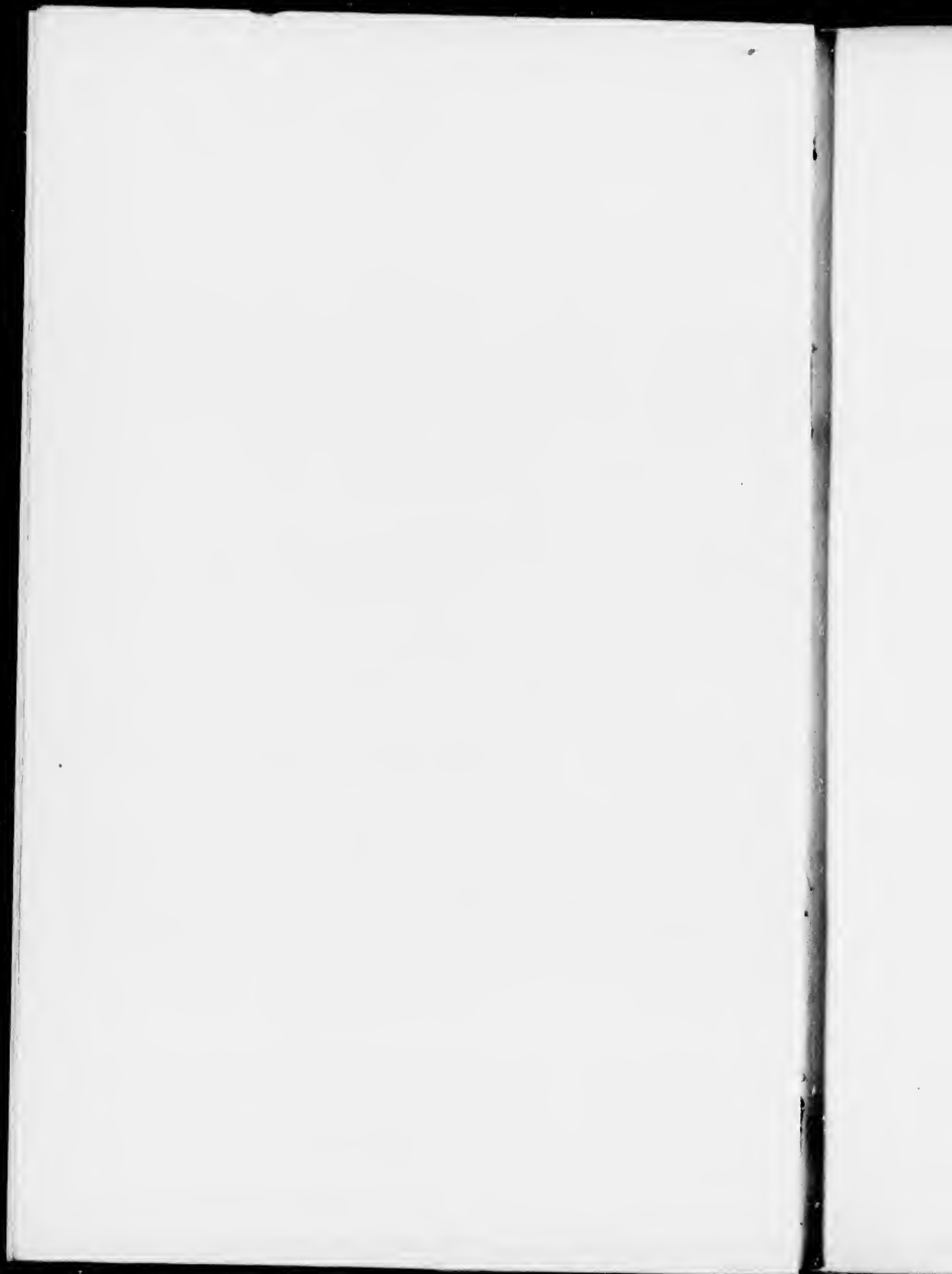
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NOTICE.—As my book is on the eve of publication, I learn, on indisputable authority, that my lithograph portrait, as a likeness, is wholly and eminently unsatisfactory. What then am I to do? Withhold my lithograph? But I have no substitute, and cannot now procure one. So I give it, faulty as it is. It will at least shew what I *meant* to do in the case. I would fain escape undue censure on the occasion. The oil-painting in Acadia College, the original of the ambrotype put into the hands of my lithographer at Boston, was regarded, by Mr. Harding's friends, as a good likeness of the venerable patriarch. My artist should seem to have taken liberties with his subject, of which I was scarcely aware until now; and which my friend under whose eye my portrait was executed, was not prepared to appreciate, and so to correct. Hence the mortifying result, which none can deplore so deeply as myself. The faithfulness of my wood-cut profile may perhaps be permitted to atone somewhat for the *unfaithfulness* of my lithograph; while it is to me matter of sincere regret, that I can scarcely expect, in any direct form, to compensate for the error into which I have here been betrayed. J. D.







Ever yours in Christ
Harris Harvey
1855



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LIFE AND TIMES
OF MRS.



HARRIS HARDING.

The

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The Patriarch of Western Nova Scotia.

LIFE AND TIMES

OF THE LATE

REV. HARRIS HARDING,

YARMOUTH, N. S.

COMPILED BY THE

REV. JOHN DAVIS,

Of Charlottetown, P. E. I.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY J. W. NUTTING, ESQ.,

Of Halifax, N. S.

FOLLOWED BY AN APPENDIX, AND A SELECTION OF LETTERS.

CHARLOTTETOWN :

PRINTED FOR THE COMPILER.

1866.

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PREFACE.

My little book, long since announced, at length makes its appearance. It might, no doubt, have been published sooner. Yet it has gained something by delay in this respect; since that delay has added to the amount of materials for my work: some of which were obtained even while it was passing through the press. But a truce to regrets and apologies. I can but thank my subscribers and friends for the patience with which they have waited for my volume; and express a hope that they may find their patience rewarded when that volume is placed in their hands.

Of course my book is not much more than a compilation; although some little pains have been expended in casting and recasting the materials of which it is composed. Those materials have been supplied, for the most part, by Mr. Harding's family; who intrusted me with his papers: and especially by Mr. *Israel* Harding;

(iii.)

PREFACE.

who supplied me with an extended narrative of his father's career, which forms the basis of my own. Mr. T. J. S. Bennett, residing at Windsor in 1854, furnished me with copies of letters, most of them written, though not all, by Mr. Harding; and ranging in their dates between the years 1787 and 1795. These letters had been copied and preserved by the father of my friend just mentioned, Mr. *Thomas* Bennett. Several of them had been addressed to himself. Other letters, from the pens of the old ministers, contemporaries and fellow-helpers with Mr. Harding, had in like manner been copied and preserved by the same gentleman. The whole collection thus obtained forms a valuable memorial of those former days in which the letters were produced. To this day I have not had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Mr. T. J. S. Bennett; but my work shews how largely I have profited by his kindness. My valued brother, the Rev. A. D. Thomson, of N. B., has favoured me with a collection of autograph letters, addressed to himself by Mr. Harding, from 1833 to 1846. He was evidently a favourite correspondent. He will see how much his kindness has done for my work. Others too, such as the brethren D. W. C. Dimock, and G. Armstrong, have rendered me important aid; to *all* of whom, though not mentioned by name, I would hereby tender my grateful acknowledgments.

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PREFACE.

It seems fitting to say, that, in my notices of the New Lights, I have aimed at doing them simple justice; endeavouring to give them credit for all in them,—and there was much,—that was true, and good, and useful, and not withholding censure where it seemed to be merited. One thing at least I have done. I have let the New Lights speak for themselves. I have drawn no fancy pictures of them, or of their work. I have rather sought to reproduce them *such as they were*. I have also tried correctly to indicate their relation to the days on which our lot has fallen. Doubtless New Light days, and New Light men, with all their extravagancies and eccentricities, were rather to be chosen than the days and the men that preceded them. Moreover, by means of these men a better style of Christianity has passed over to these later days. It were above all things desirable, that we should not leave behind us the good that existed in the days of our fathers; nor come to imagine, that, in heavenly things, an intellectual advancement may safely be substituted for warm and glowing affections. “God is *Light*,” says John. But again, he fails not to tell us, that “God is *LOVE*.” Be it ours to accept the momentous intimations thus conveyed, and to profit by them. If, by the grace of God, we may but attain to increased light in the understanding, conjoined with a deepened holiness in heart and life, and animated by a

PREFACE.

more fervid love, happy will it be, both for ourselves, and, as we may well hope, for those who shall come after us. And happy indeed shall I count myself, if my little book may by any means conduce to the working out of results so precious as these.

I am sure my readers will heartily unite with me in thankful acknowledgments to Mr. Nutting, for his introduction to my work. It adds greatly to its historical value. But more than this. It gracefully proceeds from the pen of one, himself a Gospel veteran, by way of prelude to these slight memorials of another Gospel veteran; entering upon his course in a former age, while his years were prolonged to our times.

J. D.

September, 1866.

EMBELLISHMENTS.—My vignette gives a representation of the dwelling-house which Mr. Harding built for himself about the beginning of this century; which he occupied for some fifty years; and from which he was at length translated to the better house above. The engraved monument, I need scarcely say, represents the one erected at Yarmouth to the memory of Mr. Harding. In regard to the portrait and profile, I have said a word elsewhere: see p. 121. J. D.

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PART II.

PART III.

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§ 3.

PART IV.

PART V.

§ 1.

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APPENDIX

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INTRODUCTION.



THE progress of Christ's kingdom on earth has been marked, ever since its commencement, by certain effusions of the Holy Spirit, at different periods, in different places, and in various degrees. Such revivals of religion, as they are now generally termed, have often been distinguished by a certain relation to each other ; so as to render it evident that, although apparently unconnected in point of time or place, one of them, in the dispensation of divine mercy, has been the source and forerunner of another.

These observations will apply to what has occurred on our own Continent. The great Revival, or Reformation in New England, in the time of the celebrated Jonathan Edwards, would seem to have been the prolific spiritual

parent of yet other revivals ; while that revival itself had its origin in the deep current of religious feeling which first arose in England about the beginning of the seventeenth century, and prevailed throughout the reign of Charles the First, and during the Commonwealth. The earnest faith of the newly reformed Church produced such men as Owen, Howe, Baxter, Flavel, and others, whose works are still esteemed as among our richest spiritual legacies. The persecutions of the Stuarts, which followed the restoration of the Monarchy, suppressed all vital religion in England, and, to all human appearance, well nigh extinguished it. It was destined, however, in the good providence of God, to survive the assaults thus made upon it, and was largely transferred, by the Puritan fathers, to the then rude and uncultivated shores of New England.

In New England true godliness found a congenial soil, alloyed though that godliness was by no inconsiderable mixture of human infirmity, and by the asceticism and prejudice which so strongly characterized the age of the Puritan fathers. In due time God raised up men like Jonathan Edwards and others, to give to the religion of their country the stamp of ra-

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tional and intelligent piety. The tree planted by them was watered and nourished by the glowing zeal, and fervid eloquence of George Whitefield and his fellow-labourers. There was much, no doubt, in the robust and uncompromising character of New England religion, in its earlier periods, alien and repulsive to the polished and fastidious taste of our modern profession; but it may well be said of the Puritanic times, both in Old and New England, that "there were giants in the earth in those days:" nor had the race of "giants" died out in the later times to which we have here referred. Indeed we might dwell with much interest upon many circumstances which marked the earlier history of the church in the British Colonies of North America; but, as this would be foreign to our present object, we must content ourselves with the passing notice here rendered to that history.

The Colonies of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, at the former part of the periods to which we have above referred, were under the dominion of France; and although they passed several times, under different treaties, from one nation to another, it was not until the year 1713, in the reign of Queen Anne, that they were finally ceded, by the treaty of Utrecht, to the

British crown. The first emigration of British subjects to the two Provinces, both then designated as Nova Scotia, took place not long after they had thus come into the possession of Great Britain, and was almost wholly composed, we believe, of families from Connecticut, Rhode Island, or Massachussetts. Most of the new settlers were from among those whose means were scanty, and who had not enjoyed the best educational advantages. It may well be supposed, therefore, that they would not bring with them the most effective means for securing to themselves and their children the blessings of religious and mental advancement. Such indeed was not the case. Their newly adopted domicile was then in its rudest state of nature. For the French population had hitherto made small agricultural improvements ; and those they themselves retained long after the country had come into British possession. Under such circumstances the efforts of the new inhabitants were, for many years, almost wholly engrossed in procuring the common necessaries of life ; in doing which they were subjected to hardships and sufferings of which we, their descendants, have but a faint and indistinct idea. No doubt many of them brought the precious

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family Bible—almost literally the first charter of the New England Colonies. No doubt also many brought the strong moral and religious impressions which characterized the original Puritans, and their immediate posterity. But we too well know how little, without the means of education, and a Gospel ministry, all this must have availed to keep even the first principles of truth and holiness alive, and in active operation. “The inheritance of the saints,” the richest of all inheritances, is not hereditary to our fallen nature ; and when men are deprived of the appointed means of grace, the course of a very few generations suffices to reduce that nature to the lowest condition of ignorance and ungodliness. The state of society which resulted from the circumstances here indicated soon became such as was to have been expected. Great darkness and negligence in regard to religion very generally prevailed among the descendants of the first settlers, while there existed among them but little prospect of a change for the better. Meanwhile the Baptist name was almost unknown in these Provinces ; and the religious denominations among which the people were divided were, for the most part, destitute of all spiritual life and

vigour. A dull and heartless formality reigned among them ; and if the doctrines of the Gospel were preached, was in a manner sadly deficient in unction, in application, and in practical power.

But a new state of things was about to commence ; and God, who evermore knows how to adapt his means to his ends, was preparing an agency which very soon laid the foundation of a thorough and abiding reform. The first herald of the cross in these Provinces, who sounded the alarm which awakened the sleeping conscience of a careless and worldly community to any effective purpose, was Mr. Henry Alline. He was born in Rhode Island, while as yet it retained its connection with Great Britain. In his early youth his family emigrated to Nova Scotia. Soon after his conversion, which occurred in the year 1775, when he was about twenty-seven years of age, he began to preach. Filled with a fervent and overflowing zeal for the salvation of his fellow-men, and willing to endure all things for Christ's sake, he was evidently directed, by the good providence of God, to a field already ripe for his ministry. He does not appear to have attached himself to any sect or party of the Christian

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church. Indeed some points in his natural character appeared to unfit him for the restrictions required for the government of a settled community of believers. If his opinions and habits were not erratic, they were certainly peculiar. Like George Whitefield, and many other ardent and successful servants of Christ, he could not bow to prescribed and established rules. Impelled by native temperament, and by what to some might seem to be a species of religious knight-errantry, as well as by an overwhelming love to souls, he cast himself loose from all restraints, and went forth to proclaim the Gospel wherever he could find an open door, or even force one. Thus, like Whitefield again, he did not much care about forming his converts into distinct communities. Going forth, as we have intimated, to publish the Gospel, distinctively so termed, his ministry was much restricted to first principles; those of "repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." His followers, indeed, would organize into communities bearing some resemblance to Congregational churches; yet, regarding all things as of minor importance in comparison with the conversion of sinners, he concerned himself but little about the

maintenance of order or regularity in the societies gathered through his labours. On the whole his fervid and impulsive ministry left deep marks of its own special character upon the people among whom it was exercised ; marks by no means obliterated to this day. Such was this early and eminent preacher of the Gospel in these Provinces, and such was his work. The country was but sparsely inhabited in his day. He visited, however, its villages, and hamlets, and rustic cottages, wherever even two or three could be gathered together to hear the glad tidings of salvation. And although, as in all cases of the first announcement of vital truth to a worldly and unconverted people, obloquy, contempt, and persecution often followed his steps, "none of these moved" him. God richly blessed the preaching of his word ; and even among the then scattered population of the country hundreds were "turned from darkness to light," and became living witnesses to the converting power of heaven. On the subject of believers' baptism, or of any baptism at all, Mr. Alline appears to have been in a great measure indifferent ; not regarding it as necessary, nor enforcing attention to it as a Scriptural duty, but leaving it

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wholly to the suggestions of individual conscience. His followers were generally called New Lights; a term of contempt applied also, as we believe, to the followers of Mr. Whitefield.*

Among the many converted, either directly or indirectly, through the ministry of Mr. Alline, were several who afterwards became the founders of Baptist churches in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Among the most prominent of these were the two Hardings, the two Dimocks, the two Mannings, the two Crandals, Messrs. T. H. Chipman, Ansley, Towner, Potter, and others; most of whom, for many years, and some until quite recently, occupied positions of great influence, and distinguished usefulness in the Baptist churches founded by

*My friend who has so kindly aided me in the preparation of these introductory remarks has given, in the above paragraph, the generally accepted account of Mr. Alline, and his evangelical work in these Provinces. Enlarged references to this good and useful man will be found in subsequent pages. To some it may seem as though there existed a great discrepancy between Mr. N.'s views and my own; as though his estimate of Mr. Alline were more favourable than mine. It should be remembered, however, that, within the compass of an introduction like this, it was impossible for him to give other than broad and general representations. And again, if I mistake not, my friend's phraseology, carefully considered, will be found to agree, in tendency and result, with the more ample statements supplied by myself. J. D.

themselves, and of which they became the first pastors.

The whole of these churches, as far as we can ascertain, were at first formed upon open communion principles, being composed indifferently of Baptists, Congregationalists, or others of acknowledged Christian character; which organization continued undisturbed for a while even after the subject of believers' baptism, in its relation to the structure of Christian churches, had come to be agitated among them. This whole question of believers' baptism, so vital to the purity, and holy discipline of the church, first attracted the serious consideration of some of the brethren mentioned above about the close of the last century. Of course it became the occasion of prolonged and anxious discussion, and naturally produced a certain amount of alienation and division among the brethren. The Rev. Edward Manning, pastor of the Cornwallis church, was, we think, the first of the above named ministers who was baptized; although he continued for years after his baptism to preside over his people as a mixed communion body. At length, however, he became convinced of the inconsistency and unscripturalness of such a course, by which the very

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meaning and intention of the ordinance of baptism, so distinctly marked out in the divine word, were perverted, and in fact reduced to a mere nullity. Most of the other pastors to whom we have referred soon came to follow in the steps of Mr. Manning ; being baptized, as he had been, yet maintaining for a while their relation, as he also had done, to open communion churches : and it was not until the year 1807 that most of the churches then under the care of these brethren, and united in Association, adopted the strictly Scriptural rule of admitting to their communion none but avowedly baptized believers.

The first Association of Baptist churches in these Provinces was formed at Granville, June 23, 1800, and included Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick; which, until a then recent period, had still made part of this Province, and was under one government with it. It may not be considered inappropriate here, as introductory to an enlarged account of the life and ministry of the subject of this work, to furnish a very brief sketch of the origin of some of these churches.

We have already alluded to the state of society in the Western and Southern parts of

Nova Scotia, as settled by emigrants from New England. Cumberland County was first settled, to any considerable extent, by emigrants from Yorkshire, England; but a still more important accession to the general population of that County was made at the close of the American Revolutionary war, by the Loyalists who had taken part in that great struggle. Lunenburg was colonized by emigrants from some of the central principalities of Germany. Numerous bodies from the Scottish Highlands, who set themselves down in the Counties of Pictou and Antigonishe, together with the native French Acadians, discharged soldiers, and stragglers of various nationalities, made up the population of this Province at the end of the last century, and the beginning of the present. Such was the composition of society in those days. Hence arose a sad degree of apathy and inactivity in regard to the important subject of education; as a community made up of such miscellaneous materials was but little likely to coalesce and co-operate in regard to that, or any other matter: least of all in regard to matters of religion. With the exception of what had resulted from the labours of Henry Aline, and the commencement of a Gospel ministry by some

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English Wesleyans, little had as yet been effected for the dissemination of the vital truths of Christianity. The larger sections of the Protestant churches still abode in a state of spiritual torpor and indifference; and the preaching of the Gospel as a means of regenerating grace was still wont to be met with secret contempt, or open opposition. Thus the Gospel labourers of these times were often called to verify the predictions of their Master, while they encountered hate and persecution from those for whose salvation they were ready to suffer all things.

The Rev. Edward Manning, as already intimated, was the first of the New Light preachers to assert and maintain the doctrine of believers' baptism. Like most of our early ministers, he was a self-taught man. He also resembled them in his general views of divine truth, which were of a highly Calvinistic cast, though free from the supralapsarianism of Dr. Gill's school of theology. The sovereignty of Jehovah, and the freeness of his grace, were the topics on which Mr. Manning and his brethren most delighted to dwell; while heaven added its blessing to their exhibition and enforcement. Yet they by no means limited their ministrations to these topics. They were wholly agreed in re-

gard to *all* the grand essentials of the Gospel. Especially they placed before their hearers vivid and affecting views of the nature, the power, and the prevalence of sin. Besides these, their close and fervent appeals to the conscience, their clear proclamation of the fulness and sufficiency of the atonement, with its adaptation to man's deep spiritual wants, constituted features in their ministry which gave it, in its early stages, a peculiar novelty and force. And so it came to pass, by the blessing of God, that, deficient as they were in the departments of secular learning, their word found its way to the hearts of great numbers of those who waited upon it; and the language of Paul received many a fresh illustration,—“God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; . . . and things which are not to bring to nought things which are.”

Mr. Manning, on the organization of his church on the basis of believers' baptism, was deserted by most of his former flock. In describing this occasion to the writer, many years afterwards, he stated, that there were but five individuals who joined the new church. “But then, brother,” he added, “although the foundation had few stones, they were not *pebbles*

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stones." Indeed a church under his ministry, notwithstanding the deep fount of human sympathy which dwelt in his nature, and the large allowance he was accustomed to make for human frailty, was not likely to be composed of other than genuine believers.

The Rev. T. S. Harding, the Boanerges of our early churches, was a man of a very different cast of character from E. Manning, but not less fervent or successful than he as a minister of Christ. He was a native of Barrington. His outset as a preacher was among the Methodists; but having become convinced of the necessity of Scripture baptism, and changed some of his views on doctrinal points, he cast in his lot with the people among whom, for so many years, he was "a burning and a shining light." His history is perhaps better known than that of almost any of our aged ministers beside, most of whom he survived. He was an eloquent and highly popular minister, and probably did more missionary work in all three of our Provinces than any other of the band of brethren to which he pertained.* The churches in the Township

* The fathers T. S. Harding and E. Manning would sometimes itinerate together; as they once did on Prince Edward Island, where they are still remembered with great esteem and affection. A friend, on Mr. Harding's return from one of these brotherly

of Horton bear lasting testimony to his zeal for God, and the large amount of usefulness which accompanied his ministry.

That excellent old saint, Joseph Dimock, was one of the earliest who bore the glad tidings of salvation through our Provinces. In him mercy and peace may truly be said to have been joined together. And although in his preaching he omitted none of the severer truths of God's Word, his character and his ministry were peculiarly and strongly marked by the same spirit of intense and tender love for the souls of men which brought his Divine Master from heaven to redeem a perishing world. Like most of his companions in the Gospel warfare, he was continued in the full exercise of his faculties and his ministry to an advanced age, and at last fell "like as a shock of corn cometh in its season."

Without disparagement to the worth and labours of others, the brethren last named, with the Rev. Harris Harding, may be considered as more especially prominent in sowing the first seeds of Gospel truth throughout these Provinces.

tours, was asking him about the respective administrations of himself and his fellow-labourer. His reply was at once characteristic, and, as I am informed, highly discriminative. "As to brother Manning," he remarked, "he preached *God*, while I preached *Christ*." J. D.

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We might, with great justice and propriety, continue our observations upon the characters and merits of all whom we have named, as faithful and zealous missionaries of the Gospel, and founders of the respective churches to which they ministered. Our limits, however, do not permit us to extend our statements much farther.

In the early stages of Baptist history in these Provinces, our ministers necessarily and largely combined the several characters of the pastor, the evangelist, and the missionary; and for the earnest and efficient discharge of their duties in each of these capacities, they were all of them entitled, without exception, to high commendation. We would add here the following indications as to the exact localities in which several of these laboured as pastors; some of them having been previously supplied, and others not before given. Edward Manning presided over the church in Cornwallis; Theodore S. Harding in Horton; Harris Harding in Yarmouth; Thomas H. Chipman in Wilmot; Joseph Dimock in Chester; Thomas Ansley in Annapolis; James Manning in Granville; Enoch Towner in Digby; Israel Potter in Clements; while the two Crandals, Joseph and

Peter, exercised their ministry chiefly in New Brunswick.

In recalling the names of brethren honoured of God in the early evangelization of this Province, we must not fail to refer to two men who, though not born among us, laboured diligently for our good, and became both prominent and useful. One of these was the Rev. John Burton. Englishman as he was, outspoken and sincere, with a heart, moreover, glowing with Christian love, his earnest appeals from the pulpit, his pure and holy walk in daily life, bore striking testimony to his character and his calling, and made deep impressions on all who knew and heard him. His efforts were limited, for the most part, to Halifax and its vicinity, where his memory is still held in honour among all classes of the community as that of a friend of the poor and neglected; especially of the poor and neglected negro.

James Munro, a native of Scotland, was the other of these men. He may be regarded as the father of our denomination as existing in the County of Colchester. He was called to maintain a prolonged and arduous contest against prejudice and misrepresentation. He is long since taken to his reward. But "he

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being dead yet speaketh." And his closely argumentative discourse, his vigorous faith, and warm zeal continue to this day to yield "the peaceable fruit of righteousness."

Another, and, we may say, the last of the early heralds of the cross in Nova Scotia, though engaging in the ministry at a much later period than many whose names we have here commemorated, has just entered into his rest, at the ripe age of fourscore years and ten. We refer to the Rev. George Dimock of Newport, whose decease occurred on the thirtieth of September last. He was a younger brother of Joseph Dimock, and a man of the like faith and zeal with him. Though not eloquent, he was a sound and faithful preacher. His life was blameless and exemplary; and we may safely say, that no member of the community in which he dwelt ever left behind him stronger evidences of sincere piety, or commanded a higher respect for consistent Christian character.

We might enlarge indefinitely, and far beyond the bounds which the task assigned us necessarily prescribes, upon the peculiar gifts and adaptations of our early fathers in the ministry to the work appointed them. The two hundred and sixty-four Baptist churches in

Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, containing about twenty-five thousand communicants, supply cheering and unanswerable proof that that work was well and faithfully done. We feel satisfied that every reflecting Christian will see and acknowledge a divine hand in the results which have followed their ministry. A young and inexperienced man,—nay, a man, we may say, “unlearned and ignorant,” began, in dark times, to scatter among us, like the “grain of mustard-seed” in the parable, the first principles of Gospel truth. He was followed by a ministry but little skilled in “the wisdom of this world.” The whole has issued, by the blessing which cometh down from above, within the space of some seventy years, in the gathering and up-building, in all parts of these Provinces, of numerous churches, composed, as we honestly and devoutly believe, of multitudes of sincere and spiritual worshippers. So where there has been a “handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains, the fruit thereof” has come to “shake like Lebanon.”

There need but these few words in closing. It may well be a source of great satisfaction to the Baptists of these Provinces, that the pre-

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paration of the **Memoirs of the Rev. Harris Harding** has fallen into hands so well able to do justice to his eminent merits. The immediate successors of the fathers to whom we have referred in the course of our introductory pages, many of whom still labour in our churches with much acceptance and success, have inherited no small share of their zeal and devotedness; and we feel assured, that our youthful brethren now preparing for the ministry could scarcely obtain higher lessons of practical wisdom than such as are supplied by the pattern of the truly apostolic founders of the Baptist churches in these Provinces: nor could they better profit by these lessons than by aiming at the standard of useful knowledge, and vigorous piety at which they arrived. We might well wish, therefore, —nor can we renounce the hope that our wish may yet be realized,—that the lives and labours of others of these faithful servants of Christ were duly commemorated, as well as his whose memoirs are now for the first time published. Records and documents still exist among us, which in but a few years may be lost for ever. Much unwritten information, in regard to our early preachers, may be derived from many individuals who yet survive, which only requires

industry and judgment in order to its collection and use. Nor are we destitute of the ability necessary for the gathering, the sifting, and the employment of these materials. Thus we have the men for the work here indicated. The means are also at hand. Let but the men arise, and the means be appropriated, and the work will be done.

Halifax, Oct. 1865.

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PART I.

Early Life and Conversion.

MR. HARDING was born in Horton, Nova Scotia, Oct. 10, 1761. His parents, in his younger days, were destitute of personal religion. Hence his early religious advantages were small. Thus clearly was he born into the heavenly kingdom, "not of blood, . . . but of God."

While he was yet a child his parents transferred their residence to what was then the Province of Connecticut. We have the following characteristic anecdote of his boyhood. When about ten years of age, he was accustomed to visit some soldiers quartered in barracks near his father's house. The soldiers would hail "little Harris," as they called him. In the barrack-yard stood a high pole, probably a flagstaff. "Now Harris," the soldiers would say, "if you will climb that pole, and crow like a cock, we will pay you well for it." Up he would climb, and crow vigorously, to the great delight

of his audience; since, as soon as he began, all the chanticleers in the neighbourhood would answer him. Thus, in after life, did he lift his voice on high, till multitudes heard, and responded heartily, to the joy of saints, and angels, yea, of their glorious Lord.

During Mr. Harding's residence in Connecticut the revolutionary war broke out. In connection with the events of that period his native shrewdness received a striking illustration. He was employed by the insurgent colonists in conveying goods by sea from New York to Boston; a service which he performed with signal success. Once, when intrusted with a large sum of money, to be delivered at a point in New England, he was exposed to serious danger. The cash, in specie, was concealed in the ballast of the vessel. Together with it a letter was placed in Mr. Harding's hands, addressed to the parties to whom it was consigned. In case of the vessel being boarded by the British, he was instructed to drop this letter into the sea; retaining his hold of it, however, as long as possible. The British did board the vessel. Now came the moment of special responsibility; and faithfully was it met. Just at the right instant the letter, unperceived, was dropped over the side of the vessel. The treasure was not discovered; and our adventurer had the satisfaction of bearing it in safety to its destination. Mr. Harding was now about nineteen years of age.

Somewhere near this time, on suspicion of being a spy in the insurgent service, Mr. Harding was arrested,

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conveyed as a prisoner on board a British man-of-war, and detained for some weeks. But at length he was restored to liberty. What a providence! Suspicion might have ripened into conviction. What then? One thinks of Major Andre, and shudders. Had our young man been dealt with as the major was, how different at once his own history, thus terribly terminated, and that of Nova Scotia as bound up with his!

In the year 1783, when twenty-two years of age, Mr. Harding returned to Horton, where his father had received a grant of land from the British government. And, notwithstanding his employment as above described, he bore back with him a loyal heart. During the whole of his subsequent life he was distinguished for his attachment to our mother country. And although his lot was ultimately cast where smuggling was scarcely counted as a sin, he ever scrupulously abstained from participation therein. He was always careful to "render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's." It were greatly for the honour of religion, if all its professors imitated his example in this respect.

Up to this period Mr. Harding was a stranger to experimental religion. It is not known that he had fallen into gross sin. But he was famous for his love of fun and frolic. He could tell a capital story, produce an excellent imitation, and throw off sparks of wit and humour. Of course he was a favourite, especially with the young and thoughtless. It was all of mercy that he did not sport himself into perdition. He was now in far greater

danger of endless ruin than he had heretofore been of temporal death when in the hands of the British. Yet all this time he had his religious habits and feelings. In Connecticut he had heard a certain Daniel Miner, under whose preaching he had received many a solemn, though transient impression. On his return to Nova Scotia he attended upon New Light administrations, and heard Messrs. Handly Chipman, Payzant, and others of the same school.* But all without immediate effect. He was of the class so strikingly pictured by James:—"If any be a hearer of the word, and not a doer, he is like a man beholding his natural face in a glass: for he beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was."

But this was not to go on for ever. He who had loved this man from eternity at length wrought out his own gracious purposes in time. For nearly two years, on Mr. Harding's return to Nova Scotia, he kept school in Cornwallis. While thus engaged he was brought under the power of the Gospel. He was invited to visit a pious uncle, a deacon of a church in Cornwallis. At first he was unwilling to go, but at last set out on his little excursion. Jogging along on horseback, the great question arose, "Where is happiness?" Our inquirer soon reached his conclusions. "Happiness was *not* in

* He never fell in with Henry Alline. Mr. Alline sailed from Windsor, on his New England tour, in August 1783. In February 1784 he died, in New Hampshire. And thus, though still alive when Mr. Harding returned to Nova Scotia, the two never met; though the one was destined to become in some respects the successor of the other.

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the world." Young as he was, he had pretty thoroughly tried the world, and had learnt with Solomon, that "all is vanity." "Happiness was nowhere but in Jesus. He would seek Jesus then. He would not rest until he had found him. He would *die* seeking him, rather than give up his search." Blessed, heaven-born resolution! leading back to the heaven whence it came. Thus resolved, Mr. Harding reached his uncle's house, told him that very night of the exercises through which he had just passed, and experienced great comfort while his relative pleaded for him before God.

Yet it was long before our inquirer reached his goal. For weeks and months, like Bunyan's pilgrim, he was bowed beneath the burden of conviction. He deeply felt that he needed a Saviour, was earnestly set upon discovering him, but knew not how to apprehend him. At this crisis he paid a visit to the paternal home. A sister of his, who survived him for a little while, Mrs. Peck, late of Ohio, U. S., writes thus respecting his history at this period. "I remember he begged my dear parents,—my mother had not at that time experienced a change of heart,—to seek their souls' salvation. He would pray and converse on that all-important subject, and would not converse on any other. I have been told," she adds, "that in his school all the copies for his pupils were such as these,—'Lord, save me!—I am going to eternity!'" Already the spirit of the evangelist had begun to work within him. "He was much taken up with the Methodists at this time," Mrs. Peck again writes, "and would bring the preachers home with him,

and have sermons preached at our house. I remember he took pains to print a very solemn hymn on the judgment for us children, which I can still recollect."

Concerning his intercourse with the Methodists at this time, Mr. Harding used to make some such statement as is here given, coupling it with the name of the Rev. Freeborn Garretson, who then began to visit Cornwallis. From him and others our inquirer heard much about strenuous effort in seeking the Lord. "Men must do their part, and God would do his." He seems thus to have been led to occupy Pharisaical ground. We will not say, that this was wholly the fault of his teachers. It might be, indeed, that their instructions were couched in doubtful terms, suited rather to nourish a self-righteous spirit than to repress it. But certain it is, that they gave occasion to the self-righteous tendencies of Mr. Harding's nature, and induced him to *work hard* for salvation instead of *believing heartily* for it. He prayed twelve times a day. He fasted every Friday. He thought, and others thought so too, and told him so, that he was on the high road to conversion. Yet he attained not to what he sought. He could not rise to his own standard of moral excellence. He could not always compass his daily round of devotion. He continually broke his most solemn vows. And so he was plunged into despair. He feared he never should find his way into the heavenly kingdom. Moreover, deep as were his convictions, he was concerned because they did not seem so deep as those of some others. He afterwards thought, that, in the midst of these varied exercises, he had realized the

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great regenerating process—renewed, but not comforted; and imputed his want of enjoyment to clouded views as to the one only ground of a sinner's acceptance with Jehovah.* Substituting, in effect, repentance for faith, and seeking to gather hope from the depths of his own sorrows rather than from the depths of the sorrows of Christ, he was, as he used to express it, "troubled because he was not troubled, and mourned because he did not mourn." And thus he went heavily for many days.

But at last came his season of deliverance—the bright morning after the long, gloomy night. Moving one forenoon towards his school, he seemed all at once to obtain a view of Jesus. He discovered his error in endeavouring to derive consolation from his own bosom. He saw at length that, as his own works could not save him, so neither could his own experiences comfort him. Severely did he reproach himself, because he had been so blind to this before. There and then he gave himself to the Saviour, just as he was, to be saved "freely by his grace," and by that grace alone. Thus he found peace in believing, and "went on his way rejoicing." Scarcely ever, towards the end of his course, did he speak in public without referring to this grand crisis in his experience. "Oh!" he would exclaim, with many tears, "I know the very spot in Cornwallis where I first beheld

* We are here once more reminded of Bunyan's pilgrim; who passes through the strait gate, and begins his heavenward journey, before he reaches the little eminence where hangs the crucified One, at sight of whom he loses his burden.

Jesus. I could go to it now. And how clearly did I see my Lord! I wondered that I had never seen him before. I called myself a fool for my blindness. And I could not contain myself for joy that I had found him at last." So would he pour out his glad remembrance of the day of his spiritual espousals. He seems to have borne his extacy to his schoolhouse. To this very day we must refer the following account, as farther supplied by Mrs. Peck, in her letter before quoted. "Joy and love transported his soul. He forgot the children of his charge. Eternal glory was all before him, and he stood bathed in a flood of tears. His countenance was so altered, that the children gathered around him, they likewise in tears, and thought him dying. Truly there he began to live. When he came to his recollection he thought, by the sun on the window, that he must have been standing on one spot nearly an hour."

After this, with many alternations of faith and doubt, and hope and fear, Mr. Harding went on in his course, until he obtained more Scriptural views of salvation by grace, through faith; and that faith itself the gift of God. There he settled down; and there he abode to the end of his days.

The following letter, from Mr. Harding's own pen, relates to the period of his life now under review, and includes a reference also to those public engagements to which he soon after found himself summoned.

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TO JAMES M'CLANAN, HORTON.

“ Shelburn, Aug. 27, 1791.

“ Dear brother M'Lanan,—

“ How do you seem to be in your mind? Can you openly confess before men, that Jesus has bought you with his own blood? I hope before this you feel the Spirit of God almost continually crying, ‘Abba! Father!’ O my brother! that Christ who made the wilderness to blossom around you is still your great reward. Ah! he it is that sends his angel before me wherever I go, and enables me to declare his deeds among the people. When I first came to Horton, my dear brother, my soul was in darkness, and in the shadow of death. But Jesus beheld me when a great way off. All heaven bowed with love to my soul. He met me in the way to destruction with arms extended, and told me he had appeared to me for this purpose, to make me a witness for his name unto the Gentiles, to whom he has since sent me. Then was a time of love indeed. His dear children received me with open arms; and told me that Jesus who had appeared to me in the way had chosen me as one to feed his sheep and lambs. And oh! I can tell you, my dear M'Lanan, I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision; and though earth and hell are engaged against me, yet through the help of God I am more and more determined to spend my last breath in his cause.

“ H. HARDING.”

Thus was Mr. Harding brought to the Saviour; and thus did he receive the indispensable qualification for his grand life-work. We pause here, while we throw out these following reflections.

Mr. Harding's conversion stands out in his history with peculiar distinctness, and is accompanied by some striking peculiarities. He was not born into the heavenly kingdom without a prolonged struggle; which we are enabled to trace in its beginning, in its progress, and to its auspicious termination. So it was with Paul, with Luther, and with many a one beside, whose story is not published abroad like theirs. Is there not a design in this on the part of God? "That . . . which we have seen with our eyes," says John, "which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled of the Word of life,—that which we have seen and heard declare we unto you." His expressions here have doubtless their literal aspects; as though the apostle would assure us, on the evidence of his own senses, of the truth of his testimony in regard to Christ, the Living Word. Yet there is much more than this in his language. We return to it, and read on:—"That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us: and truly *our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ.*" Thus the apostle's peculiar and precious experience did not terminate in the outward, but penetrated to the inward; introducing him personally into the intimate and blessed fellowship of which he here speaks. And even there it did not find its final end. The welfare of others was concerned in all this;—"that *ye also may have fellowship with us.*" Have we not here the key to the divine dealings with the men to whom we have referred as above, at the opening of their religious career? God led them to himself, and led them by methods so strikingly peculiar, that they might thus be

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fitted to lead men, smitten and perplexed as they were themselves, to the heavenly fellowship whereunto *they* had attained. This was no mean part of their training for the eminent usefulness by which they were ultimately distinguished; apart from which training, we may safely say, that usefulness would not have been realized. Thus was it, doubtless, with Harris Harding. By his early religious experiences was he fitted for his destined sphere, and for the work which he wrought in that sphere. Three things God did for Paul, to which Mr. Harding alludes in his letter as given above. He first "separated him from his mother's womb"—set him apart for his work from his birth, or even *before* it; as in the case of Jeremiah, ch. i. 5. Then he "called him by his grace." And then he "revealed his Son in him." These things he thus wrought for the apostle, "that he might preach" that Son "among the heathen." He fulfilled his high commission; with what results it is well known. On account of all which men "glorified God in him." So it was, in his narrower sphere, with the subject of these pages. And it is that men may "glorify God" in *him* also, as they did in Paul, that this memorial has been prepared.

One word more here—a word of caution. Mr. Harding was too much disposed to measure the experience of other Christians by his own. At least he would often so express himself as to convey an impression of this kind, though his better judgment would scarcely approve of all that he thus uttered. The mistake to which we here refer is but too prevalent. It

seems desirable therefore to observe, that, in examining ourselves as to the grand question, "Am I a child of God, or am I not?" none need ask, Have I been brought to Christ as such a one was? the true inquiry being rather this, Have I, *no matter in what way*, been led to the Saviour? And this point is to be settled, not by a comparison of experiences merely; but far more, and chiefly, by a reference to results. Do I believe, and feel, and *live* like a Christian? Do I enter into the spirit of Peter, when he exclaimed, "Lord! thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee?" Enough. I need ask no more. All the rest is circumstantial, and that only. Varieties here need not distress me. Rather they set off the beauty and glory of that religion which can work its effects amid external diversities of every kind. They illustrate the analogies, while they are conformed to them, both of likeness and of unlikeness, which obtain throughout the universe of God. And they prepare us for the fellowship of that world, where each shall find his dwelling around the throne of the one God and Saviour, and partake of the same common felicities; while yet each will rehearse a different story, and sing his own peculiar song, to Him who hath brought him in his own methods to behold his glory, and to celebrate his praise.

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PART II.

Call to the Ministry, and Early Labours.

It has been seen, that, as soon as spiritual realities began to lay hold of Mr. Harding's mind, even before he had tasted the joys of salvation, he began to labour for the best interests of others, commencing with his nearest relatives. Often, too, at this period, he would find himself, when alone, taking a text and preaching, as though addressing a congregation. Yet suddenly would he be checked by the thought, that himself was not converted; and what then was *he* about, dreaming of doing good to others? When, however, he had come to entertain a "good hope through grace," he set to work for God and souls in earnest. Abandoning his occupation as a teacher, he went from meeting to meeting, among Methodists or New Lights, as the case might be, exhorting sinners to turn to the Lord. Thus he proceeded for some two years, though not adventuring upon any thing like a sermon. At length he took courage to attempt this likewise. That is, he would prefix a passage of Scripture to his discourse. Still he

would not engage to keep within the limits of his text; and, indeed, always more of an exhorter than a sermonizer, he never thought of doing so at any time: nay, he deemed it in some sort a sin even to aim at this;—it was a restraining of the Spirit, whom he was bound to follow whithersoever he might conduct him. Thus, as just stated, Mr. Harding, while led to devote himself to the ministry of the Gospel of the Son of God, was fairly launched on the career of his life.

If the subject of our memoir had entered upon his religious course in these more orderly times, his biographer would have had to tell, first, of his union with a Christian church, and then of his regular introduction into the work of the ministry. But as it is, there is little of this kind to be placed on record. Mr. Harding's parents were Episcopalians, and he had doubtless received episcopal baptism in unconscious infancy. But there is no reason to think, that he ever consorted with the Episcopalian body. When he came under the saving power of the Gospel, he seems to have thought only of following his impulses; and those impulses do not appear to have led him into the communion of any organized body of professing Christians. And by impulses also was he led to consecrate himself to the preaching of the Gospel. There existed in his case the essential qualifications for the work of the ministry, as specified by Paul in writing to Timothy. He "desired the work;" and he was "apt to teach." Thus, without the imposition of the hands of bishops, presbyters, or elders, he was in the true line of apostolic succession. The *desire* he felt burning

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within. His *aptness to teach* was attested by those who heard him, and wished to hear him again. There can be no doubt, however, that he himself attached much more weight to the former of these qualifications than to the latter. "Has *the Lord* called you?—Has the Lord *sent* you to be a minister?—If he has, you will be blessed. If not, you will do no good." Thus would he catechize his ministering brethren, with peculiar reference to an urgent, irrepressible movement of the inner man, wrought by the Spirit of God, towards their exalted office. And this inward call he regarded as constituting his own special warrant for becoming a herald of the Gospel.

He was right in the main. Yet it should seem as though he fell into an error here, similar to that into which he fell, as before noted, in relation to Christian experience. He judged of other ministers too much by his own standard; and if they could not tell a tale like his own as to their introduction to their work, he would doubt of their right to be found in that work. As God must change a man's heart before he can become a Christian, so he must move upon a man's heart to desire the work of the ministry before he can become a minister. Yet, as in the one case, so in the other, there are "differences of administrations," while there is "the same Lord." One man may be more powerfully impelled, and another more gently drawn. One man may be more willing of himself, and another require more of an outward pressure. Yet each may be alike called of God; and each, as in the case of the private Christian,

is to be judged of more by fruits and results than by the peculiarities of internal experience. In fact, in regard to the work of the ministry, there are demanded, for the most part, a combination and concurrence of influences and circumstances to supply a man with a warrant for engaging therein. This is not, and, in ordinary cases, never can be a matter of mere impulse and impression. And he who would here escape the errors and mischiefs of fanaticism, must look, not within only, but without, and in an upward direction. Within, indeed, as Mr. Harding looked, to mark the tendencies of his own spirit; but without also, to take note of providential indications; and heavenward, for guidance from above. Thus, and thus only, may he hope to discover the path of duty—the path chosen for him by the Head of the church, and in the pursuit of which he may expect his presence, and rejoice in his benediction.

We may be pardoned if we should here seem to repeat ourselves. Every good man has his call to try to do good to others. It was not, apparently, to the apostles alone that our Lord addressed his great Gospel commission, but to the "five hundred brethren" as well, who were gathered together with them on that mountain in Galilee. To that commission the disciples gave their own practical interpretation, when, upon "the persecution which arose about Stephen," they "went everywhere preaching the Gospel." That is, as the term literally signifies, they *evangelized*;* all of them; the private disciples by private methods, as well as the more

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official ones in their official capacity, labouring for the diffusion of the glorious Gospel. Thus every Christian, in every age, has his call, as intimated above, to work for his Lord, as these primitive disciples did. Still it must not be forgotten, that the call of a man to give himself to the work of the ministry, properly so designated, involves something more than this general call to efforts of evangelical usefulness. Paul, as we have seen, suggests the elements which go to make up that call. Mr. Harding's error here, and indeed the error of the times in which he entered upon his work, consisted in the laying an undue stress upon his *inward* call, to the neglect of the outward and providential indications which, as we think, concur to complete a man's warrant to engage in the ministry of the Gospel. That error, we apprehend, is not yet quite exploded in these Provinces. Wherefore the remarks here offered will not have been introduced in vain if they lead any who may be looking towards the ministry to ponder and pray over their *whole* case ere they commit themselves to decisive steps: neither rashly adventuring where they have not been commissioned, as Moses, when he slew the Egyptian; nor hanging back with an undue diffidence, like that same Moses, when all things were ripe for his enterprize, and Jehovah, from the burning bush, summoned him to its execution.

When Mr. Harding had begun to exhort and preach, he laboured, for some two years, principally within the limits of King's and Hants Counties, N. S. Sometimes, however, he crossed their boundaries. At this period

he visited Chester, Port Medway, Liverpool, and other places on the Eastern shore of Nova Scotia. On one occasion, at least, if not oftener, he was compelled to travel, in the absence of roads, from Windsor Forks to Chester, in Indian fashion, by the help of blazed trees; content to journey, as Dr. Cramp has it, "by the high road, the cross road, or through the forest, where there was no road at all." * He thought but little of his early attempts to do good, and was much afraid of leading his hearers into error; and yet were his labours owned of God, and often issued in the conversion of precious souls. By and by he found himself strongly moved to visit Cumberland and Colchester Counties; a district then commonly known by the name of Cobequid. The people there were chiefly Scotch Presbyterians, and loyalists, refugees from the United States; more remarkable for a regard to the doctrines and forms of religion than for an experience of its inward power. Henry Alline had been there in the year 1782, and had met with only a cold reception, but seemed to have accomplished some good. † Now, after an interval of only three or four years, Mr. Harding proposed to tread in his steps. His friends, remembering how Mr. Alline had fared, strongly dissuaded him from his enterprize;

* Sermon on "The Memory of the Fathers." Henry Alline tells how, on one occasion, from Annapolis to Granville, he travelled forty miles on snow-shoes. Nor was Mr. Harding unacquainted with this mode of travelling. Indeed for a long time he kept by him a pair of snow-shoes, which he was accustomed to exhibit to his friends as memorials of the evangelical toils of his early days.

† Appendix A.

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but "his Master had called him to go to Cobequid," and he had nothing to do but obey.

We come here to some of those early adventures on which Mr. Harding ever loved to dwell. They illustrate the good man's views of ministerial duty. They shew, moreover, how God did indeed guide and bless the labours of his servants in the times which we here endeavour to recall. Nay, might not the Head of the church, more than we, in our dread of fanaticism, may be prepared to admit, sometimes even awaken the impulses on which his servants in those times were wont to act? And, as in apostolic days, he granted to his servants, in addition to the more ordinary indications of his will, signs from heaven, so, in these later times, when these more ordinary indications may be less abundant, may he not sometimes supplement them, by means of these very impulses? albeit sober people in sober times may be led to regard them with undue suspicion. Which suggestions may fitly introduce the narrative to which we now proceed.

On his way to Cumberland, Mr. Harding found himself at the house of a Mr. Loring De Wolf, of Windsor, N. S., a good man given to shew hospitality to the friends of religion. A vessel lay at the wharf, bound directly to Cumberland, owned by a captain residing in that country, wealthy, influential, good-natured, but still an unrenewed man. To this man, known to Mr. De Wolf, and under obligations to him, that gentleman consigned Mr. Harding; desiring him "to entertain him as

he would himself." With only a pistareen in his pocket, and with no provision for his voyage, "without purse or scrip," our young evangelist embarked one evening, on his way to a strange country, where he knew not that he should find any one to receive him. The master of the vessel too in which he was about to sail was a rough, hard man, not likely to have any kind feelings towards a "New Light preacher." The vessel dropped down from Windsor with the tide. In the morning it touched at Horton, and took on board a Mrs. B., mother-in-law of the gentleman to whose care Mr. Harding had been commended. This lady knew nothing of vital religion, hated the New Lights, and, as an Episcopalian, could not be expected to be cordial towards Mr. Harding, a sort of renegade from her church. The poor man's case looked dark enough. But the God of Elijah took care of him. Nine o'clock came. No breakfast. Our adventurer trod the deck unnoted. Just then Mrs. B. politely invited him to partake with her, desiring him also to ask a blessing on their food; and so, to the close of the voyage, prolonged through several days, continued kindly and respectfully to supply his wants. Mr. Harding accepted these little incidents as good omens, and hopeful precursors of the experiences which lay before him.

Arrived at his destination, Mr. Harding found a warm friend in the captain to whom Mr. De Wolf had referred him. Without loss of time he entered on his work; visiting from house to house, ascertaining the religious condition of the people, and inviting them to hear him preach. Like Mr. Aline, he met with much opposition.

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He seems also to have awakened something like fear; as the people, observing his approach, would sometimes desert their houses rather than encounter him. So we read of certain Gadarenes, who came to Jesus, and "besought him that he would depart out of their coasts." Our evangelist nevertheless held on his way. He had full faith in his mission, and successfully accomplished it. His experience on the way to Cobequid, as above rehearsed, had confirmed his convictions as to the path of duty, and brightened his anticipations in regard to results. The God who fed Elijah by ravens, and then sent him to the widow of Zarephath for his farther support, conducted him also to Carmel, and crowned him with victory in the sight of Ahab, and of all Israel.* The like co-operation of providence and grace we seem to mark here. Some members of the family of the captain, Mr. Harding's host, were among the first fruits of his labours. The captain himself subsequently obtained hope in Christ, and lived a Christian life to the end of his days; and many of his descendants yet tread in the footsteps of his piety. Soon after Mr. Harding had commenced his course here, about fourteen individuals were formed into a society, upon the model of Mr. Alline's societies; in which, without reference to baptism, persons professing to have been regenerated were joined together, to get good, and to do good. It was a loose kind of organization, with scarcely a shadow of church order.† Mr. Harding revisited the same scenes at later periods, and good, much good was wrought from time to time. Indeed in this neighbourhood, as will be

* See 1 Kings xvii. xviii.

† Appendix B.

distinctly noticed hereafter, he at length received ordination. A basis was laid, in connection with these things, for the ultimate formation of Baptist churches in Onslow, Truro, and elsewhere. It was about the year 1785 that the visit above described took place. In the year 1800 the late Theodore S. Harding was led into the same vicinity, and administered the ordinance of believers' baptism for the first time in those parts; reaping thus where Harris Harding had sowed. Down to the present period the Baptists maintain their standing there, and the Lord works with them.

We introduce here the following letter, for the sake of the interesting illustrations which it supplies, in many ways, of the statements above presented.

TO MR. HARDING.

“ Onslow, June 13, 1846.

“ Dear father in the Gospel,—

“ I take the opportunity to send you a few lines, by way of shewing you my respect; as I hold myself indebted to you as one of the heralds of the Gospel, sent here to warn sinners to flee from the wrath to come. Of these I call myself the chief; as I in some measure persecuted the cause of Christ, and would have hurled myself down to eternal ruin, had not the Spirit of divine mercy prevented; and now I am nothing less than a sinner saved by grace!

‘ O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!’

“ Dear father, I often view you walking up and down North River doing your Master's business, while the enemies of

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religion were scoffing, and insulting you as you travelled along. But, dear brother, you have gained the prize. Many that then mocked are now enjoying the sweets of love to God and man. It would gladden your heart to come into one of our communions, and see such a host of believers around the table of the Lord, all arisen from your beginning in Onslow. No doubt it would cause your soul to rejoice now in the former scenes of your labour, to think of what you passed through fifty-five years ago in Onslow. I was in hopes, when I heard you were in Halifax this summer, you would have paid us a visit; but old age must bring on infirmities.

“I should have gone to the Association; but my health would not permit, nor the health of my partner. I want to see the old ministers of the cross once more in the land of the living. But if I cannot, I must say to you, and all,—Fight on. The crown will soon be given. Paul says, I have fought the good fight of faith. I have finished my course; and henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of glory, which the righteous Judge will place upon my head. O blessed consolation! for those who have on the armour of salvation, who are shod with the preparation of the Gospel of truth, who are marching against the enemies of the cross with the sword of the Spirit.

* * * *

“Your loving brother in the best of bonds,

“JAMES LINTON.”

From Onslow Mr. Harding proceeded to Amherst, Sackville, N. B., and the parts adjoining. Here also the Lord seems to have blessed his labours, although he formed no society. Mr. Alline had been in the same neighbourhood not very long before, and had consti-

tuted a society of at least seventy persons. The Methodists also existed in those parts in considerable numbers; and indeed it seems to have been from their ranks that Mr. Aline had largely, if not wholly, drawn his adherents. Mr. Harding's visit, under these circumstances, might easily result in the quickening of societies already in being rather than in the gathering of new ones. This whole excursion appears to have occupied our evangelist some three or four months.

There occurred an incident, in connection with these movements, which Mr. Harding was wont to recount with great glee. It took place in the court-house at Amherst. While our young and earnest preacher was busy about his work, a special Presbyterian meeting was held in the immediate vicinity of the scene of his labours. It has already been hinted, that the Presbyterians of that day were by no means remarkable for their evangelical zeal. An erratic genius like Harris Harding would naturally be eyed by them, and particularly by their ministers, with suspicion, if not dislike; and had they been able to put him down, they would have judged that they were doing God service. Mr. Harding's youth and inexperience seemed to invite the attempt, and it was made. A court of some sort, more or less formal, a Presbyterian church court, was constituted, in which Presbyterian ministers sustained a leading part. Mr. Harding was summoned to appear before it. He did not decline the summons. He was closely examined. His credentials were urgently demanded. What could the poor youth say to these gentlemen, "potent,

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grave, and reverend signiors" as they were? He was not even a member of a regularly organized church. He was neither an ordained minister, nor a licentiate. He had no documents of any kind to produce. The letter written by Mr. Loring De Wolf to his friend, the Cumberland captain, was his best recommendation; but it is not likely that he once thought of that. Yet by the aid of his faith and his shrewdness, he triumphantly passed his ordeal. He deliberately rehearsed before his examiners the second chapter of Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians. This chapter, he always held, contained his credentials; and on the occasion to which we here refer he boldly avowed his conviction, that the God who had called Paul to his work had also called him to his. From this ground he could not be driven; and the solemn affair not only proved a failure, but degenerated into something like a farce. Among the spectators of these proceedings was an Irish Roman Catholic lawyer. He had a little family. There was just then in those parts a lack of priestly aid. But this man had a theory of his own in regard to the baptism of children. He considered it as more of a personal matter than an affair of the church. It was all-important that babes should receive the regenerating rite. But where a priest was not to be obtained, it might be administered by any one without prejudice to its salutary efficacy. Influenced by these views, he had applied to the Presbyterian ministers to "baptize" his children. But alas! he had no part in the "covenant," and his offspring were not entitled to its "seals." The ministers therefore had refused his request. This aggrieved him, and he lay in wait for

revenge. The opportunity now offered, and he gladly improved it. The controversy between Mr. Harding and the ministers had begun to flag, when our lawyer opened upon the latter. He taunted them with their unsuccessful assault upon the "stripling," as he styled Mr. Harding; who, he said, had "completely confounded and silenced them." He advised them for the future to "attend to their proper duties, and let the New Lights alone; since even this youth had proved more than a match for their collective wisdom and knowledge." He added, "that if, as they contended, their system was Scriptural, their whole practice was wrong." The force of spite, and the enrichments of the brogue doubtless contributed to give effect to this burst of sarcasm. The sanhedrim was baffled, and the fame and usefulness of their intended victim were greatly enhanced.

Soon after the visit noticed as above, we find Mr. Harding at Liverpool, N. S. Here, for several years, he spent much of his time; and here at length he married. The following letters describe some of the meetings at Liverpool.

TO DORCAS PRENTICE, HORTON.

"Shelburn, Aug. 21, 1791.

"My dear sister,—

"If you knew how much your letter engaged my soul for the sake of our dear Lord, you would soon write again. There is not a day, for some time past, but my soul has been engaged with you in Zion. O my sister! many times, while I have been declaring our Father's Gospel, since I came away

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from you, he enabled me to put whole burnt-offerings upon his blessed altar, and accepted the works of my unworthy hands in his cause. It would have done your soul good to have been at some of our meetings at Liverpool. Some of the dear children of God crying out, 'This is the Gospel that brought salvation to my soul under Henry Alline.' Others at times dropt their old forms, caught the mantle, and smote the waters, crying out in the assembly with a loud voice, 'Where is the Lord God of Elijah?' Dear sister Gorham you would have thought sometimes would have gone off to glory in a chariot of fire. But I had some sore trials there too with the dear children of God; who were more united, however, before I came away. Dear sister, I hardly know that I am writing. It seems to me as if I was conversing with you face to face, as I used to when we were sitting together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. My dear sister, go and sit down by my dear, dear grandparents, if they be with you, and tell them the joyful news, 'The Bridegroom is coming!'

"Always yours in Christ,

"H. HARDING."

TO MRS. EDWARD DE WOLF, HORTON.

"Liverpool, July 9, 1792.

"Dear sister in the Lord Jesus,—

"I know you want to know how the Lord's cause prospers, and how he deals with my soul. The Christians in Chester seemed to awake, and sinners were moved in some degree. I found God with me almost every time I spoke. I stayed but a few days; and then, in the name of my Master. I think I can say, I set out for Liverpool, with high expectations of seeing the place filled with the glorious presence of God. While the vessel was sailing up the harbour, I was so

overcome with a sense of the Gospel, that I could hardly walk the deck. As soon as we came to the wharf, a woman whom I had known to be on a false hope before, came running all in tears, telling what a glorious work there was among the people. Seeing her former spirit so much animated with, and rejoicing in it, it began to raise some disagreeable fears in my mind; and as the people were then gathering for a meeting, I soon had an opportunity of declaring my Master's message to a large assembly. I think that I had not spoke but a few minutes before numbers rejoiced, and cried so loud that my voice could not be heard. And while most of the old Christians stood by wondering, or silently weeping and looking on, these professed young converts were some of them shouting for joy. Others in such distress seemingly for sinners, that one or two would be employed holding them: whilst others again would seem so overcome by redeeming love as to be almost motionless, as if their breath was gone. I soon found my dear Lord had something else for me to do in Liverpool, than to speak peace and rejoice with every one; and after I insisted on their saying Shibboleth! before they passed over, some were immediately offended; others without trouble quitted their religion, and turned to the world. I think there are six or seven, among near thirty who professed, that are savingly converted. The Lord burns up all sometimes, when we meet.

“Dear sister, I have often been with you rejoicing in the Gospel since I left. I am, your servant and brother in the dying Lamb,

“H. HARDING.”

Why do we introduce these letters? To illustrate the working of the New Light element at Liverpool at the period of which they speak. Henry Alline had laboured

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much in that place, and inoculated the people with many of his peculiarities. It is worth remarking, however, that Mr. Harding seems to have derived little satisfaction from some of the results of the excited scenes which he describes. We meet with intimations of the like kind in connection with other portions of his history.*

From 1790 to 1797 Mr. Harding laboured principally in Liverpool, Yarmouth, and intervening places. He seems to have paid his first visit to Yarmouth in 1790. His engagements at Shelburn deserve particular notice. They afford some striking illustrations of the difficulties with which the good men of that time were called to contend in their efforts to bring sinners to Christ.

Shelburn, at the period to which we now refer, was a very different kind of place from what it now is. It was once in contemplation to make it the seat of government for the Province of Nova Scotia; and in 1790 must have worn something of the air of a city, while also the taint of city vices was evidently upon it. It then contained some eight or ten thousand inhabitants. These were a strangely mixed multitude. There were Friends from Nantucket, who had settled there before the American Revolution; and disbanded military men, who had resorted thither at the close of the revolutionary war. Wealthy planters likewise were found there, and merchants, who had made sacrifices for their British

* See Appendix for more distinct notices of Mr. Alline and his peculiarities.

loyalty. Soldiers also of His Majesty's garrison were there, and sailors of the royal navy; with not a few of the negro race. It had its printing-offices too. But besides these, it had its theatres, and its holds of dissipation and debauchery in their most revolting forms. It seems to have been one of the "seats of Satan," and to have possessed few attractions for good men, save such as might appeal to their zeal for God, and their compassion for souls.

To this place, such as it has been described, the steps of Mr. Harding were turned, first of all, about the autumn of 1791. There were some there who had known him in New York, and intrusted him with affairs of difficulty and danger. It does not appear, however, that he received kindness from any of these. Nay, one of them, for a small debt, actually arrested him. Still he found friends and supporters. There was a Mr. Taylor, for instance, a farmer and shoemaker, wealthy and prosperous. This man knew the truth, and loved it. He provided a place for Mr. Harding's administrations. But the people generally "knew not the time of their visitation." A storm of opposition rather was excited. Thus Mr. Harding writes:—"Many attend our meetings in this place at different times, with great opposition." And again:—"I am now in one of the darkest places in the Province. There is no appearance of reformation, unless it is in their unspeakable opposition against the everlasting Gospel." And yet again, and more at length, in a letter dated "Shelburn, Aug. 25, 1791.—Last night, while I was crying, 'Behold the

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Bridegroom cometh!' to an assembly in this place, numbers gathered about the door. Their countenances spoke their opposition to the Gospel. They railed and raged in a fearful manner; till at last a young man espoused the cause, as he thought, with carnal weapons. Several joined him, and the riot and darkness increased powerfully. The people of the meeting, after separating them, [the combatants,] shut the doors. They still continued making a disturbance. So I gave out dear Mr. Alline's 'Young Man's Song,'* dismissed the meeting, and went peaceably home. Satan's kingdom being disturbed, and the Holy Ghost giving me some utterance in speaking, are the only signs I see of Christ's kingdom coming among these strangers." †

This opposition never gave way so far as to give Mr. Harding unrestricted access to the people of Shelburn. Nor, glancing at causes in addition to those arising from human depravity, need this occasion much surprise. All classes of the population, Quakers and people of colour excepted, were such as were likely to cleave closely to the Church of England. Indeed there were in Shelburn, at the time of which we here speak, two Episcopalian churches, each of them furnished with its own ministry. Now British Episcopalianism, like every other religious system sustained by law, tends to exclusiveness and formalism; and that in colonies as well as in the countries from which they spring. He who would assault a system like this where it holds strong possession, or, without directly assaulting it, would win its adherents to the

* Appendix C.

† Appendix D.

adoption of a spiritual, vital Christianity, has need of great wisdom, and great patience, as well as piety, zeal, and prayerfulness. And as to Nova Scotia New Lightism, its novelties, eccentricities, and energetic utterances are in full antagonism with all that English Episcopalianism, especially such as it was some seventy-five years ago, has been wont to accept as religion. Hence, we say, none need be surprised at Mr. Harding's want of success at Shelburn. The place was too much like an old English town, with its habits, and prejudices, and religious notions, to afford him a full, fair, and candid hearing. And as yet this same Shelburn, we are assured, continues to present, in matters of religion, many of its former characteristics. Its masses are long since gone; but the old leaven is still discernible in the fragmentary population. They have the forms of religion, no doubt; but it is to be feared with little of its power. Good people too are interspersed among them; but it is at rare intervals; while the many seem to be sadly devoted to vanity. Nor are they much more tolerant now than heretofore towards innovators in religion, or those esteemed to be such; and Baptists especially, to this day, are regarded with even more than the ordinary share of dislike and aversion. The present moral aspect of the place thus reflects its former one, and serves to illustrate the experiences of our evangelist as here recounted.

Mr. Harding's labours even here, however, like those of Paul at Athens, were not wholly lost. The coloured population gladly gathered around him. They had a church, with a minister, a dark-skinned brother, and a

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very good man, whose name was David George. In writing from Shelburn Mr. Harding says, "David's church appears at times like a woman clothed with the sun." In another letter he gives the following account of a meeting held by David's people:—"Yesterday morning I attended David's meeting; where, as soon as I came, I found about twenty or thirty made white in the blood of the Lamb, singing 'Hosanna to the Son of David!' Several of them were frequently obliged to stop and rejoice. Soon after David began in prayer; but was so overcome with joy, he likewise was obliged to stop, and turned to me with many tears, like brooks running down his cheeks, desiring me to call upon that worthy name that was like ointment poured down upon the assembly. My soul was upon Mount Zion, and I saw whoever worked righteousness was accepted by Him!" This was not a model meeting for a Saxon congregation, especially in our own quiet times. Still it shews, that there was life among these simple-hearted Africans. Mr. Taylor, above mentioned, ultimately built a meeting-house for the accommodation of these brethren; who seem to have been Baptists, with a large infusion,—how should it have been otherwise?—of the New Light element. In that place of worship a negro was brought to God by means of rM. Harding's ministry. Late in life the poor African met with Mr. Harding, whom he had not seen for forty years, and with joy and gratitude rehearsed the story of his conversion,—a story probably heard then for the first time,—to him who had begotten him in the Gospel. How many such stories have greeted his spirit in heaven!

On the whole, in Shelburn, in the times of which we here write, as is common in the dispensations of heaven, the mighty, the noble were not called, nor sent to call others. Humble David George appears to have been the thing of naught, labouring for the good of those whom the world counted as naught, but honoured by God as a builder in his temple. And now he, and the subject of these sketches, together with many of the objects of their holy and loving solicitude, are they not before the throne, hymning their hallelujahs to God and the Lamb? Surely Christ loses not his purchase, and his messengers toil not in vain, "though Israel be not gathered," and too many cast contempt upon the proposals of his mercy.

About the period now under review Mr. Harding found his way to Barrington. Little is remembered of his visits to this place. There were godly people here, however, in those days, in co-operation with whom some foundation was laid for religious organizations now existing. Mr. Harding was always well received here, and loved at fitting seasons to resort hither. In connection with Barrington the venerable name of Theodore S. Harding suggests itself. It was his birth-place. Here, under the ministry of Henry Alline, in the year 1781, he was first awakened; although his impressions finally ripened into conversion through the instrumentality of Freeborn Garretson, heretofore mentioned. A season of declension followed, which at length was broken up by the preaching of Harris Harding, and Joseph Dimock. Thenceforth Theodore Harding appears to have pressed

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on in his course without "looking back," until he became that "burning and shining light" into which he kindled ere his rays were quenched in "the valley of the shadow of death." To God would we devoutly and heartily ascribe all the good wrought among men. Yet is it both pleasing and useful to trace the agency by which he works; especially when we see how the mind of one eminent man is brought to bear beneficially upon the mind of another, and the graces of the one are made to stir up and inflame the graces of the other. So Barnabas and Paul were made mutual blessings; and Harris Harding effectually aroused Theodore, first to seek higher things for himself, and then to aim at imparting enlarged good to others.*

Argyle was also visited by Mr. Harding about this time. The following story is told in regard to one of his journies as now undertaken. Leaving Barrington on his way to Argyle, a young man, belonging to the French Catholic population in those parts, accompanied Mr. Harding as his guide through the woods. As they moved on, our evangelist conversed with him about the great things of the Gospel. The young man wept freely, though he said but little; and on parting declined compensation for his services. It appeared that, some years before, Mr. Alline had been at the house of this man's father, seeking aid in his journeyings. Himself was then a youth, sixteen or seventeen years of age, sick, and in great mental distress. Mr. Alline had obtained permission to pray with him. His prayer told upon the

* Appendix E.

hearts of the poor Catholics, and especially upon the heart of the afflicted youth; who thenceforth began to recover. The mother ever after maintained, that Mr. Alline was certainly a good man; "for his prayer for her Joseph had saved his life." The youth himself, thus spared, conducted himself thenceforward in an exemplary manner; and at last died, as it was thought, though he never formally abandoned the Romish communion, "looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life." Who shall say that this man was not one of the Lord's "hidden ones"—in Babylon, but not of her? And had not Mr. Alline and Mr. Harding, both of them, their work and reward at once, while thus "drawing the bow at a venture," and "sowing beside all waters?"

As of Barrington, so of Argyle, little is to be said of Mr. Harding's labours there. At the latter place, however, as at the former, he found some who were ready to receive him in the Lord. Among these was a Mr. Moulton, a Baptist minister from New England, who seems subsequently to have laboured at Horton with considerable success. He resided and laboured for a while also in Yarmouth, and administered the ordinance of believers' baptism for the first time in Yarmouth County. At Argyle also was a Mr. Frost, a worthy Congregational brother, a man of property, a magistrate, and a preacher. Then there was a Mr. Spinney, "deacon Spinney," ancestor of a race of Spinneys still residing at Argyle. These aided Mr. Harding in his labours. Great good resulted from those labours at the

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time. And now, in Argyle, a Baptist church maintains its existence; which owes its rise, its nurture, and much of its present character to the ministry of Mr. Harding, as commenced at this period, and renewed from time to time to the end of his days.

Moving still Westward, Mr. Harding reached Tusket. Here he was opposed and annoyed by "certain lewd fellows of the baser sort." But a Mr. Lent, afterwards "Judge Lent," gave him his countenance; and his person was protected, while his labours were not seriously interrupted. To the ridicule of these "lewd fellows," however, we are indebted for an idea of Mr. Harding's personal appearance at this time, which must have been in strong contrast with the portliness of his later days. The following hints occur, in letters written near this time. "I expect my work will soon be over. I fail, and bleed at my lungs.—My voice is almost gone, as it appears; but as long as I can whisper one word, I'll declare His salvation." Thus he came to Tusket, thin, pale, and shadowy. This stimulated the wit of his Tusket persecutors; and outside of the building in which Mr. Harding preached, immediately at the back of his standing-place, they wrote with chalk, in magnified letters, the words, "NEW LIGHT GHOST!" displaying at once their malice and their impotency. But as to Mr. Harding, as in many like cases, his work was not so near its end as he imagined. God warned him of his innate weakness, and then girded him for that prolonged career of usefulness which yet lay before him. A Baptist church is now found at Tusket; which, as with the

church at Argyle, is greatly indebted, in many ways, to the labours of Mr. Harding.

Our narrative has thus led us to the borders of Yarmouth, Mr. Harding's home and sphere for so many years, and now the repository of his remains. Coming pages will conduct us into that sphere, and lead us to contemplate his labours, his trials, and his successes there.*

* Appendix F.

§ 1. SPIRIT

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PART III.

Approaches to Yarmouth.

§ 1. SPIRITUAL CONDITION OF YARMOUTH IN FORMER YEARS.

BEFORE we can clearly understand Mr. Harding's work at Yarmouth, or the results of that work, we must obtain some idea of the field in which he wrought.

Yarmouth, as it now exists,—we refer here to the town of Yarmouth,—is a considerable place, of some five or six thousand inhabitants, stretching, for about three miles, along the shores of its harbour. It is almost at the South-western extremity of the Province of Nova Scotia. It was known, in Henry Alline's day, and for some time afterward, as Cape Orsue, or Cape Forsue, properly Cape *Fourchu*, the Forked Cape, from the peculiar form of the headland to the West of its harbour. It was not then the centre and focus of business, such as it has now become. Nor was the name of Yarmouth then appropriated to it as it now is; that name describing the township of Yarmouth rather than any village.

This district of country began to be settled about 1761, from New England, and chiefly from Massachussets. Those who thus settled it brought with them the religion of New England. And what was that religion? An answer to this question will help us to an idea of the spiritual condition of Yarmouth when Mr. Harding paid his first visit to the neighbourhood.

The religion of New England, then, above a hundred years ago, and before the days of Edwards and Whitefield, was a species of frozen Congregationalism—a Congregationalism moulded out of elements sadly destructive of the life and power of godliness. We will explain a little. The Puritan fathers, who colonized New England, brought with them high theocratic notions, as they have been termed. Under the Mosaic economy, a true and rightful theocracy, God was the direct Ruler of his people, both in church and state. Every circumcised Israelite was a member both of the one and the other; and none were entitled to the immunities of the state who were not members of the church. Such was the Jewish system; and the Puritan fathers undertook to copy it. None but church-members could hold office in the commonwealths which they founded, nor even vote at their elections. At the same time these fathers were strict in the admission of members; requiring distinct evidence of a change of heart on the part of those whom they received to their communion. Nay, they would not administer baptism, as they deemed it, except to the children of church-members. The parents, like the uncircumcised nations of old, were not in the covenant,

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and could not claim its seals for their offspring. Hence arose dissatisfaction—discussion—modification. In a synod, held in 1662, it was decided, that “persons baptized in infancy, ‘understanding the doctrine of faith, and publicly professing their assent thereunto; not scandalous in life, and solemnly owning the covenant before the church, wherein they give up themselves and their children to the Lord, and subject themselves to the government of Christ in the church, their children are to be baptized;’ though the parent thus owning the covenant was avowedly yet unregenerate, and as such excluded from the Lord’s Supper.”* This was soon followed by farther innovation. It was pleaded, “that sanctification is not a necessary qualification to partaking of the Lord’s Supper.” The plea was admitted; and baptism for the children of unconverted parents, and church-fellowship for the unregenerate became common in New England. Of course, church-discipline disappeared. Unconverted men could not be kept out of the ministry. The requirements of personal piety were overlooked, forgotten, practically set aside. Heart-religion, indeed, was not annihilated. There still were godly people, and godly ministers. But their religion was overlaid by a lifeless formalism—discouraged and discountenanced as unnecessary and fanatical. The orthodoxy of better days was succeeded by an unevangelical though unacknowledged Arminianism. A foundation was thus laid for that superstructure of Unitari-

* From Tracy’s “Great Awakening,” an excellent American work on “the Revival of Religion in the Time of Edwards and Whitefield.”

anism which in later days brought deep eclipse upon all evangelical truth in Massachusetts, and whose darkening and withering influence is not yet passed away. And a state of things arose, both in the church and the world, which loudly called for a reform; for the effecting of which God graciously raised up the distinguished men above named, with many others, whose works shall ever live, and whose praise shall never die.*

We return to Western Nova Scotia. The immigration thither from New England, referred to as above, commenced before the American Revolution. To such immigration that event gave a new impulse. The settlers brought with them a British loyalty; but with that many of their New England peculiarities, including, as already intimated, the religion of that region. Its confession was orthodox; its general form Congregational; its discipline careless; its results, coldness in piety, and looseness in practice.

* So much for the workings of the subtle and far-reaching error of infant-baptism. The theory and practice of believers' baptism never did originate, and never could have originated a state of things such as is described in the text. And indeed it may be truly affirmed, that, whatever evils may spring up among Baptists, their correction is far easier than that of such as may arise among Pedobaptist bodies. They are mercifully rid of one sad fallacy. And they have among them precious Scriptural principles,—principles closely interwoven with their peculiar tenets,—which only need to be called into action to purge out the false and pernicious, and to introduce and nourish the true and beneficial.

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On Sep. 2, 1767, a Congregational church was formed in the village of Yarmouth. Every one of its constituent members, except two from the North of Ireland, were from New England. In their covenant, intended to be "used at the admission of members into the church," there occurs the following passage:—"And you will herewith labour to obtain that further preparation which is needful for the due approach to God in all his ordinance, and will (God helping you,) come up to your duty herein." Added to this is the following note:—"This last sentence is omitted when the person is then to be admitted to full communion with the church." Here, plainly, is the "half-way covenant" of New England—the outer court provision for an unregenerate Christianity.*

About the same time with the above, another Congregational church was formed, at Chebogue, some three miles from the village of Yarmouth, and then the centre of business for the district. Here, it is believed, the half-way covenant was not adopted. This church still exists, as a worthy and useful body of Christians. The Rev. Jonathan Scott became pastor of this church, not long after its formation. He was a good man, and loved and preached the Gospel. He distinguished himself by his determined opposition to Henry Alline. Mr. Alline, indeed, was the thorn in Mr. Scott's side. His movements, with their consequences, at the end of a ten

* The church thus constituted has long since disappeared. The Congregational church now existing at Yarmouth is constituted upon a more Scriptural basis.

years' struggle, drove Mr. Scott from Chebogue. Mr. Scott appears to have been little fitted to meet the exigencies of the times which came upon him. He had about him a march and a majesty, exacting a tribute of universal reverence. These characteristics are deeply impressed upon some writings which he left behind him. So of the religion by which he was surrounded. It was formal, staid, stately, but by no means aggressive. It did not go out among the people, and "compel them to come in." Thus both Mr. Scott and his friends were unprepared to withstand the irruptions of Mr. Alline, and of those who came after him, Mr. Harding included. Their guerilla warfare was too much for the heavy arms, and the regulated movements to which Mr. Scott and his adherents had been trained.

The two churches mentioned above probably comprised all the vital religion existing in and around Yarmouth at the period to which we here refer. Besides these there was an Episcopalian body, with the old unevangelical stamp, and anti-evangelical influence. There were also Catholics, with the common characteristics of anti-Christ in all ages. Upon the former Mr. Harding made but little impression, while the latter he scarcely touched. It needs not, therefore, that we should here speak of them more particularly.

We have referred to Mr. Alline, and to some others, as labouring in and around Yarmouth previous to Mr. Harding's first visits there. We must add a few remarks about them and their work, and especially about

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Mr. Alline and his influence. Mr. Alline is regarded by many as the Whitefield of Nova Scotia. And certain it is, that his labours were largely owned by God to the breaking up of the hard formalism which, previous to his day, had too much characterized the religion of the Province. He had his vagaries. He was more fitted for *destruction* than *construction*—to pull down than to build up. Perhaps even he did not go to heaven too soon;* cut off though he was in the midst of his days. And yet there was about him one peculiarity which eminently fitted him to disturb the slumbers of a lethargic generation, and to arouse both church and world to gaze upon Gospel realities, and confess their power. His religion, the religion for which he lived and died, was pre-eminently the religion of feeling. His writings are all a-glow with feeling. In vain you search them for distinct enunciations of doctrine; but the indications of deep and ardent feeling present themselves everywhere. Thus he mourned over mens' insensibility to the interests of the soul, and tried to alarm them into feeling. Then he would exhibit the greatness and glory of Christ,—his melting pity, his bleeding love, his delight and his power to save; in all making his appeal to feeling. His views of regeneration ran in the same direction. What was regeneration? It was to have Christ formed in the heart—Christ *in* the saints the hope of glory. A Saviour unfelt was a Saviour unknown. Here, therefore, lay the measure of a man's religion, as well as its evidence,—in the depth and intensity of his feeling—his enjoyment of a present and inward Saviour.

* Appendix G.

Here also was the source of the Christian's daily joys and sorrows:—he found his Lord at home and was glad; or he had withdrawn, and left behind him darkness and distress. Here, in the inculcation of sentiments like these, and their exemplification in his own experience, lay Mr. Alline's power. It was out of the track of the religious teachers of his day. It involved so much of truth. It was enforced, too, with so much affection and earnestness. And above all, it was recommended by the preacher's own disinterestedness and self-abandonment. He profoundly felt what he diligently taught. He left all, therefore, for Christ, and endured all; and all with an elevated cheerfulness and joy. His coadjutors were men of the like mind with himself. And so it came to pass, that wherever he and they went, old organizations were destroyed, while new ones were brought into existence; and provision was thus made for the gradual demolition of ancient spiritual fabrics, and the ultimate development of a better state of things. There was much that was painful in all this; much that it were hard to justify. Yet this was the method that God took for disturbing the reign of a dead and deadening spiritual system, and leading men back to a living experience of the spirit and power of the Gospel. It happened in Nova Scotia as in New England. First, there was torpor. Then the shock of newly discovered truth. Then agitation and alarm. Then separation, with dislike and heart-burnings. Then a rushing into extremes, on this side, and on that. Then reconsideration. The whole resulting in the restored recognition of the vital elements of the Gospel, with a return to the decency and order of Gospel institutions.

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Henry Alline was employēd by God in the production of the carrier of these processes. We have to do with the later. Our fathers in the ministry, now just passed away, beheld something of *all* these processes, and bore intimate relations to them. The reader will judge how far the hints here supplied conduce to a correct understanding of the past, or a right estimate of the present.

We have spoken generally of Henry Alline and his work. It is necessary to notice his visits to Yarmouth. They were three, all of them brief, as his visits usually were. The first extended from the 18th to the 26th of October, 1781; the second from the 7th to the 19th of February, 1782; and the third from the 5th to the 17th of October in the same year. Mr. Alline writes thus in his Journal, dating Oct. 18, 1781. "When I got to Cape Orsue [Yarmouth village], I found the people very dark, and most of them opposers to the power of religion. The minister also at Chebogue came out, and raged very high. Nevertheless there were doors opened to me; and I preached often while I was there, and some were awakened. The minister raged so to my face, that I was obliged to tell him, that allowing I was ever so wrong, and was going to destruction, it was certain he was wrong; for he had discovered a murdering spirit in that rage and wrangling, which I told him was far from the spirit and ways of Jesus: and at last his passion was so high, that he left the house. When he was gone his deacon, at whose house I was, was so convinced, that he told me his house was open for me at any time." Feb. 7, 1782, Mr. Alline

says again, "I...travelled...to Chebogue, where was a bitter opposition, and many opposers; especially the minister, whose religion would very easily suffer him to get in a passion, and call me *impudent fellow*; which caused me to tell him, that he shewed what kingdom he belonged to by his rage and malice. I preached in Chebogue, and Cape Orsue some days; and there appeared an awakening among many; and some that had stood off and scoffed began to hear. Some of them opened their doors for me to preach at their houses. But there were still a number of scoffers, especially at Cape Orsue. The Lord forgive them, and open their eyes, before the day is over, and they eternally gone! I remained preaching every day, and discoursed much, for I had many come to see me, until the 19th, when I bid them farewell." With reference to his third visit to Yarmouth, Mr. Alline thus writes:—"I set out in company with brother Chipman, a servant of Christ, to go to Cape Orsue.When we came to the settlements, we preached every day, and saw a work of God among the people there." Thus far Mr. Alline. We obtain the following information respecting the results of his visits from a record drawn up by Mr. Harding, given at large elsewhere. "In 1788,"* says Mr. Harding, "Mr. Henry Alline, that successful servant of Christ, visited this place, and I think ten or twelve professed faith in Christ under his ministry: and others who have since been brought to own and put on Christ dated their first awakenings under his labours. Dear brother

* A mistake. The true dates of Mr. Alline's several visits to Yarmouth are given above.

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Chipman," proceeds Mr. Harding, "who travelled with Mr. Alline, and hath visited them several times since, has been owned of God in the conversion of souls, and in feeding, strengthening, and building of the disciples in their most holy faith." Mr. Alline's visits, from the beginning, issued in secessions from Mr. Scott's people, and the establishment of separate worship; although a New Light church does not appear to have been formed in Yarmouth before Mr. Harding's first visit in 1790.

It is clear from the above, that Mr. Alline's labours opened the way for Mr. Harding's career in Yarmouth; of which, however, more hereafter. Meanwhile we proceed to perform an act of simple justice. Mr. Alline, as we have seen, complains heavily of Mr. Scott, Now Mr. Scott himself, in a work against Mr. Alline, enables us to modify his testimony. Mr. Alline informs us, for instance, that Mr. Scott "came out, and raged very high—he...discovered a murdering spirit—he called me *impudent fellow*." All that is here charged upon Mr. Scott seems to have occurred in private. It appears, from Mr. Scott's testimony, that he did not "come out" at all, in the sense of attending any of Mr. Alline's meetings. That gentleman *spoke* out rather than "came out." In certain private conferences, which he particularly describes, the good man was much excited. We give his own words:—"I gave him [Mr. A.] some sharp *rebukes*, which I thought he might justly deserve, and received from him such replies as I need not mention; which gave occasion for my telling him, that *his impudence had fitted him for his work*;

which was the severest words that ever I gave him: which assertions are so true, and uttered upon such good evidence, that I dare not recall the truth asserted in them, though I cannot say that they were so well ordered as to place and circumstances as to be justifiable; and I think the contrary." All this appears to confirm Mr. Alline's representations. Yet it may not be supposed, that Mr. Scott forgot himself so far as Mr. Alline's language would imply; nor that Mr. Alline himself, in his intercourse with Mr. Scott, presented a model of Christian meekness. No doubt high words were exchanged; and if Mr. Scott said hard things to Mr. Alline, they were provoked and met by Mr. Alline's severities. And indeed a calm view of the case would seem to make Mr. Scott's indignation quite natural, if not wholly to excuse it. There he was, labouring with great disinterestedness, working his farm, and receiving from his people only a small measure of support. There he was, with age, education, position, reputation, piety, orthodoxy, influence, and a degree of usefulness on his side. Here is Mr. Alline, a young man, who had been ranging the Province for years; breaking up old churches, and erecting new societies out of their fragments; uttering some great truths, yet mingling with them strange errors, and revolting absurdities; professing to be under a peculiar, if not an exclusive guidance of the Spirit of God; and colouring all with the appearance of extraordinary godliness, love, and zeal. Such was the aspect worn by Mr. Alline towards Mr. Scott. Is it wonderful that, when the one obtruded himself, as the other judged, into his sphere, and there

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went to work, asking no man's leave, and regarding no man's feelings, that the latter should find himself aggrieved, and set himself, as best he might, to neutralize the influence of the former?—or that, taking this course, he should lose his balance somewhat, and give occasion to statements such as Mr. Aline has made? Let any minister put himself in Mr. Scott's place, and so judge of the good man's conduct. Our zeal should not absorb our candour; and while we may fitly regard Mr. Aline as an agent raised up by our Great Head to do a good work in Nova Scotia, we must not therefore deem him faultless, nor render the meed of unqualified praise to all that he did while engaged in that work.*

We are now prepared to accompany Mr. Harding in his entrance upon the principal scene of his labours and usefulness; only adding some facts furnished by Mr. Scott, shewing the great spiritual necessities of Western Nova Scotia at the period in which Mr. Aline entered upon his labours, and so not long before the days of Mr. Harding.

“Many, if not the greatest part of the towns and settlements in this land,” says Mr. Scott, “have no ministers to teach or instruct them; and a number of small settlements and villages never had any settled Gospel minister, or constant teaching in the things of religion, since this land was inhabited by the English. At this time [1784], to the Southward and Eastward of Yarmouth, there is not a minister of the Gospel nigher than Liverpool, which is about a hundred miles distant

* Appendix H.

from us; where the Rev. Mr. Cheever yet resides, but was soon dismissed from his pastoral relation to the people there, after our author [Mr. Alline] visited them first, in the year 1781.* . . . So there is not a settled minister of the Gospel nearer to us on the Eastward than Lunenburgh, which I judge to be not short of a hundred and thirty miles at least. And to the Northward and Eastward of us there is none nearer than Annapolis County, where the Rev. Mr. Morse is settled over a church and congregation; which is, I judge, about eighty miles distance from Yarmouth. . . . In Annapolis County also resides a missionary of the Established Church of our nation."

§ 2. MR. HARDING'S FIRST VISITS TO YARMOUTH.

MR. HARDING kept no journal. He wrote few letters. His labours from year to year, and from one season of revival to another, were marked by but few varieties. The recollections of survivors are but vague and indistinct. Hence it is difficult to collect such details as might give life and character to our pages, and impart to strangers, and those who shall come after us definite conceptions as to Mr. Harding's labours, with their results. Still the attempt must be made, with such materials as are now accessible. We trust it may not prove wholly unsuccessful.

* Of this man Mr. Alline thus speaks in his Journal:—"The minister, whom they had tried often to get removed on account of his hard drinking, . . . desired a dismissal. . . . The people embraced the opportunity, and gave him his dismissal."

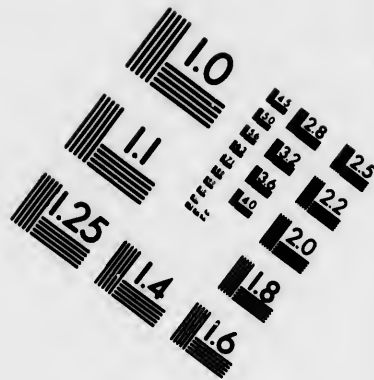
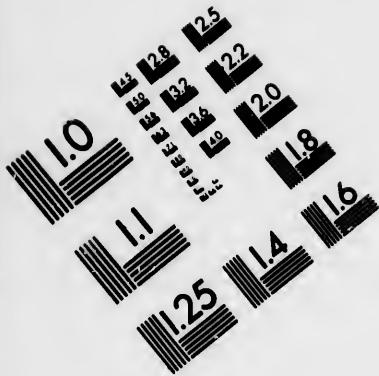
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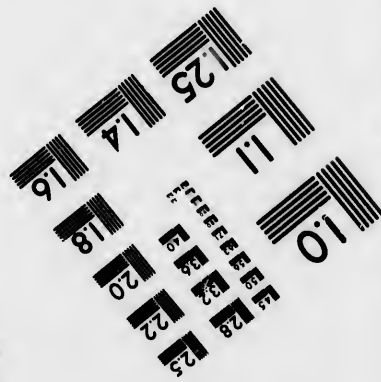
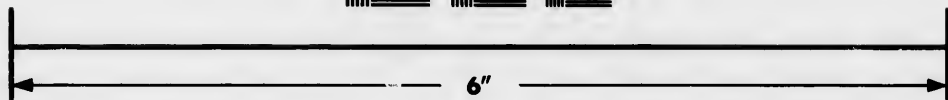
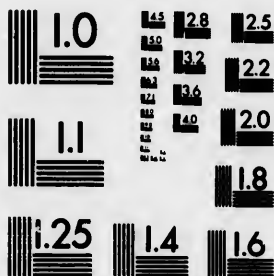
Mr. Harding himself speaks of his first visit to Yarmouth as having been made in 1790. Then we have letters dated from Yarmouth in 1791 and 1792; in some of which he speaks of himself as having been summoned to officiate at a funeral, and expecting to remain but for a short time. From 1792 to 1797 we have no traces of him in the immediate vicinity of Yarmouth. In 1790 and 1793 we have letters dated from Onslow. In a historical sketch of the rise of the Baptist interest at Yarmouth, to which we have heretofore referred, Mr. Harding glances at his ordination. In this section, and a succeeding one, a few facts relating to the points and periods here indicated will occupy our attention.

Mr. Harding approached Yarmouth at first with great fear and trembling. He knew not then how closely the spiritual destinies of that neighbourhood, and indeed of all Western Nova Scotia, were to be subsequently intertwined with his own career. But had he known, his emotions could scarcely have been more appropriate or affecting. It was by forty days' temptation in the wilderness that our blessed Lord was fitted to enter upon the grand work of his life. Luther, taught by deep experience, somewhere says, that there are three things which go to make a minister,—prayer, study, and temptation. It is by temptation, as hinted elsewhere, that our heavenly Father goes about to instruct his ministers at once in their weakness and their strength, in their danger and their security; that he may withhold them from presumption, on the one hand, and from despondency on the other, and train them to walk “in the *midst*





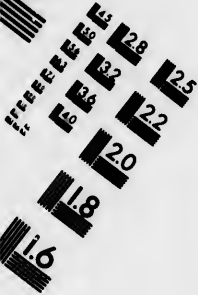
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of the paths of judgment." So was it, as we learn from his Journal, with Mr. Alline; and so with the subject of these pages. Thus, therefore, he expresses himself, in a letter addressed to his father's family about this time. "Oh! what should I now do," says he, "if I had run without being sent, when the malice of devils, and all the powers of hell are combined with wicked men against me? But that God who sends Gabriel sends me also to speak to the people of these shores 'all the words of this life.' Yes! He who spoke me into being by the word of his power, and called me by his grace to be made a 'partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light,' even He is now my refuge and hope. To Him be all the glory! Amen!"

We may here fitly introduce the record, supplied by his own pen, of a characteristic dream which in these days visited our evangelist. We find it in the historical sketch heretofore mentioned. "In 1790," we there read, "it pleased God to send the writer in his name, as I trust, to this dear people. I would not wish to be influenced by dreams, or vain impulses; yet I had a dream about this time which much affected, and made a singular impression on my mind. I was at Horton, where I had enjoyed sweet privileges with God's people, and where I had seen many brought to Christ, my blessed Master, as well as at Cornwallis, Annapolis, Falmouth, &c. I dreamed I was on board a small sail-boat, with deacon Cleaveland, and a number of my dear Christian friends at Horton. Methought I stood upon the gunwale of the boat, having a spear in my hand.

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The sun shone with peculiar brightness. We were running before a pleasant breeze, at a little distance from a delightful shore. The water also was clear as crystal, and I could see the white and shining fishes at the bottom, while I was continually catching them with the spear. My friends, I thought, were sitting speaking of Christ's love to a fallen world, their cheeks bathed with tears, and apparently filled with peace and joy. I thought the deacon said to me, 'You catch every fish you strike.' I replied, 'I miss none.' Methought I fished until I had got the boat filled, and then had a delicious feast with my fellow-disciples. I awoke in a joyful frame. I visited Yarmouth soon after." He was going thither to fish for men. Did not the Head of the church thus minister to him an emblem and foretaste of his signal success there?

At first, however, he was called to encounter opposing influences at Yarmouth. As in Mr. Alline's case, he had no access to the regular places of worship. Still he found friends among those who had countenanced Mr. Alline, and Mr. T. H. Chipman. He began his course at Chebogue, preaching in the houses of Messrs. Rogers, Holmes, and Cain. He was scarcely received anywhere else for a while. By and by a Mrs. Strickland was discovered at Gegogan, West of Yarmouth village,—Chebogue lying to the South-east,—who was willing to open her house for Mr. Harding's ministrations. Then again other houses were successively offered for his accommodation. Not long after, Mr. Benjamin Brown, residing

in the village, received him into his house. And so the Lord set before him an open door.

All this time he was annoyed by adversaries. On one occasion dogs were set on him by people more dog-like than themselves. Good, quiet Congregationalists, who probably felt as if the privileges of their "standing order," speaking after the New England fashion, were in danger, roused themselves to unusual effort. They sent for two ministers from a distance, perhaps from the neighbouring States, to come and counteract Mr. Harding's influence. They came; and while our evangelist was at work around them, occupied a meeting-house in Yarmouth. But all to no purpose. Mr. Harding obtained a hold upon the people, which he never lost. A tide of influence then set in, which retains a commanding force to this day, and gives no sign of subsidence. But Mr. Harding shall speak for himself of these things. Thus he writes from Yarmouth, about two years from his first visit in 1790.

TO REV. JOSEPH DIMOCK.

"Yarmouth, Jan. 27, 1792.

"My dear brother,—

"There is some appearance of a reformation in this place. People flock in great numbers to hear the everlasting Gospel. Several seem moved by the Holy Ghost. Doors are almost everywhere opened for meetings, and prejudices are abundantly removed from peoples' minds. Often, and almost every time I speak, I feel the presence of my blessed Master. There is,

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I think, a little cloud, like the bleeding hand of Jesus, in this part of the vineyard. The Christians have been several times in the mount, and have spoke with a loud voice of His coming to them that look for redemption in Israel, so that I have stopped speaking once or twice. At Argyle I see the goings of God in his sanctuary. Mr. —, I think, is savingly born again; and I left several groaning for redemption, and some to appearance near the kingdom. O my brother! this I can truly say, is my meat and drink,—to declare the everlasting righteousness of Him in whom I am,

“Eternally yours,

“HARRIS HARDING.”

TO THOMAS BENNETT, HORTON.

“Yarmouth, April 6, 1792.”

“My dear brother in Christ,—

“I have seen glorious days since I left you. Truly the lines have fallen to me in pleasant places. Oh! the goodness of God to me, the chief of sinners! I passed over with my staff only to this people; and behold! I am, my dear brother, through free grace, become two bands. Never, I think, did I see the goings of my God in such a wonderful manner before. The young converts truly bear the image of their dying Lord in a heavenly manner. We have indeed, my brother, happy, happy meetings. The soul of your unworthy friend is a hundred-fold rewarded. Blessed be God for ever putting me into the ministry! O could I see you again, how would I tell you, my brother! what great things my dying Lord has revealed to me since I saw you last! Near fifty, in the last reformation, are savingly born again, and can lap with the tongue. Very few that have been awakened turn back again to the world. * * * *

“Adieu! adieu! adieu!

“HARRIS HARDING.”

TO REV. JOSEPH DIMOCK.

“Yarmouth, April 18, 1792.

“My dear brother in the Gospel,—

“Still, still Jesus is with me, and ‘the arms of my hands are made strong by the hand of the mighty God of Jacob.’ There are about twenty, my brother, from Cape Fortune [Yarmouth], that cry, ‘The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!’ Opposition daily falls before the Gospel. Oh! my brother! I have seen happy days, and sat in heavenly places with the young converts since I saw you. Several of them are very clear, and are indeed clothed with the Saviour. Deane, and his wife Betsy, and Nabby Brown, are in the everlasting Gospel. Yesterday a woman who lives at Salmon River, and never had seen or heard anything about conversion, till the Lord convicted and converted her, about five weeks ago, was at a meeting, truly sick of love, crying out repeatedly, ‘O for wings to fly to glory!’ and the young converts weeping for joy all around her, and falling on each others’ necks, and rejoicing.* O Josee! O Josee! my soul rejoices that ever I was called to point my poor fellow-mortals to behold the ancient plan of endless life, and declare the everlasting decree of Him who was crucified.

“Yours eternally,

“HARRIS HARDING.”

TO THOMAS BENNETT, HORTON.

“Argyle, April 21, 1792.

“My dear brother,—

“The blessings of Him who was separated from his brethren are poured in upon my soul from every quarter. And oh! that name, let my soul bear witness, that taught me

* Shewing their joy by utterances, or gestures, or by both.

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Israel's ancient road, has, by his eternal Spirit, pointed out the secrets of men's hearts of late in our assemblies, bowed stubborn wills, and caused rocky hearts to gush out streams of living water. Yes! my dear brother! sometimes the power of the Holy Ghost rests upon my soul, and I can stand, with one foot on Ebal, and the other on Gerizim, in the name of the Lord, and deliver eternal decrees and messages to saints and sinners. The kingdom of God still advances at Cape Forchu [Yarmouth]. I have great hopes for near thirty. I think, when tried at the waters, they will lap with the tongue. Some are swallowed up in glory in a wonderful manner. They have no idea, or historical knowledge of the Holy Ghost, until they have been brought through; for the most part very soon. Some have been brought upon their knees, crying for mercy and help, when the Lord Jesus brake unto their souls. When others in meeting were groaning for redemption, they would take hold, and pull them down upon *their* knees, crying, That was the way to obtain mercy. There are some so tender and softened with redeeming love, that I sometimes feel tried, because I stand no more in the liberty of the Gospel to stamp the truths and image of Jesus upon their souls.

* * * *

"H. HARDING."

Another extract from the historical sketch more than once quoted already, will complete Mr. Harding's own account of the results of his labours at Yarmouth in the period now under review. We resume at the point at which we closed our last quotation.

“Deacon Rogers, at whose house I lodged, procured a place for me to preach, in a part of the town where there had been no reformation, and where the people were in much opposition. The first time I preached an old lady, esteemed by her neighbours, got up as soon as I had ended, and said, ‘What I have heard is the Gospel of Christ.’ Many were affected, but had so much fear of my exhortations after meeting, that some escaped out of the windows.*

“The work of God now began. Poor sinners were awakened to a sense of their danger, and some were converted to the Lord Jesus, and filled with peace in believing. Opposition arose on every hand. Yet many who came to our meetings to satisfy curiosity, and others to oppose the work of God, went away convinced of their sins, and wrong ideas. None were neuters. He that was not with us tried to scatter. The opposite party engaged two Congregational ministers; who, leaving their flocks, came and preached together at the meeting-house where I now preach, and which the Lord afterward gave me; for ‘the wrath of man shall praise Him.’ After many had professed faith in Christ, we sent for brother T. H. Chipman to assist in gathering a church, as at that time I was not set apart by the imposition of hands for office-work; who when he was come, and had seen the grace of God manifested among us, was glad, for he was a good man. The church was gathered on the plan of the rest of the New Light churches in the Province at that time, and consisted of Congre-

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gationalists and Baptists. They were visited several times, for a few years, by brethren in the ministry, as well as by myself. Dear brother Joseph Dimock's labours have been much blessed among this dear people, and his name will be respected as the spiritual father of some while they live. Indeed none of our brethren laboured among them without some seals to their ministry.

"In 1797," continues Mr. Harding here, "I came [to Yarmouth], and settled among them. They had built a small meeting-house, which I preached in for some time." In regard to this "small meeting-house" we have been supplied with the following interesting details. It was situated towards Milton, at the corner of Starr's Road. It was little other than a mere shell. It was never finished, either within or without. Its floor consisted of boards loosely laid down. Boards, too, supported by blocks, formed its seats. Within it stood a carpenter's bench, which did duty as a ministerial desk. It never knew the comfort of a stove. It was reared for the most part by contributions in kind. Some gave timber, some glass, some shingles, some labour, and a few money. It would accommodate from two to three hundred persons. It was occupied as a place of worship about eighteen months, or two years. These are valuable recollections. They illustrate the simplicity, the poverty, and the zeal of the times of which we here write. Ought not Yarmouth Baptists to be thankful for the vastly improved, and still improving circumstances in which they are now placed, and seek to occupy them to best and noblest purposes?

§ 3. MR. HARDING'S ORDINATION, &c.

IN the extracts given in the preceding section Mr. Harding glances at his ordination, or rather his want of ordination. "At *that* time," says he, "I was not set apart by the imposition of hands for office-work." He was thus set apart at Onslow, Sep. 16, 1794. In that neighbourhood, as we have seen, he had all but opened his Gospel commission. There, too, as we have also seen, he was made highly useful. In 1793 Joseph Dimock thus wrote to a friend:—"I saw a man from Cobequid yesterday, declaring that brother Harding stands on the mount of God, and telling of a glorious reformation there. Never was such happy days known in Onslow before." Similar notices occur in Mr. Harding's own correspondence. The results thus indicated seem to have led to his ordination. In regard to which event we have the following particulars.

The Rev. I. Payzant of Cornwallis, at some time subsequent to Mr. Harding's first visit, as heretofore detailed, had formed a church at Onslow, on a New Light basis. On leaving them he had recommended, that they should invite Mr. Harding to labour more stately among them. Mr. Harding accepted their invitation, and came. By and by it was proposed that he should be ordained. Mr. Payzant was invited to assist in the contemplated service. Owing to some mismanagement, however, Mr. Joseph Dimock was the only minister present on the occasion; while the church at Chester,

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Mr. Dimock's immediate charge, was the only church represented from abroad.

We have no detailed account of the service. Yet three documents, one of which is Mr. Dimock's charge to the candidate, have been preserved. The charge is exceedingly striking—in all probability quite unique. It consists simply of a series of Scripture passages, for the most part from Paul's epistles to Timothy and Titus, admirably selected, and skilfully arranged and combined. Its effect is solemn and sublime. It is a grand comment on the inspired description of "the word of God" as "quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword; piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart." Dr. Doddridge might have heard something like it, when that trumpet-toned stanza dropped from his pen,—

" Let Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take the alarm they give;
Now let them, *from the mouth of God,*
Their awful charge receive."

Mr. Dimock had never been called to a service like that which devolved upon him on the occasion now before us, and feared lest he should fail. He therefore drew his charge immediately from the sacred fount, and unconsciously achieved an eminent success. Our readers shall judge of this, and feel for themselves the power of the good man's charge. Here it is, as transcribed from the Onslow church-book.

*“ The Charge given to the Rev. H. Harding at the
Ordaining, as follows :—*

“ We now charge thee before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead, at his appearing and his kingdom. Preach the word. Be instant, in season, out of season. Reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine. For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears. But watch thou in all things. Endure affliction. Do the work of an evangelist. Make full proof of thy ministry.

“ We charge thee, in the sight of God, who quickeneth all things, and before Christ Jesus, who before Pontius Pilate witnessed a good confession, that thou keep this commandment. Fight the good fight of faith. Lay hold on eternal life; whereunto thou art also called, and hast professed a good profession before many witnesses.

“ Thou therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ; without spot, unrebukable, until the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ; which in his times he shall shew, who is the Blessed and Only Potentate, the King of kings, and Lord of lords; who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto; whom no man hath seen, nor can see.

“ Therefore endure all things for the elects' sake, that they also may obtain the salvation which is in Christ Jesus, with eternal glory. This is a faithful saying; that being justified by his grace, they should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life. And these things we will that thou affirm continually, that they who have believed in God may be careful to maintain good works. These things are good and

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profitable unto men. These things speak and exhort with all authority. Let no man despise thee. In meekness instructing those that oppose themselves against the Gospel; if God peradventure will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth.

“Flee also youthful lusts; but follow righteousness, truth, charity, peace, with them that call on the Lord out of a pure heart. Hold fast the form of sound words. Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth. Be not thou therefore ashamed of the testimony of our Lord; but be thou partaker of the afflictions of the Gospel, according to the power of God.

“We charge thee before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, and the elect angels, that thou observe these things without partiality. Lay hands suddenly on no man; but the things that thou hast heard among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also: that the name of our Lord Jesus Christ may be glorified in thee, and thou in him, according to the grace of our God and the Lord Jesus Christ; who shall deliver thee from every evil work, and preserve thee unto his heavenly kingdom. To whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.”*

The charge having been delivered, Mr. Dimock proceeded to give Mr. Harding the right hand of fellowship, accompanying the act with these words:—

“Now, brother, we give you the right hand of fellowship in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. May God bless your labours;

* See the sources of this charge, 2 Thes. i. 12. 1 Tim. v. 21, 22. vi. 12—16. 2 Tim. i. 8, 13. ii. 2, 3, 10, 15, 22, 25. iv. 1—5, 18. Tit. ii. 15. iii. 7, 8.

give you success in the same; and make you an able and faithful shepherd of his church; and extend thy usefulness from shore to shore."

The certificate of ordination was as follows:—

"Rev. Mr. Harding's Credentials.

"These may certify, to all people and Churches of Christ, wheresoever these may come,—That we, the subscribers, after long acquaintance with the ministerial gifts and qualifications that our well beloved brother, Mr. Harris Harding, is endowed with, and after being examined and chosen by the first Church (consisting of Congregationalists and Baptists,) in Onslow for their Pastor and Teacher,—In the name and behalf of the Churches to which we respectively belong, have proceeded to set apart this our brother, by the imposition of hands, unto the work of the ministry, to which he was chosen; and hereby recommend him as an able minister of the New Testament.

"To all Churches of Christ, and to all people,
where God in his providence shall call him
to improve these gifts he has given him.

"Onslow, 16th Sep., 1794.

"(Signed,)

"The Church of Onslow,

"THOMAS LYNDS,

"JOHN LYNDS,

"JOSHUA HIGGINS,

"Deacons.

"The Church of Chester,

"JOSEPH DIMOCK, Pastor."

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A memorable incident associates itself with Mr. Harding's ordination. We refer to the conversion of that honoured and excellent man, the late father Joseph Crandal. We derive our information in regard to this incident from the venerable Dr. Lynds of Truro, now approaching his ninetieth year.* He was himself present at Mr. Harding's ordination. Mr. Crandal also then went to Onslow, in charge of a boat, conveying some who wished to partake in the services. The great solemnity of the occasion was combined with a series of services, extending through several days. At the whole of these Mr. Crandal was not present. Indeed, he seems at first to have been indifferent about them. He had not even the curiosity of a Zaccheus; who, though he seemed to care for nothing beyond, would fain see the great prophet of Nazareth, as he passed near his abode. And yet in another respect his case bears a striking and happy resemblance to that of the wealthy "chief among the publicans." Zaccheus left his house being yet in his sins. When next he crossed his threshold he bore with him the priceless gift of "salvation," while the Saviour himself condescended to become his guest. So was it, the *personal* presence of Christ alone excepted, though not his spiritual, with Joseph Crandal. Casually, as we might say, speaking after the manner of men, he found himself at Onslow when Mr. Harding was ordained there. But his Lord had a gracious design upon him, even as he had upon

* The Thomas and John Lynds, whose names were affixed to Mr. Harding's certificate of ordination, were brothers; while Thomas Lynds was the doctor's father.

Zaccheus, and failed not to give it effect. As the services connected with the ordination proceeded, the Lord's Day arrived. Mr. Crandal, in the listlessness of a man who knew not what else to do with himself, was induced to attend public worship. The announcements and appeals of the brethren Dimock and Harding arrested his notice, and were set home upon his heart by the hand of the Holy Spirit. He returned to his home, like Zaccheus again, a "new man" in Christ Jesus. And, as Zaccheus, once more, testified his new creation by his new works, so Joseph Crandal thenceforth "walked in newness of life;" while in due time he was introduced into that career of public usefulness in which he persevered to the end of his days.*

The church-book from which the above particulars are transcribed in regard to Mr. Harding's ordination, contains some farther notices as to the good man's connection with the church at Onslow. There occur, for instance, frequent entries of the names of individuals as having been "sprinkled" and "baptized" by him. But besides these, the following items offer themselves.

"Oct. 12, 1795.—The Church sent Mr. H. Harding, Messrs. Thos. and John Lynds, to assist in the ordination of Mr. Edward Manning, of Cornwallis; being called on for our assistance."

"Oct. 26.—Thomas and John Lynds, being at Horton with Mr. H. Harding, gave him a writing, in behalf of the Church of Onslow, to act as a delegate of this Church, in any

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case where the Church's assistance may be called, in such parts that the body of the Church could not be conveniently consulted."

" Onslow, Nov. 3.—The Church being made acquainted with the above, consented and approved; and caused a letter to be written to Mr. Harding, confirming the same to him."

May 19th, 1797.—The Church assembled, ordered a letter to be sent to call Rev. Mr. Harris Harding home."

" Onslow, July 1798.—The Church gave in writing to the Rev. Harris Harding their consent for him to remain officially in Yarmouth till further directions."

" June 1800.—Rev. Mr. Harris Harding came to Onslow."

These notices, meagre as they are, suggest quite a curious history in regard to Mr. Harding's relations to the church at Onslow. He seems to have been considered as their pastor until July 1798; when, having perhaps "called him home" in vain, they gave him up to labour at Yarmouth. We see also, from these notices, how our Nova Scotia fathers managed their church affairs, both internally and externally. At home they were quite "catholic," as is manifest, in the matter of "sprinkling" or "baptizing;" acting herein, no doubt, under a *New Light* dispensation, but not at all according to the light of the New Testament. Abroad, in their intercourse with sister churches, we see them displaying a better catholicity. These notices, lastly, supply us with the germs of the ecclesiastical formations by which we now find ourselves surrounded, not among ourselves alone, but also among some other bodies. They are thus precious as history, and fruitful as topics for thought and gratitude.

PART IV.

Mr. Harding at Yarmouth.

MR. HARDING'S stated labours at Yarmouth began, as we have seen, in 1797. He had previously married. He now brought his family to Yarmouth. Here at last, in 1854, he died. Thus his stated labours here, with his permanent abode, extended over a period of about fifty-six years. Our present business is, to trace these labours, so far as imperfect records will permit, to characterize them, and to indicate their results.

We begin at the primitive tabernacle already described. Here Mr. Harding toiled on for nearly two years; the people gradually gathering round him, and the general interest in his ministry still increasing. That is to say, as to the end, so now,—here was the *centre* of his labours rather than their seat. Hence he moved out upon the surrounding country; making Argyle and Yarmouth, the whole of Yarmouth County, familiar with his footsteps, and the echoes of his voice. For the first three years of his residence in Yarmouth,

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Mr. Harding kept school for the support of his family. Thus his ministerial efforts were circumscribed within narrower limits than they might otherwise have reached. At length he obtained access to the larger house of worship, occupied until then by the Congregationalists, but thenceforward by himself and his people. About this time his school-keeping was abandoned, while the work of the ministry was thenceforth exclusively pursued, and more widely prosecuted. The change in regard to the meeting-house was effected in this way.

The brethren Theodore Harding, and Joseph Crandal visited Yarmouth on an evangelizing tour. They journeyed on foot, round by the windings of the shore of Fundy. It was the best track they could find. They put up at Gegogan, at the house of a Mr. Richard Rose, a Gaius of those days. On the Sabbath they preached in Mr. Harding's erection. Crowds gathered. The house overflowed. Then arose the question, "Why cannot we go into the meeting-house?"—the meeting-house referred to as above, in which at this time there seems to have been no regular preaching. Well, then, said the popular voice, "why cannot we go into the meeting-house?" A messenger was dispatched for the keys. They were refused. But the people were not thus to be thwarted. They put a little boy through one of the windows, who pushed back the bolt of the lock. Thus Mr. Harding's friends literally *stole* an entrance into the house; from which they were not afterwards ejected, though a few proprietors stood out for a while against

this New Light invasion.* As the meeting-house would contain from four to five hundred hearers, it was certainly an improvement upon former accommodations. Still it also was in an unfinished state. Ample as it was in comparison with the little place which Mr. Harding and his friends had left behind them, it gradually filled up; until, in later days, it became too small, and was altered to the form and proportions which it held until recently.

Somewhere about the time of this outward change, Mr. Harding, with his wife, experienced another, an inward, and by no means an unimportant one. Mr. Harding, like Mr. Alline, had been wont to regard the baptismal question with indifference, if not with aversion; shunning it, and refusing to look it fairly in the face. We are told, indeed, that, when asked by a friend, whether he had been immersed? he replied, in his own peculiar manner, "Of all the places the devil ever got me into, he never got me there yet." Thus he went on

* The following anecdote is told in regard to this meeting-house controversy. For some time subsequent to the visit of the brethren named above, the key of the house was still retained on behalf of the Congregational body. Yet the New Lights could not be kept out of it. One Saturday night a Mr. Goings set himself to watch their proceedings, and, if possible, to forestall them. But, alas! he was mortal, and slept when he ought to have been awake. Meanwhile a Mr. Zebina Shaw quietly crept to the outside of the house; reared a ladder at the back of the pulpit; introduced himself through the window, and caught Mr. G. napping. He awoke him with the taunting question, "Have you not overslept yourself this morning?"

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through some fifteen years of his ministry. Somewhere near the year 1799,—the exact date would seem to be uncertain,—he was led to adopt a different course. We have no account of his mental processes here. We have only the fact, that, in the year just indicated, or a little before it, he received the ordinance of believers' baptism from the hands of the Rev. James Manning. It was administered in Yarmouth township, in the fine pond, or lakelet rather, near Milton Bridge. About twenty or thirty of Mr. Harding's flock were baptized with their pastor. Thenceforth, though a New Light still, and substantially such to the end, he was brought into nearer affinity with the Baptist body, until prepared at length to become fully identified therewith. Mrs. Harding was baptized a few years later than her husband.

Mr. Harding laboured on at Yarmouth until the year 1806; when there occurred among his people a signal religious movement—described for a long time after as "THE GREAT REFORMATION," and regarded as such down to this day. Mr. Harding thus writes, in the sketch to which we have so often referred, in regard to the incidents connected with the meeting-house, recounted as above, as also in regard to his own labours at this time. "The opposite party immediately,"—that is, on Mr. Harding's taking up his permanent residence at Yarmouth,—"sent to the States, and engaged two Congregational ministers; who stayed but a year or two, and then left them. God made use of such providential means in convincing gainsayers, and those who stood in opposition against his righteous cause, that often

encouraged his people, and discouraged their enemies. Not only prejudices were removed, but sinners were from time to time converted to the Lord Jesus for a number of years, until by a majority of votes of the proprietors we peaceably enjoyed the benefit of public ordinances in the then Congregational, but now Baptist Meeting House." This must serve for a general review of the period from 1797 to 1806. The Gospel leaven gradually extended; the young who advanced into life under Mr. Harding's ministry were many of them gathered into the church; the settlements of the whole vicinity had grown, and, as they grew, their population seemed to knit around him; and the way was thus opened for the scenes now about to be sketched. The following incident, or series of incidents rather, was thought to have had its effect in the production of those scenes.

There resided in Yarmouth at that time a gentleman who had served as a colonel in the British army during the American revolutionary war. According to his own confession, he had been guilty of some enormous crimes. He had sought refuge from the assaults of an accusing conscience in the strong holds of infidelity. But all to no purpose. Mighty conviction fastened upon him, and would not let him go. For long and weary months he was the victim of despair. Former companions endeavoured to divert him from his dreary reflections. Failing herein, they suggested that he had become insane. "Insane! No!" he would exclaim. "I can weigh and measure yet as well as any of you. The difference be-

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tween you and me is simply this. We are alike ruined for ever; but I *see* my danger, and you do *not* see yours." Once he mounted his horse, and rode bare-headed along the high ways at full speed for miles, stretching out his arms, and crying aloud,—“Proclaim it! proclaim it! *I've lost my soul! I'VE LOST MY SOUL!*” He would profess, that no religion could save him except that of the New Lights. One Sabbath morning, in severe winter weather, he sent for Mr. Harding. Mr. Harding found him alone, in a room without a fire, down upon his knees, poring over his Bible, which lay open at this affecting passage,—“O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee! how often would I have gathered your children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold your house is left unto you desolate!” “Oh!” cried he, with looks and tones of indescribable anguish, “that passage has ruined my soul. How often would the Saviour have blessed me, and I would not be blessed! And now, behold! *my* house is left unto *me* desolate!” So he moved on to judgment. Not a ray of hope seemed at any time to pierce his thick darkness. Prayer, exhortation, the whole array of evangelical means was applied to his case, but apparently brought with it no blessing. At last his strength gave way. The mind wore out the body. The poor creature was confined to his bed. One day, fastening his gaze upon the fire, he exclaimed, “Oh! could I, by lying upon that fire for a thousand years, purchase the favour of my Judge, how willingly would I do it! But in vain! in vain! *I must meet*

him as I am!" And so at length he died—he "died, and gave no sign."

The striking point in the dismal experience of this man, evidently lies in his testimony to the Gospel as preached by Mr. Harding;—the Gospel which to others was a "savour of life unto life," but to him, alas! as he awfully felt, a "savour of death unto death." It seemed like Satan bearing witness to the hated truth; as when the Pythoness at Philippi cried out, "These men are the servants of the Most High God, who shew unto us the way of salvation." No wonder that it set the people thinking, and, together with some other providences, prepared them to pay a new and unwonted regard to the "things which belonged to their peace."

And yet, just before the remarkable work by which this period was distinguished, the religious aspect of things in Yarmouth was sadly dark. The young were careless. Professors were too much like the profane. A few only were "grieved for the affliction of Joseph," and sighed, and prayed, and waited for better days.

One Lord's day afternoon, while preaching at a school-house at Hebron, a few miles North-west of Yarmouth village, the soul of Mr. Harding was lifted up within him, and he spake with unusual feeling and power. Yet was there no special movement among the people. The preacher appointed another service among them for the following Lord's day. In the morning of that day he preached in the village. But with little satis-

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faction. He doubted his commission; and felt as if he must throw it up, unless it were sealed afresh with tokens of success. Advancing towards the school-house at Hebron, however, his hope and courage revived. Under a strong presentiment of approaching blessing, he ventured to employ language like this:—"Sinners! I have long entreated you to repent and believe. But now I tell you *God*, by his Spirit, is coming to convince you of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come, and convert your souls. Fight against him much longer you cannot; or the Lord never spoke to me, nor by me—I am a deceiver, and deceived."* Still there was no special movement among the people. The minister announced a further service for the next Lord's Day, and returned home.

On his way home, in company with Mr. Deane, a warm friend and brother, the latter addressed him thus:—"Mr. Harding, I was really shocked to hear you speak as you did this afternoon. I never saw so dark a time in Yarmouth since I knew the Lord; and if there is not a revival immediately,—and I see not the least sign of it,—*you can never preach again.*" This threw the preacher into "a muse," as John Bunyan has it. "Surely," an enemy seemed to whisper, "you *are* deceived. For could not Mr. Deane see the revival as well as you? I have often told you, you are a deceiver; and those who

* The compiler here, as in other cases, is a historian, not an advocate. Surely the good man was not inspired. An Ezekiel or Jeremiah might have a warrant for speaking thus. But have we a commission like theirs?

set the dogs on you* knew it. And now everybody will know it." This "muse" lasted throughout the week. Now hope prevailed; and then fear. The poor man knew not what to expect; and yet he could not help looking for the fulfilment of his prophecy.

Again the Sabbath returned. Again Mr. Harding commenced his public labours at Yarmouth with a heavy heart. In the afternoon he resorted once more to the school-house at Hebron; and there with a cheerful confidence, he betook himself to the ministry of the word. Nor was he again disappointed. First, a young man in the congregation, soon after the opening of the sermon, overcome by the intensity of his feelings, turned pale, staggered out of the house, and swooned. Then, when the interruption thus occasioned had passed away,—an interruption, however, which rather aided the preacher's design than otherwise,—an attention, deep, solemn, expectant, took complete possession of the assembly. The hearts of many were lifted up, and their hands raised, as though they beheld the Judge of all draw nigh, and were hailing his approach.† Then there arose the

* Page 58.

† Such is the account as supplied by one who was present on the occasion which she described. She had long been concerned for her own spiritual welfare. She had expected to attain to the peace of the Gospel through some wonderful and terrible crisis of conviction. As, however, she listened to the preacher that afternoon, there occurred to her mind the passage in Canticles,—“He brought me to the banqueting-house, and his banner over me was love.” It seemed as if the passage was realized in her own experience. Like Lydia, *led* into the kingdom of God, not

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cry from many bosoms, "What must I do to be saved?" Many wept that day; many confessed their wanderings; many rejoiced. There was joy in Hebron—joy in heaven—the great revival of 1806 had set in. So at least thought brother Deane; who, when the public engagements of that memorable afternoon had closed, approached Mr. Harding, and said, "Forgive me, my dear, dear brother, for the manner in which I spoke to you last Sabbath. It was my own hardness of heart and unbelief that prevented my seeing and feeling as you did."* The interest now awakened soon spread over the whole neighbourhood. Multitudes of all ages professed to experience a change of heart, and were united with Mr. Harding's church. The people as a body seemed to turn to the Lord. The borders of Zion were greatly enlarged; and the basis on which rest the Baptist churches existing at this day in and around Yarmouth was then greatly extended. But Mr. Harding shall here give his own testimony, and supply some further facts in regard to this interesting period. We quote again from his historical sketch.

driven, as the Philipian jailer, she attended; she believed; she found rest to her soul. Thus at once she was disappointed and blessed. Well might she vividly recall the scenes of that day, even when removed from them at the distance of nearly half a century. The same venerable informant referred to Amos iv. 12. Heb. xi. 4. Rom. viii. 20, as passages from which she had heard Mr. Harding preach in days long since passed away.

* Such was the style of thought in those days. The feelings of good men were to them as revelations; and not to trust them was a species of unbelief and hard-heartedness. Mistake and mischief alike were here. But more of this elsewhere.

“In 1806 it pleased God to pour out his Spirit upon my dear people in a most glorious manner. Six persons came forward at a Conference meeting, and were received as candidates for baptism. A large concourse gathered the Lord’s Day following; and some were much affected, having never seen the ordinance administered by immersion before; and were convinced that none but such as could give satisfactory evidence of saving faith in Christ were proper subjects of baptism. A few days after this, at a lecture at a school-house, the power of the Holy Spirit fell upon the assembly while I was preaching. I felt my own soul drawn out greatly for the salvation of poor sinners. Numbers were pricked in their hearts, and cried, ‘What shall I do to be saved?’ Our meetings were crowded with solemn and attentive hearers. Many who found the Messiah were calling upon others to come and see a Man who told them all things that ever they did. And many believed for their saying, and were brought to say, ‘It was a true report which we heard; but the half was not told us.’ Opposition arose in many. Some were so concerned, not knowing to what length this work might grow, that they hired a young man to go for a clergyman to come and help them, if haply they might prevail against this people. But the good man only sent them some tracts, which confirmed the work. Thus no weapon would prosper; they could prevail nothing; the wrath of man shall praise the Lord; he would work, and who should let it?

“Although this blessed work spread through all parts of the town, it prevailed most in the part where I resided.

There was scarcely a house in our neighbourhood where the Son did not appear unto it. Some whole families, parents and children, seemed to rejoice together in prospect of a glorious immortality. The church increased in number greatly; and light also, we trust, increased in our understanding."

Mr. Harding thus illustrates the "increase of understanding" of which he here speaks. "We adopted the Baptist sentiments altogether; yet permitted those who gave satisfactory evidence of a saving faith to occasional communion." The course of action now adopted is thus laid down in the Yarmouth church-book:—"That no believers are considered members of this church who are not baptized by immersion. But such believers as the church has a fellowship for, who walk circumspectly, may be admitted by the voice of the church to occasional communion." Here, then, was an important advance—an approach towards the church order of the New Testament. The church was now a Baptist church, though its fellowship at the Lord's Table continued to be open. We cannot trace this change to its more hidden causes. We learn, however, that it was partly due to the influence of the late deacon Zechariah Chipman, who began about this time to assume an important position among Mr. Harding's people. By way of rendering honour where honour is due, we take occasion to add, that, during the whole period of deacon Chipman's connection with the First Baptist church at Yarmouth, extending to the year 1853, whatever degree of order obtained in the conduct of its affairs, was largely

traceable to him, and his management. Mr. Harding, like most zealous Gospel pioneers, was always more of the evangelist than the ruler. It was in kindness, therefore, both to him and to his people, that the Lord of the harvest sent among them a deacon Chipman, to terminate the reign of ecclesiastical anarchy, and introduce and maintain a style of discipline demanded by the claims of Christ on the one hand, and, on the other, essential both to the preservation of the body, and to its holy efficiency.

We return to Mr. Harding's sketch. He there writes, "Dear brother Thomas Handly Chipman some time at this season visited us; by whose labours of love our bowels were greatly refreshed in the Lord. He assisted in organizing a church in the above order, and has truly in the hand of God been a blessing to this people." With which quotation we may fitly introduce the following letter from Mr. Chipman's pen,—addressed to an American Baptist Magazine,—referring, as it does, to the visits and labours of which Mr. Harding here speaks.

"Yarmouth, Dec. 5, 1806.

"Reverend and very dear Sir,—

"I have been in this town and Argyle five weeks; and such glorious times I never saw before. Multitudes are turned to God. I cannot with ink and pen, nor could I were I present, describe the one half God has done. It is about three months since the work began in Yarmouth. The eternal heavens seem to be bowed; and God has come down, by way

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of divine influence, in such a way as I never before was witness to.

“Brother Harding is the minister of this place. God is with him of a truth. He stands clear in the doctrines of the glorious Gospel of Christ, and in the order and discipline of God’s house. Can you believe it, dear brother? my soul has been ravished, and my lips have broke forth in praise, to see the great Redeemer riding forth in glorious triumph. I cannot but hope God has owned worthless me, to encourage the heart, and strengthen the hands of dear brother Harding, whom I love in the Lord. Since the work began, there have been about one hundred and fifty souls brought to own Jesus as their rightful Lord, and sovereign King. But a number of these had probably been born again before, although they had received no satisfying evidence until now.

“There was a church here before, upon the open communion plan. They have now entirely given it up, and settled upon the Baptist, or rather Gospel plan.* There were in the old church about forty members; thirty-three of whom from time to time have been baptized, and now belong to the new church. Since the work began, and before I came to this place, brother Harding baptized seven persons. Since I came, brother Harding and myself, on one Sabbath, baptized eighteen. The Sabbath after but one we baptized forty; and next Lord’s Day we expect a large number more to come forward to this blessed ordinance. The first day there was a fall of snow, and the day was uncomfortable; but the Lord comforted our souls. The young converts were so happy, they could hardly wait until their turn came. We have had

* Not quite so, as the “Gospel plan” is now understood by the Baptists of these Provinces. The practice of the Yarmouth church at this time in regard to communion is explained above.

two church-meetings; and surely I never saw such meetings before. It was indeed 'the house of God,' and the very 'gate of heaven.' The last Saturday we began at ten in the morning, and continued until eight in the evening, to hear persons relate the dealings of God with their souls; and then a great number were prevented for the want of time. Some of them have been great enemies to the truths and cause of God, and never went to meeting until God converted their souls; after which, with holy delight, they have ran immediately to the Christians, and then to the house of God, and there declared what God had done for their souls. Some would inform the enemies of religion, that they could not say that this or that preacher or person had influenced or turned them; for God had done the work for them at home. A great many of the subjects of this work have been young people and children. Seldom a meeting but some are brought to embrace the offers of life; sometimes five, six, and seven at a meeting. There are meetings in some part of the town almost every day. You would be delighted to hear the young converts, with glowing hearts, and flowing tears, inviting sinners to Jesus.

"Monday morning, Dec. 8th.—Yesterday brother Harding and myself baptized twenty-two persons more; and there are a considerable number now waiting, that have been approved of by the church. The work is still spreading.

"At Argyle, twenty miles from this, there has been a glorious work the summer past. There is a village between this place and Argyle, called the Tusket River, where are about twenty families. God has visited them. Brother Harding baptized two there; and since I have baptized two more. There is an Esquire L. [Lent], a member of the House of Assembly, who is a real Christian, and one of the best men in the world. God has blessed him with a handsome pro-

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erty, and a heart to devote it to his service, beyond any man I ever saw. His wife is of the same spirit. Two of their children are, I believe, 'sealed to the day of redemption.'

"I have not written half what I wanted to, but cannot add. The Magazines have been blessed to many in these parts. Brother Harding will write to you.

"Yours with great esteem,

"THOMAS HANDLY CHIPMAN."

"Brother Harding" wrote, as Mr. Chipman had promised. We find the following, in the Magazine from which Mr. Chipman's letter is extracted, given immediately after it.

"Yarmouth, N. S., Jan. 30, 1807.

"Reverend and dear Sir,—

"Mr. Chipman, with whom I am intimate, requested me to write to you, and give you a brief account of the gracious work of God, which of late has been made manifest in the salvation of a number of precious souls in this part of the Lord's vineyard.

"Previous to the Lord's pouring upon us the gracious effusions of his Holy Spirit, there had been a great declension in religion, attended with great discouragement of soul in believers, and coldness, backwardness, and neglect of religious duties. The 4th of last October eleven persons were stirred up, and came forward in a church-meeting to offer themselves to the church, and relate what a gracious God had some time before done for their souls. The glorious presence of God was truly with some of them in their relations, and our hearts were warmed. On the next day I administered the ordinance of baptism to six of them before a large and serious assembly.

From this time the work of God began to make its appearance. Several were 'pricked to the heart.' Our meetings were crowded, and awed with the presence of the Holy One of Israel. His truths, like barbed arrows, penetrated the souls of many, and extorted a cry, 'What shall I do to be saved?'

"About this time brother Theodore Harding, on his way from the States, visited and preached three times among us, to the approbation of all, and I trust to the good of many. The Lord's arm was gloriously revealed. For some weeks there was scarcely a day, in which some one or more did not profess a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus in their souls' conversion. In the part of the township where I live, there is hardly a family which has not shared apparently in the glorious work.

"Brother Chipman visited, and preached four Sabbaths with us, soon after brother Harding left us. He rejoiced greatly to see what the Lord was doing; and our bowels were much refreshed in Christ by his preaching, and labours of love.

"Our church was formerly upon the open communion plan, consisting of Congregationalists and Baptists. But since the late happy revival of religion, having satisfaction from the word and testimony of God, they have unitedly adopted and settled upon the Baptist system of faith and practice; and it is wonderful to see how God has owned and blessed his sacred ordinance to the conviction of sinners, and comforting of saints. Frequently have we seen the power of God visibly displayed on such baptismal occasions, through the last fall and winter thus far advanced. Brother Chipman assisted me in administering the ordinance to a considerable number while he was here; and the Sabbath after he left us I baptized a number more, and have continued so to do every Sabbath since. Neither the inclemency of the weather, which some-

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times proved very unfavourable, nor the delicacy of some persons' constitutions, prevented their following their Lord, or obeying his righteous commands; so that, since the fifth of October last, one hundred and forty persons have been enabled to obey the Lord in that institution; and with the greatest propriety, and spirit of devotion have sung and applied Mr. Leland's hymn,—

‘ Christians, if your hearts are warm,
Ice and snow will do no harm.’

“ I have good grounds to think, upwards of two hundred persons have been savingly united to Christ since the time mentioned above; some of whom are aged people, who have been living ‘ without God in the world ’ for many years, and are now brought to his feet, acknowledging his mercy, and his sufficiency of grace, abounding to the chiefest of sinners. Their gray hairs, which a short time ago were their shame, now indeed are their glory. Likewise a goodly number of precious youths and children are made with joy to ‘ remember now their Creator,’ and with melting hearts declare to others what great things Jesus of Nazareth hath done for their souls. Some of them are wonderfully drawn out with bowels of pity, tenderness, and compassion for their unconverted friends and neighbours, and a lost world lying in wickedness; whilst others are enraptured and greatly delighted with the divine beauties and excellencies of a glorious Redeemer; so that our meeting-house many times has seemed as if filled with his glory, and his people constrained to say, ‘ I have loved . . . the place where thine honour dwelleth.’

“ At Argyle and Barrington, two townships next Eastward from this, God has also been pleased to revive his gracious work of late. In the former through the means of brother Towner, a faithful, godly Baptist minister, whose labours God

has been pleased to crown with abundant success where he is a settled pastor. I cannot ascertain the exact number; but I believe upwards of seventy have been baptized there within a few months past.

“ A number, I have recently heard, are brought to a saving knowledge of Christ at Barrington, where they have no settled minister; but the particulars I have not yet learned.

“ Please to excuse the freedom and brevity of this from a stranger, and when you can find leisure favour me with a line.

“ I am, Sir,

“ Yours, chiefly for Christ's sake,

“ HARRIS HARDING.”

“ Brother Towner” also addressed a letter to the Magazine. We subjoin *his* communication.

“ Argyle, N. S., April 13, 1807.

“ Reverend and dear Sir,—

“ Though unacquainted with you after the flesh, yet I trust I am a partaker with you in the blessed Spirit of the Gospel, and engaged in the same glorious cause of the Redeemer. The great Head of the church is pleased to indulge me the pleasure of inviting lost sinners to come to the Fountain of the blood of the slaughtered Lamb of God for the salvation of their souls. We have heard with pleasure of the progress of the Redeemer's kingdom in many parts of the world, by means of your Magazines. Perusing these accounts has awakened in my soul sensations which I cannot express; which induce me to address you with this freedom, and which I trust you will pardon, when you shall hear of the work of God in these parts.

“ I was formerly settled over a Baptist church in the town-

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ship of Digby, in the county of Annapolis, where God was pleased to bless my poor labours to that people. Here I lived some years, and improved my gifts; travelling abroad but seldom, as my circumstances in life would not permit. And having my heart much knit to that people in the bonds of the Gospel, I have found severe trials at the thoughts of leaving them to preach to those who were destitute in other places.

“On the 16th of July last I set out on a journey to Argyle, where I arrived on Saturday the 18th, late in the evening. The people not having notice of my coming, and the next morning being very rainy, but few attended meeting. I was requested to stay another Sabbath; which I did, and also preached several times in the course of the week. Religion was at a very low ebb among the few professors; who belonged to a church formerly established by a Mr. Frost, of the New Light persuasion. After his death the church was re-established, and increased under the ministration of other preachers, whose labours were blessed to the salvation of many souls; they still holding the baptism of believers non-essential to fellowship in the church of Christ. Oh! that all Christ's ministers would endeavour to impress on the minds of his people the necessity of obedience to his high commands! The broken and scattered state of this church was great. All discipline was done away. Nevertheless there were a few mourning souls, that would not be comforted because God's heritage lay waste.

“Here I tarried the next Lord's Day, and preached from Solomon's Song v. 16; and in the afternoon from ch. i. 8; and the Lord was pleased to bless the opportunity. The set time was now come to raise his people from the dust. The work began in the following manner. A young woman had been awakened the winter before, by hearing some young

people sing, and discourse upon the happiness of religion, in the township of Digby, the impression of which had never left her till this Sabbath evening, when she found peace and joy in the Gospel. Her feelings led her to exhort her young companions to turn to the Lord. Truly we may say, he is a God working like himself; for the arrows of the Almighty stuck fast in the hearts of the King's enemies, and many were brought to bow to the sceptre of King Jesus, and proclaim salvation in his blessed name. Oh! he is a wonder-working God! May I ever lie at his feet, 'and crown him Lord of all!' Here I saw the Lord had begun his work, and hence could not find it my duty to leave the place.

"The young professors manifested a desire to follow their Lord's commands, and be 'buried with him in baptism.' It was my sincere desire they should. But here being no church for them to covenant with, (as most of the old professors, as I observed before, could not see the expediency of baptism,) I was at a loss how to proceed; but resolved to follow the Lord's command, to teach and to baptize. Accordingly a Conference meeting was appointed to hear their experiences; when nine came forward, two old professors, and seven young converts, and were baptized, the fourth Lord's Day after my first arrival at this place. The Lord owned his blessed ordinance to the conviction of a number, and it was made a precious season to many. After this the work spread with great power; and people assembled from all parts of the town, and some from the adjoining towns. I thought it proper to send for brother Harris Harding, as he was more acquainted with the old professors than I was; particularly as he had formerly laboured among them, and as many had professed under his ministry. Our meeting was in order to see if we could settle a church. But it proved to no purpose at

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this time. However, ten came forward, and were baptized. We both went into the water together, to shew that we agreed in heart and practice. The glory of the Lord seemed to overshadow the place, and move upon the baptismal waters. But it still looked dark as to settling a church; for the most of the old professors stood as before. I now thought it proper to form those that had been baptized into some order; and for that purpose offered them a covenant, which they cheerfully signed. But God was working, out of our sight, in the minds of those old professors; for in a few days from this time there were twenty-two came forward to baptism. And oh! this was a wonderful day indeed. Here were seen a mother, son, and wife, and grand-daughter, all following their Lord into the water! Here was one man seventy years of age, with a little boy of only ten! Now was the desire of my soul accomplished in this thing,—in that the Lord had united the old and young professors in one body. They requested that they might commemorate the death of their Redeemer. I accordingly administered the Lord's Supper to them: and it was indeed a blessed feast to many; for they were 'stayed with flagons,' and 'comforted' as 'with apples.' 'What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits?' Now they came 'flying like clouds, and as the doves to their windows' before a storm. Baptism was administered five Lord's Days successively, until seventy-eight had joined the church.

"After staying here thirteen Sabbaths, I was under the necessity of returning to my people. I tarried there four weeks, and then returned to this place again. This was the last of November. I found the Lord was still at work, though not so powerfully as when I left them. Several acknowledged a work of grace to have been wrought in their hearts during my absence. But the cloud seemed to return again. For

there being a number of men who follow the seas, on returning home to winter, seeing such an alteration in the place, they were struck with deep solemnity. Many were wounded in their hearts, and made to groan under the weight of their sins. There were not many of them who came out openly to profess religion until the past month; when a young man who had been under great distress all winter found comfort, and after preaching could not refrain from ascribing glory to God for his unexpected deliverance. The divine presence very sensibly filled the place; many giving glory to their Redeemer, and many deeply wounded with a sense of their sins.

“The last Sabbath in March twenty came forward, and were baptized. My letter has swelled under my pen; but I must conclude with adding, that one hundred and twenty have been baptized. There were five baptisms in the winter season. Twenty-four have told their experiences who are not yet baptized; and a number of others are under hopeful impressions. The work is still going on in this place, and spreading rapidly in different parts of this Province.

“I am, Sir,

“Your unworthy brother in Christ,

“ENOCH TOWNER.”

These are long letters. But are they too long? They are genuine New Light letters, and present a perfect picture of Yarmouth New Lightism in its palmy days. It were well, therefore, to preserve them, as we have here done. They also extend the history of the movements to which they relate, supplied by chief actors in them, from their commencement in the autumn of 1806, and even earlier, as in Argyle, down to the spring of the

Following year. They show us how that movement continued and spread; and thus prepare us the better to apprehend the character of the times by which they were succeeded.

Turning yet once more to Mr. Harding's sketch we transcribe as follows. "In this glorious revival Edmond Jacob Reis was made a subject of divine grace, and called of God, we trust, to preach the everlasting Gospel." The good man here named was a native of France, of respectable parentage, born about the middle of the last century. He had been employed in the French naval service. Having been captured by the British, he had been brought as a prisoner-of-war to Halifax. He there applied himself to the study of the English language, in the use of which he acquired considerable proficiency. In his zeal to make this attainment, he would often pursue his studies by moonlight. By and by, breaking his parole, as it should seem, he left Halifax, and took up his abode at Yarmouth, not long previous to the year 1806. Agreeable, vivacious, an excellent dancer, a sort of model Frenchman, he had been received into the genteel society of the place: none thought of treating him as an eloped prisoner-of-war. Educated in Romanism, it may well be believed that he had remained all this time a stranger to the "truth as it is in Jesus." But at length it pleased God to "call him by his grace." It is said that, while yet under conviction of sin, he read his Bible through in seven days; scarcely permitting himself to sleep until he had accomplished his task. Brought out into the

liberty of the Gospel, he set himself, with characteristic ardour, to seek the salvation of others; nor did he, in his new and holy calling, labour in vain. But alas! for the inconsistencies of our poor human nature! Mr. Reis's former friends now became his persecutors. Their loyalty, which had slumbered while he ministered to their pleasures, was now awakened. Their once boon companion had identified himself with the New Lights. It was no longer fitting he should be at large. He must be arrested, and sent back to Halifax. This was accordingly attempted. But at this juncture neither heaven nor earth forsook the good man. Judge Lent of Tuskot, heretofore mentioned, being about to resort to Halifax to attend to his parliamentary duties, took Mr. Reis with him as his servant. Arrived at the seat of government, he obtained for him a regular discharge from imprisonment. It is said that, having to appear, on this occasion, before the Chief Justice, the story which he told, somewhat in the vein of Paul before Agrippa, affected the court even to tears. His threatened freedom being secured to him, he returned to Yarmouth, and to his chosen work there. By and by he received ordination from the Nova Scotia Baptist Association. He then became pastor of a Baptist church at Clements, Nova Scotia. After that he ministered to another Baptist church, at St. John, New Brunswick. At last he found his way to the States. Somewhere about the year 1812, a Missionary Board at Boston sent him to labour at New Orleans. On his way thither both he and a fellow-traveller, a son of Dr. Gano, formerly of Providence, Rhode Island, narrowly escaped with their

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lives; being beset, while traversing vast tracts of unbroken country, by four Indians belonging to a tribe then at war with the American government. Reaching New Orleans, Mr. Reis set to work; but not finding access to the immediate objects of his mission, the French Catholic population, he seems not to have remained there for any long period. Ultimately he found his way to Baltimore; where he accepted a co-pastorate with the Rev. Lewis Richards, of the First Baptist church in that city. In 1818 he resigned this position. Yet he still remained at Baltimore, retaining his standing as a member of the above church. And there he died, Feb. 1, 1832, in the eightieth year of his age.*

* Such are the particulars we have been able to glean in regard to the case of this worthy and interesting man. We cannot vouch for their entire accuracy. Mr. Reis, for instance, is said to have died at Baltimore at the time, and at the age stated in the text. And yet we are told, that it was while engaged in the French *revolutionary* service, when only *fifteen* years of age, he was brought as a prisoner to Halifax: that is, in the year 1767, and some twenty years before the great French revolution set in. Again, we are told, that he came to Yarmouth as a wild *young* man; whereas, if his age at the time of his death be truly reported, he must then have been upwards of fifty years of age. And once more, a notice of him in the records of the First Baptist Church at Yarmouth, dated in the year 1834, describes him as having lived until a period then still recent, and still holding office as a pastor; whereas, according to another authority, his death had already taken place previously to the date just mentioned. These discrepancies may all be rectified hereafter. But, whether this be the case or not, it is believed that the statements respecting Mr. Reis, as above given, may be accepted as mainly and substantially correct.

Poor, yet happy man! His case reminds us of the story of Onesimus. Like him, he had fled from restraint; he had found mercy unsought and unexpected; and, to complete the parallel, he had returned to his masters a new man, and found favour with those from whom he had fled. While, however, a veil is cast over the latter days of Onesimus, we can trace to its close, though not very distinctly, the earthly career of Mr. Reis. And how many of his former friends have preceded and followed him to his rest in a better world! Nor can it be forgotten, that the subject of these striking vicissitudes was born in infidel France, and had engaged in a course of life but little likely to lead him into evangelical associations. Yet so it proved. Among national enemies, in their remote colonial possessions, he found his truest friends. In that "far country" it was that the delirium of sin was dispelled, that he "came to himself," and found his way home indeed, returning to the house of his Father in heaven. Grace and providence! providence and grace! how beautifully are they intertwined, like parti-coloured strands in the same cord! And how pleasant it is, as well as profitable, when, as in Mr. Reis's case, we can mark the convolutions in the line, and see how Jesus, as "head over all things to the church," apprehends his chosen ones, and draws them to himself, to his Father, to seats prepared on high! It will be no small part of the work and joy of our ransomed future, to trace the complications of love, and wisdom, and power, whereby our redemption has been wrought out.

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“ There shall we sit, and sing, and tell,
The wonders of his grace,
Till heavenly raptures fire our hearts,
And smile in every face.”

We pass to other memorials, and less gratifying ones, of the “times which went over” the subject of these pages. It seems needful to preface them by a few remarks.

Good things are evermore liable to be counterfeited; and this liability increases in proportion to the value of these things. This, indeed, is one of Satan’s chosen devices for turning the best things to the worst account. So has it fared with the great Scriptural doctrine of divine influence, in its more direct application to the souls of men. Thus Paul speaks of “the sons of God” as being “*led* by the Spirit of God.” But how? By that Spirit as operating beyond the range of the written Word—supplying a succession of new revelations, besides such as are contained in the Sacred Canon, in every age? Certainly not. This were wholly inconsistent with that petition of our Lord, as well as with many other portions of Scripture,—“Sanctify them *through thy truth*: THY WORD is truth.” But this has not always been understood. Many good people, more particularly in regard to practical matters, have cherished a belief in suggestions, impulses, strong impressions, aside from the Word of God. They have thus placed themselves under a rule of duty beyond that supplied by Scripture; acknowledging an authority coördinate with that of the

written revelation, if not above it. The consequences have been disastrous. Many who have lived and died in the truth of the Gospel, have yet been betrayed into miserable vagaries by the false lights of a mimic inspiration. Zealous and successful ministers have been exposed to great danger here, and have not always escaped it. And then they have had their fiery followers; who, treading in the steps of their mistakes, and going beyond them, have become fanatics, and wrought dismal confusion.

So was it in the days of Whitefield. That great and good man himself, especially in the earlier stages of his career, was too much governed by imaginary impulses, such as have just been described. And James Davenport, pastor of a church in Long Island, New York, a man of undoubted piety, and at one time highly esteemed by Whitefield, went wofully astray, while following, in this respect, in Whitefield's own track. The paragraph given below shews the extremes into which at last he and his disciples fell. The instance stands alone indeed in his history. Yet there it is. It naturally resulted from his views, and furnishes a salutary warning against the adoption of similar ones.

“By invitation of a company of his partizans, he arrived at New London, (Connecticut,) March 2, 1743, to organize them into a church. Immediately on his arrival, in obedience to messages which, he said, he had received from God, in dreams and otherwise, he began to purify the company from evils which prevailed among them. To cure them of their

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idolatrous love of worldly things, he ordered wigs, cloaks, and breeches, hoods, gowns, rings, jewels, and necklaces, to be brought together in his room, and laid in a heap, that they might, by his solemn decree, be committed to the flames. To this heap he added the pair of plush breeches which he wore into the place, and which he seems to have put off on being confined to his bed by the increased violence of a complicated disease. He next gave out a catalogue of religious books, which must be brought together and burned, as unsafe in the hands of the people. March 6, in the afternoon, all things being ready, his followers carried a quantity of books to the wharf, and burned them; singing around the pile, 'Hallelujah!' and 'Glory be to God!' and declaring that, as the smoke of those books ascended up in their presence, so the smoke of the torment of such of their authors as died in the same belief was now ascending in hell. Among the authors were Beveridge, Flavel, Drs. Increase Mather, Colman, and Sewall, and that fervid revivalist, Jonathan Parsons, of Lyme. The next day more books were burned; but one of the party persuaded the others to save the clothes."*

We have similar results, arising from similar causes, in that period of Mr. Harding's history at which we have now arrived. Mr. Harding was a New Light, and gloried to the last in the distinction. Now New Lightism contains a large infusion of the element of extra-Biblical inspiration. Something of this we have seen in the opening scenes of the revival above recorded. The whole movement seems to have been pervaded by it. Hence sprang the extravagancies which appeared upon the very field of that revival. If Mr. Harding was

* Tracy's "Great Awakening."

under the special guidance of the Holy Spirit, the privilege was not to be regarded as his monopoly. If the intimations conveyed to him were authoritative, why should not the like intimations, conveyed to others, be alike authoritative? And if their light contradicted his light, or outshone it, why should they not even rise up against him, and elevate their brethren to those more radiant paths in which they walked? So seem to have reasoned the good people who took part in the scenes to which we are now brought. Doubtless they acted as though they had thus reasoned. Mr. Harding's Calvinism,—for in *doctrine* Henry Alline was not his master,—was distasteful to them. They had no regard for order or government in the church. Frills, ruffles, all adornments in dress, were their abomination; and they quarreled with Mr. Harding because he would not preach against such things. They brought their peculiarities into the Conference meetings, and warm discussions were held upon them there. They attacked their minister in public, and openly contradicted him. They ascended the pulpit,—even the sisters, in the heat of their inspiration,—stood at his side—and commanded him to hold his peace. The worship of God was thus changed into confusion and hubbub. Then these people would collect their finery, and commit it to the flames. Some would even take their crockery and china-ware from their shelves, and bury them. They would enter into minute confession of their sins before promiscuous assemblages. They would form processions in the night, and parade the streets, exclaiming, “Behold the Bridegroom cometh!—Behold the Bridegroom cometh!”

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Such were the demonstrations to which these people were led by the spirit that was in them, and which they fondly deemed to be the Spirit of God. In this course of conduct they persevered for some months. We have spoken of them as *good* people; and such, no doubt, many of them were.* They were finally absorbed in the Free Christian body, as it is now termed, which sprang up in Yarmouth about this time. The whole was overruled to the good of the flock under Mr. Harding's charge.

In his historical sketch, repeatedly quoted already, Mr. Harding thus refers to the period just reviewed. "Two or three years after this,"—that is, the great revival,—“a division took place among us, in consequence of some errors which had obtained, and gave great trouble, and produced disorder. And although some of this enthusiasm continues to this day in a few characters, yet in [the late glorious revival],”—referring to a later religious movement,—“our church has emerged out of this darkness, and has appeared as coming out of the wilderness, leaning on her Beloved, and clothed with the sun.”

Matters moved on as just now represented, between the years 1806 and 1812, more particularly towards the end of that period. About this time also there came a

* The compiler has conversed with one of them, an aged lady, who bore a leading part in the confusion of these times. She expressed much love for Mr. Harding's memory, and pleased herself with the hope of meeting him in heaven.

Mr. Alexander Crawford, a Scotch Baptist Elder, to reside in Yarmouth. He kept school there for a few years. He also occupied himself somewhat in the ministry. But he made little impression. His theory was altogether too cool, and his style too argumentative for the spiritual meridian of Yarmouth. The wisdom of the Greek, or any thing which at all resembled it, was not fitted to attract general attention among a people trained like those at Yarmouth. They were more Jewish than Greek in their tastes. If Mr. Crawford could have wrought signs, wonders—excitements, his entertainment among them would no doubt have been in strong contrast with his actual experience. He removed at length to Prince Edward Island; where, not many years since, he died, leaving behind him an honourable reputation for ability, piety, and usefulness.

About the years 1812-13, in connection with Mr. Harding's labours, there occurred another special religious movement in and around Yarmouth. Yet in extent and power it fell below "the Great Reformation" of 1806, as noticed above. As we have no details in regard to this movement, we must pass it by with the simple record just made. Heaven notes these things as earth does not. There the case of every individual penitent possesses its own interest, and awakens its own song; so that there we shall realize such things as we cannot realize them here.

In the interval between the years 1806 and 1813 Mr. Harding was much occupied in travelling, especially in

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the district lying between Yarmouth and Liverpool. During this period too he enjoyed much Christian fellowship with those brethren in the ministry who had commenced their career about the time at which he had entered on his own. He had not yet, like them, fully accepted the Baptist theory of church order and government, but in common with them he loved and proclaimed the same grand cardinal truths.

And now Mr. Harding passed through a season of new and peculiar trial. About the year 1816 the Wesleyan Methodists turned their attention to Yarmouth. The Rev. Robert Alder was their first regular minister in that field. He set forth the peculiarities of Methodism with great ability, zeal, tact, and success. Mr. Harding laboured with all his might to counteract his influence; sometimes, indeed, in the warmth of his opposition, overstepping the line of Christian charity. Yet, notwithstanding his best efforts, many were drawn away after the new administration. Some were converted. Others, who had been wrought upon in the "great revival," some ten years previously, openly professed religion now, and united themselves with the Methodists. So great a change, indeed, passed upon the people, that it looked for a time as though the new religious influence would absorb and supersede the old. Not only were younger and more fickle persons induced to alter their religious position, but many who for years had been as pillars in Mr. Harding's church, and on whom he had counted as fast friends. These were his dark days, full of gloom and discouragement. In the midst of all this

change, however, a remarkable homage was paid to Baptist practices. Most of those who united with the Methodists were immersed on a profession of their faith. Pædobaptism was then scarcely known within the circles of evangelical religion at Yarmouth; and in fact, down to this day, is held there with but a feeble grasp. It might be worth inquiry, how far Mr. Harding's open communion views, with his experimental teachings, prepared the way for the results here noticed. If he had understood and taught the true doctrine of a New Testament baptism, not only in its relation to individual believers, but in its aspect upon believers as incorporated into churches; and if, moreover, he had built up his people more upon a basis of principle, and less upon a basis of feeling, it is hard to suppose that his adherents would have deserted him in such large numbers, and that the fruit of his manifold prayers and toils, for so many long years, should have been so nearly wrested from him.*

During this period of change, Mr. Harding suffered greatly in his temporal circumstances. A large family had grown up around him, still, for the most part, dependent upon his resources. Opposed on principle to the receipt of a stated salary, and therefore relying continually upon the casual, unpledged offerings of his friends, now sadly reduced in number, his means of support were seriously affected. Wife, children, all, came into close contact with actual poverty, hard toil, and insufficient clothing, if not meagre fare. Still, however, our evange-

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list held on his way, "earnestly," if not always wisely "contending for the faith once delivered to the saints," as he held that faith. Sustained by inward conviction, encouraged by the countenance of the faithful ones whom difficulties and trials could not alienate, and upheld by his God, he bravely fought his way towards better times. He "purchased to himself a good degree" by the course which he now pursued; and his sufferings and losses in the cause of truth, no less than his victories and successes, deserve to be recorded to his honour, and the honour of his Father in heaven. The statements here made apply to a period of some ten or twelve years, extending, from about 1816, as above mentioned, to about 1827-8.

While thus straitened in his own borders, the views of Mr. Harding, as was alike natural and providential, were directed to distant parts of the Province. That is, the Head of the church found congenial employment for the zealous Gospel herald in remoter fields, while his own more immediate ground seemed to have become barren and unproductive. There was Cape Canso, some four hundred miles from Yarmouth, at the Eastern extremity of the Province, a purely fishing district, and sadly notorious, at the time of which we here write, for its ignorance and vice. One family there Mr. Harding knew, and only one, bearing the name of Whitman; the husband a Congregationalist, the wife a Baptist, both of them thus professors of the Gospel of Christ. A little vessel, trading from Yarmouth to the Cape, offered the means of conveyance; and thither, in that

vessel, the Gospel minister bore his richer merchandize. Nothing is remembered of the details of his labours in that remote district. It is understood, however, that he there pioneered the Gospel; and it is known that at this day a considerable Baptist church is to be found there. Surely these two facts are not without their mutual relations, though the history of their relationship cannot be traced. This visit to Canso was paid in the year 1817; it took Mr. Harding several months from home; and was followed by another, after an interval of a few years.

The autumn of the year 1818 found Mr. Harding paying his first visit to Westport, at the Western extremity of Nova Scotia. This place is situated on a little island, Brier Island, isolated indeed, and solitary. Fishing is its staple employment. Lying out on the Bay of Fundy, and placed right in the course between St. John and Yarmouth, it is also a place of great resort for fishing and trading vessels from other ports. Summer is its harvest—winter its holiday; and that holiday almost wholly devoted to Satan. Few and infrequent were the visits of Christian ministers to this place, at the time to which we here refer. Hither, then Mr. Harding took his course. He was well received. The truth took effect. Several conversions occurred. Two man-of-war's men particularly, "mighty men of valour," were humbled at the foot of the cross, and thenceforth were found under the banner of the Captain of salvation. They became "valiant for the truth," even as they had once been bold in the cause of their

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country, and proved no inefficient auxiliaries in the service of the Gospel. On the approach of winter Mr. Harding returned home, and had much to say to his own people about the work of the Lord at Westport. At the opening of the following spring a little vessel was sent down to Yarmouth, with a message, earnestly intreating a "second benefit." A good work had been enjoyed throughout the winter. A worthy Baptist minister, the Rev. Peter Crandal, had repeatedly visited the Island, preaching and baptizing. Mr. Harding could not turn a deaf ear to the cry for renewed aid. His farther labours were greatly blessed. In after days Westport was one of his favourite places of resort; and nothing but the weight of infirmity prevented him from attending the meeting of the Western Nova Scotia Baptist Association, held there in the last year of his life. There exists at this day an interesting Baptist church on the Island, largely built up by Mr. Harding's labours, if not formed and founded by him. Long will his memory be fragrant at Westport.

At Yarmouth the pastor laboured faithfully onward. He grew in knowledge. Some one presented him with the works of John Newton. He read them, and re-read them. They enlarged and deepened his views of divine truth. His zeal did not abate. Difficulties began to give way. The diversion effected by the introduction of Methodism lost much of its power. For some years, indeed, at this time, the Methodists had no regular preacher in Yarmouth, and the whole field was left to the care of him who had so long and, by God's blessing,

so successfully cultivated it. Old friends, and former hearers returned, and broken associations were restored. Yet on the whole the work of the Lord dragged heavily. Few additions were made to the church. Vice, especially that parent vice, *drunkennoss*, triumphed in the world, and told heavily upon the interests of religion. That word was fulfilled,—“And because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold.” This state of things, with some occasional lifting of the cloud, some local revivals, under the labours of visiting ministers, continued for several years.

At Chebogue, however, the seat of the Congregational church over which the worthy Jonathan Scott had presided in the days of Henry Alline, there occurred, about this time, a noteworthy movement. On that neighbourhood the New Light Baptists,—for that was now the proper description of Mr. Harding’s people,—had made little impression; and there was scarcely any intercourse between the Congregational body at Chebogue, and the Baptist body at Yarmouth. Religious interests were alike depressed in each of these bodies. The minds of a few of the brethren at Chebogue were touched with deep concern. They laboured and prayed for a better state of things. At length the church was visited by quickening influences. A revival after the Harding type wrought itself out. But with it came contentions and divisious. The New Lightism, the noise, the excitement, were abhorrent to those who held on to the sober thoughtfulness, the steady and quiet movement of former days. The pastor, with many of

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the leading members, took strong ground against what they regarded as the extravagancies of their brethren. The whole resulted in a pretty extensive disruption,—deposition of office-bearers, withdrawal of some members, and exclusion of others. In the midst of these occurrences Mr. Harding entered in at the door thus opened before him. Not admitted to the Congregational meeting-house, or not seeking access to it, he preached among the Chebogue people. Many of them became attached to his ministry, though only one of them at that time was baptized, and joined his church. A few years afterwards, a considerable number of them followed in the footsteps of their brother. The results were, that, first of all, a meeting-house was built at Chebogue, for the use of Mr. Harding's friends; and now a Baptist church exists there of more than a hundred and fifty members. Nevertheless, the ancient Congregational church maintains its standing, and is now at work, with some good measure of efficiency and success.

We now approach another remarkable period in the history of the church at Yarmouth, in connection with Mr. Harding's ministry. At the opening of the year 1837, a poor drunkard, named Eliphalet Curry,* became

* The compiler became acquainted with Mr. Curry during his pastorate at Yarmouth, and found him a good and zealous, though somewhat eccentric brother. He is now translated to a better world. In 1843 he paid a visit to Westport, which we find noticed as below, in a letter addressed at the time to Mr. Harding. Thus reads the letter:—"We have been greatly rejoiced by the visit of our esteemed brother Curry, who came here on Saturday last. He attended with us in Conference, when we enjoyed a blessed season.

the subject of renewing grace. About the same time, the brethren resident in the vicinity of Hebron, where, it will be remembered, the great movement of 1806 had its commencement, were stirred up to an unusual concern in regard to the things of eternity. Prayer meetings were multiplied, and impressions were deepened; Mr. Curry's prayers and exhortations contributing largely, by God's blessing, to the interest that was awakened. Many were baptized, and backsliders retraced their steps, "sorrowing," as it seemed, "after a godly sort." So through the spring, summer, and towards the autumn. In September Mr. Harding attended what was called a Yearly Meeting, held at Bridgetown. The Rev. Thomas Ansley, a man whose name will not soon perish from the memory of the Baptists in the Lower Provinces,* had been la-

In the evening we had a prayer-meeting, and the Lord was in our midst. On Sabbath morning brother Curry exhorted us from these words,—'But who may abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when he appeareth?' Truly we could say, the Lord was again in our midst, and that to bless us. In the afternoon brother Curry met with us in the Sabbath School, and delivered an address calculated to melt the heart of the most obdurate." Other meetings are mentioned in the letter here quoted, at which doubtless brother Curry assisted, though his presence is implied rather than expressed. Thus proceeds the letter elsewhere:—"Our prayer-meeting in the evening was numerously attended, and we enjoyed a good degree of religious freedom. When dismissed, the people seemed loth to leave the house. Oh! that we may see and feel a more general outpouring of the Spirit of God, and see more precious souls converted! This evening we have had a Temperance Meeting, and obtained thirty-five additional subscribers to our pledge of Total Abstinence; making in all two hundred and fifty-six. Truly may we say here, 'What hath God wrought!'"

* Appendix M.

bouring in that neighbourhood for many years. His thoughts had been lately much directed towards Yarmouth. Just then he was free from regular engagements with his former charge, or with any charge at all. An arrangement was therefore easily negotiated between him and Mr. Harding; the former to proceed to Yarmouth, and the latter to occupy the field in and about Bridgetown. Mr. Ansley's labours at Yarmouth were greatly blessed. They extended through a period of five or six months. The results are thus exhibited in the church records made at the time.

Under the date of April 2, 1828, we find the following entry. "The Lord of the harvest has caused Zion to travail, and sons and daughters are born to God. This glorious work of reformation has been gradually progressing for about eighteen months. The light of it began to dawn at our first Quarterly Meeting in January 1827; and about twenty members were added to the church in about nine months after. In September last there were in the church about a hundred and fifteen members, and four candidates for baptism. During the last six months, there have been thirty-nine Conference meetings. The ordinance of baptism administered twenty-two times; the Lord's Supper administered six times; two hundred and nine candidates received for baptism; one hundred and thirty-five baptized; thirty-four members have reunited with the church; fifteen added from sister churches of the same faith and order, and two from the Methodist Society, who had been baptized on a profession of their faith by immersion: five have died, and two

been excluded. In all, one hundred and eighty-six members added; and our total number of members is now two hundred and ninety-four; and seventy-eight candidates for baptism are now remaining. Oh! what wonders hath God wrought in our land!" Again, under the date of Sept. 21, 1828, there occurs this entry. "It has been a glorious harvest-day for these twelve months past. There have been two hundred and eighty-eight candidates for baptism received; two hundred and seventeen baptized; forty restored and reunited; twenty from other churches of our faith and order: eleven have died; two been dismissed; two excluded, during the last twelve months. There have been added to the church two hundred and seventy-seven members. Total number now three hundred and seventy-seven; and seventy-one candidates for baptism remaining. May we not be high-minded, but fear! The unspeakable blessings of God call upon us for gratitude. Our time, talents, and worldly substance, all devoted to the cause of God, are no more than our reasonable service."

Three things remain to be more distinctly noted here. First, that in the course of this year the Baptist Meeting House at Hebron was erected; in which neighbourhood the Second Yarmouth Baptist Church was ultimately formed. Next, that, in the process of the movements just described, the brethren who had been unsettled from their relation with the Congregational church at Chebogue now came forward, almost simultaneously, and became thoroughly identified with the Baptists in town. Thus the Baptist interest in Chebogue was shaped into

form, and a foundation laid for the South Yarmouth Baptist Church now existing there.

The last thing is, that at this period the Yarmouth church came into entire harmony with the regular Baptist body; taking the Articles of the Nova Scotia Baptist Association as the basis of their order, and particularly adopting the practice of strict communion. Their union with the Nova Scotia Baptist Association, meeting this year at Horton, brought them into full and formal identity with their Baptist brethren at large. The following sentences, which close Mr. Harding's sketch of the earlier history of the Yarmouth church, contain a distinct reference to these important changes. "I and my dear people had been much against the particular communion practised among the Baptists lately in the Province, but have been brought to see the expediency of it in the late reformation. Brother Thomas Ansley has been the highly honoured instrument of great good in this blessed work of Divine grace, as also in shewing the forms and ordinances of God's house. There have been some brought to Christ in this revival; but the most that came forward to own God had obtained a hope of redemption through Christ Jesus before. Gospel ministers who visit us have said frequently, they never saw so many who had found mercy, and had obtained a lively hope in the blood of the Lamb as in this place, in proportion to the number of inhabitants. But as deacon Zechariah Chipman has kept a regular record of the church, reference may be had to that for information. Let us, my fellow-

travellers, go on our way rejoicing."* The word "expediency" in this citation will not be overlooked. Farther than this Mr. Harding never went on the subject of strict communion. He fell in with it as "expedient," but never regarded it as the "more excellent way." And when, towards the close of his life, he had fallen back upon the mental habitudes of his earlier days, he advocated the open communion theory both in public and private.

During the winter and spring just passed under review, a sore visitation of sickness fell upon Yarmouth and its vicinity. A disease broke out which received the name of *erysipelas*; but if such it were, it must have been of a peculiar and malignant type, as it carried off its victims in periods varying from three to eight days. The circumstances are thus noticed in the Yarmouth church-book, at the close of the minute last quoted:— "Diseases of various kinds have removed more by death this winter than known since Yarmouth was inhabited. Five funerals have been attended in one week; and at this time the doctors have a hundred patients under their care." And again, elsewhere:—"Nine funerals were attended in this town within eight days." More than a hundred were at this time removed by death. Almost every family in the neighbourhood was bereaved of one of its members, or more. The prevailing complaint attacked Mrs. Harding. It all but took her life, and left her a cripple for the rest of her days. Through all these

* Appendix N.

scenes Mr. Harding was especially earnest and active. The minds of the people were solemnized; and their pastor was enabled to press upon them the things of the kingdom with peculiar unction and power. Many who passed away at this season realized the triumphs of faith in their last hours; and while "the king of terrors" displayed his might, "the Prince of life" proved himself mightier than he.

We have now to contemplate Mr. Harding in a new relation. The church under his care had grown into a large, unwieldy body. Its members were scattered over a wide extent of country. Its pastor, though he held on his way with unabated vigour, bordered upon his seventieth year. Under these circumstances it seemed desirable to introduce additional ministerial labour into the field which he had hitherto cultivated alone. Various efforts were made for the accomplishment of this object; which resulted, in the summer of 1830, in the settlement of the Rev. William Burton, previously pastor of the Baptist church at Parrsborough, N. S., as co-pastor with Mr. Harding. This relation was maintained until the spring of 1853; at which time the union between Mr. Burton and the church at Yarmouth, prolonged through a period of twenty-three years, came to a close. That union had been highly profitable and prosperous. The fervid zeal of the senior pastor had wrought well in combination with the pulpit talent and tempered judgment of the junior. In the summer of the year 1852, the year before Mr. Burton's resignation, the members of the church were reported to their Association as num-

bering not far from seven hundred. Mr. Burton held a high place in the Christian regards of those among whom he had so long ministered. In "that day" it will be seen that his labours at Yarmouth were "not in vain in the Lord." Moreover Mr. Burton strove, and with considerable success, to bring his Yarmouth brethren into a sympathy, closer than had previously existed, with the benevolent enterprizes of these latter days;— a sympathy not yet exhausted, and which, it may well be hoped, will continue to yield its fruits, and that in an increasing measure, down to distant years. His relations with Mr. Harding were, for the most part, harmonious. Where the one had "planted," the other "watered;" and "God gave the increase." Long will the memory of this co-pastorate be precious at Yarmouth, and throughout Western Nova Scotia.

The following extracts from a letter addressed to the compiler by Mr. Burton, soon after Mr. Harding's decease, may be fittingly introduced here.

"When he [Mr. H.] began to preach about Yarmouth," says Mr. Burton, "the existing church, or churches were very formal, and the life of spiritual religion had almost died out. Doubtless his early ministry had a good effect in reviving a spiritual Christianity. . . . God owned and blessed his labours, in awakening many sinners to a sense of their sin and danger, and leading them to trust in Christ alone for salvation. . . .

"Mr. Harding's peculiar views of experimental religion, with the peculiar religious exercises of the people who followed him, produced a strong prejudice in the minds of Congregation-

alists.* And although some of these may have been truly pious, yet there thus arose a great division among the people; much greater, and more bitter than you or I can now conceive of. This has now given place to feelings of brotherly kindness. I have no doubt that his spiritual views of religion, together with those of his helpers, have done much to revive vital godliness in Western Nova Scotia.

“He was a man who evidently loved God and Christ, and strove to the utmost to lead his fellow-men to the path of life. The dear old man is now, I doubt not, enjoying the heavenly rest with many of his flock who have gone before him. During my sojourn with him I realized much happiness, while I encountered some trials arising out of our different views about many things. But doubtless I was not without my faults any more than he. I would now lose sight of such things as these, mingling hearty forgiveness with utter forgetfulness. Oh! that more of that zeal and holy unction, which were the chief ornaments of his ministry, as well as the secret of his success, might characterize my own labours! I doubt not that then they would prove much more beneficial both to saints and sinners.”

* That is of the early days to which the writer here refers.

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Mr. Harding's last Days, and Decease.

§ 1. NARRATIVE.

LITTLE more now remains to be recorded in regard to Mr. Harding's public career. On Mr. Burton's settlement at Yarmouth, the conduct of church affairs fell largely into his hands. There was another great revival movement in the Yarmouth church within a short time of Mr. Harding's removal; with which, as was to be expected, he deeply sympathized. But as he was not so closely connected with it as with similar movements heretofore noticed, and its features were substantially the same as those by which they were marked, it is not necessary to bestow upon it here more than a passing reference. To the end, until seized by his last sickness, Mr. Harding continued to evangelize, sometimes taking distant journies, as well as moving to and fro within his own sphere.

A few years before his death, in the year 1846, Mr. Harding travelled as far as Halifax, to have his portrait

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ainted.* We introduce here, with great satisfaction, the two following letters, written by him on this occasion, and addressed to the *Christian Messenger*.

“Mess. . Editors :

“Dear Brethren,—

“I am not willing to leave town without communicating a few particulars of my visit, for the satisfaction of my dear flock at Yarmouth, as well as of my numerous friends in other parts of the country.

“It is very generally known that a desire has been expressed by several of the churches, that the old Baptist ministers in both Provinces should consent to have their likenesses taken, to be deposited at our Institution at Horton. When the matter was first mentioned to myself, I could not but say, that, as regarded my own likeness, the sight of it had often given me much more pain than pleasure; and I wished more than ever now to keep self out of sight, and hold up my blessed Master to my fellow men, and urge them to love and admire him. But to pass on. As many of my dear people seemed anxious that I should comply with their wishes, and as my dear brethren E. Manning, Joseph Dimock, and Harding, with whom I have been so long in Gospel fellowship, and with whom I have an unshaken trust I shall spend a long eternity, had already complied with a similar request, I consented, and

* Our lithographed likeness is taken from this portrait. It may seem to some, that a man of eighty-five could scarcely present an aspect of life and vigour such as is apparent in our picture. We are assured, however, that it was not until he had past the term of life mentioned above that he manifestly began to decline. Those who would like to look upon him such as he became when old age had at last asserted its power, may turn to the life-like profile given not far from this page.

accordingly left home for this purpose. My dear brother Burton kindly sent his son along with me to assist me in my journey. The first Lord's day I spent with the brethren at Bridgetown, and the second at Windsor; at both of which places I tried to preach to the people.

"A good deal of the time, during my visit here, has been unavoidably occupied in attending on the gentleman who was employed to execute the work which was more especially the object of my visit; and which, from the necessary confinement to one posture, from my advanced age and growing infirmities, occasioned me a good deal of uneasiness and pain. Still on the whole I have enjoyed my mind; and in visiting from house to house, and in conversing with the people, I have felt the presence of the Lord. I was enabled to preach twice, morning and evening, in the Granville Street Chapel, the first Lord's Day after my arrival. The second Lord's Day morning, I preached for my dear young brother Hunt, in the Baptist Chapel at Dartmouth; and in the afternoon of the same day, having crossed over from Dartmouth, I dispensed the Lord's Supper to the church in Granville Street; and in the evening had the privilege of hearing from brother Cramp, who had a few days before arrived from Canada, a solemn and interesting discourse. Our valued brother advanced many excellent truths in a plain and forcible manner; and I trust his visit to these Provinces will be owned and blessed of God. During my visit I also preached and attended Conference meetings on week evenings in the Stone Chapel.

"I can truly say, that my heart deeply sympathizes with the dear brethren and sisters of the Granville Street church in their present afflicted condition. They are passing through a season of great trial and difficulty; and, in their endeavours to uphold the Baptist cause in Halifax, have much to contend

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with. I tried, in my feeble manner, to direct them to the only source from whence counsel and strength can come. I felt an inward assurance, while commending them 'to God, and to the word of his grace,' that he would appear for them, and deliver them out of all their troubles. My earnest cry, I may truly say, by night and by day, while among them, was, 'O Lord! revive thy work! In the midst of the years remember mercy!'

"I must not omit to mention, that I received the kindest attention from the Christian friends in town. Their houses and hearts were open to receive me. I intend to be present at the examination at Horton on my return; and, if life and health be spared, to meet my brethren in Association at Bridgetown. May the Lord be present with us at our meeting, to sanctify and bless us!

"I remain,

"Your friend and brother in the Gospel,

"HARRIS HARDING."

"Halifax, June 8, 1846.

"Yarmouth, July 14, 1846.

"Messrs. Editors,—

"I addressed a short letter to you on leaving Halifax, giving you some account of my visit there, for the information of my friends in different parts of the country; and I should now be offering violence to my feelings, as well as, in my judgment, be wanting in my duty, if I did not add a few particulars in regard to my journey homeward.

"After leaving town, I proceeded by moderate stages on my way towards Cornwallis; where I spent one Lord's Day with my aged and valued brother, Edward Manning. It refreshed my spirit in the Lord to have the opportunity thus

granted to me to hold communion with my old and tried friend and fellow-labourer in the Gospel of my blessed Master. I preached to his people, and had the privilege of baptizing two persons who had been received by his church for that ordinance. Some might think it was venturing too far for me, at my time of life, and after the fatigue of so long a journey, to go into the water. But under the circumstances of the case it appeared to be duty, and I resolved not to shrink from performing it; and I have no reason to regret my resolve. I felt my mind happy in God. Indeed it has always a happy influence on my feelings, when I am permitted either to administer this blessed ordinance of my Saviour myself, or to witness the administration of it, when done according to the pattern of the Gospel, by others. In every sense, it is good to find the place where Jesus lay.

“ I attended the examination of the students at our Institution at Horton, and was highly gratified with what I there saw and heard. I looked with pleasure on the countenances of the youth who were receiving instruction from our worthy brethren, the teachers of Acadia College. I felt they were the hope of our country; and I could not refrain again and again from lifting my heart in prayer to God, that he would sanctify the privilege they were enjoying to their own best good, and the good of others. Especially did I feel interested for those of them who profess to be pious, and are looking forward to engage in the ministry in the churches. There is nothing gives me greater pain than to hear education set up in the place of religion; and especially to hear it spoken of as of the first consequence in regard to our rising ministry; while the work of the Spirit, the call of the Holy Ghost, which I feel and know every true minister of Jesus Christ must be the subject of, is put down as of secondary or inferior impor-

tance. Against such a perversion of what is right I hope I shall ever be found to raise my voice, and to enter my protest; and it is because I always express myself strongly and plainly on this point, that some perhaps have concluded that I was unfriendly, or opposed to education. But this is not the fact. Education, sanctified by the Word and Spirit of God, I shall always maintain is of inestimable value to its possessor. And to no man is knowledge, sanctified knowledge, of more value than to the minister of Jesus Christ. I love and honour those of my dear brethren in the Christian ministry who, possessing much of the knowledge of the schools, are daily found casting themselves, with all they have acquired, at the feet of Christ, and praying there for strength and grace to consecrate all to him—to ascribe all to him in the great work of snatching souls from sin and death, and raising them to life and God. It is because I believe my valued brethren who are engaged in the work of instruction at Horton hold these views that I desire to hold up their hands; and it is because I humbly trust, that the young men who are to succeed myself and my brethren who are soon to quit this earthly stage will have their minds deeply impressed with these views, that my heart and my hands are given to aid and encourage those who are sustaining our Institutions at Horton. What I long and pray for in my feeble way is, that God in his mercy may raise up and continue in our churches a spiritual, soul-searching, Christ-exalting ministry, who shall make knowledge subservient to his name and glory among men. I was particularly delighted with the affectionate and truly Scriptural address of our brother Cramp, of Canada, to the young men, at the close of the exercises of the day set apart for the conferring of degrees. Before I pass from this subject I may add, that I myself have enjoyed manifold and great blessings from my intercourse,

through their writings, with the learned and pious; and I refer, not only to the prophets, and apostles, and martyrs, but to many among our Reformers and Puritan divines who were 'burning and shining lights' in their day, and who 'being dead yet speak' to us words of wisdom and grace. I would not, for mines of wealth, give up my acquaintance with Bunyan and Baxter, with Watts and Doddridge, and many, many others of like spirit, whose learning and piety rendered them a blessing to their own and to future ages. I hope to meet them face to face, and to reign in glory with them for ever and ever.

"The Association at Bridgetown, which I attended, was to me a time of great spiritual refreshing. It did me good to meet so many dear brethren and sisters in the Lord with whom, in times past, I had spent many happy hours in speaking together of the goodness of the Lord. It did me good to listen to the proclamation of the glorious Gospel from my aged and younger brethren in the ministry. And it was pleasant also to my mind, that frequent opportunity was afforded me, during the meeting, not only in preaching, but in exhortation,* to

* Dr. Cramp has supplied us with a description, which will be found in the Appendix, of one of Mr. Harding's exhortations at this Bridgetown gathering. The Rev. John Miller, who was also present on the same occasion, has supplied us with some farther recollections of that gathering, embracing others besides Mr. Harding. We present them in this note.

Mr. Miller was settled at Windsor at the time at which Mr. Harding stopped there, as mentioned in his letter, on his way to Halifax. He recalls nothing, however, of the venerable man's visit to that place, except that the Good Samaritan was the subject of his sermon on the Lord's Day.

In regard to the Association at Bridgetown, we have the following pleasant little anecdote. *Theodore* Harding was present there as well as *Harris*. At one of the meetings these two sat

bear my testimony to the sentiments advanced, as being in entire harmony and accordance with the truth of God. Indeed

near each other, in front of the pulpit. A sermon had been delivered, and the usual opportunity for exhortation was afforded. Father Harris Harding arose, to avail himself of the opportunity. There was some little restlessness in the congregation, and the good man hesitated. Theodore Harding set himself to rectify the slight disorder. He reared his stately form, put on his commanding manner, lifted up his stentorian voice, and exclaimed,—of course with immediate effect,—“*Old Mr. Harding wishes to speak.*” As though, while only ten years the junior of the other, he had been entitled, on that account, to describe him with emphasis as “*old Mr. Harding.*” But father Theodore never liked to be regarded as old; and his exclamation in this case, though perhaps all unconsciously, was but a shrewd way of hinting, that himself was yet comparatively young.

We have besides a touching little trait, in father Harris Harding’s behaviour when leaving the house of God. On breaking up from one of the Association meetings, the people, as both common and natural on such occasions, drew off into groups, and fell into familiar conversation. By and by father Harding’s venerable form was discovered, as he wound his way, in an abstract sort of manner, in and out among these groups. And then it was clear, that he was talking to himself, as he was wont to do. Next these words fell upon the ear,—“*All who wish to go to heaven with me are welcome!*” No more of his utterances were heard. But doubtless the aged saint gave forth “many like words:” breathing of heaven on his way thither; speaking spontaneously of his hopes; and yearning to make all men partakers of a bliss like his own.

Father E. Manning was also present at this Bridgetown gathering, and preached. It is remembered of him, that he illustrated his “full assurance of hope” in these terms—strong, striking, and even startling:—“*I would not thank an angel from heaven to tell me, that my name is written in the Book of Life. I KNOW IT!*”

But now what high communion there was at this Association, held some score of years since! Harris Harding, Theodore Harding, and Edward Manning! What a constellation of gifts

I never enjoyed myself more at any previous Association. The unbroken harmony which existed, the deference shewn to the aged by the young, the oneness of spirit and judgment which pervaded the entire body; all evincing that one motive influenced all, as one end was sought by all,—namely, the advancement of the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ upon earth,—could not but make it pleasant, to those who had grace in their hearts, to be there. More than once I was ready to exclaim, ‘O how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!’

“Nothing remarkable occurred to me on my way from Bridgetown to Yarmouth. I journeyed ‘by the will of God,’ and reached home in safety and good health on Saturday, the 27th ult., and found Mrs. Harding as well as, under existing circumstances, could be expected; having, in my absence, been remarkably strengthened, and enabled to undergo a most severe surgical operation,—no less than having one entire breast removed, to stop the progress of a raging cancer therein. I trust I feel thankful in some measure to my heavenly Father, for his great goodness to her, and for his pro-

and graces! albeit a setting constellation. These three veteran champions of the cross, in one place, and forming part of one assembly—speaking, praying, rejoicing, weeping together! Then, in their private intercourse, talking over “auld lang syne;” perhaps rehearsing former conflicts and victories, until they feel like the poet’s old soldier, when he

“Shoulders his crutch, and shews how fields were won!”

So they met for the last time on earth, mingling their sweet and hallowed sympathies. And now they have all passed away. The constellation has set. Edward Manning first; then Harris Harding; and last of all Theodore. Gone hence; but only to shine in brighter skies, and never to set again. Shall you and I, dear reader, shine at last, as they do, in that upper firmament?

protecting care over us during our separation, and for the mercies with which it pleases him still to surround us; and I can but say, with his servant of old, 'What reward shall I render to the Lord for all his goodness?' I trust I may add, with him, 'I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon his name.'

"One event has occurred, the tidings of which reached me soon after my return home, which has deeply affected my heart. I refer here to the death of my dearly beloved friend and fellow-labourer in the Gospel, brother Joseph Dimock. I must not, however, give expression to my feelings in regard to his death. A thousand recollections in connection with our early acquaintance crowd upon my mind. Our fellowship in the Gospel, which existed for more than half a century, was never interrupted for an hour. Nature, under such a bereavement, cannot but feel. But blessed be God, faith and hope triumph over all feelings of sadness, and bring near the hour, which cannot be far distant from me, when I shall again meet my departed brother, and unite my song of praise with his to 'Him who hath washed us from our sins in his own blood!' O may the disciples of Jesus live near the cross, looking for the second coming of their Lord! Then will the summons which has called away from this scene of toil and sorrow our dear brother Dimock, be heard, as it shall come to each in his time, with joy; until the Lord shall accomplish the number of his elect, and all shall meet around the throne, to be separated no more for ever.

"Let me, in closing, urge upon the members of our churches the duty of cultivating feelings of love one towards another—of seeking to abound in that charity which 'hopeth and endureth all things.' Truly 'love is the fulfilling of the law.' 'Mark them,' is the language of the apostle, 'who cause divisions among you;' while, on the other hand, 'blessed are

the peacemakers'—those who labour to promote union among the followers of Christ. May the 'God of peace' cast the mantle of his love over all our churches; and cause the Spirit of peace to rest upon all, of every name, who truly love and fear him!

“ I am, dear brethren,

“ Yours affectionately,

“ In the bonds of the blessed Gospel of Christ,

“ HARRIS HARDING.”

This Halifax excursion was Mr. Harding's last remote journey.* Henceforth he abode around his earthly home until lifted to his better home above.

The latter days of Mr. Harding were darkened by domestic sorrows. In the winter of 1831 his son Lodowick, at the age of twenty-nine years, was lost at sea—swept overboard by the swinging of the main boom of the vessel of which he was commander, and drowned. The young man was very dear to his aged parents, and highly popular in the community at large. Pleasing hopes were indeed cherished respecting his spiritual condition; but such a son could not be taken away, and so suddenly, without the infliction of a deep wound upon the parental heart. Yet, while Mr. Harding felt as a man, he bowed like a saint; illustrating his exhortations to the bereaved in his own conduct. The Lord's Day after he had received tidings of his loss, he preached from the words of Eli,—“It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good.” The vessel from which his son

* Appendix O.

had perished entered the port of Yarmouth, with her colours half-mast-high, as usual on such occasions, just as Mr. Harding's congregation was gathering together;—a circumstance which gave peculiar pungency to the emotions both of preacher and hearers. He survived four others of his children; but he seemed to feel this, the first breach upon his family circle, more keenly than those which afterwards befel him. We find the following notice of Lodowick Harding's death in the Yarmouth church records, dated March 5, 1831. "The church, on this melancholy occasion, felt a peculiar sympathy with their venerable pastor and his companion, in the first breach in their family of eleven children: the bereavement of their amiable son, who had been to them in a degree as Joseph of old to his father Jacob. But the Lord is still their support; and they are enabled to say, 'It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good.' The death of the above Captain Lodowick Harding was occasioned by being thrown overboard at sea by the main boom, and drowned, aged about twenty-nine years. But blessed be God, we have hope in his death."*

Mr. Harding believed in little beside experimental religion, and that of the New Light cast. Still, however, he was a man of deep Christian benevolence; and this sometimes made him the philanthropist, and sometimes brought him into friendly relations with objects from which his prejudices might otherwise have made him revolt.

* Appendix P.

Thus, in the year 1829, he entered, with characteristic ardour, into the Temperance reformation, and was, for many years, president of a Temperance Society, formed at Yarmouth, founded originally upon the principle of abstinence from ardent spirits. A similar society had been formed at Beaver River, about thirteen miles from Yarmouth, lying within the range of Mr. Harding's extended field. A vessel had been wrecked there, with a large supply of West India rum on board. But it had something better,—a few copies of the late Dr. Lyman Beecher's Sermons on Intemperance. The people read, thought, prayed; and then, as just now stated, proceeded to act. It is believed, that this Beaver River Temperance Society, constituted in 1828, was the first that was formed in British America; perhaps in the British dominions. A large proportion of Mr. Harding's people connected themselves with these early movements; a result which may be traced, in great measure, to that good man's individual, earnest, and persevering efforts. A few years later a Society was formed at Hebron, on the Total Abstinence principle; said, again, to have been the first so organized in Nova Scotia. Here also the countenance and efforts of Mr. Harding were afforded. Mr. Harding, and the Yarmouth Baptists should thus seem to occupy the very van of the great Temperance movement in Nova Scotia, and even in the British empire.* The following official letter, found among Mr. Harding's papers, contains a valuable expression of his views on the subject of Temperance.

* Appendix Q.

“To the Delegates from the different Temperance Societies
in Nova Scotia, assembled at Bridgetown, Sep. 24,
1834.

“Yarmouth, Sep. 7, 1834.

“Gentlemen,—

“The cause of Temperance, which you have espoused with a becoming zeal, and in which we cordially and warmly engage with you, and thousands of others, embraces the glory of God, and the spiritual and temporal welfare of our fellow-sinners of every description. And if a difference in creed has apparently wounded the cause of religion and virtue,—and among those too whose hearts have been better than their heads,—in this Society, like other blessed Institutions of our day, all can unite, under the influence of religion, morality, or reason, without fear of injury to the most tender feelings of any; and here each member can fill his rank, and in his sphere have opportunity of doing good, to all men. And we are pleased to say, gentlemen, that it hath been our mercy to be among the first in these two Provinces to form a Temperance Society; and although like a mustard-seed at first, it has advanced to about seven hundred in the Township of Yarmouth, and the good cause is still progressing. And we have delegated deacon Hilton, and deacon Baker, who will, in behalf of our Society, sit with you in council, and deliberate upon the most efficient measures to be pursued by you for the benefit of the cause of Temperance. And wishing the approbation of Heaven may attend upon all your deliberations and movements in matters so beneficial and interesting to mankind,

“We are, gentlemen,

“Yours, with much esteem,

“(On behalf of the Yarmouth Temperance Society,)

“HARRIS HARDING, President.”

As soon as the organization and plans of the British and Foreign Bible Society came under the notice of Mr. Harding, they won his heart, and shared his activities. He was for many years one of the principal officers of the Yarmouth and Argyle Auxiliary to the above Society. He never took much interest, however, in the controversies which arose, in his later days, between the Baptists and the Bible Societies both of England and America;—a fact to be explained by his want of the denominational spirit, as also by his advanced years.

Mr. Harding coöperated with his Baptist brethren in the founding and support of their Institutions at Wolfville, and long subscribed his annual pound for the maintenance of Acadia College. Yet it was hard for these institutions to win and retain his entire confidence: although, almost in spite of himself, they seem to have achieved some such result when he wrote his letter from Yarmouth to the *Christian Messenger*, as given not many pages back. In his early days, in connection with what claimed to be a Christian ministry, Mr. Harding had seen learning exalted above piety; and he could scarcely rid himself of the fear, that the learning of the Baptists should overlay their religion. One Lord's Day afternoon, when he lay upon his dying bed, the compiler paid him a visit. The Rev. Robert Wilson, a worthy Congregational minister, and an educated man, had then recently arrived at Yarmouth, to take charge of a church there. The good old man took occasion to comment upon this circumstance with some degree of severity. "I wonder," said he, "what people mean by sending to England and

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Scotland for ministers, with their Latin, and Greek, and Hebrew." He was reminded that in talking thus he seemed to reflect upon the compiler, born and trained in England. "Oh!" he added, his shrewdness and eloquence coming suddenly to his aid,—“Oh! I don't object to the Latin, and Greek, and Hebrew. But let them be placed at the *feet* of Jesus, and not inscribed, as by Pilate, over his head.” There was the secret of his jealousy in regard to learning. Who shall say that it was groundless? Would that it had not been so sadly justified!

It may seem almost needless to add, what every one would have expected, that in Sabbath School efforts Mr. Harding took a deep and fatherly interest. The Methodists, somewhere about the year 1820, made the earliest attempts in this line of usefulness in Yarmouth. But such things were then new, and, as some good people thought, of a doubtful character. Ultimately, however, they commended themselves to the judgments and hearts of the friends of vital religion generally. About the year 1830 the Baptists of Yarmouth entered upon this field, and have by no means been without their harvest. And whenever, in father Harding's days, an unusual religious concern was awakened in the Sabbath School, there would he be found, aiding the work by his counsels, his exhortations, and his prayers.

We now approach to the “last end” of the interesting subject of this memorial.

Up to the eighty-fifth year of his life father Harding retained much of his manly vigour. After that period, however, the symptoms of declining power, mental as well as bodily, became painfully obvious to those who had best known him. Meanwhile the precious realities of experimental religion lost not their hold upon his spirit; and the glorious Gospel which he had so long proclaimed, was still and ever the joy of his heart.

In the winter of 1851-2, in his ninety-first year, he was prostrated by a severe illness, from which none but himself expected that he would recover. But recover he did; and for more than a year held on in his course of travelling around his own home, and preaching as he had strength and opportunity.

In the autumn of 1853 he was seized with severe cold, of a species then prevalent in the neighbourhood of Yarmouth. In November he was confined to his house, and almost to his bed. His long-cherished habits of activity being thus broken up, while the feebleness of second childhood had fastened upon him, he became fretful and peevish, and seemed to have but little enjoyment of religion. He could not, that is, taste those raptures in which he had been wont to luxuriate, regarding them as special proofs of the presence and power of the Holy Spirit. Thus, when a few friends had assembled in his house one evening, to console and cheer him in the exercises of social religion, he remarked, with reference to the meeting then held, "Good words! good

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words! But the Lord was not here—the Lord was not here.” There was the reality of religion, but not its exhilaration; and the good old man could scarcely be persuaded of the presence of the one in the absence of the other.

Thus, for rather more than three months, Mr. Harding lingered on, upheld by the strength of a constitution which, even in extreme old age, yielded but slowly to the inroads of infirmity and disease. Then, about the end of February, 1854, he was attacked by inflammation of the bladder. This was the last blow, and in a few days finished his earthly career. His sufferings were intense. Opiates were largely administered. His pain was thus soothed, but his mind was stupefied. He said little on any subject, and his religious experiences and expressions were both few and unsatisfactory. But he had *lived* the Gospel. His whole course had been a Christian triumph. His death too was a victory, though wanting in the brilliancy which often distinguishes the parting hours of good men. Here, however, lay one of his grievances. “I can’t see Jesus. I want to *see* Jesus, and cannot.” That is, he could not so surmount the influence of disease, and decay, and medicine, as to rejoice in the Lord with the fervour and elevation of other, and more favoured days. He was reminded, indeed, *that* Jesus looked upon him, if he could not see Jesus—that he was now especially called upon to live by faith—that sight and feeling, such as he had formerly enjoyed, were then scarcely to be expected. Such representations served to silence him for the time, but scarcely to satisfy; and

still he would recur to his old complaint, "Oh! I can't see Jesus—I want to see Jesus."

Yet was it not constantly thus. That passage was not without its fulfilment in father Harding's dying experience, "Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day." His tongue had lost its utterance, his mind its tone; but as the needle still trembles towards the pole, so his heart still trembled towards its God. Often, in the hearing of the compiler, did he magnify the grace of God in choosing him, making him what he was, and assuring him of support and deliverance to the end. "I know not why God has chosen me," he would frequently say. "I am sure I never chose him. Nothing was ever farther from my heart. And never did I dream of becoming a New Light preacher. I should have thought of flying to the moon first. But he has chosen *me*—chosen me for his name's sake—for reasons taken out of the depths of his own heart. Yes! he loved me because he *would* love me; and that is all I know about it. And for that reason he called me by his grace; and taught me to tell his love to others; and blessed my poor labours; and kept me to this day; and will not let me go. No! he will never leave me; and never, *never*, NEVER forsake me. Blessed be his precious name for ever!" And then, exhausted and overcome, he would fall back on his pillow, and pant for breath, and shed tears of gratitude and joy.*

* So the venerable Rowland Hill, when approaching the end of his course, would go about, repeating to himself these simple, but touching lines:—

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Often, too, would he speak of Christ as the only foundation of a sinner's hope; true, to the last, to his grand central idea, "THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS!" Then, again, he would dwell upon the necessity of an interest in Christ. "Oh! what should I do without Christ *now*?" was an expression often upon his lips. Among the last utterances which the compiler heard from him, he spoke of "God over all—God all in all—blessed for evermore!" His words in death itself were almost of the same kind. Another expression has been reported to the compiler, which was not surely without its cheering significance. His medical attendant, when operating upon him once, remarked, with reference to the complaint which rendered the operation necessary, that "it was one of the penalties of old age." "A penalty! no!" he quickly replied. "Say rather a *privilege!*" As though he counted every thing a privilege, sufferings included, which tended to the dissolution of his earthly tabernacle, and so to the opening of his way to God. So Paul teaches, when he writes, "*All things are yours; whether ...life, or death.*" And so Dr. Watts felt, when he sang,

"Had but my cabin walls been strong,
And firm without a flaw,
In prison I had dwelt too long,
And less of glory saw."

No! it was not all gloom with the dying patriarch. The sun will sometimes set behind a dark, heavy mass

"And when I'm to die,
Receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus has lov'd me, I cannot tell why;
But one thing I find,
We two are so join'd,
He'll not be in heav'n, and leave me behind."

of clouds; and yet if the darkness lift but for a moment, he will look through, and dart forth gleams and rays of parting splendour. So set the light of father Harding, when it left our sphere to shine in "the third heavens."

Once, however, his declining sun burst out in full glory, dissipating every cloud. A few days before his death, some of his oldest surviving friends paid him a visit. For a time after their arrival, he lay in a state of stupor. He too often awoke from such a state to new and severe suffering. On the present occasion it proved otherwise. On the return of consciousness, his person was comparatively free from pain, while his mind was unusually clear and collected. He had previously shrunk from the conviction, that "the time of his departure was at hand." But now he not only admitted it, but rejoiced in it; "speaking out with a loud voice." He pleased himself with the thought, that he should soon bid farewell to this world of sin and sorrow. Yet not in that alone, nor chiefly. He was wrought up to rapture, in the assurance that ere long he should enter into the presence of the God and Saviour, in whom he had so long delighted, whose faithfulness he had so often proved, and whose unchanging love had brought him so far forward in his course, and so near its auspicious close. He spoke also of the way of salvation, and placed it before the view of the friends by whom he was surrounded in a rich experimental form. Never, in his best days, had he been heard to express himself on these great themes in terms more animated or pathetic. Now at last his hungering and longing desire was gratified—his desire

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to see Jesus as he had been wont to see him of old. Nay, he was favoured with a vision not wholly unlike that which gladdened the last hours of the proto-martyr Stephen; while he was privileged, moreover, to reflect upon others the splendours which beamed upon his own spirit. Here was the sealing up of the testimony of his life. Yea, it was the trampling of death under his feet. Of a truth, "death was swallowed up in victory."

"His God sustain'd him in his final hour;
His final hour brought glory to his God!"

This incident occurred on Thursday, March 2. Henceforward, until the time of his death, the anguish of the poor patient grew upon him, his strength still declined, and his mental faculties were more and more clouded. It seemed as though nothing but medicine kept life whole within him. On Monday evening, March 6, his final struggle commenced. He was awakened from unconsciousness by an attack of severe pain. The cold deathly sweat started from his brow. He lived as it were from moment to moment. Apparently scarce able to move a limb, yet now, if permitted, he would have cast himself from his bed. At this time he called his son "Israel" by name; which was the last distinct utterance that fell from his lips. In about half-an-hour he returned to a state of unconsciousness, and it looked as if "the bitterness of death was passed." Yet once more he revived. He tried to speak, but his accents were unintelligible: they were supposed to be the accents of prayer. Some six hours passed onward. Then there was renewed anguish, almost as severe as that formerly

experienced, but of shorter continuance. The struggle gradually subsided, and about midnight reached its close. Death had done its work; and father Harris Harding, in the ninety-third year of his age, and the sixty-seventh of his ministry, had "fallen on sleep."

Mr. Harding's remains were committed to the earth on the Saturday following his decease, March 11. The funeral was conducted in a truly catholic style—a style in striking harmony with the character of the man. Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Congregational, Methodist, Free Christian, Free-Will Baptist, in addition to regular Baptist ministers, officiated as pall-bearers on the occasion, and in other respects participated in its solemnities. The funeral sermon was delivered by the compiler, in the Baptist Meeting House, Yarmouth, in the presence of a full audience, composed of individuals of all the religious professions in the community, the Romish not excepted. Gen. xlix. 18. "I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord!" was selected as the basis of discourse. And thus, like Jacob of old, full of years, and of saintly honours, was the venerable man of God gathered to his fathers; leaving behind him a memory of rich and enduring fragrance.

§ 2. ESTIMATE OF MR. HARDING'S CHARACTER AND
LABOURS.

IN PERSON Mr. Harding was of full middle stature. In early life his form was slender, frail, and even ghostly ; affording no indication of the stamina with which he was really endowed. In later years he expanded into great portliness. His length and breadth seemed to be so nearly equal as to suggest ideas of the square and cubical. Still there was nothing ridiculous in his appearance. There was a grace about the man which prevented that. His face was highly characteristic. Firmness, animation, shrewdness, honesty, benevolence, all were there, moulding the countenance to their own likeness. On the whole, the outer man faithfully reflected the inner.

Let us now try to give some of the outlines of that INNER MAN. Not regarding it, however, so much in itself as in its relations. It is thus only that an individual like Mr. Harding can be studied. We must view him in his developments, if we would obtain any clear ideas respecting him. Of course Mr. Harding had his faults and his drawbacks. It is as true now as in the days of Solomon, that "there is not a just man upon earth that doeth good, and sinneth not." We have, as we passed along, hinted at some of Mr. Harding's mistakes. Farther and humbling illustrations of his participation in our fallen nature might yet be supplied. But to this

we do not find ourselves summoned. Scripture, for the most part, speaks of the characters of good men from a survey of what they were as a whole, rather than from a reference to failures and blots. Abraham sometimes forgot his faith; and yet he was "the father of the faithful." Thus it was with regard to other Scripture characters. So the character of father Harding is not without its shady spots; and yet, as a whole, it is one which may be contemplated with deep complacency, and safely held up to the study and imitation of survivors. Facts abundantly sustain this statement, and in the light of those facts we proceed with our delineation.

At the *root* of father Harding's character lay his Christianity. "In doctrine" he was "uncorrupt." Need we rehearse his creed? It was intensely evangelical. He viewed man as wholly lost in himself—saved only by the blood and the Spirit of Christ. "The Lord our righteousness—the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world,"—these were texts and themes of which he never lost sight. Moreover, his views were thoroughly Calvinistic. He held with a firm grasp to the sovereign love of God to his people, personal, eternal, and unchanging. His heart clung to this truth, and to the truths in affinity with it. He delighted and gloried in them, and was never ashamed of them.

Largely did these truths bring forth in him the fruits of *practical godliness*. Much in prayer, he "prayed without ceasing;" abounding in special supplication.

Of a broad, catholic spirit, he drank deeply into Paul's sentiment, "Graco be with *all* them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." Unbounded in the displays of benevolence and kind-heartedness towards the bodies of men as well as their souls, like his Master, he "went about doing good." Embracing the world in his arms of love, he cared for it as he had opportunity, and was ever ready to aid those world-wide evangelical institutions which so largely constitute the glory of our age. Of spotless integrity, through his long residence at Yarmouth, of more than sixty years, he signally succeeded in "providing things honest in the sight of all men." Trusting God for both worlds, he leaned in all circumstances upon the promise, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee;" and it never failed him. There was thus a roundness, and completeness in his religious character but too rarely witnessed. Like Barnabas, he was "a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith."

The *preacher* and the *pastor* may now come under review. Mr. Harding was not in every sense a great man. He was not a great preacher, and never pretended to be one. The loftier reaches of argument and eloquence were beyond him. He was not naturally disposed to take comprehensive views. He owed to the Bible all his enlargement, and all the greatness to which he ever attained.

Yet he was possessed of some singular and valuable qualities. He had great shrewdness—a large stock of

mother-wit. He could not face a foe in argument; but he could embarrass him. Like David, without armour, with his sling, and stone, and certain aim, he often felled huge, armour-clad, practised Goliaths. He had, too, a tenacious memory. His mind was full of the *one* Book with which he was familiar above all other books, and would pour out, not its truths only, but its facts, its figures, its allusions, with unmeasured profusion. He had some imagination, and much dramatic power; enough of both to make him skilled in narrative and description. Moreover, he was rapid in his combinations, and never at a loss either for materials, or their arrangement. His language was neat, chaste, strong, if not copious—drawn largely from the Bible. His utterance was ready, quick, overflowing, apt to be loud and vociferous—in his earlier days accompanied with much gesticulation, and movement to and fro. Age itself scarcely subdued his vehemence. Deep also was his pathos, abundant his unction, while his tears were frequent. Such was the man *in the pulpit*.*

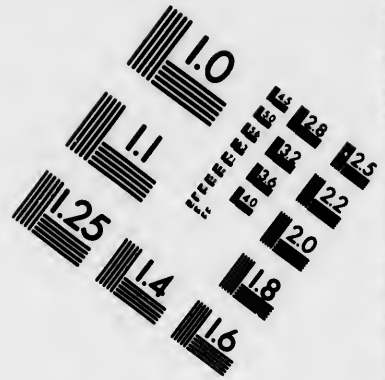
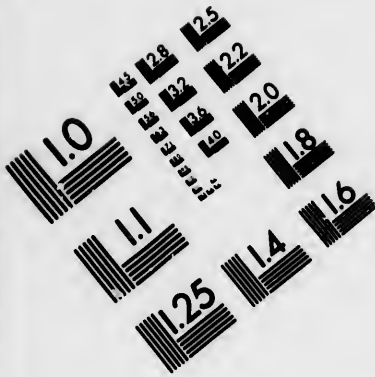
Out of the pulpit he seemed to live by locomotion. Until arrested by his last sickness he was almost always on the road—alike on the move in winter as in summer. His conversational powers, down to a late period, were remarkable. At the fireside he was the delight both of old and young; mingling anecdote, remark, appeal, and tender touches, with unusual and fascinating effect. Gentleness and benevolence moulded his manners into an unforced politeness, and prompted him to a thousand

* Appendix R.

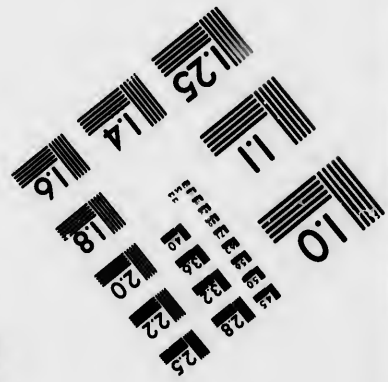
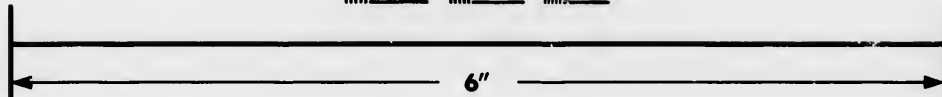
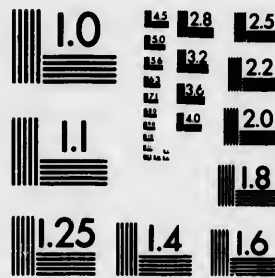
deeds of self-denying kindness. He was thus admirably fitted for that ambulatory, household, pastoral visitation, in which he attained to such uncommon and memorable excellence. He was, in truth, a wide and impartial visitant. Led by compassion, the sick, the aged, the dying, of all religious persuasions, or of none, shared in his attentions. And wherever he went, intent upon doing good, he would urge upon men the concerns of their souls. So, too, in visiting his own people. His first question, after ordinary salutations, would relate to the spiritual interests of his friends. He would extend his inquiries to every member of the household, directing his notice particularly to the young, and the children. And then, ere taking his leave, he would wind up and season all with prayer.

In all things, it may be added, Mr. Harding was distinguished by an *indomitable pertinacity*. With Paul, his motto seemed to be, "One thing I do;" and he was always at that "one thing." It was this, as it must have done in any department of life, that lifted his mediocrity into greatness, and endowed him, under God, with so much power for good. His objects once selected, his course once marked out, it was next to impossible to turn him aside. This gave him a force, and a patience, and a perseverance, and an endurance—in one word, a *moral momentum*, just such as his work demanded. By renewed strokes, rather than by any signal demonstrations, he wrought his impressions. Individuals, families, neighbourhoods, large districts, yet retain, and must long retain the marks that he made, by the mere





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repetition of his efforts, through his protracted and active life. His capital was not so large as that of some other men; but he kept turning it over and over perpetually, until it had yielded an ample increase, and made its possessor "rich in good works;" superabundant in the fruits of his godly diligence.

Mr. Harding's *domestic* character must not be overlooked. One point is worthy of special notice. *He would never incur debt.* This was the more remarkable as, until towards the close of his life, he never had a stated salary. Scarcely, under any circumstances, would he permit his name to be debited in a merchant's books. This exposed him to many an annoyance, and sometimes inflicted severe inconvenience on his family. But it was an amazing stay to his integrity, and laid the basis of that sixty years' reputation for honesty which he left behind him. Of course he spent much of his time away from his own home. But this circumstance did not detract from his influence there so much as might have been expected. Family religion, in its spirit and its forms, was ever sacredly maintained there. The father so lived his religion, as well as professed and preached it, as to commend it to the consciences and hearts of his children. The number of these was eleven. Five died during his life-time, of whom four left behind satisfactory evidence of personal piety. Religion, too, seems to be clearly the element of most of his children who have hitherto survived him. The majority of them are members of Baptist churches. Many of his grandchildren too are treading in the paths of piety, and in

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the steps of their distinguished ancestor. And so the religion of that ancestor has by no means been lost upon his offspring. On the whole he may be fitly commemorated as an example at home as well as abroad. Most efficiently seconded by Mrs. Harding,* he "ruled well his own house;" and children gone before him, and children following after, unite in honourable and satisfactory testimony to his domestic worth.†

We must add a few words as to the RESULTS of father Harding's labours; more especially, that is, in and around Yarmouth: of earlier results we have spoken elsewhere. In Yarmouth County, then, or in its neighbourhood, there may be found at this day, according to the Minutes of the Western Nova Scotia Baptist Association for 1865, *thirteen* regular Baptist churches, consisting of more than *two thousand* members, under the care of their *eight* pastors. And this where there was not a single Baptist some seventy-five years ago. Several churches of Free Christian Baptists, as they are called, with other religious bodies holding evangelical sentiments, came into existence in and around Yarmouth County during Mr. Harding's days, and may be regarded as the indirect fruits of his efforts. The religious senti-

* Reunited with her husband in 1860, having survived him about six years.

† Mr. Harding's family, indeed, had a thorough confidence in the piety of their venerable father, together with a deep reverence for his person and character; as has been made especially and delightfully manifest to the compiler, in the perusal of so much of his domestic correspondence as has fallen under his notice.

ment of this whole district is largely imbued with the Baptist element; and what is better, with the evangelical. Father Harding strove to train his hearers to an inward experimental religion,—as Paul expresses it, “Christ formed IN you—Christ IN you the hope of glory;” and the existing state of religious opinion and profession in Yarmouth County indicates the measure of his success. Then, how many died in the faith in and around Yarmouth in Mr. Harding’s day, the garnered harvest of the Gospel, who were laid under deep and everlasting obligations to his instrumentality! And what seed he sowed for after days,—the promise and the germ of Gospel spring times and harvests already attained, and yet to be realized!

But enough. In this case, as in all others of the like kind, eternity alone can tell the whole tale. And eternity *will* tell it, “to the praise of the glory of His grace,” who made father Harding all that he was, and now summons us to follow him so far as he followed his Lord.

A monument, bearing an inscription, has been erected over the remains of the sainted patriarch as deposited at Yarmouth. A copy of its inscription may appropriately close these imperfect records.

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“ IN MEMORY OF THE REV. HARRIS HARDING :
born Oct, 10, 1761 ; died, March 7, 1854.

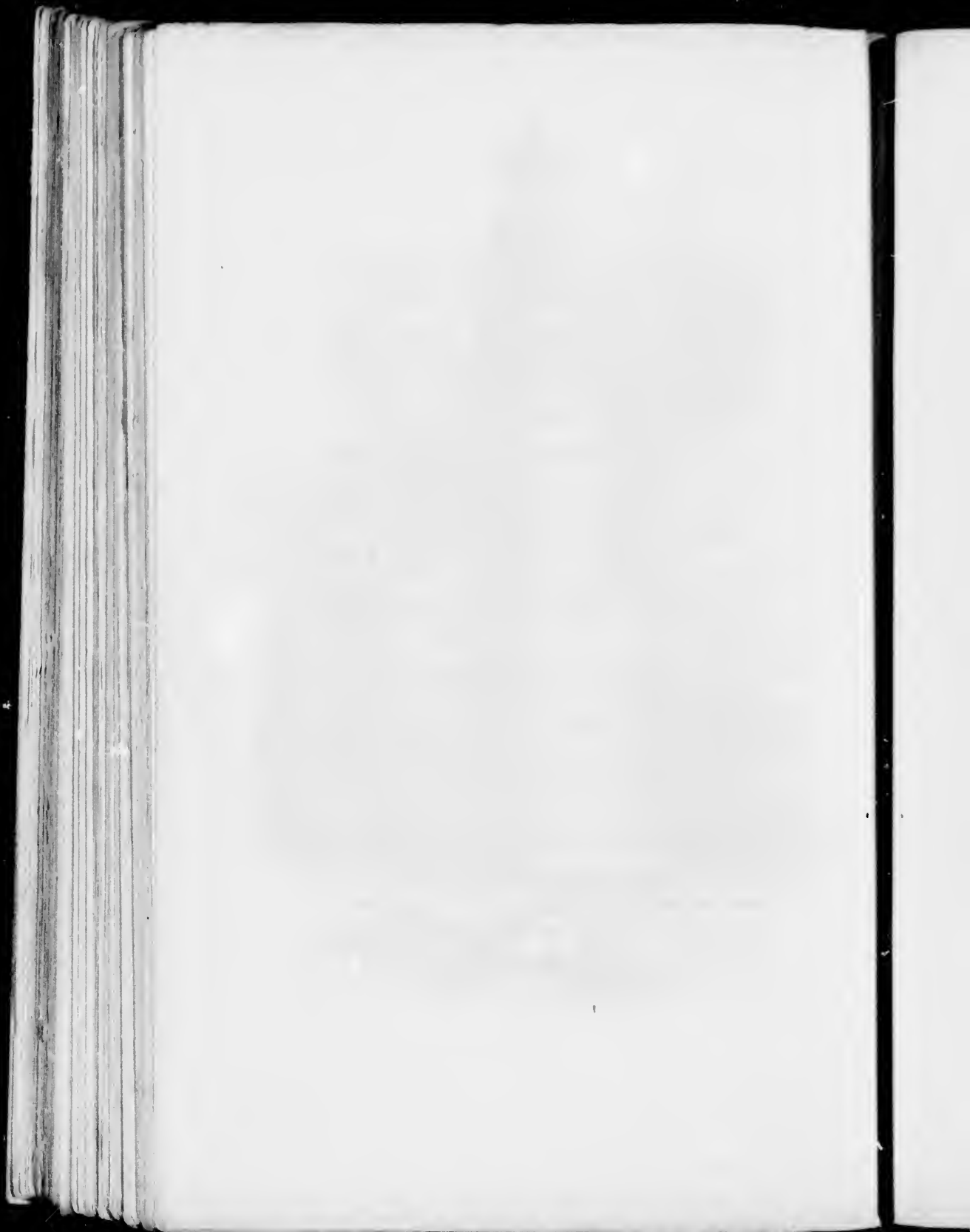
“ For nearly Seventy Years, Sixty of which were
spent in this Neighbourhood, he proclaimed the
Gospel which he loved with unwearied diligence,
and extraordinary success.

“ ‘ AND THEY THAT BE WISE SHALL SHINE AS THE
BRIGHTNESS OF THE FIRMAMENT : AND THEY
THAT TURN MANY TO RIGHTEOUSNESS AS THE
STARS FOR EVER AND EVER.’ DAN. 12. 3.

“ Mr. Harding first visited Yarmouth in 1790. In
1797 he came hither to labour stately in the
Gospel.

“ In 1827 he and his Church, the members of which
resided in all parts of this County, united with
the Nova Scotia Baptist Association. At his
death he was the Senior Pastor of the First and
Second Yarmouth Baptist Churches.

“ This Monument is erected by the inhabitants of
Yarmouth and its vicinity, and by the members
of the various Churches which participated in
the labours of the departed, as a testimony to
the worth of the Man, the graces of the Christian,
and the usefulness of the Preacher.”



Appendix.

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APPENDIX.

A. p. 20.

WE extract the following from Mr. Aline's "Life and Journal." It is highly illustrative of his own character and career, as also of the state of things which existed in this same neighbourhood when Mr. Harding first visited it.

"1782. August 5th. In the morning I took my leave of the people [at Pictou], and set out with a young man, who had been with me about two months, to go through the woods to Cobequid. But not being able to get through, we were obliged to lodge in the woods on the ground, with no other shelter but the trees, and the ethereal canopy. But God was with us, and all was well.

O the great goodness of the Lord to me!
His hand supports me o'er the boisterous sea:
Or if I'm call'd to cross the desert land,
I'm still protected by his present hand.
O Jesus! melt my heart with love divine,
And let my days, my life and soul be thine.

“ 6th. In the morning, about eight of the clock, we came in to the settlements, and travelled down through the country. There were two poor, dark ministers there, who informed the people, that there was a strange impostor from the countries up the Bay, who they heard was coming among them; who was neither college-learned, nor authorized by the Presbytery. He was a *New Light*; he was a separatist, and one that broke up their churches. The poor, dark people, most of them, conceived such an opinion of me, that they would gaze at me, as I passed their doors, with as much strangeness as if I was one of the antediluvians; and when I came down to the public house I was even refused a bed or a room for any money. I sent then the young man that was with me to another public house; and when they heard my name, they likewise refused to take me in. The young man returned, and found me walking in the street, and told me, that he believed I must lie in the street all night. I replied, I could do it without reluctance for the name of Christ. At length there was a poor old man, who said he would willingly receive me, if he had a bed fit for me to sleep in; but did not like to receive me because he was so poor. But he directed the young man where to find a house, he believed I might get entertainment in. But when he went there the man at first refused; saying, he had heard of me, and did not like to receive me, or any such man as I was, into his house. Yet after some discourse, (when the young man told him, that it was hard that a man could not get a lodging for any money, where they called themselves Christians,) the man said he would let me have a room and a bed, and sent for me to come. When I came there, he led me through the house to my room; and the people looked on me, as if I had some distemper that was catching. However, they soon began to shew more freedom; and some of them,

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hearing me sing, knocked at the door, and asked me, if they might come in, and hear me sing? I replied, Yes! if they thought it was safe for them. For their conceptions had been, that there was danger of being caught with that spirit that I went about with. But the people began to be free; and the man of the house called me out, and desired me to pray in his family, and numbers of people came in. However, my design was, to deliver my message as far as I was able, if it was in the street, (if there was no door opened,) before I left the place. But the third day I was there, I was desired by a poor man to preach at his house. I appointed to preach there at four o' clock in the afternoon. The minister of that part of the country, hearing thereof, wrote me a note, demanding me to meet him and his elders at such a tavern, at four o' clock, to give them an account, what right I had to appear in the capacity of a preacher of the Gospel. I wrote him an answer, informing him, that although I should be glad to meet him and his elders, yet was surprised that he should make such a demand. As for the hour he had appointed, I could not meet him at that time, for I had promised to appear there in public. At four I preached, and a great number of people attended, so that the house could not contain them. After I had preached I received a second note from the minister, desiring me to meet him that evening. I returned him for an answer, that I was then in company; neither was it then a proper time. But if he would be in the place he had appointed the next morning at nine o' clock, that I would meet him then there. I met them accordingly; and a number of the people. I told them I was then ready to answer any questions they should ask me, either the minister, elders, or deacons; and that I should expect to have the same liberty allowed me, to ask them some questions. For, since I was

sent for, and knew the strange conceptions many had, and how many were kept in darkness, I was determined, if God gave me strength, to discover where the darkness was, and if it was in me. We then began, and continued for about three hours, on the call and qualifications of a minister; the door into the ministry; the power of ordination; and original sin: at which some of them got so fettered with their own darkness, that they left the room. The minister likewise got up, and broke off from the discourse. But the eyes of the people began to be opened; for after it was done, the man with whom I boarded being present, [they] declared they were satisfied, and that now they saw and were astonished at what prejudice and false reports had done. And from that hour I had more houses open to me than I could supply. Thus the enemies of Christ, by their endeavouring to shut the door against the Gospel, were the means of opening it.

“I preached three or four days in Turo, and then crossed the river to Onslow, where I preached. I not only preached often, but discoursed also with the people; who often filled my room, and staid until twelve at night, impatient to hear the name of Jesus, and what they must do to be saved. One man, who was before a member of one of those churches, was convinced and converted. But there were yet many of the Pharisees opposing the work, and labouring to turn away the people from the faith.”

B. p. 23.

The following extracts from Mr. Alline's "Life and Journal" set forth that good man's notions of church order.

" 1776. September 27th. I rode with some of my Christian friends to Newport, in order to gather a visible church, to walk in the order of the Gospel; which had been some months in agitation. I was chosen to draw the articles, with the assistance of some brethren. Some articles were drawn, and the next day signed by some brethren. I preached a sermon, and the Lord seemed to own us. The reason that we called for no assistance from other churches was, because we did not think the churches in those parts were churches of Christ, but had only a dry form without religion. The church was gathered both of Baptists and Congregationals; for we did not think that such small non-essentials as different opinions about water-baptism were sufficient to break any fellowship, and to obstruct building together among the true citizens of Zion: and the Lord owned and answered us, and blessed us by increasing the gifts, graces, and the numbers of the small, feeble band. But the powers of darkness, and church of anti-Christ rose against it from every quarter, both in public and private.

" We then returned to Falmouth, where I remained preaching every Sabbath until the 27th of October; when we went over to Newport again, and set apart by ordination two elders. This was done without any assistance from any other church; and these elders came forward to lead the church, as far as their gifts and graces extended."

Again, we have the following, dated in the autumn of 1778.

" Being requested, I attended now a meeting of some of the Baptists in Horton, to advise about gathering a church there. O may the time come when Ephraim shall no more vex Judah, nor Judah envy Ephraim; and that there might never more be any disputes about such non-essentials as water-baptism,

the sprinkling of infants, or baptizing of adults by immersion; but every one enjoy liberty of conscience! They gathered in church order, and made choice of one N. Person (who was not endowed with a great gift in the Word,) for their elder."

All this was previous to Mr. Aline's own ordination. At length, however, he judged it expedient to accept of ordination for himself, "although he never expected to be settled in any place." He gives the following account of the ordination service.

"1779. April 5th. We met from the three churches. One of Horton, one of Cornwallis, the other of Newport and Falmouth met. Held a day of fasting and prayer, and concluded to proceed the next day. April 6th, met in a large barn, to proceed to ordination; and after prayer, and singing, and a sermon preached, I received the imposition of hands by nine delegates, three chosen out of each church. After, we sung and prayed. Then they gave me my credentials, signed by the delegates."

So then it seems the poor, presumptuous man went to work in the Lord's harvest-field without any commission from duly constituted ecclesiastical authorities. Nay, he had already been at work, and had even organized churches, before he had received ordination of any kind. This greatly scandalized the orderly people of his day, and gave rise to many a controversy between him and them. Still the Lord abundantly blessed his labours, regular or otherwise; even as he enabled a good man in New Testament times to cast out devils, although he followed not in the train of the apostles. Alas! for the figment of apostolical succession, whether held by Rome, or Romanizing Protestants!

August 4, 1781, we find Mr. Alline at Sackville, N. B., forming another church.

"The church now began to gather together," he says, "in Gospel fellowship, without any bars or separation about different sects or denominations; but whoever loved and brought Christ, and belonged to him, were freely received into full communion."

Take yet another extract, relating also to Sackville, and giving a picture of a New Light sacramental season.

"August 19th. O what a day of joy was this to the Christians! The church partook of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Many of them were as full of love as they could contain, both under the sermon, and at the Table; and seven souls were, I believe, born to Christ this day. O the shouts of praise that were heard among the Christians, both old and young! Many sinners were groaning under the burden of their sins, and pleading for mercy, and for the blood of Christ, with unspeakable agonies of soul. O may Jesus bring them through, to share with us, and for ever join to glorify his blessed name!"

It seems from the above, that the New Lights of Nova Scotia resembled, in many points, the Separatists of New England. These latter arose a little earlier than our New Lights. Of these people Dr. Hovey of Massachusetts thus speaks, in effect, in a speech reported in the *Watchman and Reflector* of Boston. They came out from the "standing order," the Congregationalism of New England, as established by law, and formed separate societies. Hence their designation as *Separatists*. They left the "standing order" on account of the "half-way covenant," as described in the body of

this work, and because of the want of discriminating preaching, and of spirituality. They became rather numerous. In one of their Conferences fifty churches were represented. They were Calvinistic in their doctrinal views; and the growth of Arminianism in the "standing order" was one ground of their separation from it. Their views of baptism and communion were free. Differing on the baptismal question, they resolved that the difference should be no bar to communion. They desired a spiritual church, in comparison with which they esteemed externals lightly. They were distinguished for their strict views on a call to the ministry. They did not regard talents, culture, and good character as sufficient to authorize an entrance into the ministry, without a special call by the Holy Spirit.

C. p. 33.

Mr. Alline's volume of "Hymns and Spiritual Songs," though it has several compositions on early religion, contains nothing entitled the "Young Man's Song." But we find in it the following; which we give here, partly because it may be the piece of which Mr. Harding speaks, and portions of which, at least, might have been sung on the occasion to which he here refers; and partly because it seems to be the best of Mr. Alline's metrical performances.

CHRIST AND A YOUTH; *in a Dialogue.*

1 JESUS from the bright realms above
Stoops to display his boundless love;
Calling the worst of sinners home,
And courting children in their bloom.

2 "Return!" saith he, "thou precious youth,
To me, the Way, the Life, and Truth;
Partake my grace, enjoy my love,
And set your heart on things above."

YOUTH. 3 "Lord! I would hear thy gracious voice,
And in thy service might rejoice;
But I am chain'd to things below,
And cannot let my pleasures go."

CHRIST. 4 "Your earthly joys afford no peace,
And all those pleasures soon will cease;
Why will you then pursue such toys,
And lose my everlasting joys?"

YOUTH. 5 "I know my joys are mixed with fear,
And soon they all must disappear;
But I no other pleasures know,
Therefore I cannot let them go."

CHRIST. 6 "Nor can you greater pleasures find,
While to these earthly joys inclin'd;
But if you'll hear my gracious voice,
You soon shall find superior joys."

YOUTH. 7 "But should I now attend thy call,
And think to make the Lord my all,
Ten thousand foes would soon engage
Against my soul with all their rage."

CHRIST. 8 "What mighty foes are those you see,
That make you dread to follow me?
Point them to me;—I can destroy,
Or chain them that they can't annoy."

- YOUTH. 9** "The loss of pleasures, earth's esteem,
The fear of man, reproach, and shame;
Hard trials in this Christian flight,
And conflicts with the powers of night."
- CHRIST. 10** "More than my love dost thou esteem
Vain man's applause? and call it shame
To bear my cross?—fear powers of hell;
Yet choose for ever there to dwell?"
- YOUTH. 11** "My pleas are vain; O God! forgive!
What can I do? how can I live?
Chain'd down with twice ten thousand fears—
Surrounded with ten thousand snares."
- CHRIST. 12** "If you from such small trials shrink,
How will you bear ere long to sink
In all the fears and pains of hell,
Where you are justly doom'd to dwell?"
- YOUTH. 13** "Truth, Lord! but I am now so deep
In blindness, darkness, death, and sleep,
Those further scenes do all but seem
An empty sound, an idle dream."
- CHRIST. 14** "Then more you need my call to hear,
Who see your wretched doom so near;
And if you're dark, and dead, and blind,
The more you need relief to find."
- YOUTH. 15** "Lord! what thou say'st I can't deny;
And oh! I fear my doom is nigh!
I now begin to feel my woe;—
What shall I do?—where shall I go?"
- CHRIST. 16** "Arise! dear youth! you need not fear,
If you will but my Spirit hear:
Accept my grace, and follow me,
And happy days you soon shall see."

- YOUTH. 17 "I would, O God' with joy attend,
If I were sure you were my Friend;
But unbelief and darkness reigns,
And I am bound wi'h heavy chains."
- CHRIST. 18 "Though darkness reigns, and you now dwell,
Just on the verge of death and hell,
Yet fear them not;—I'll be thy Friend;—
Trust me, and all thy fears shall end."
- YOUTH. 19 "O God! I am undone, I see;
And dare not stay, but cannot flee:
How can I have my sins forgiv'n?—
How shall I find the way to heav'n?"
- CHRIST. 20 "I am the way, the heav'n, the prize,
The life, the strength, the ears, the eyes;
I'll be thy portion, and thy guide,
And all thy wants shall be supplied."
- YOUTH. 21 Then helpless, Lord, to thee I come,
With all my wants, just as I am;
Thy face in love, O let me see,
And take my wretched soul to thee."
- CHRIST. 22 "In love behold thy Saviour's face;
Believe my word; receive my grace;
Enjoy my love; I'll be thy God;
And thou art mine, redeem'd with blood."
- YOUTH. 23 "O God! my God! I feel thy voice!
Thy love makes all my soul rejoice:
Ah! joys beyond what tongue can tell,
Now I have found do in thee dwell.
- 24 "O Lord! my soul belongs to thee,
And now I know thou diedst for me;
All things in Jesus now are mine,
And all the glory shall be thine."

D. p. 33.

The Rev. William Black, the founder of Wesleyan Methodism in Nova Scotia, gives the following account of the treatment encountered by him at this same place a few years previous to the period of Mr. Harding's visit, while the settlement was yet in its incipient condition.* We transcribe from Mr. Black's Journal, as quoted in Dr. Richey's Memoir of that worthy man.

"1783. Thursday, June 5th. I sailed for Shelburn, where we found ourselves in safety the next day. Our hearts were gladdened by the sight of some of our friends from York, just set down in the midst of these barren woods, with not a single house in the town. It rained profusely all night. Brother Barry, in whose tent I stopped, sat up all night, and insisted that I should lie down.

"Sunday, 8th. We put up notices on some of the tents, announcing preaching for eleven o' clock, three in the afternoon, and six in the evening. On Monday I preached again. While I was praying, a person came up in the garb of a gentleman, cursing, and swearing that what I said was a d—d lie; and threatening if I did not cease to knock me down. He demanded, 'By what authority do *you* preach?' and addressing the audience, added, 'He is an impostor; he has no authority to preach.' I said, 'Surely, Sir, I have as much authority to preach as you have to swear, and sport with the

* A condition from which it speedily passed to the flourishing state in which Mr. Harding found it in 1790; from which state, again, it passed, after the lapse of but a few years, to that which it now exhibits, if not even into a lower one: affording a curious example of the rapid changes so often experienced by settlements in these parts of the world.

tremendous name of the great Judge, who will by no means hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.' He went away, and in a short time returned with two servants of the devil more sturdy than himself. They came on like the mad bulls of Bashan. Their mouths were full of blasphemies, and awful imprecations. Their object was, to tear me down; but the people would not suffer them to touch me. One of them, swearing he could preach as well as I, mounted the stump of a tree, and poured forth a flood of oaths. I thus accosted him:—'Friend! I wish you well; my soul pities you; you know you are fighting against God; your own conscience condemns you. But remember, you and I must shortly stand at the bar of God. And how, oh! how will you meet me there?' He seemed impressed for a moment; and then hardening his heart, he uttered a few more oaths, and with his colleagues went off, and left me to finish my discourse without any further trouble. During the sermon one man, from the skirts of the congregation, threw a stone at me with great force, which, had it struck me, would probably have carried death with it. But as I saw it, I was enabled to elude it, and it passed me with great violence, but without injury. Blessed be God for his mercy! The disturbance only had the effect of bringing more to hear, several of whom appeared concerned for their souls."

E. p. 37.

When the Rev. Theodore Harding lay near his end, Dr. Cramp, at the request of the writer, applied to him for such information as he might possess respecting Harris Harding. The doctor forwarded a paper, which we here transcribe. It is brief, but characteristic.

“ *Recollections of HARRIS HARDING*. By T. S. HARDING.
Report of a Conversation with the Author T. S. Harding,
March 10, 1854.

“ HE did not know Harris Harding till after he became a preacher. Thinks he was a native of Horton.

“ Harris Harding was a schoolmaster in Cornwallis, where he was converted. That was in the time of the ‘New Light stir;’ and most probably under the ministry of Mr. Payzant. He soon began to preach, and was an itinerant preacher for some time; labouring chiefly at first in the Counties of Colchester, and Cumberland, and Westmoreland, N. B. He was ordained at Onslow. He frequently itinerated in Hants and King’s Counties, and was a very popular and useful preacher. After his settlement at Yarmouth, his journeyings were more confined to the Western district.

“ He was baptized by Handly Chipman,* about fifty years ago.

“ As a preacher, he was not methodical. He dwelt most on the experimental part of religion, and greatly excelled in it. His great forte was ‘telling stories.’ He was full of anecdotes.

“ He was eminently useful in the conversion of sinners; perhaps more so than any man in this country. He would sometimes seem to prophesy, and mark out people that he thought would be converted. He seemed to have an uncommon spirit of discernment that way. Some people thought so, at any rate.

“ He was clear in doctrine. He did not go into any of the corruptions into which some of the New Lights fell.

* A mistake. James Manning baptized Mr. Harding, about the year 1799.

“ He did not interfere in any worldly affairs. That was one of his business.

“ He was great in conversation, and much at ease in it. He would fetch up religion when no one else could. When he entered a house, he always had something to say to every one, especially to the young; and generally something striking.

“ If father Manning had been here, he could have told you more about him. They travelled together a good deal before they became Baptists.”

And now, as we have these two names together, those of the two Hardings, we may be pardoned if we amplify a little in regard to them. Many persons fell into a natural error, in supposing that they were brothers. Such they were indeed in spirit, but not in the flesh. In some of their mental characteristics they resembled each other. Both were quick observers, shrewd in remark, endowed with lively imagination, and keen sensibility. Both, in their spheres, and after their manner, were good, and great, and useful. Imperishable is the memory of both. There were, however, striking differences between them. Place them side by side,—as they stood, perhaps for the last time on earth, at that memorable Associational gathering at Bridgetown,*—and we have the tall, commanding aspect of Theodore Harding; while Harris presents a shorter, rounded figure, with a face full of life and attraction. Look at them, and listen to them in the pulpit. The one is clear, loud, ringing in his utterances; methodical in his arrangements; doctrinal in his matter; straight-forward in his mental

* See note, pp, 126—8.

movement; sublime in his occasional excursions; with much to say about his Master, and little about himself, The other, with softened tones, makes his text his starting-point rather than his standard; dwells mainly upon experiences; goes just where the current of remark carries him; throws in many an anecdote; can scarcely preach without some reference to himself; delights rather in depths of feeling than in heights of thought; and often in closing loses himself in a burst of tears, and a volley of indistinctness. And now trace them in their intercourse with the people. The one has lost his greatness, while the other has found his. The one will sing and pray, but knows not how to converse,* except with the few, and more reflective. The other is at home with every one. It is his business and his joy to carry the Gospel from house to house, and from heart to heart. And the dying experience of these patriarchs was as characteristic of each as any passages in their lives. The one, looking away from himself to his Lord, expressed himself thus:—"I want nothing novel—nothing but the old, solid, firm foundation—I die in the TARTARUS."

* A story is told here, curiously illustrative at once of the excellencies and defects of the man, as indicated in the text: as also of a certain abruptness of manner, by which he was distinguished. A good woman once came to him, with some difficulties with which she was entangled, in regard to Satanic agencies. It may well be assumed, that she was not one of the class suited to call forth his conversational faculties. He listened to her for a while, without making any response. He then suddenly started up; took a few troubled turns in the apartment; and wound up the interview by exclaiming, "Oh! these powers of darkness!—these powers of darkness!—they'll be the DEATH of me! *Come and hear me preach next Sunday morning!*"

The other was troubled because he could not realize as he wished the inward presence of his Master. "I can't see Jesus—I can't see Jesus!" was his oft-repeated complaint. And though he too "died in the faith," yet he could scarcely be satisfied without its warm glow at his heart, and its fervid utterance on his lips. So differently has God constituted his servants. Some are "sons of thunder," and some "sons of consolation." But all have their place and work on earth; and each will find his own allotment and employment in heaven. So was it, so is it with the fathers Harding. And now, both in their resemblances and their differences, are they alike glorified and blessed in the presence of God and the Lamb.

F. p. 40.

A number of incidents are remembered, occurring about the period which has just been passed over in our narrative. They can scarcely be interwoven into that narrative. Yet perhaps they ought not to be consigned to oblivion. Some of them pertain directly to Mr. Harding's history; and all of them lie about it, and serve to illustrate both it, and the earlier times in which he lived. We therefore present them here.

AN INCIDENT OF TRAVEL.

Mr. Harding was once making his way through the woods, in company with Mr. T. H. Chipman, or Mr. J. Dimock, it is not remembered which. They were overtaken by a violent

snow-storm. They lost their track; the "blaze" disappeared. They could not proceed, and it was dangerous to remain where they were. Yet they were compelled to "camp out." Without axe, they could not make a hut; and without tinder-box, they could procure neither light nor fire. At length they found some slight shelter; and there they tarried. Not to sleep, however. Had they slept, they might never have awoke again. But they were little disposed to sleep. Like Paul and Silas, the prisoners of the Lord at Philippi, they held sweet communion with heaven, and with each other. Thus sustained, they waited for day; and then, the storm being over, they recovered their track, and reached their destination.

So was it with these early evangelists. Henry Alline's Journal abounds with illustrations of this. When, some little time after Harris Harding's settlement at Yarmouth, Theodore Harding, and Joseph Crandal came to aid him in his work, they had to travel round the Western shore to reach their journey's end. There was then no road but a *blazed* one, from Salmon river to Yarmouth; and again, from Yarmouth out to Tusket. And thus the poor men, with no home missionary organizations to lean upon, went forth, staff in hand, and pack on their backs, and little beside, to thread their way, sometimes through the woods, sometimes wearing snow-shoes; now on horse-back, now following the windings of the shore, now traversing the waters, and seldom enjoying the luxuries of public roads and carriages. Then, when night fell, sometimes without shelter, or only with that of a brush-camp; or, if near human dwellings, either refused admittance, or welcomed but to a poverty-stricken fare. And yet they held on in their career. With an apostolic zeal and self-denial, they held on till they had fulfilled their mission; "as poor, yet making many rich."

ANECDOTE OF JOSEPH DIMOCK.

Mr. Dimock once passed a Lord's Day at Argyle, and preached there. Two of the leading men of Tusket Village, detained in the neighbourhood, went to hear him, that they might gather up something about the New Lights, with which to season the gossip of home. A young man was present on this occasion who had read Tom Paine, and imbibed his infidelity. In the course of the service, or at its close, two good old ladies made up to the young man, repeated to him a verse from Dr. Watts, by way of impressing his mind, and enforced their appeal with smart blows on his shoulders; he all the while looking daggers at the worthy matrons.* Here was something just to the purpose of our Tusket gentlemen; who, returning home, reported, "that old Mrs. —, and Mrs. — had got Daniel F. down on the floor, and beaten him unmercifully with their canes; he meanwhile bawling piteously, and imploring them to let him alone." The story was told to 'Squire Lent, who had been educated in the Dutch Reformed Church, and was imbued with a true Presbyterian love for order and decorum in public worship. The poor man was horrified: could he be a good man who sanctioned proceedings like these? A day or two after Mr. Dimock presented himself, greatly to his discomfiture, at the 'Squire's house; for he was "given to hospitality," and yet did not want to see under his roof such a man as he supposed our evangelist to be. As a compromise in the case, therefore, he carefully kept out of his visitor's way. Meanwhile Mr. Dimock entered into conversation with Mrs. Lent. His earnest and tender discourse

* It is pleasant to know, that ultimately this young man was converted, and at length died in the faith which he had once so decidedly rejected.

melted her into tears. She went and begged her husband to come into the house; urging that their guest was certainly a good man. At length, dinner hour having arrived, the 'Squire reluctantly made his appearance, treating Mr. Dimock with distant civility; yet inviting him to ask a blessing at table. Conversation on religious topics ensued. Ere long the good 'Squire discovered, that himself and his guest both held to the same great Head and Saviour. Prejudice was slain; and ever after, to the close of a long life, the New Light ministers were welcomed to the 'Squire's house, and ushered into a "prophet's chamber."

THE POOR WOMAN AND THE MERCHANT.

A woman, poor in this world, but rich in faith, visited a store. The storekeeper hated the Gospel, and took every occasion to manifest his enmity. While waiting upon his customer, he let her know how much he despised her religion. She made no reply until she had completed her errand. She then turned upon her persecutor, and, while tears betrayed her emotion, she rehearsed, most appropriately, that elevated stanza from Dr. Watts,—

"Go now, and boast of all your stores,
And tell how bright they shine;
Your heaps of glittering dust are *yours*,
But *my* REDEEMER'S *mine*!"

The unhappy man was "pricked to the heart." Ere long he began to cry out, "What must I do to be saved?" and at last found peace only at the feet of that Saviour whose name he had scorned, and whose people he had set at naught.

THE PRICE OF A SOUL.

Mr. Harding, preaching once at Annapolis, told the following sad story; when it was blessed to the conversion of a gay

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young lady, one of his hearers. A young person moving in fashionable circles became the subject of religious concern. Her parents, grieved at the alteration in their child, used all methods to divert her thoughts from a serious channel. Among other expedients, her mother presented her with a dress, formerly solicited in vain. The dreadful end was gained. The poor girl sought relief, such as it was, in the mazes of dissipation, and found it. Before long, however, she was smitten with fatal disease. As death drew near she asked her mother, now grieved indeed, to bring out the dress which had had so marked an effect upon her spiritual history. She took it—turned it over and over—dropped it on the floor—cried out, “*Mother! that is the price of my soul!*”—and so passed away, leaving behind her no hopeful sign.

GRACE AND SIN IN CONTRAST.

There lived in Cumberland County three wicked, roistering, young men. A season of revival passed over their neighbourhood. They conspired together to stave off conviction by a more resolute indulgence in their accustomed pleasures. One of them, nevertheless, was arrested by the truth. Aided in the desperate enterprise by his companions, he struggled against God and conscience. Yet at length grace conquered, and he was saved. He then sought, but sought in vain, to bring his former associates to Christ. “I only want time, when I come to die, to say three words,” said one, “and all will be well.” “Ah!” said the other, “it will be but a little before I shall see you as bad as ever, or worse.” “It may be so,” was the meek reply; “yet while waiting for my fall, your own soul may be required at your hand.” And so the young men parted. Now for the sequel. A short time subsequent to the conversation above recorded, the first of these

sad fellows was riding on horseback. His horse stumbled, and threw him. While suspended in the air he was heard to exclaim, in exactly THREE WORDS, "*Devil—take—all!*" He was taken up dead. The other, about the same time, was lost off Cape Blomidon, by the upsetting of a vessel in a sudden squall. God only knows what kind of a death he died. But certainly he did not live to see his dark prophecy fulfilled in the apostacy of his former companion in iniquity.

G. p. 47.

*Perhaps even he did not go to heaven too soon.]—*His Master took him early, in every sense, out of harm's way—took him where he could neither get any more harm, nor do it. We are disposed to justify our suggestion, as also to add somewhat to our statements in regard to Mr. Alline.

Mr. Alline was born at Newport, Rhode Island, June 14, 1748, of parents who feared the Lord. In 1760 he moved with his parents to Falmouth, N. S. When about twenty-seven years of age he was converted. About a year after he began to preach. By and by he became an itinerant preacher; labouring principally in Nova Scotia, passing occasionally into New Brunswick, and founding New Light churches as opportunity presented itself. He finished his course at Northampton, New Hampshire, Feb. 2, 1784, in the thirty-sixth year of his age. The last eight years of his life were thus devoted to incessant and exhausting toil in the service of the Gospel. He wrote as well as preached; and three volumes from his pen, besides some tracts, were published during his life, or soon after his decease.

Mr. Alline's early religious experience, as given in his "Life and Journal," was very striking. It was Bunyan-like in its depth, its intensity, its prolongation through years of anxiety and sorrow, its imaginative cast, its dealings with despair, and its outlets into the land of life and hope. Long, long did he labour to find or to create in himself some sort of claim upon the favour of God. Nor did he obtain relief, until he had made the mighty discovery, that he who would be saved has nothing to do but to believe in what Christ has done—to build, in the exercise of a simple faith, upon the one, the only foundation laid by heaven itself. And thus was he fitted to go forth with the great announcement, "Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world!"

Yet, though Mr. Alline was thus taught to receive Christ alone as his Saviour, and ever presented Christ in this aspect to others, he made some sad mistakes in regard to Christian experience, and mixed up with the Gospel grave doctrinal errors. A few words in regard to these matters are here subjoined.

And first, as to matters of *experience*. We cite a passage from Mr. Alline's "Life and Journal."

"Let others believe and say what they will of their faith in Christ, and expectation of heaven, without this felt knowledge to the soul, I utterly renounce any pretended faith, hope, or confidence for the redemption of, or any benefit to the soul, but that which is by the operation of the Spirit of God; which removes my disorders, scatters my darkness, and manifests Jesus Christ to my soul at the very time; which gives me a degree of the real enjoyments of heaven; for Christ is God,

Christ is life. He is salvation, rest, peace, and everlasting joy to all his saints; and whenever that word of faith is in, it gives me liberty, and causes me to rejoice, bows my will, humbles my heart, and bears me away above created good, to enjoy and converse with spiritual and eternal things—yea, to converse with God within the veil.”

This seems harmless, Scriptural, elevated. But we cannot interpret the passage by itself. We turn to Mr. Alline’s whole career. He himself was converted in a rapture; and ever after he sought to live in a rapture; and judged of his religious condition by his enjoyments and raptures. Again we quote from his “Life and Journal.”

“Yea, put all that ever was known or done by man, without the Spirit of God, in one scale, and the scanty love and humility of a poor, ignorant, broken-hearted Christian, (that seems to know nothing about principles,*) and it would so far overbalance the other, as to enter the gates of heaven, reach the heart of the kingdom of glory; while the other, with all his principles, would be driven about in the wind, like the smoke of Cain’s unaccepted sacrifice.”

We do not overlook here the qualifying phrase, “without the Spirit of God;” nor the like expression in the passage before cited. But how was Mr. Alline accustomed to judge of the presence of this blessed Spirit? Governed by the remembrance of his own early religious experiences, he looked mainly to feeling, especially to rapturous feeling. Here, according to him, as is well known, lay the pulse of the soul. Mr. Alline’s views in regard to religious experience, together with

* *Principles.* That is, matters of doctrine.

the whole of his public career, really furnish a comment on a passage in the writings of William Law, a celebrated mystical author of the last century, whose productions had much to do with the moulding of his sentiments.

“He understands not my writings, nor the end of them,” says Mr. Law, “who does not see, that their whole drift is to call Christians to a God and Christ within them, as the only possible life, light, and power of all goodness they can ever have.”

Now it was not so with Mr. Alline himself; but it may well be feared that here lay the whole of the religion of many of his followers: namely, in the imaginary proof of the presence of “a God and Christ within,” arising from the abundance of vociferous demonstrations without. To this day there are persons, calling themselves New Light Christians, who talk of “having religion,” or “not having religion,” in proportion as they find themselves able to rejoice *aloud* in God, or otherwise. Yet true religion is a beautiful whole. It is a serious error to put a part for the whole. Thus James tells us, that, “as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also.” And our Lord tells us of those “who, when they have heard the word immediately receive it with gladness;” but “have no root in themselves, and so endure but for a time.” It is a serious error, we repeat, to put a part of religion for the whole. But the error becomes aggravated indeed, when that which is thus put for the whole of religion, is such as may be nothing more than the product of mere natural causes, and have its basis in fancy rather than in fact. And teaching like that of which we here speak, with its

practical results, doubtless tends to create an excitable, intermittent, inefficient religion; feeble where it is real, and in too many a matter of mere self-deception. "And these are they who received seed into good ground: such as hear the word, and understand, and receive, and keep it in an honest and good heart, and bring forth fruit with patience, some thirty-fold, some sixty, and some a hundred."* There is our Lord's account of the good hearer of the Gospel. And no religious teaching, whatever its pretensions, or whatever its immediate effects, can be of the New Testament stamp, and produce sound results, which does not delineate an experience rooted in knowledge, and striking out its fibres in faith, while it blossoms in holy affections, and brings forth fruit in a godly and useful life.

And now as to Mr. Alline's strange *doctrinal errors*. To enumerate these were but to revive a dead and unprofitable controversy. We refer to one of them only, preëminent for its incredible absurdity:—namely, That all men participated in the sin of Adam when he ate of the forbidden tree—participated actually, and without a figure. Thus he says in one place, "Some poor, benighted men vainly imagine, that God is now making souls in these days, as the world replenishes." To shew, however, that it is not so, he goes on to say, that "you would as certainly remember your rebellion in the garden of Eden as any sin that you ever committed; yea, and as clearly as the man remembers his past conduct, when he awakes out of his sleep." He wrote two hymns on this dogma. We give one of them here.

* See Doddridge's *Family Expositor*.

On Man's Fall.

WHEN Adam stood in light
 For trial I was there;
 Between eternal day and night,
 And did my will declare.

For when the choice was made,
 I gave my full consent;
 In quest of other lovers strayed,
 And from my Father went.

Then down with him I fell,
 And have no cause to say,
Imputed guilt sinks me to hell;—
 I threw myself away.

The countless race first stood
 In Adam all as one;
 Nor could a part forsake their God,
 While others stood alone.

In God they one must be
 Until they all rebel;
 And if they sin, 'tis acted free,
 They sink themselves to hell.

Cease, then, O wretched man!
 To charge thy woe on God:
 Thy hell is made with thy own sin;
 Thy hands have spilt thy blood.

This certainly rivals Dr. Edward Beecher's preëxistent theory. But we leave the dire nonsense to confute itself. The great matter was, in regard to Mr. Alline's peculiar notions, that he attached to them so much importance, and contended for them so earnestly; while he found it hard to acknowledge the Christianity of those who rejected his dogmas. Thus he once told Mr. Black, to whom we have referred elsewhere in this appendix,

that "he believed he had never known any thing of a saving change of heart."* It was common with him to indulge in language like this towards other good men. Here surely was more of the bigot than the saint.

We may add, that Mr. Alline had an unhappy propensity for allegorizing and mystifying the teachings of Scripture. Indeed it is hard to understand many of his statements, and impossible to suppose that he himself always understood his own teachings. We may refer here to a sermon preached at Liverpool, in 1782, and afterwards published. Its text is, Mark xvi. 5. "And entering into the sepulchre, they saw a young man sitting on the right side, clothed in a long white garment." Here are the heads of this singular sermon.

"First. Follow the Son of God to the sepulchre, and examine the nature, and spiritual sense thereof.

"Secondly. The spiritual meaning of this young man being in the sepulchre.

"Thirdly. What we are to understand by this young man being at the right hand of Christ while in the sepulchre.

"Fourthly, and lastly. What we are to learn of his being clothed in a long white garment, and something of the privileges of being thus with Christ in the sepulchre."

Doubtless this "young man" was an angel in human form. But Mr. Alline chooses to interpret the phrase literally, and turns the whole into something like an allegory. There is reason to fear, that his administration generally was cast into this allegorical mould;—a circumstance which might conduce to impression upon some minds, but certainly did not tend to solid evangelical instruction.

* Richey's Memoir of Black.

We transcribe again from Mr. Alline's sermon:—

“But I must now lead you to our fourth and last observation; which was, to discover the spiritual meaning of this young man being clothed in a long white garment. And oh! that you may be seen to be thus clothed all your days! and then may your moments glide away with joy.

“First. They are internally made partakers of the righteousness of Christ. Not imputed, as many imagine, just to cover up their sins, or any thing done for them in some distant region, to answer the penalty of some outward law, and thereby stand their Intercessor at a distance; but the pure Spirit of Christ in them.”

Here we have the imputation of the Saviour's righteousness for the justification of sinners expressly denied; while the view given above, as to Mr. Alline's experimental teachings is both illustrated and confirmed.*

Altogether, in the review of Mr. Alline's whole course, and writings, and influence, we are conducted to these conclusions. First, that he was raised up by God to do a great and good work for Nova Scotia. Next, that while his heart was sound, his head was so much at fault, and he taught so much that was wrong, that he largely counteracted his own usefulness. And lastly, that thus charity itself justifies our remark, that he did not go to heaven too soon. It was well that he propagated so much truth, and, by the blessing of heaven, with such excellent effect. It would have been lamentable had he been permitted to fill these Provinces with his errors.

* Our account of Mr. Alline's sermon is derived from a work written against him by the Rev. Jonathan Scott.

We subjoin the following extract from letters addressed by the Rev. David Nutter, not many years ago, to the *Christian Visitor*, St. John, New Brunswick. It strikingly illustrates the workings of Mr. Alline's system long after he had gone to his rest. Mr. Nutter is referring to a period in his early ministerial career, some forty years ago. He says,

“ I also had lectures frequently in Falmouth. . . . There were in Falmouth many of the old New Lights. . . . As I was now located near the seat and centre of operations of this remarkable sect of Christians, it will not be out of place if I pause to notice them. As to their genuine Christianity, I have no cause to dispute it. As to my labouring amongst them, I did not find them the most difficult people in the world to deal with. They had more experience than doctrine—more imagination than judgment—more spiritualism than spirituality—more of the ideal than the substantial. At the time to which I allude they had no ordinances, no creed, no discipline. They paid little or nothing to support religion, either at home or abroad. To pay money for religion was with them one of the greatest abominations the sun ever shone upon. But they believed in regeneration by the Spirit, in Christ as a Saviour, and in heaven and hell. But they were not uniform, or at all agreed in what they did believe. Their religion was all feeling. Every thing in the Bible, in the Old or New Testament, was but allegorical, and was what all Christians experience. Abel was nothing but the new spiritual life working in us; and his acceptable offering humility, love, and faith, the sacrifices acceptable to God. While I had the very best feelings towards them, and enjoyed as great freedom in preaching to them as to any people, their notions about religion were to me the

most singular I had ever met with. I was exceedingly amused, not to say entertained, to hear them explain Scripture history, and Scripture characters; to notice how flexible and versatile the imagination of man can become by use and practice."

And now, as we have said so much, although reluctantly, to the disadvantage of Mr. Alline, it is with great satisfaction that we proceed to exhibit him in a more favourable light.

Dr. Richey, in his Memoir of Mr. Black, speaks of Mr. Alline as "a man of eminent and uniform piety;" as distinguished also by the "popularity of his talents, and the awakening power of his ministry." We here select a passage from his "Life and Journal," illustrative of the qualities which the doctor thus ascribes to him.

"O the stupidity, blindness, and miserable condition the world is in! How is it possible that men whose souls are to exist for ever, either in happiness or misery, can be so careless and unconcerned; as if they were all devoted to their several places, and doomed to their happiness or miseries by some irresistible, arbitrary decree, without the use of any means, or whether they embraced a Saviour or not? And how much more inconsistent with truth, and cruel to their own eternal state do they conduct, when they are indulged with a few moments of probation out of eternal *now*, and the means of salvation inseparable with [from] the ends: all the world fallen, and condemned, and undone; with redeeming love all around them; destruction beneath them; the avenger of blood pursuing, and mercy inviting them; the Spirit of God striving with them; and the Redeemer saying to them, 'He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be

damned.' And yet poor man sleeps away his hours of probation, those few moments on which turns the scale of his everlasting fate; or is careless and unconcerned, as if there was nothing more than the loss or price of some empty shadow at stake: although the happiness on the one hand is infinitely unspeakable, and the misery on the other inexpressibly intolerable, and both eternal and unalterable. And these few moments are all the time that ever he will have through the endless ages of eternity to embrace the one, and escape the other. O' amazing! amazing! And yet the greatest part of the world, and many of those who profess to believe these things, squander away day after day, month after month, and year after year, eating and drinking, sleeping and waking, laughing and jesting, in all manner of vain amusements, sinful pleasures. and insignificant employments, as stupid and careless as the very beasts; until thousands and tens of thousands drop out of all possibility of redemption into keen despair."

We add a few particulars derived from some who knew Mr. Alline personally; of course in days now long since past.

The Rev. Silas T. Rand informs us, that he has conversed with three individuals who had a distinct recollection of Mr. Alline. One of them had

"heard him preach once when a child. He then got up out of his bed sick, and preached." Mr. Rand farther says, "Preaching, praying, and conversing on the great subject of salvation, seem to have been his *work*. When he left Nova Scotia for the last time he embarked at Windsor; and before he embarked he kneeled down on the wharf, and offered

a fervent prayer for his native land:* asking, among other things, that Falmouth might never want for witnesses to the truth."

The following particulars were collected by the Rev. George Armstrong, from an aged lady, a Mrs. Fox; who, in the year 1856, when these notices were obtained, was in her ninety-third year.

"Mrs. Fox," writes Mr. Armstrong, "was in her sixteenth year when she first heard the Rev. Henry Alline preach, at Horton. It was also the first sermon she had ever heard. It made a deep impression on her mind. She could not help weeping much during the service. Mr. Alline's text was John xii. 35. Mrs. Fox says, she never heard Mr. Alline preach but it warmed her heart; and she heard him very often. She used frequently to travel several miles to hear him; and never heard him without there being something fresh and new in his discourses. He often stopped at the house of her father, Mr. Benjamin Cleaveland, of Horton. His conversation was very spiritual. He would not converse about the world at all, except as urged by necessity. He was mighty in prayer. He was a good singer, and loved singing. Great numbers attended his preaching. There was much persecution; and Mr. Alline himself was sometimes treated rudely by ungodly men. Some of his converts manifested a firm and unflinching faith in Christ. Mrs. Fox mentions a Miss Gay, converted by means of his preaching, and united with his society, as having been disowned by her connections on that account. A clergyman wrote her, that if she would leave the New Lights, she would have the honour of being restored to her friends. Her

* His *adopted* land rather. Mr. Alline, as stated above, was a native of Newport, Rhode Island.

reply was, ' God forbid I should have that honour! For he that putteth his hand to the plough, and looketh back, is not fit for the kingdom of God.'

" In regard to Mr. Alline's personal appearance, Mrs. Fox says, he was of a middling size; straight, and very thin; of light complexion, with light, curly hair, and blue eyes, with a solemn expression. In his dress he was neat, but plain. Mrs. Fox heard the last sermon preached by Mr. Alline in Horton, founded on Acts xx. 32. She is one of his converts, and cherishes his memory with great veneration and affection."

Peace be to that memory! Henry Alline was " a burning and a shining light," though there were spots in his brightness. He has lost them all in the land to which he was so soon translated. Earth is the better for his having lived here; and it will be one of the privileges of heaven to be introduced to his goodly fellowship.

H. p. 53.

We here transcribe a passage from Mr. Scott's book against Mr. Alline, illustrative of the reasonings employed in the body of our work.

" Without any reflection," says Mr. Scott, " on the people where I am placed, (who are but few in number, and of small ability as to temporal substance,) I may say in truth and sincerity, that a considerable part of my support, and that of my family, has been procured by means of constant labour with my hand, which I desire never to think is too *mean employment* for me, where there is a call for it; and I thought it was my duty to do so among the people where God in his providence had called me to preach, as the whole number together

could not give a great deal for the support of a minister, and a considerable part of them are poor people, which it would not give a compassionate shepherd much satisfaction to get a living out of them. And I had employed such gifts and abilities as God had given me for the spiritual good of the people, as far as my strength, and a prudent care of those of my own family would admit of; and this under peculiar disadvantages, which I need not here name. Under these circumstances, to see the people to whom I stood related under the influence of such a *person*, and such *measures* as were taken with them, while they, in their conduct and speeches, *applauded* and *caressed* their leader; and discovered, in their carriage and behaviour, as well as in their speeches, to my face, and behind my back, many of them, that I was the greatest obstacle and hindrance in the way of their spiritual and eternal good; censuring and condemning my public *discourses*, as *pointed*, *bitter*, *killing discourses*, because they did not agree with the *principles*, *practices*, and work of our author [Mr. Alline]; any one may easily conclude that it was a *trial*."

As we have made frequent reference to the work from which the above is extracted; as the book is in some sort a curiosity, long out of print, and of course likely to continue so, we here give its title-page. We have somewhere learnt, that poor Mr. Scott did not dispose of a dozen copies of his book among his own people. Perhaps, as an octavo of nearly three-hundred-and-fifty pages, it was too bulky, and too expensive for them. Yet certainly if the good man's flock had had much esteem for their pastor, they would have been more anxious to procure his work—a work too which treated so largely of them and their affairs. But to the title:—

“ A Brief View of the Religious Tenets and Sentiments, lately published and spread in the Province of Nova Scotia; which are contained in a Book, entitled ‘Two Mites, on some of the most important and much disputed Points of Divinity, &c.’; and in a ‘Sermon preached at Liverpool, Nov. 19, 1782;’ and in a Pamphlet, entitled, ‘The Anti-traditionist:’ all being publications of MR. HENRY ALLINE. With some Brief Reflections and Observations: also, a View of the Ordination of the Author of these Books: together with a Discourse on External Order. By JONATHAN SCOTT, Pastor of a Church in Yarmouth.

“ JUDE, verse 3. *Beloved, when I gave all diligence to write unto you of the common salvation: it was needful for me to write unto you, and exhort you, that ye should earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints.*

“ HALIFAX: printed by John Howe, in Barrington Street. MDCCLXXXIV.”

I. p. 62.

We here give this incident more at large. It was Mr. Harding’s custom, at the close of his public engagements, to circulate through his congregations, pressing individual appeals on the great interests of personal religion. On the present occasion, while the preacher was moving round among the people, some half-dozen young women retreated to an inner apartment, in order to evade the magic of his exhortations. Mr. Harding had his eye

upon them, but thinking them safe, as there was no egress for them from the little room, except through the window, advanced towards them at his leisure; they meanwhile peeping through the partly opened door, looking for an opportunity of escape by ordinary methods. But no such opportunity offering, at last, in despair, they threw up the sash, scrambled out of the window, and so got away from the good man for that time. There is reason to believe, however, that these same young persons were all ultimately brought home to the Great Shepherd, and died in the faith, leaving children, and children's children treading in their upward track.

K. p. 70.

We find the following striking details, as to Mr. Crandal's early religious history, resulting in his conversion, in a discourse delivered by the Rev. I. E. Bill on the occasion of his decease.

"It would appear," says Mr. Bill, "that his mother was a pious woman; for when she was about to depart this life, she summoned her son* to her bedside, took him by the hand, and said, 'Joseph, the Lord has a great work for you to do when I am dead and gone.' Had she spoken by the spirit of prophecy, she could not have spoken more truthfully. These words, uttered with all the pathos of a dying mother's love, made an impression that never left him. His convictions of sin, and of the need of salvation were greatly strengthened by the ministrations of Handly Chipman, and Joseph Dimock,

* Then about thirteen years of age.

who visited Chester* to proclaim the Gospel message. Years, however, passed, before he obtained peace in believing. These were long years of anxious concern about his soul. While thus troubled in spirit business called him to Onslow; and on the Sabbath he attended a meeting conducted by Harris Harding, and Joseph Dimock.† In that meeting the power

* Where Mr. Crandal at one time resided.

† Mr. Bill does not seem to have been aware of the precise nature of the services in which Messrs. Harding and Dimock were now engaged. The deficiency is supplied in the foregoing pages. No doubt Mr. Bill's statement as to Mr. Crandal's previous convictions is substantially correct. Yet, according to Dr. Lynds, his spiritual anxieties must have greatly subsided at the time of his visit to Onslow, as above narrated. A circumstance which greatly signalizes the merciful providence which brought him, in his guilty thoughtlessness, within reach of the influences which wrought so blessedly, as we have seen, first for himself, and then for others.

We may here glance at an account of Mr. Crandal's conversion, as furnished to the *Christian Messenger* immediately after his decease, by the late Rev. George Dimock. Mr. Dimock speaks of him as residing at Newport at the time of Mr. Harding's ordination. He proceeds to inform us, that a number of friends employed him, with another man, to convey them thence to Onslow, by water, that they might participate in the approaching services. He adds that, in his indifference to those services, he dropped down the Bay, and went a-fishing while they were in progress. He supposes, however, that it was not at Onslow that he was brought to yield his heart to Jesus, but on his way back to Newport; and gives quite a circumstantial and interesting account of the whole affair. But he has here doubtless fallen into some confusion of thought; as we have Mr. Crandal's explicit testimony, that he experienced the great regenerating change under the ministry of Messrs. Dimock and Harding—at Onslow, therefore, and *not* on his way back to Newport: as we must needs infer, on a review of the whole case.

of God was signally manifest; and suddenly this young man had such a discovery of the glorious majesty of Jehovah as to fill him with the utmost dismay. His sins rose up before him steeped in crimson guilt; and he saw himself justly condemned to endless misery, and could behold no way of escape. Anguish and horror inexpressible filled his soul, and he expected soon to sink in eternal woe. But unexpectedly to himself, the way of salvation by the cross was opened to his view. He saw that it just suited his case as a lost condemned sinner, and he embraced it with his whole heart. It was a glorious moment in his history. So overpowered was he by what he saw and felt, that he could not refrain from telling all around him of the preciousness and fulness of a Saviour's love.

“ In a series of letters addressed to the *Visitor* by Mr. Crandal in 1853,” proceeds Mr. Bill, “ he thus speaks of this wondrous change. ‘ My mind was completely absorbed in the solemn and marvellous scene. It appeared to me, that the whole human race were exposed to endless ruin, and were altogether at the disposal of that Holy Being whose glory had so overwhelmed my soul. I saw mercy so connected with the justice of God, that they were both one; that what God had done in the person of Christ was alone sufficient to save all that would come to God for mercy through Jesus Christ; and I felt as though the whole creation ought to know what I felt and saw; for indeed it appeared of more importance to me than the whole world. I continued speaking for more than an hour. I could not hold my peace; for it was like the bursting forth of an overflowing fountain. A world of sinners came up before me, like a vast field to which I could see no end. When the scene had passed from me, I looked around me, and the two ministers, Joseph Dimock, and Harris Harding, were weeping; and many more wept for joy.’

“Such, my hearers,” Mr. Bill resumes, “were some of the most important features in the early experience of Joseph Crandal; and they are highly characteristic of the religion of the early Christians of these Provinces. The truth of God, as revealed in his Word, by a long process of conviction, followed by a distinct and in many cases a marvellous conversion, became to them a matter of personal experience; and this prepared them to speak the truth in the love of it.”

L. p. 106.

The following letter from Mr. Alder, mentioned in the body of the work, will be read with interest on many accounts. It seems to have been addressed to the Methodist Missionary Committee at home. It is transcribed from the *Methodist Magazine* for 1817.

“Yarmouth, N. S., May 18th, 1817.

“Rev. Fathers and Brethren,—

“Having now been some time in this country, and on a Circuit where there never was a Methodist Missionary station before, I think it my duty to give you some information respecting it.

“I arrived at Halifax, after being thirty-nine days upon the great deep from the time we sailed from London. I experienced many painful sensations as I left the shores of Old England, the country that I was united to by so many ties; and had I been going with any other object in view than to proclaim a *free, full, and present* salvation to men, I certainly would not have left it.

“Being arrived in Halifax, where the friends received me very kindly, and soon after, upon the arrival of Messrs. Payne and Burt, receiving by them your order to go to Yarmouth, I

repaired thither; and found a large, extensive, and rapidly increasing settlement, containing about five thousand souls, but in general unacquainted with Methodists, or Methodism. There was no *public* teacher in the place, except one called a New Light Preacher. Antinomianism and Mysticism had been disseminated among the people for the doctrine of the cross. They had been told that they were not *moral agents*; that they could do nothing respecting spiritual and eternal things; that they had nothing to do; that it was in vain for them to pray till they were born again; and that after they were born again they could not finally perish. When, therefore, I told them, that they must repent of their sins before they could find mercy; that they ought to manifest the genuineness of their repentance by 'ceasing to do evil, and learning to do well,' and the truth of their faith by their works, I was condemned as one who undervalued the righteousness of Christ, and sought to be saved by the deeds of the law. Many of them treated with much inattention the written Word of God, and were guided by the feelings of the mind, and their pretended revelations.

"But though many of the people were thus deceived, *far more* bless God for sending them a Methodist Missionary to teach them in the good and the right way. Though I met with much opposition from the New Light men, I have been kindly treated by the majority of the people, and have, in general, large, attentive, and respectable congregations. Twelve members now meet in class; two or three profess to have found peace with God; and I have got upwards of eighty pounds subscribed towards the erection of a chapel, and also obtained a piece of land to build it upon.

"As the minds of the people have been so much divided, and as so many efforts were made use of to prejudice them

against me, little has been done towards defraying the expences of the Mission; and therefore I shall be obliged to draw upon you. However, I have no doubt that a respectable Society will be established here, which will keep the preacher from being a burden upon the Committee.

“ We have had the most inclement winter that has been known in this country for the last thirty years. Great quantities of snow have fallen, and the frost has been most intense. Yet, glory be to God! he has given me to enjoy tolerable health of body; and while travelling, though my outward man has been somewhat pinched with the cold, my inward man has been warmed and refreshed by the genial beams of the Sun of Righteousness.

“ I remain, with great esteem and affection, ”

“ Yours in the best of bonds,

“ R. ALDER.”

We add a few words upon the above letter. If, as admitted elsewhere, Mr. Harding, in his zeal against Methodist innovations, might sometimes overstep the bounds of Christian charity, it may be doubted whether Mr. Alder always kept within those bounds. Many of the Yarmouth New Lights, it may well be believed, put their feelings and fancies upon a level with the Word of God;—an error having a strong Antinomian taint about it. But it cannot be proved, we think, either that the moral agency of man was denied among them; or that the downright Antinomianism which Mr. Alder describes was their prevailing religion. The truth is, Methodists and New Lights did not love each other too much. The former charged the latter with legalism, and with a tampering with the New Testament doctrine of justification

by faith, and faith alone. And then Mr. Alder took his revenge in the broad caricature contained in the above letter. Meanwhile, though both might fall into serious error, neither New Lights nor Methodists were so far from the truth as their mutual accusations might seem to infer.

Dr. Spurden, who supplied us with our copy of the above letter, remarks, that Mr. Alder's "references to New Light doctrine are beneath notice." He adds, that "the facts to which" Mr. A.'s letter "incidentally bears testimony, and those circumstantially mentioned, are important. He must have landed at Halifax in the autumn of 1816, for he spent the winter in Nova Scotia. Soon after his arrival he went to Yarmouth, and staid until May 1817, when he had managed to get twelve into class! That he should have delayed sending his first letter so long shews how little success he met with; —a proof of the zealous teaching of the truth in Christ by father Harding." Moreover, it may fairly be asked, if these things were so, could it be quite true, as some of his expressions would seem to imply, that any large numbers had as yet been drawn over to Mr. Alder? He had greater success afterwards, and since his day the Yarmouth Methodists have grown into that "respectable Society" whose ultimate existence he anticipated; but at the time to which his letter refers it looks as though they had scarcely begun to realize their prosperity.

M. p. 112.

Mr. Ansley was no common character. His labours at Yarmouth, at the period to which reference is here made,—he had been there repeatedly before,—constitute an important crisis in the history of the Baptist body there. We have a memoir of him in the Baptist Missionary Magazine of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, for 1832; and gladly avail ourselves of the materials there supplied for a slight sketch of his course and character.

Mr. Ansley was born, in what was then the Province of New York, April 6, 1769. His father was an officer in the British army. He was brought up as an Episcopalian. At the close of the American revolutionary war, in 1783, he removed with his father to New Brunswick. By and by he married, and settled as a farmer in Sussex Vale, in that Province. Soon after he had attained to manhood, he was led by the grace of God into an experimental knowledge of the “truth as it is in Jesus.”*

* His biographer informs us, that “his joy upon the forgiveness of his sins was of the most transporting character.” His exercises on this occasion should seem to have resembled those of the poet Cowper under the like circumstances. Those who have never read the story of Cowper’s conversion will thank us for transcribing the following sentences:—

“The happy period which was to shake off my fetters, and afford me a clear opening of the free mercy of God in Christ Jesus, was now arrived. I flung myself into a chair near the window; and, seeing a Bible there, ventured once more to apply to it for comfort and instruction. The first verse I saw was the 25th of the third of Romans:—‘Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the

Then he became a Baptist, and received New Testament baptism from the hands of the Rev. T. S. Harding. Ere long he was led to devote himself to the Christian ministry. During a visit to the United States he received ordination as an Evangelist. After this he itinerated, for the most part in New Brunswick, until about the year 1809. Then, in 1810, he removed into Nova Scotia, and became pastor of the Baptist church at Bridgetown. He laboured on in his chosen work, sometimes at home, and sometimes abroad, until the close of the year 1831; and at length finished his career at St. Andrews, New Brunswick, while engaged in a revival which had commenced under his administrations.

Mr. Ansley had enjoyed but few advantages for mental culture in early life. His intellect was probably not of a high order. But his gifts, whatever they were, especially subsequent to his conversion, were wonderfully remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God.' Immediately I received strength to believe it, and the full beams of the Sun of Righteousness shone upon me. I saw the sufficiency of the atonement he had made, my pardon sealed in his blood, and all the fulness and completeness of his justification. In a moment I believed, and received the Gospel. . . . Unless the almighty arm had been under me, I think I should have died with gratitude and joy. But the work of the Holy Spirit is best described in his own words;—it is 'joy unspeakable, and full of glory.' . . . How glad should I now have been to have spent every moment in prayer and thanksgiving! I lost no opportunity of repairing to a throne of grace; but flew to it with an earnestness irresistible, and never to be satisfied. Could I help it? Could I do otherwise than love and rejoice in my reconciled Father in Christ Jesus? The Lord had 'enlarged my heart,' and I 'ran in the way of his commandments.' For many succeeding weeks tears were ready to flow, if I did but speak of the Gospel, or mention the name of Jesus."

energized and animated by the force of his character, and the warmth of his affections. Indeed, he was wont to be carried away by his feelings. Thus, for instance, in the midst of his early religious experiences, before he had become a Baptist, he was attending upon the communion in an Episcopal church. As the service proceeded, he found himself strongly urged to address the people. Ecclesiastical etiquette, however, forbade this; and under the conflict and mastery of emotion thus produced, he absolutely fainted away. So, throughout the whole of his ministerial life, he was largely governed by his impulses; in this respect being a thorough New Light. He must go hither and thither; no matter what the season of the year, or the nature of existing circumstances. The character and the habits of his times might seem to require and justify something of this kind; and yet it may be suspected, that herein he went farther than most of his brethren. The consequence was, that a large portion of his time was spent from home; and that so he was ever more of the evangelist than the pastor. His doctrinal views were high; in which point he was more in sympathy with Theodore Harding than with Harris. He was greatly concerned about direct usefulness, in the conversion of sinners. But not about that alone. He knew how important it was, on every account, that the order of the church of God should be maintained; being thus in advance, probably, of most of his contemporaries. The frame-work of the temple was precious in his esteem, as well as its sacrifices and its songs. It was the *Lord's* frame-work. He had his own reasons for all that he prescribed. Was

it for short-sighted man to undervalue any of his precepts? As a preacher Mr. Ansley was unusually variable. When depressed in spirits, and not particularly acted upon by circumstances, he would not rise above the level of ordinary men. At other times, however,—and such times with him were not infrequent,—he would “walk upon his high places.” There was the “man,” patriarchal in his aspect; his voice powerful, yet mellowed by unction; his gesture and general expression comely, and appropriate: and there was “his communication,”—grand Gospel truth, clearly set forth, illustrated with simplicity, and vigorously pressed upon the souls of men. Then would he seem to be as a “master of assemblies;” and the assemblies, as they hung upon his lips, would gladly own his mastery. He was great, too, in the administration of New Testament ordinances, particularly that of baptism; leading the candidates through floods in the footsteps of their Lord, and pouring out, with a sort of holy vehemence, the Scripture passages which enjoin or illustrate the sacred rite. He added private diligence to public effort. With freedom, and with a tender simplicity, he would introduce Christ into conversation, and would go from house to house to make him known. The dwellings near Bridgetown, and for many miles around, were familiar with his presence in times of trouble, and with his utterances in words of prayer. His death was like his life. In his last sickness, supported by pillows, he preached to a congregation assembled according to appointment, and which he would not dismiss without feeding them. A more affecting scene has seldom been witnessed: the more so

that the text on which the departing evangelist discoursed,—Ruth i. 16, 17.—contained its touching allusions to death and to burial;—“where thou diest will I die, and there will I *be buried.*” Surely the good man had a right to say, “The zeal of thy house hath eaten me up;” especially when it is remembered that the disease which bore him to the grave was probably induced by his unsparing devotion to his Master’s work. His usefulness may not be computed. He was a father in Christ to many souls. And if his work at Yarmouth be a standard by which to judge of the fruit of his labours elsewhere, it is evident that he knew how to “water” as well as to “plant,” and to build up in the Gospel as well as to lead men to Christ the great “corner-stone” in Zion. Two extracts from his journal, and a letter addressed to his wife during one of his frequent evangelical tours, will serve to illustrate both his character, and that of the times in which he lived.

Thus he writes in his journal:—

“About the last of August, 1817, after I had relinquished going as a messenger to the United States Associations, with which our Association corresponded, I felt much oppressed in spirit, and was convinced I had done wrong in not going. I thought the door was now so closed that I could not possibly leave my family, and the church over which the Lord had made me overseer. But such was the burthen of my mind, that duty impelled me to relate the exercises of my soul to the church; and I could see no opening in any way but by leaving all, and pursuing my journey. On the 18th of October I gave public notice that I should preach my farewell sermon the next Sabbath. I accordingly did so from Phil. i. 27. The

gracious Lord was pleased to make it a solemn and an affecting season, not only to the dear people of God, but also to a large assembly. In the evening I preached at brother Wm. Bent's to a numerous congregation, from Acts xx. 37. This season seemed in some measure like Paul's farewell."

Again, in August of the next year, 1818, in which he had returned from a six months' tour in the States, he left home for a tour in Eastern Nova Scotia, which occupied him another two months. On his return he wrote as follows:—

"Saturday, Oct. 17. I arrived home; found all well, for which I desired to be thankful to God. In my tour I travelled about seven-hundred-and-sixty miles, preached thirty-four sermons, baptized six believers, and organized one church."

We now give the letter to Mrs. Ansley.

"Lahave, Oct. 11. 1813.

"This evening, after preaching, a man and his wife said, they could not part with me until I returned with them to Malligash,* and baptized them. I feel this obvious duty to be a great cross; but when I think of the work of God, my heart is bound to the cross of the blessed Jesus. Every night since I have been in these parts I have preached. The people appear amazingly solemn; but there is not so much crying for mercy among them as in other places. Last Saturday we had a Conference meeting; and I think it was a day to be had in everlasting remembrance. Eleven related their experience; ten of whom were baptized on the Sabbath. You cannot form an idea of the exercises of the day. After we had retired some distance from the shore where we had been baptizing, we were called back again; for a woman was there, and said she

* A part of Lunenburg County formerly so called.

would not leave the water till she obeyed her Lord. She told her experience on the shore, and I immediately baptized her. When we returned, Mr. Dimock preached. I preached in the afternoon, and assisted to administer the Lord's Supper. I never saw such a meeting in my life. In every part of the meeting-house were poor sinners, mourning like wounded men in the field of battle. A reformation has commenced in Mal-ligash, and the same blessed work has reached this place. I preach nowhere in these parts where there is not more or less crying for mercy.

“ You are seldom from my thoughts, except when I am preaching; and now I am at a loss to say when I shall be home. Oh! my dear Mary! I know that your trials are many; and sometimes it seems to me that they are more than you can bear. But the strong arms of Jesus, I know, are able to support you. You must meet me often at a throne of grace. Meet me at sunset, and at nine in the morning; and though distant, let us mingle our cries to God. I know that they have gone up for a memorial before his throne when we have been kneeling together; and the blessed seasons we have unitedly enjoyed will never be erased from my mind. I often think your lot in this world is hard. But ‘ this life’s a dream, an empty show;’ while ‘ the bright world to which we go’ has joys that will more than repay us for all our pain. I am still distressed in my head, and think it is likely the Lord is about to take my hearing from me; but I must say, *his will be done.*”

“ I shall write every opportunity; and you must tell my dear children, that I think of them all in my prayers, and that I hope they will ‘ repent, and believe the Gospel.’ Tell my Christian brethren and sisters, that I want all their prayers as sickles in this great harvest field; and I believe I have them.”

N. p. 116.

We here give the document entire, so large a portion of which has been already transcribed. It affords a good idea of Mr. Harding's style. Perhaps also it will gratify the reader to be enabled to contemplate the facts which it exhibits just as the writer laid them down.

Account of the Rise and Progress of the First Baptist Church in Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. By Elder HARRIS HARDING.

AND HE SAID, WHEREUNTO SHALL WE LIKEN THE KINGDOM OF GOD? OR WITH WHAT COMPARISON SHALL WE COMPARE IT? IT IS LIKE A GRAIN OF MUSTARD-SEED, WHICH, WHEN IT IS SOWN IN THE EARTH, IS LESS THAN ALL THE SEEDS THAT BE IN THE EARTH. BUT WHEN IT IS SOWN, IT GROWETH UP, AND BECOMETH GREATER THAN ALL HERBS, AND SHOOTETH OUT GREAT BRANCHES, &c. MARK IV. 30, 31, 32.

It seemed good unto me, and as it is also the request of some who fear the Lord, I will give the outlines of the gracious dealings, and sweet manifestations of Divine grace abounding towards the inhabitants of Yarmouth.

Mr. Moulton, a Baptist preacher who was one among the first settlers from New England, preached while among them, and baptized Mrs. Burgess; but I cannot learn, that his labours were so blessed here as they were afterwards at Horton. Subsequently elder Frost, a Pædobaptist at Argyle, preached at this place, and a considerable revival took place under his improvements.

In 1778 [1781-2] Mr. Henry Alline, that successful servant of Christ, visited this place, and I think ten or twelve pro-

fessed faith in Christ under his ministry; and others, who have since been brought to own and put on Christ, dated their first awakenings under his labours. Dear brother Chipinan, who travelled with Mr. Alline, and hath visited them several times since, has been owned of God in the conversion of souls, and in feeding, strengthening, and building of the disciples in their most holy faith.

In 1790 it pleased God to send the writer, as I trust, in his name to this dear people. I would not wish to be influenced by dreams, or vain impulses; yet I had a dream about this time, which much affected, and made a singular impression on my mind. I was at Horton, where I had enjoyed sweet privileges with God's people, and where I had seen many brought to Christ, my blessed Master, as well as at Cornwallis, Annapolis, Falmouth, &c. I dreamed I was on board a small sail-boat, with deacon Cleaveland, and a number of my dear Christian friends at Horton. Methought I stood upon the gunwale of the boat, having a spear in my hand. The sun shone with peculiar brightness. We were running before a pleasant breeze, at a little distance from a delightful shore. The water also was clear as crystal; and I could see the white and shining fishes at the bottom, while I was continually catching them with the spear. My friends, I thought, were sitting speaking of Christ's love to a fallen world, their cheeks bathed with tears, and apparently filled with peace and joy. I thought the deacon said to me, "You catch every fish you strike." I replied, "I miss none." Methought I fished until I had got the boat filled; and then had a delicious feast with my fellow-disciples. I awoke in a joyful frame. I visited Yarmouth soon after. Deacon Rogers, at whose house I lodged, procured a place for me to preach in a part of the town where there had been no reformation, and where the people

were in much opposition. The first time I preached an old lady, esteemed by her neighbours, got up as soon as I had ended, and said, "What I have heard is the Gospel of Christ." Many were affected, but had so much fear of my exhortations after meeting, that some escaped out of the windows.

The work of God now began. Poor sinners were awakened to a sense of their danger, and some were converted to the Lord Jesus, and filled with peace in believing. Opposition arose on every side. Yet many who came to our meetings to satisfy curiosity, and others to oppose the work of God, went away convinced of their sins, and wrong ideas. None were neutrals. He that was not with us tried to scatter. The opposite party engaged two Congregational ministers, who, leaving their flocks, came and preached together at the meeting-house where I now preach, and which the Lord afterward gave me; for "the wrath of man shall praise him." After many had professed faith in Christ, we sent for brother T. H. Chipman to assist in gathering a church, as at that time I was not set apart by the imposition of hands for office-work; who when he was come, and had seen the grace of God manifested among us, was glad; for he was a good man. The church was gathered on the plan of the rest of the New Light churches in the Province at that time, and consisted of Congregationalists and Baptists. They were visited several times for a few years by brethren in the ministry, as well as by myself. Dear brother Joseph Dimock's labours have been much blessed among this dear people; and his name will be respected as a spiritual father of some of them while they live. Indeed none of our brethren laboured among them without some seals to their ministry.

In 1797 I came and settled among them. They had built a small meeting-house, which I preached in for a time. The

opposite party immediately sent to the States, and engaged two Congregational ministers; who stayed but a year or two, and then left them. God made use of such providential means, in convincing gainsayers, and those who stood in opposition against his righteous cause, that often encouraged his people, and discouraged their enemies. Not only prejudices were removed, but sinners were from time to time converted to the Lord Jesus for a number of years; until, by a majority of votes of the proprietors, we peaceably enjoyed the benefit of public ordinances in the then Congregational, but now Baptist meeting-house.

About this time one who was of an influential character in worldly affairs, but a powerful adversary to the interests of Zion, suddenly dropped down by a paralytic shock. Another, loose in morals, and of Unitarian principles, was arrested in conscience; light breaking into his understanding instead of his heart. The horrors of despair extorted confessions of enormous crimes he had been guilty of. He declared there was no religion that would save a soul but that professed by the New Lights, as he called us. And being chief among publicans, was loud preaching in the hand of the Holy Spirit to the unconverted; for he rode through the town for miles uncovered, exclaiming, "Proclaim it! proclaim it! I have lost my soul!" &c. When some gentlemen observed, "You are insane; you are deprived of your reason;" he replied, "Not so; my reason is not injured. Try me; I can weigh and measure as well as any of you. This one afflicted with insanity cannot do. The difference between you and me is not in the condition of our souls. But I *see* my danger, and you do *not* see yours." He wasted away some months in despair, without evidencing any signs of obtaining mercy; and died a warning to every one, being a perfect skeleton.

Soon after this, in 1806, it pleased God to pour out his Spirit upon my dear people in a most glorious manner. Six persons came forward at a Conference meeting, and were received as candidates for baptism. A large concourse gathered the Lord's Day following; and some were much affected, —having never seen the ordinance administered by immersion before,—and were convinced that none but such as could give satisfactory evidence of saving faith in Christ were proper subjects of baptism. A few days after this, at a lecture at a school-house, the power of the Holy Spirit fell upon the assembly while I was preaching. I felt my own soul drawn out greatly for the salvation of poor sinners. Numbers were pricked in their hearts, and cried, "What shall I do to be saved?" Our meetings were crowded with solemn and attentive hearers. Many who found the Messiah were calling upon others, to come and see a Man who told them all things that ever they did. And many believed for their saying, and were brought to say, "It was a true report which we heard; but the half was not told us," &c. Opposition arose in many. Some were so concerned, not knowing to what length this work might grow, that they hired a young man to go for a clergyman to come and help them, if happily [haply] they might prevail against this people. But the good man only sent them some tracts, which confirmed the work. Thus no weapon could prosper. They could prevail nothing. The wrath of man shall praise the Lord. He would work; and who should let it?

Although this blessed work spread through all parts of the town, it prevailed most in the part where I resided. There was scarcely a house in our neighbourhood the Son did not appear unto it. Some whole families, parents and children, seemed to rejoice together in prospects of a glorious immortality. The church increased in number greatly; and light

also, we trust, increased in our understanding. We adopted the Baptist sentiments altogether; yet permitted those who gave satisfactory evidence of a saving faith to occasional communion. Dear brother Thomas Handly Chipman some time at this season visited us; by whose labours of love our bowels were greatly refreshed in the Lord. He assisted in organizing a church in the above order; and has truly, in the hand of God, been a blessing to this people. In this glorious revival Edmond Jacob Reis was made a subject of divine grace, and called of God, we trust, to preach the everlasting Gospel.

Two or three years after this a division took place among us, in consequence of some errors which had obtained, and gave trouble, and produced disorder. And although some of this enthusiasm continues to this day in a few characters; yet in the late glorious revival our church has emerged out of this darkness, and has appeared as coming out of the wilderness, leaning on her Beloved, and clothed with the sun.

I and my dear people had been much against the particular communion practised among the Baptists lately in the Province; but have been brought to see the expediency of it in the late reformation.* Brother Thomas Ansley has been the highly honoured instrument of great good in this blessed work of divine grace; as also in shewing the forms and ordinances of God's house. There have been some brought to Christ in this revival; but the most that came forward to own God had obtained a hope of redemption through Christ Jesus before. Gospel ministers who visited us have said frequently, they never saw so many who had found mercy, and had obtained a lively hope in the blood of the Lamb, as in this place, in proportion to the number of inhabitants. But as deacon Zechariah Chipman has kept a regular record of the church, reference

* In 1827-8.

may be had to that for information. Let us, my fellow-travellers, go on our way rejoicing.

HARRIS HARDING.

O. p. 130.

We here give some recollections, relating to Mr. Harding's homeward journey from Halifax, as supplied by the Rev. Hugh Ross, of Cape Breton. They are as suggestive as they are delightful; and none the worse for being tinctured with the good old man's New Lightisms.

"In the year 1846," says Mr. Ross, "I had the privilege of being in company with father Harding, from Wolfville to Bridgetown, to attend an Association. I considered myself highly honoured to be in company with the worthy patriarch. There was so much of heaven in his conversation, that the journey could not be otherwise than agreeable. We came to a certain water. Father Harding said, 'Fifty years ago I was riding on horseback. There was no bridge over this river; therefore my horse, as I crossed, drank from the stream. At that time a little girl came down to draw water, whose countenance attracted my attention. I felt an ardent desire to speak to the little girl about the salvation of her soul. The text occurred to my mind, As ye go, preach. I said to her, My dear little girl, do you love the Lord Jesus? Having asked this question I rode on; and the little girl ran up the hill to her home, and told her mother, that a man who passed over the river on horseback had asked her a strange question, —Do you love the Lord Jesus? Mother, she continued, who is he, that I may love him? Having asked her mother this question several times, it carried conviction to her heart.

The mother found no rest till she found it in believing in Jesus. This ended in the conversion both of the mother and the child. Thus the seed sown in the morning took root, and bare fruit. This was unknown to me for sixteen years. Passing along that way again, I attended a Conference meeting. A tall female stood up, to tell the dealings of God with her soul. She referred to her first convictions; stating how her little girl came in, telling her, that a man passed by who asked her a strange question; but that she never learned who the man was. I said, *I am the man.* Then we had a glorious meeting.'

"Then father Harding, turning to me, said, 'I find, brother Ross, how good it is to talk to little children. I went into a house, finding the mother in charge of two little girls, twins, who were in the cradle. I saw that her household affairs required attention. I told her, I would take care of the babes while she attended to them. She left the room; and during her absence, as I gazed upon the infants, my heart was lifted to God for them. The mother heard me praying from an adjoining room; and having returned, I told her to take care of those little girls—that the Lord would bless them. They grew up. One is now in glory; the other is a mother in Israel; both having professed religion in early life. I cannot pray everywhere, and at all times. I am a curious being. But I can in some places, and sometimes.' At the close of this conversation, he talked much of the spiritual destitution of the Gaelic population of Cape Breton.

"I was much astonished at the attention paid him on the journey. He passed through the country as if he had been its governor. All sects vied with each other in their marks of respect to him; and all their kindness was unrestrained and free. Then the words of the Lord occurred to me, 'Them that honour me, I will honour.'"

P. p. 131.

In 1825 Mr. Harding lost another son, named Smith. His religious exercises on this occasion were characteristic and instructive. We record them here, and add a few words of comment.

Smith Harding, at the time of his brother Lodowick's death, had been visited by deep convictions. His father, however, had not been satisfied in regard to his spiritual condition. By and by he heard, that his son, residing in the States, lay at the point of death. Thereupon the Christian father was stirred within him. He went to God in prayer, seeking assurance that the best interests of his son were safe; but seeking in vain. At length, one day, journeying to fulfil a preaching appointment, busy in thought and prayer about his absent and dying son, he reached a favourable conclusion respecting that son's future. Thenceforth, as he often said afterwards, "he no more doubted his meeting Smith on the right hand of the Majesty on high, than that he should reach heaven himself." He proceeded, and preached with great elevation of spirit. He assured the people, that "if he had never before been converted, he was then; if he never was happy before, he was then; if he never felt filled with joy in the prospect of heaven, he did then." He kept his secret, however. None but himself knew whence his elevation arose. Not long after there came tidings, that on that very day his son had departed in the faith and comfort of the Gospel: which he regarded, of course, not only as highly satisfactory in itself, but

as confirmatory of the happy impression of which he had been the subject.

Thus, then, this matter ended well. But what if it had ended otherwise? What then would our patriarch have thought both of his faith and his God? Nothing so unsafe as to trust to impressions, which may, or may —NOT be confirmed by events. The written Word of God affords the only solid basis for our faith. They build upon *sand* who build upon any other. Some of our readers may not approve of these hints. Nevertheless, are they not worthy of consideration?

We subjoin here extracts from a letter addressed to his father by Smith Harding the year before his decease.

“ Utica, New York, Sep. 28, 1834.

“ Dear father,—

“ I received a letter from you some time ago, and should have answered it long since, had my health been such as to enable me to write with cheerfulness. But for about two months I have been very much prostrated both in body and mind. I have cried to the Lord in my distresses, and he has heard me, and delivered me from my infirmities in the flesh. But oh! I have an exceeding sinful heart. Sometimes I think I have reason to indulge a hope of a blessed immortality; and faint and transient as it is, it leads me to believe, that whatever vicissitudes I pass through it is all for the best. They lead me to look upon the world with distrust, and to endeavour to lay hold with joy on some of the beautiful words of the Psalmist; and I think sometimes I enjoy sweet communion with a Spirit that speaks in a still small voice; which makes me feel as if I cared not how soon I was translated from this vale of tears to be with a blessed throng, singing endless

praises around the throne of the great Jehovah, and to the Lamb. Oh! the thought gives me a thrill of unutterable delight; and, my dear parents, if we are to meet no more in time, may we meet in a happy eternity! that your son, poor, miserable, hypocritical Smith, may hail you at the great day, with his robes made white in the blood of the Lamb, which cleanseth from all sin! He has need of your prayers. Although I thus address you, my dear father, it is not often I can write in this manner. I am afraid I deceive myself. However, I feel at peace sometimes, and as if I could take great satisfaction in hearing Gospel sermons, which I have too much neglected, and being among those who can express a lively hope of salvation.

* * * *

“ Although you are now advanced in life, my dear father, I hope you may be spared many years in the work in which you have been so long, and so faithfully engaged; and that the churches may still be blessed with your counsels and labours. Pray for me, father, that I may not be found wanting. And with best wishes and love to all who may inquire after me,

“ I remain,

“ Your most unworthy and undutiful son,

“ SMITH R. HARDING.”

Q. p. 132.

We here give an anecdote of these times, which ought not to be lost. A poor man, a member of a church, but addicted to intoxication,—would that the race were extinct!—had taken the temperance pledge. A few days after, employed by a fellow-professor, he goes to work in company with others. “Grog-time” arrives. Forth

comes the rum-bottle. The master himself bears it a-field, with its accompaniments. There arises a fearful conflict. The rattle of the glass-ware, the sight, the bubble, the scent of the liquor, all plead; the *Christian* brother urges; companions laugh and sneer; Satan plies his arts: earth, hell, and sin beset the poor man. What is he to do? He has but one resource; he tries it, and is rescued. He "prays to the God of heaven." His ejaculation is not turned away. Vicious appetite is quelled; and from that day forward, it is believed, never regained its power. Oh! the might of prayer! Is not this THE weapon which, after all, must prevail to banish drunkenness from the world?

R. p. 146.

We bring together here a few sketches, derived from various sources, which, we think, will supply a distinct and life-like idea of Mr. Harding's peculiarities as a preacher.

Some aged people furnished us with the following account, in substance, of his pulpit exercises in his earlier days at Yarmouth.

His prayers were warm and fervent, abounding with intercession for the unconverted. For the most part, however, they were more subdued and quiet than his sermons, seldom breaking out into violent manifestations of feeling.

In preaching he followed no method. He "warned" and "exhorted" much, but "taught" little.* He ad-

* See Col. i. 28.

dressed himself principally to the ungodly. He would, indeed, interweave doctrinal and experimental statement. But his main scope was, to exhibit Christ as the Refuge and Saviour of sinners, and urge men to flee to him. While yet calm, he would keep about his text. When, however, he became excited, he would suffer his mind to run in any direction in which it seemed to be borne. This he did upon principle. To do otherwise was something like "quenching the Spirit." In commencing his sermons, his manner was still and moderate. As he grew warm, he would wax more lively. By and by his speech would become rapid and indistinct; until at length little was heard but a sound, loud, confused, and intensely earnest: the whole often accompanied with copious tears. Thus he would frequently close his sermons in a perfect tempest of emotion, which reached to his whole frame, and found expression in forcible and unrestrained action and movement. And as he thus proceeded, especially in seasons of revival, the excitement of the preacher would extend to the hearers; and even when he became unintelligible, they would be moved to weeping and exclamation.

Such, in the days of his unbroken vigour, was Mr. Harding in the pulpit. Dr. Cramp describes him, such as he was a few years before his death. Thus he writes, in a letter addressed to the *Montreal Register*, in 1846:—

"I first met with father Harris Harding at Halifax. At the administration of the Lord's Supper to the church in Granville Street, on which occasion I had the honour to assist him, he delivered a truly apostolic exhortation.

His theme was brotherly love. In exhorting the members of the church to cultivate that heavenly grace, and in describing its advantages, he spoke with a tender earnestness, and in such a manner as we may suppose was peculiar to the beloved apostle. His address was calculated to produce a powerful impression.

“I saw him again, at the Association held at Bridgetown. One scene will not soon be forgotten. At the close of the Introductory Sermon, father Harding rose to address the congregation. He was evidently labouring under strong emotion. His exhortation was chiefly addressed to the unconverted portion of the audience, and was founded on the parable of the Marriage of the King's Son. He told his hearers, that in all probability he was addressing them for the last time. His bowels yearned over them with strong compassion. He feared that many of them were not only destitute of religion, but opposed to it; and that they would enter into eternity without the ‘wedding garment;’ and he solemnly warned them to ‘flee from the wrath to come.’ While he was speaking, ‘the fire burned.’ His whole soul was enkindled. Words followed each other so rapidly, that distinctness of utterance was almost lost. His voice faltered. Tears ran down his cheeks. And when he sat down, exhausted by the effort, agonizing concern was depicted on his countenance. I think I see him now.”

The recollections of the compiler will shew something of what Mr. Harding was in public at the very end of his days.

We saw him for the first time in the autumn of 1852. It was at Yarmouth, on a Conference day. And well do we remember how, on entering the Conference-room, he advanced towards the head of the apartment, repeating the words, "Peace be to this house!" We gazed upon his hoary locks, his benevolent features, his whole venerable aspect, and, like Dr. Cramp, could not help thinking of the apostle John, and of the tradition of his being borne into the assemblies of the church in his old age, and constantly repeating the words, "Little children! love one another!" And especially has this tradition been recalled when meeting him afterwards at the Lord's Table, where he always had much to say about brotherly love.

In the winter of 1852-3, the patriarch found his way to an evening meeting in the suburbs of Yarmouth. The compiler preached from the words, "Jesus wept." After the sermon the old man spoke. Oh! how he expostulated with the sinner; stript away his excuses; exhorted, intreated, wept; called up his expiring energies; and forcibly reminded those who had known him in his best days of some of the best efforts of those days.

One recollection more. It relates to Mr. Harding's last pulpit effort in Yarmouth. One Lord's Day morning, in the summer of 1853, he tottered up the aisle of the meeting-house, clambered into the pulpit, and said to the compiler, just about to open the service, "I should like to preach this morning." He accordingly conducted the service; and although his fire was not kindled, yet, for a man in his ninety-second year, he did his work with remarkable efficiency. He dis-

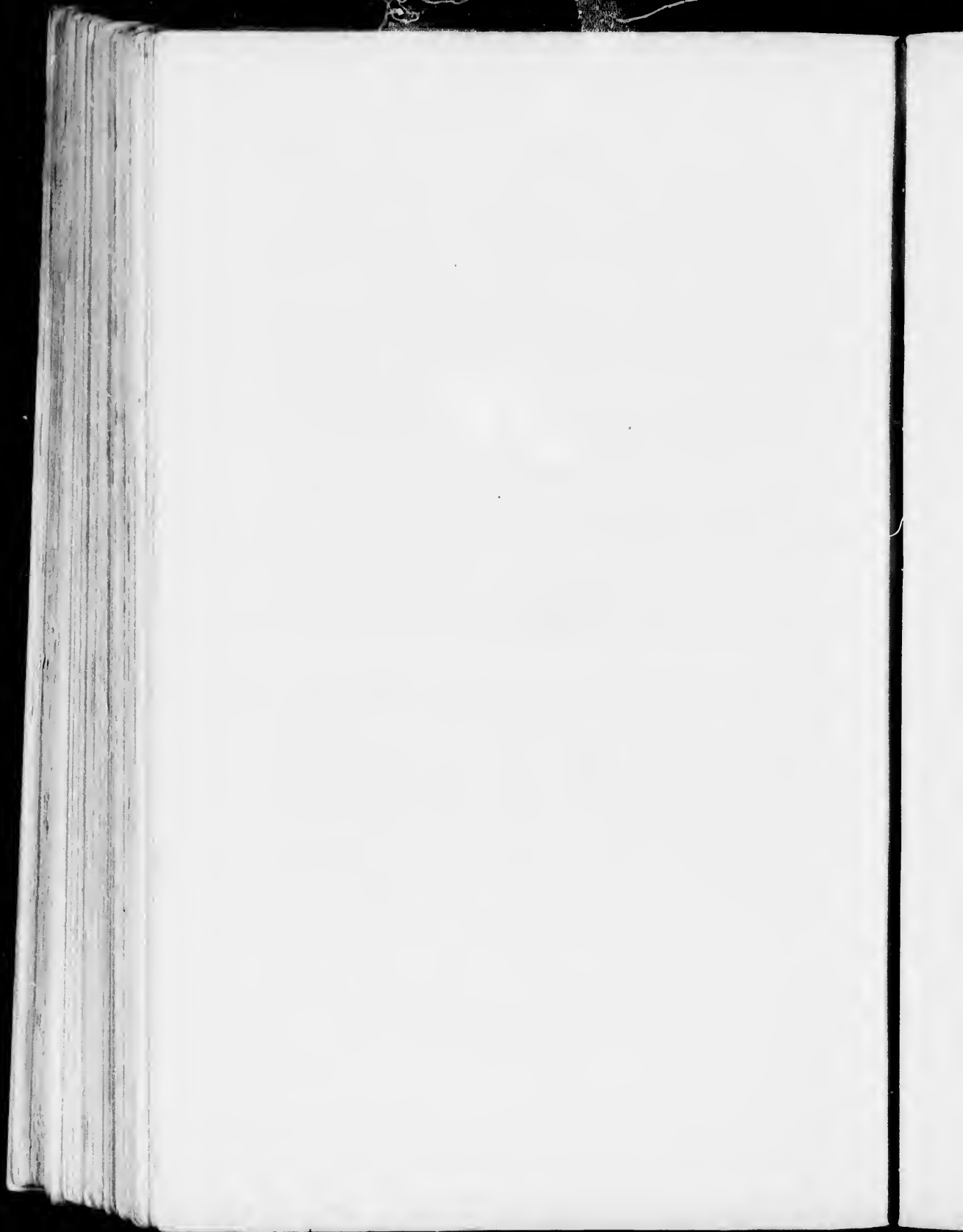
coursed upon the parable of the Ten Virgins. He was more connected, and wandered less from his subject than we had expected. His sermon abounded with short, pithy sayings, such as are apt to stick to the memory like burs. This was always one of the preacher's peculiarities. We subjoin the following, taken down at the time, and regret that we did not secure more of these striking utterances.

“ We don't always criticize as heaven will by and by. —The holiness of God is the sinner's torment.—A natural man can no more see beauty in Christ, than a blind man can in colours.—If Christ is anywhere, he is in the converted soul.—Heaven is a change of nature.—True faith is not in the head, but in the heart.—To meet with Christ is more than all the meetings in the world.—Christ in the ordinance makes it sweet.—Christians do more oftentimes to scatter souls from Christ than the unconverted do.—Where there's no love, there's no grace.—I am going down to the grave. Blessed be God! there is a crown of faith laid up for them that love him.—Unbelief is the worst sin that a man can commit.—If God loves you, he loves you unchangeably. He does not love you for your frames and feelings; he loves you for his name's sake.—If you don't love holiness, you don't love God.”

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Letters.



LETTERS.

I. TO CHARLOTTE PRESCOTT, CHESTER.

Windsor, Aug. 5, 1787.

Dear sister Charlotte,—

Have you the honour to suffer persecution, because you will follow the despised Nazarene? Rejoice then, dear sister, that you are counted worthy. Follow the Galilean King, and keep close to him. Under his almighty wing shall you find protection. In his lovely arms shall you find rest. While looking on his pierced hands and feet, beholding how he has loved you, and has been wounded for your sins, you will be constrained to cry out, "My Lord, and my God!" Ah! sister, does he not say to you, "It is I! be not afraid? I have been wounded, that you might be healed. I have been despised, that you might be honoured to sit at my right hand. I have been dejected and sorrowful, that you might rejoice, and be glad. Yes! I suffered myself to be crowned with thorns, that you might be crowned with glory. I have drank of the bitter cup of affliction, that you might drink the new wine with me in my kingdom." But how can I paint out an idea of the unbounded, unmerited, unparalleled love of Jesus

to you, my dear sister! since Gabriel's tongue would fall short here? Blessed be God, the day is approaching near, when we shall begin eternity with the soul-transporting theme!

“Through all *eternity* to Thee,
A grateful song I'll raise;
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.”

This makes us willing to suffer, bleed, and die for Christ, if called to die for his sake. This love makes us count all things else but dung and dross. And this will make us willing to quit the ten thousand disorders of our fallen state, and break forth in sacred strains in the courts of Paradise, shouting “Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!”

Yours eternally in Jesus,
H. HARDING.

II. TO THADDEUS HARRIS, CORNWALLIS.

Annapolis, May 14, 1789.

Dearly beloved in the Lord Jesus,—

I know that it rejoices your souls to hear of the prosperity of Zion. Therefore I could not refrain from letting you know, that the Mighty God of Jeshurun has girded his sword upon his thigh, and is riding in the flaming chariot of Israel like a glorious Conqueror: his majesty and power are seen amongst the inhabitants of Annapolis. Some have of late felt his dying groans reach their despairing souls. Some of the great in the world's esteem bow, and I can believe melt down before the everlasting Gospel of a despised Jesus. Col. de Lancy's daughter, and some others at the lower end of Annapolis are under distress of soul. I must stay a little longer; for I think my Lord is bringing them home. Oh! bear me on your minds to Jesus, that I may have strength of soul to sound the trumpet of salvation. Keep near Daniel's God.

Shout, Victory! victory! through the blood of the Lamb! Remember the Nazaritish covenant. "Little children, love one another." Oh! strengthen each other's hands in God.

Methinks I am now with you, and can see you as it were burst into a flood of tears; saying to each other, "Oh! my brother! oh! my sister! be encouraged! I see again the immortal shore, that flows with milk and honey. I feel, I feel my soul strengthened by the Lord God of Elijah, and am determined to know nothing here but Christ. Amen. Amen." My brother, my sister, my soul joins you. I think I can say: I feel encouraged to press through storms to angelic day.

I am, dear pilgrims,

Yours eternally in the righteousness of Christ,

H. HARDING.

*To be communicated.**

III. TO LEBBEUS HARRIS, CORNWALLIS.

Shelburn, Aug. 23, 1791.

* * * *

Dear uncle and aunt, I have a happy lot in God's house, and He that is Mighty has done great things for me. "Lord, not unto me, not unto me, but unto thy blessed name be all the glory." Oh! that you might both grow like the cedars that the Lord hath planted, and walk like Zacharias and Elizabeth in all the ordinances of the Lord blameless. Beg of Lydia, in my room, not to reject Christ any longer; lest the summer should be ended, and his Spirit for ever gone: then a great ransom cannot deliver her. Oh! that Jemmy, Elisha, and all my dear cousins might meet at His right hand.

I am, my dear uncle and aunt, yours in Christ,

H. HARDING.

* That is, to such as feel interested in these things. J. D.

IV. TO THE REV. JOHN PAYZANT.

(To be communicated to the Church at Cornwallis.)

Shelburn, Aug. 23, 1791.

My dear fellow-disciples,—

Never, since Jesus united my soul to you in the New Covenant, have I found a greater union and oneness with you than I have at times since I came away. My soul has wept and prayed in secret places for Cornwallis. There it was my soul first heard the voice of the Bridegroom. There it was my worthless name was written in the records of the everlasting Gospel. And there, O my soul! have I anointed the pillar, and left my eternal vows, and sworn by the Mighty God of Jacob, that if he would be with me in the way I go, and bless me, and return me again to my father's house in peace, the Lord should be my God. You are his witnesses, my dear, dear brethren and sisters, of what he has done for my soul. There my life drew near to the grave. My iniquities overwhelmed me: I sunk in a place where there was no water; and my soul failed for thirst. There it was I first heard the joyful sound, "Deliver him from going down to the pit; I have found a ransom." Then did he take me from following the ewes great with young, to call sinners to repentance: judging me faithful, putting me into the ministry; shewing me how great things I must suffer for his Gospel's sake.

Ah! blessed be his worthy name, he goes with me, and has let none of my words hitherto fall to the ground. I have seen as happy hours since I saw you as ever I did; and distressing ones too. I have seen saints shouting aloud for joy, and sinners crying for mercy; but none, that I know of, converted.*

* It will be remembered, that Mr. Harding laboured much at Shelburn, but with little appearance of success. J. D.

People in this place think I bring strange things, because I preach Jesus, and the resurrection.

God, I think, is certainly going with me to New England. Pray that I may preach the Gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. Oh! that I might go in the name of brother Alline's* God.

My soul is full. I know not how to leave off writing. I think I see you stand around with the tears rolling, falling on each other's necks, saying, "Come, Lord Jesus! Even so: let thy kingdom come!"

H. HARDING.

V. TO MARVIN BECKWITH. CORNWALLIS.

Shelburne, Aug. 26, 1791.

My dear, dear brother,—

I often think of you, and long to meet you again on this mortal shore. But if not, dear Marvin, we will soon meet upon the immortal plains. There, through boundless grace, is my portion, and my rest, and my worthless name recorded. O my brother! keep in sight of the Morning Star. Take care of contenting yourself without a sense of religion, because you think you can get alive easily by only looking to Jesus. Many children of God have had their locks shaved off upon this enchanted ground, who were once as strong as Samson, by getting asleep on Delilah's lap; and when they have tried to shake themselves from their earthliness, as they had often

* It has been stated, in the course of our work, that Mr. Harding regarded himself as, in some sort, the successor of Mr. Alline, as Elisha was raised up in the room of Elijah. His language here would seem to indicate, that he found himself attracted towards New England by a certain secret wish to fulfil Mr. Alline's unaccomplished mission thither—the mission cut short by his early removal. Such hints as we have here frequently occur in Mr. Harding's letters. Yet this visit to New England, so much projected, and so earnestly desired, was never paid. J. D.

done before, their strength was departed; the Glory of Israel was gone; and they were bound in prison. Their eyes being put out, they have been ready to follow every wandering star of natural passion for religion; thus only gathering more blackness and darkness. But, my brother, you "have not so learned Christ." When you received him he was all; and in all your actions, in all your behaviour, in all your works, more or less, and in all your words; declaring plainly to saints and sinners, you sought a better country, that is a heavenly. So walk in him, my brother, and you shall grow like the trees of lign-aloes beside the waters, which God has planted with his own right hand. In that name that has often ravished my soul since I left you, and will be our joy when time is no more, I am, still and ever yours,

H. HARDING.

VI. TO DORCAS PRENTICE, HORTON.

Yarmouth, Sep. 17, 1791.

My dear sister,—

I have just heard of my dear grandmother entering the region of endless glory; which sometimes, I doubt not, racks your mind, and sinks your soul in great distress. But oh! at other times methinks I see you joining her eternal songs, saying, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!" I think I feel my soul with you in some measure, my dear sister, and expect soon to reach the immortal fields, and strike the endless hallelujahs before the throne. I hope my dear grandfather feels his soul in the kingdom, and can say, "Thy grace is sufficient for me!" I think I see my dear sister Fally sit by, weeping for joy that old Jacob's rod and staff comfort her. But where is Jemmy? Tell him, his grandmother's groans for his redemption are for ever at an end.

I only snatch a moment, my dear sister, to write you a few lines. I have written letters to the Christians from Shelburn,

which I hope you have all received before this reaches you. I was a week at Barrington; where there was a great moving in the minds of the people. I left a number there crying for mercy, and some to all appearance near the kingdom. I had only two meetings at Argyle; where a general shaking appeared among the dry bones, and a shouting was heard among the Israelites. I left there yesterday, being called to attend a funeral in this place; and shall return, both for Argyle and Barrington, before I set out for the States, if my Master permit. Two or three have been converted of late in this place, by means of brother Daniel Shaw. My soul is with the church in your parts every day, rejoicing in your order in the Gospel.

Yours in the groans of a dying Jesus,

H. HARDING.

VII. TO THOMAS BENNETT, HORTON.

[An extract in the Memoir; the whole given here.]

Yarmouth, April 6, 1792.

My dear brother in Christ,—

I have seen glorious days since I left you. Truly “the lines have fallen to me in pleasant places.” Oh! the goodness of God to me, the chief of sinners! I passed over with my staff only to this people; and behold I am, my dear brother, through free grace, become two bands. Never, I think, did I see the goings of my God in such a wonderful manner before. The young converts truly bear the image of their dying Lord in a heavenly manner. We have indeed, my brother, happy, happy meetings. The soul of your unworthy friend is a hundred-fold rewarded. Blessed be God for ever putting me into the ministry! O could I see you again, how would I tell you, my brother! what great things my dying Lord has revealed to me since I saw you last! Near fifty, in the last re-

formation, are savingly born again, and can lap with the tongue. Very few that have been awakened turn back again to the world. But in Barrington and Argyle we have been beset, in a most devilish manner, by hypocritical counterfeits. Yet the fire of God in his children has consumed them; at least so far that there is not one, that I know of, held to be a Christian, but can say "Shibboleth."

Brother Bennett, there were three young men belonging to Barrington, who last fall shipped on board a vessel bound for the West Indies, in order to get clear of the reformation; two of them being greatly awakened by the Spirit of God. Last Saturday evening the vessel returned; with the news that two of them had died of the small-pox on their passage home, while the other lay sick with it on board. On Sabbath morning, as I was praying in meeting, it came into my mind to pray for him. I had no sooner mentioned his name, than my soul felt such a union with him, I was sure that the Lord had washed him in his blood. I could hardly speak; and as soon as I had concluded saw the Christians, and almost all the assembly in tears. When meeting was over, we declared to the people what God had revealed to us by his Spirit.*

On Thursday I went to a house where the day before they had carried this young man. As soon as I came to the door he cried out, "Oh! Mr. Harding!" Then, after recovering himself a little, he said, "You can't tell what sorrows Christ has carried me through since I saw you last. After we got to sea I began to think of the means I had taken to wear my distress off my mind, and grew afraid my soul was lost for ever. It still followed me continually, for about two weeks,

* We have here an illustration of a statement, as given on a former page, made by Theodore Harding, in regard to a "spirit of discernment" attributed by many to Harris Harding. See Appendix. p. 168. J. D.

that I had sold my soul, and Christ. All this time I was cursed by the captain, and all hands, in a most dreadful manner, as a dull, melancholy fellow. One night, it being my watch on deck, I was thinking, in dreadful distress and agony of mind, that there was no mercy for me; for I had rejected it, and it was gone for ever. All at once, I know not how, I began to think of the mercy of God; and these words came into my mind,—“ God will have mercy! God will have mercy! And still, as my mind ran upon them, my heart began to burn within me; and God seemed to come nearer, and nearer, till my soul was filled with such unspeakable joy as I never felt before. I remained so, in a greater or less degree, for the most part of two or three weeks; and by turns ever since.” My soul felt such a love for this young man as I cannot express, while he lay telling me all this.

This, my dear brother, is some of the spoils of the enemy, that I have taken out of the hand of the Canaanite with my sword, since I saw you last. My brother, do write by Captain Strickling about the cause of God among you, of which I so long to hear. I would write to more if I had time.

Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!

HARRIS HARDING.

VIII. TO THE SAME.

[The former part of this letter given in the Memoir.]

Argyle, Apr. 21, 1792.

* * * *

In yours of Feb. 27 you desired me to let you know my mind as to the printing of my letters to the Christians. I have no objection, provided you and they think it would be beneficial to the cause of my blessed Master. Most of them are addressed to private characters. I think I can say, with dear dear brother Alline, “ God forbid I should write or speak any-

thing but what I would publish, if possible, over the four quarters of the globe!" I have not opportunity to write to all my dear brothers and sisters. Read these to them, and bid them remember

H. HARDING.

IX. TO THE SAME, AT CORNWALLIS.

Amapolis, March 25, 1793.

My dear brother,—

Heaven opens in believers' souls, and Zion's God appears among his people. The sunbeams of glory are shining into our assemblies in a most wonderful manner. Last Wednesday evening God walked through the midst of Israel, and shook the assembly like the wilderness. Truly, my dear brother, the coming of the Son of man was like lightning shining from one part of heaven to the other. Some of the Christians, ascending the mount, beheld the counsels of heaven revealed, whilst the resurrection of God's dear Son transported and filled every immortal power within them. When any spake with a loud voice of the redemption of Israel, a sinner, it may be in the farther part of the room, would immediately scream out, as if the sword of the Lord pierced through his very soul. Three or four are brought to Mount Zion by the blood of the Lamb. Others, that were out of sight before, are brought into very clear liberty. Several little children are converted in a powerful manner; and almost every day some come out as clear as the sun. The Christians are all converted into it; and say, they never saw such a day of Gospel glory before.

I am, Your happy, highly favoured brother,

H. HARDING.

X. REV. EDWARD MANNING TO THE SAME, AT LIVERPOOL.

Granville, Oct. 10, 1793.

Dear Bennett,—

Since I have seen you I have surely been,—God Almighty only knows where,—where none but the followers of the Lamb, whose wrestling souls have felt the same, can ever tell, or ever know. What different scenes I am carried through! I have seen the foundations of the world discovered; and oh! my brother, such scenes of horror and darkness as would make your very soul shudder to think of. Hell from beneath has been enlarged against the Strength of Israel. But it never fails. No! my brother; nor never will. Underneath us are the everlasting arms; and the eternal God is our refuge.

I have much to tell you about St. John, but must omit it at present. Certainly there has been the greatest reformation there I ever saw in my life; and the people thirst, gloriously thirst for the liberty of the Gospel. When I left them, many were longing for the appearing of the Son of man. James preaches; and it seems as if nothing stands before him.

The scene is much altered in Nova Scotia since I left it. Darkness! darkness! darkness! Good God! you never saw such darkness! *It may be felt!* The Israelites have light in their dwellings; but some of them very little, and are afraid to have more. You will hear many stories flying from the powers of hell. You may allow thirty-one points for *head sea*—lee-way—drift of current—variation of compass, &c. I have travelled through Granville, Horton, Cornwallis, Falmouth, &c.; where there are sentries appointed to keep out the grand foe. I know from God, I shall yet see his cause revive. Certainly there will be an overturning. I feel the darkness removing—the light shining—the voice crying—the Bridegroom approaching—the bride arising—the sea roaring

—the trumpet sounding—the heavens and the earth shaking—
and all nature groaning to let the oppressed go free!

You say, you sometimes think Edward Manning is coming to Liverpool, to preach the Gospel there. I sometimes think so too; but do not know for certain as yet. When I am called, I will bend my course that way.

“ Christ is my pilot wise; My compass is his Word;
My soul each storm defies, While I have such a Lord.”

Never did I see a greater need of being wholly taught of God. The Liverpool Christians are near to me as my own soul. You must remember me to them. Tell them, “They shall call the people unto the mountain: there they shall offer sacrifices of righteousness. For they shall suck of the abundance of the seas, and of treasures hid in the sand.” Farewell!

Yours in Christ,

E. MANNING.

XI. REV. JOSEPH DIMOCK TO THE SAME.

Halifax, Dec. 9, 1793.

Dear brothers and sisters in Christ,—

I can tell you, it rejoices my soul to see some that say, “What shall be done for my soul’s salvation?” I see the Lord is preparing a way in the desert for the living God to ransom immortal souls. I find a necessity to become all things to all men. I feel that incarnation that, with unutterable groans, labours for the deliverance of souls in this place.

In Newport I parted with brother Edward Manning, much engaged as well as the rest of the Christians. And I hear that they still ascend the heavenly mount, whilst their souls behold all things done in the bowels of eternity, and they shout salvation to Him that reveals the decrees of Heaven.

I saw a man from Cobequid yesterday, declaring that brother Harding stands on the mount of God, and telling of a glorious reformation there. Never were such happy days known in Ouslow before.

James Manning writes from St. John, that numbers of souls are baptized with the Holy Ghost.

And now methinks I hear you say, "When, Lord, shall Liverpool share in the resurrection of God's dear Son?" In the appointed time Jehovah shall effect a work eternally glorious among you. Amen! Amen!

J. DIMOCK.

Pray write. Communicate this.

XII. TO REV. A. D. THOMSON, ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

My dear brother,—

Yarmouth, Dec. 9, 1833.

* * * *

I do not know whether you have much acquaintance with brother Lent.* He is called to be a public witness for God, and makes full proof of his call to the work.

Notwithstanding the presence of God is manifested among us on Sabbath and sanctuary occasions, yet the high places are not removed. We still sacrifice in high places: for our hearts are not prepared to seek the Lord God of our fathers decidedly, as in ancient times; when the people dwelt alone, and were not reckoned among others, who knew not the God of Israel; and declared, in all their conversation among their fellow-sinners, that they sought a better country; and bore the marks of the dear Lord Jesus in all their behaviour among men.

Oh! my brother, to have my heart enlarged to run in the ways of His blessed commandments! that my peace might flow like a river; that I might reap, and receive Gospel wages of free grace. I am now far advanced in mortal life. Oh! that I may live religion while I preach it to others! Nothing is more distressing than the thought of being religious without Christ. "If thy *presence* go not with us, carry us not up hence."

* Related to the Lent family at Tusket, and one of Mr. Harding's sons-in-law. He became pastor of the Baptist church at Tusket, and was removed from earth at a comparatively early age. J. D.

When I enjoy Christ's presence, I find my mind full of duties. Although I should labour ever so much,—for I would not wish to be an Antinomian,—yet nothing is done to my soul's satisfaction, unless Jesus is there, to work those things in me which are well-pleasing in his sight, through the superaboundings of his grace towards me, a vile sinner. “Without me ye can do nothing,” stands like a mounted cannon against *righteous self*, that is always attempting to do those things in me which God the Holy Ghost is appointed to do. Thus you see, dear brother, I am enlisted during the war. Yet I sing, with old brother Erskine, and others,—

“All my battles, lost and won,
Were gained before they were begun.”

* * * *

Yours in the faith and patience of the saints,
HARRIS HARDING.

XIII. TO THE SAME.

My dear brother,— Yarmouth, May 24, 1834.

* * * *

How do you get on in speaking for your blessed Master? You know that “he that reapeth receiveth wages.” The ring-straked and speckled were Jacob's hire, and must be mine and thine. The countenance of the world will change, like Laban's; but that is not dangerous, like its friendship. Gospel honour, my brother, is found nowhere but “without the gate,” where Christ did suffer. Better be in a furnace with him than in a palace without him. A poor sinner and a rich Saviour is a match well pleasing to God the Father, and makes sweet music in heaven.

We still have additions to our church. Every little while some are baptized. Throughout the last autumn and winter grace hath abounded in our prayer-meetings. Peace and har-

mony still unite our numerous members. It would do your soul good, brother Thomson, to be at our Conference-meetings; for I think oftentimes His "honour dwelleth" there. The un-circumcised amongst us have ploughed with the heifer, and found out the riddle, but have never tasted of the honey.

I heard this spring, by some who came from your place, of Zion's prosperity there. "Where the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together." O be encouraged, my brother! For Zion's sake I think you cannot hold your peace, until she become a praise in that part of the earth. How are the Christians among you? I hope in their first love, feeding in fat pastures of Gospel grace. They shall "go from strength to strength," till "every one of them in Zion appeareth before God." Their prayers, their conversation, and their consistency, will be as notes to assist you to preach the unsearchable riches of all-sufficient grace to a dying world. No preaching so effectual as a daily, godly walk and conversation among our fellow-sinners. And permit me to add, that, if precept has slain its thousands, practice has slain its tens of thousands; for "he that killeth with the sword must be killed with the sword." Wherefore let us "put on the whole armour of God."

* * * *

Yours in Christ, * HARRIS HARDING.

XIV. TO THE SAME.

My dear brother,— Yarmouth, July 24, 1834.

* * * *

I hear by Mr. McCurdy, that you have given up your school, and that you are going from place to place, exhorting sinners to repentance. I hope, my dear brother, the Lord Jesus prospers your way, and gives you to sing, with those who have gone before you in Christ's name,

"Twill more than pay me for all pain,
To see them love His word."

Oh! to receive free grace wages in calling sinners to the marriage-supper of the Lamb has its hundred-fold of Gospel reward here; and our righteousness shall answer for us in time to come, when, like Jacob, those of the ring-straked and speckled shall be our hire before the face of the Lord our God. May your hands be strengthened by the hands of the Mighty God of Jacob! A dying to self, and a living unto God, as I think, is the greatest qualification of a Gospel minister; for "he that killeth with the sword must be killed with the sword."

There are still some revivals in different neighbourhoods in our Township. Some are added to the church, and I trust to the Lord. Union and fellowship also exist between ministers and people. Sanctuary seasons are blessed with the presence of Christ; and our church learns the meaning of her name, "THE LORD IS THERE!"

* * * *

Yours in Christ Jesus,

HARRIS HARDING.

XV. MRS. UPHAM TO MR. HARDING.

Onslow, Oct. 7. [No year.]

Numerous ideas float on my mind; and when I receive your letter,—which I understand is in Mr. Burton's chest,—various and new ones will present themselves. Yet I must dismiss them all; and as Mr. B. will be gone ere I receive your letter, just select a scrap. And what shall it be? Why I will tell you. I read in the Association Minutes yesterday for the first time; and when I saw the remark about you and E. Manning being hailed once more on the shores of Onslow, oh! father, how the streams did flow! Luckily I was alone. 'Twas the "bond of nature." Then I thought of the many who once loved you in Onslow now adoring God in glory; of the many who walked with you, now walking the golden streets: many who ate with you, now eating of the fruit of the

tree of life; that heard you preach, now ravished with the voice of angels; that sang with you, now singing the song of the Lamb, &c.

Brother Burton will tell you, that Mr. Munro has been sick, and nigh unto death. He will soon go too. And so will I. And so will you. My kind respects to Mrs. Harding. Love Christ, my father, as well as you used to do. Let no idol, or idols take his place.

Farewell in the best of bonds, J. UPHAM.

XVI. REV. J. DIMOCK TO MR. HARDING.

Chester, Nov. 23, 1834.

* * * *

I am satisfied that the un-Christian union between church and state must come down, and the unnatural policy connected therewith. I know God will do it in his own time. But he will do it by means. And perhaps we shall not judge wrongly of the times in which we live, if we say, that the improvement of the age in knowledge and science, and the spread of the glorious Gospel of the Son of God, in their joint influence on public opinion, are leading on to the desired epoch.

* * * *

Ever yours, J. DIMOCK.

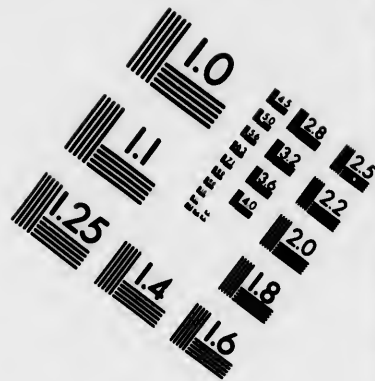
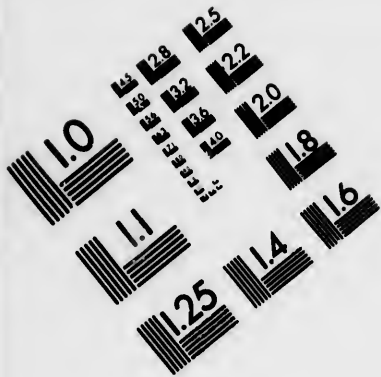
XVII. REV. J. MUNRO TO MR. HARDING.

Dear brother Harding,— Onslow, May 2, 1835.

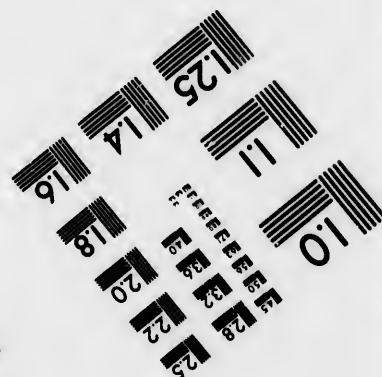
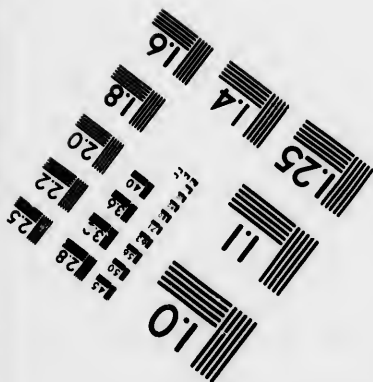
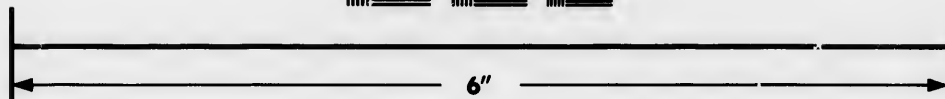
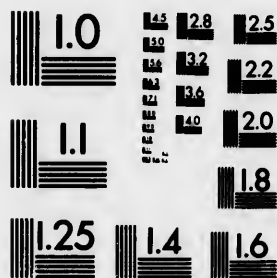
I was glad for your letter by brother Burton, and think I desire to be thankful for the mercy of the Lord to you personally and relatively. I am glad to hear of the pleasing omens in regard to Zion. There I think my best kindred dwell; there God, I hope *my* Saviour, reigns.

With regard to this place, I often think we exhibit rather a singular aspect. This much I think I may say,—had not





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the Lord been on our side, the combined influence of learning, talents, policy, and power, all which have been exerted against us with energy in this section of the country, must have prevailed. But through the favour of the Lord, the church stands fast, and goes forward, though not rapidly, yet pretty firmly. Though we have not been blessed with a great shower, there has been, and continues to be a steady dropping; and I think an increase in Biblical knowledge is perceptible, and I hope a proportionable growth in grace. We have received three candidates for baptism, who will be buried with their Lord into the likeness of his death to-morrow fortnight, if the Lord will; that being our season for communion. Besides, we are sanguine in expectation of some more at the next Conference, to accompany those already received. I desire to acknowledge the lovingkindness of the Lord.

O for a heart more engaged in heavenly things! Truly, brother, I am astonished at myself. O what an earthworm! I see nothing to make me satisfied with myself, but much to the contrary. I approve the method of redemption as revealed in the Bible; and am satisfied in my mind, that my soul has admired the love and condescension of the divine Redeemer. Oh! why cannot I love him more, and be more unreservedly devoted to his service in all my powers? Dear brother! pray for a poor creature.

For family mercies I have much cause for thankfulness. I expect my son's wife to unite with the church at the next opportunity. My health is much as usual: that is, as you understand, but delicate.

* * * *

I have filled my sheet. Pity it is not with better matter; but will only request, let charity and friendship have their due influence in reading, and what is amiss you will be able to

excuse, and what is wanting will be willing to believe is meant. Peace be with you, and the dear church. Please present my regards to sister Harding, and your family, and brother Chipman, and all who will be glad to hear from,

Dear brother, Ever yours, J. MUNRO.

XVIII. REV. W. JACKSON TO MR. HARDING, AT
BRIAR ISLAND.

Yarmouth, July 29, 1837.

My dear brother and father in the Gospel of Christ,—

My heart was refreshed by your epistle. It was sweet to my soul. I received it in time to have it read in the Conference-meeting at the Ponds last Saturday; and it seemed to be truly refreshing to all the people. Every one seemed to be rejoiced, that their aged minister was receiving refreshings from the presence of the Lord. I rejoice that brother Suthern's family is receiving such showers of mercy from the Lord; and may the blessed Lord visit every family in those Islands. Oh! how would it rejoice my heart, dear father, to hear of a flaming reformation in those places. O may your white hairs, and solemn admonitions be blessed to those churches, and to sinners!

We are having heavenly seasons in this place. The Lord is pouring out his Holy Spirit upon the people. A fortnight ago, as I wrote to sister Payson, we had a baptism in town, when brother John Tedford was immersed in the presence, I suppose, of a thousand spectators. I think I never saw such an assembly at a baptism before; and the presence of the Lord made the scene awfully grand. Last Sabbath two were baptized at the Ponds. We had an interesting time: the Lord was present. On Tuesday we had a baptism at Beaver River. Five were buried with Christ in the liquid grave; and one who had not joined the church since it was formed upon the close communion plan, came forward, and received the right hand

of fellowship. After preaching by brother Dimock, who is much engaged, the door of the church was opened for hearing experiences; and four came forward, and related what God had done for their souls. We had a meeting at Lake George on Monday. Brother Spinney preached. The season was good. One man arose in the congregation, and said, "Perhaps some of you never heard a sinner pray. Let us pray *in the name of a sinner.*" It had a powerful effect upon the people. Yesterday we had two meetings; at Plymouth, and at the head of Chebogue. At the Plymouth meeting old Mrs. Baker, a deaf and dumb woman, gave us a description of the sufferings of our blessed Saviour; and it was truly as affecting a thing as ever I saw. On Tuesday about five-and-twenty carriages went from this way to Beaver River, to attend our meeting.

There is great thinking in town, and how it will terminate I cannot tell; but I trust favourably. I had no idea that there was so much opposition to the Baptists in this town; but God is able to overcome it all. I preached in town last Sabbath evening; when it appeared to me that the very bowels of Deity were moved for Yarmouth. Miss Wyman, the postman's daughter, I understand, went home rejoicing in God, and warning the people from house to house; and Mr. Gardiner, a Methodist, told me last evening, that a woman in town had been under concern of mind ever since. The Lord is working, and blessed be his name! Your family is well. Mehetabel is concerned for her soul. Write often. I remain,

Yours truly,

W. JACKSON.

XIX. REV. W. CHIPMAN TO MR. HARDING.

Dear brother,— Pleasant Valley, Sep. 22, 1837.

The Rev. Mr. S——, the resident Presbyterian minister in Cornwallis, will be the bearer of this. . . . As I am personally acquainted with elder S—— . . . ; as he has preached

in our meeting-house several times, much to my satisfaction, and that of the church with which I am connected; as I have no doubt of his piety, and of his preaching the Gospel in its native simplicity, faithfully to the heart and conscience; and as he is friendly and affectionate to our denomination, and, I trust, charitable to all the Lord's people—a peacemaker, and a promoter of the general good,—I feel desirous that you should have an interview with him, in which I am persuaded you would be much gratified. And I need not say, for *my* sake,—knowing your benevolent disposition,—but for your own satisfaction, and for the sake of God's cause, I am desirous that you should shew him every respect. . . .

I have been much rejoiced in hearing of the Lord's work being revived amongst your people. May it greatly increase, and extend its gracious influence far and wide! There is much need of heavenly wisdom to direct in building up Zion—of great care as to materials, in a time of general revival. At such a time there is usually a great crowding to the temple-gates. And while persons who do not give manifest evidence of a saving work of grace on their hearts should be carefully kept back, yet great care should also be taken not to wound, grieve, or keep back any of the tender lambs of Christ's fold. For the church is their nursery—the place where they should be instructed, watched over, and led in the paths of obedience.

I suppose your age is renewed like the eagle's; and yet perhaps, in view of the salvation of the Lord so wonderfully displayed, you are almost ready to adopt the language of good old Simeon. I should be glad of a line from you. Please remember me affectionately to sister Harding, and all friends.

And believe me, dear brother,

Unfeignedly yours, in the bonds of the Gospel,

WM. CHIPMAN.

XX. TO MR. EDWARD ARMSTRONG, FALMOUTH.

Yarmouth, June 29, 1838.

My dear brother,—

I received your kind letter, dated in May, in which you announce your dear mother's death. I read it to our people, who sympathized and rejoiced with you, feeling a union with you in the Gospel and sufferings of Christ; for the language dictated in your letter was not to them as the voice of a stranger. Death has thinned the number of my dear fellow-pilgrims and fellow-disciples in Falmouth, as well as in other parts of the Province. Well, the ark rested in Jordan until all God's Israel had passed over. What a happy meeting they have had on Canaan's heavenly shore, in the upper house not made with hands, where nothing can harm or hurt in all the holy mount. You mourn, my dear brother, that your harp is hung upon the willows beside the streams in the land of your captivity. But your darkness shall only endure for the night; for behold the morning cometh.

Thus Jesus gives, and takes away again:
 Then cease, my friend, ah! cease! no more complain!
 In Achor's vale a glorious hope shall rise,
 And animate your soul to take the prize.
 There you shall sing, as once old Israel did;
 Your first works do; and, from your bondage freed,
 In Baca's vale a heavenly blessing prove,
 And sing the worth of Jesu's dying love.

Last March my dear child, Mary Alice Chipman, was also called from this vale of tears to the world where mortality is swallowed up in immortal life. The last words she uttered in time were, "Sweet Jesus!—Blessed Jesus!" Time is thinning my family, and spiritual flock. Scarcely any die belonging to our church, or stated congregation, without leaving satisfactory evidence, that they die in the Lord.

Without naming particular friends personally, please give my kindest love to my dear, yea, very dear friends and fellow-disciples in the bowels of Christ in Falmouth, including your dear family.

Ever yours in Christ,

HARRIS HARDING.

XXI. TO REV. C. TUPPER, D. D.

My dear brother,—

[No date.]

As you said, at our last parting, that you thought that an account of Captain Cook's conversion might, by the blessing of God, be useful, if published, I have sent it as I received it from himself more than once. If you still think, on perusing the account, that it is worthy of a place in your excellent Magazine, you are at liberty to publish it.

Yours, with much esteem,

H. HARDING.

CONVERSION OF CAPTAIN COOK.

Captain Cook sailed for the West Indies in January 1823. A revival of religion had taken place, in the neighbourhood in which he lived, in the autumn before he sailed. A number of his relatives, as well as neighbours, had become the happy subjects of this work of divine grace. Among these was his oldest sister; whose heart having been filled with redeeming love, she was constrained to call upon poor sinners to "come and see a man who had told her all things that ever she did." She had often wept upon her brother's neck; intreating him to break off his sins by an unfeigned repentance, to turn to God, and partake with her of the joys of the Gospel. This apparently had had no other effect upon his mind, than to harden and irritate him against her advice. His parents, who were professors of religion, had desired her to say no more to him upon the subject, as it only seemed to increase his oppo-

sition. So she had said no more to *him*, but carried his case to God in prayer. After he had sailed, he had pleased himself with the thought, that, on his return, the commotion would be over, and he should not be troubled any more about religion. His dear mother, or one of his friends, had put into his baggage a religious pamphlet. This he happened one day to take up, and read; when all at once he had such a discovery of the number and heinousness of his sins, that he wondered how God should have spared such a guilty creature as he now saw himself to be. His conduct in despising the advice and exhortations of his sister and others lay heavy on his conscience. He continued several days in great distress and concern for his soul. None of the people whom he had on board with him professed religion; so that he could not open his mind to any one. He therefore cried to God for mercy; and exchanged words with none, except as he now and then gave orders for navigating his vessel. His mate said to him one day, "I believe, Sir, the sun is near the meridian. Would you choose to take an observation?" To this he assented. At this time he was so distressed, that he afterwards wondered how he could have adjusted the quadrant. While he was taking the sun, it was shaded by a little passing cloud; when those lines, by Dr. Watts, fell with weight upon his mind,—

"Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin."

An unusual calmness, as if he had never felt trouble, at once pervaded his soul. He wondered at this great change. But while he thought upon it, he had such an inward, joyful apprehension of Christ Jesus, and of the holiness, glory, and love that he discovered in his divine nature, that it quite overpowered him. He began to tell his people what God had done

for his soul, begging them to seek him while he might be found ; which much affected them. He maintained the worship of God on board constantly through the voyage, praying night and morning with his people ; whose outward conduct, through the influence of their captain, came to be much altered. We often hear him in our congregations, telling what God has done for his soul, with warmth of heart, and much emotion of mind, and exhorting others to repent, and do works meet for repentance, before it be for ever too late.

XXII. FROM MR. JOHN CHANEY, JUN. TO MR. HARDING.

Farmington, Maine, March 16, 1840.

* * * *

The question of slavery is now vexing our nation exceedingly, both in church and state. And indeed I conceive it to be both just and necessary that we should be vexed, so long as we continue in this unparalleled sin. Enjoying such great freedom ourselves, and pretending, as we do, to understand so well the whole subject of human rights, no other nation is so guilty as ours in sustaining the home institution of slavery ; and perhaps no nation under heaven is engaged in it to a greater extent. But the worst of it all is, that a large majority of the church in the Slave-holding States attempt to sustain the soul-destroying, heaven-daring, and God-provoking system of traffic, for filthy lucre's sake, in the *dearest rights*, the *bodies*, and the *SOULS* of men ; and many of our churches and ministers in the Free States are far from bearing that holy, bold, and decided testimony against it which they ought to bear. The church is constituted of God as the light of the world. If the church were right, our nation would soon be right. But there is a very rapid gain on the side of the oppressed ; and I earnestly hope, that the friends of humanity and religion among other Christian nations will kindly, but firmly bring to bear on

our nation and church all the moral and religious influence in their power, in a manner that shall be happily calculated to induce us to repent of this unparalleled sin, and desist from it. Especially do we look to the friends of Christ and his oppressed, in the churches of England, and her Colonies in America, that they would pray and labour, that the American church may be purged from this sin.

* * * *

XXIII. TO MRS. MARY TOONE, LONDON, ENGLAND.

Yarmouth, Jan. 20, 1842.

My dear Madam,—

Although a stranger, I am impelled by duty to yourself, and to the memory of your dear son, to address to you a few lines. Your son, the late Thomas Toone, arrived at Mr. Ebenezer Porter's, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, on the sixth of November last, in the last stages of a consumptive disorder; languishing under which for twenty-four days, at length he died, we trust, in the triumphs of faith over death and the grave. O Madam! he apparently had such glorious discoveries of an immortality of joy, and heavenly pleasure in Christ Jesus, as quite to swallow up the pains of dissolution, and make him long to depart, and be with Christ. He desired that his dear mother and friends might know, how happy Christ had made him in a dying hour; and requested Mr. and Mrs. Porter to write to his mother, and say, that he wished his dear mother to meet him, in the day of judgment, at the right hand of God. I visited him for a week before his death; and indeed, Madam, I never saw a more humble penitent. I must say, too, it was his mercy to be received into the kind family of Mr. and Mrs. Porter; as he could not have experienced greater attention, nor more marked sympathy, and Christian affection, no! not in his own mother's house. I at-

tended his funeral, and preached his funeral sermon, the third day after his decease, to a respectable and deeply affected auditory. . . . I am, dear Madam, yours truly,

HARRIS HARDING.

XXIV. MRS. TOONE TO MR. HARDING.

Dear Sir,—

London, Jan. 4, 1843,

I have at length undertaken to answer your very kind letter; which I have delayed until now, not knowing how to express my gratitude for the kind interest you have taken in the welfare of my dear departed son. For although, as a parent, I received the account of his decease with feelings of sorrow and regret, particularly as I did not witness his end: yet I cannot but feel thankful, that the Lord was graciously pleased to manifest his mercy towards him, and enabled him to give an encouraging testimony, before he left this vale of tears to join the song of the ransomed, unto Him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, &c. Nor can I help feeling thankful to the Providence that directed him to those kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Porter; to whom I desire to be gratefully remembered. And as it is probable that we shall never see each others' faces in the flesh, that we may meet where parting will not be known or feared any more, is the earnest desire of

Your grateful and much obliged handmaid,

MARY TOONE.

XXV. TO REV. W. BURTON, AT HALIFAX.

Brother Burton,—

Yarmouth, Nov. 24, 1842.

The religious commotion which I mentioned to you in my last still continues. Many of late profess faith in Christ, both in our own denomination, and among the Presbyterians, Methodists, and Free Will Baptists. Prayer-meetings are

upheld, and are numerous, in all the lower parts of the Township. Our meetings are crowded, and the solemnities of eternal things seem to arrest and pervade each one's attention. Our Conference-meetings are frequent and impressive. Many speak in a lively, spiritual, and edifying way. Masters of vessels, and other mariners give satisfactory evidence of faith in Christ, and speak very interestingly of the love of Jesus. Oh! how it would have gladdened your heart, dear brother, a few evenings ago, if you had been present, to have seen the vestry so crowded at a Conference-meeting, that numbers could not get in. We repaired to the meeting-house; the lower part of which was literally filled, and the power of God seemed present to heal the spiritual maladies of diseased souls. Several gave satisfactory and Scriptural reasons of their hope in Christ. On three Sabbaths I baptized seventeen willing converts; and last Sabbath brother Parker, who is now here, baptized eleven more; and I expect more will come forward for baptism next Lord's Day. Although I am now a little advanced in my eighty-second year, I find no inconvenience to my health from having administered the ordinance of baptism three succeeding Sabbaths, and attended six or seven meetings in a week. For I think, my dear brother, my spirits gladden, a little like old Jacob; of whom we read, that "when he saw the waggons which Joseph had sent to carry him, the spirit of Jacob their father revived: and Israel said, It is enough; Joseph my son is yet alive; I will go and see him before I die."

Brother Parker came here last week, on Tuesday, and will probably stay here until your return. Young Mr. Randall is also here, and has preached three or four times acceptably. We all wish much for your return. But if God is reviving his work by your ministry, and it appears to be his will for you to stay still longer, we desire also to say, "The will of

the Lord be done!" Many join in Christian love to yourself, and all, all our dear brethren in Christ with you.

Your brother, and fellow-labourer in the faith
of the Gospel, HARRIS HARDING.

XXVI. REV. R. W. CUNNINGHAM TO MR. HARDING.

Wilmot Mountain, Aug. 7, 1843.

Dear father Harding,—

I should long since have answered your truly kind letter, but have had no conveyance. This I send, by one of our neighbours, to the care of brother Randall, of Sissiboo.

I cannot, believe me, my dear Sir, find language which may adequately convey the gratitude of my heart for such an instance of disinterested kindness as yours is; but I do most ardently pray, that the good and gracious Being who, though he is pleased to afflict me, nevertheless greatly blesses me by disposing his dear people to care for me, may, in the great day of final distribution, acknowledge your kindness, though bestowed on one of the least of his brethren, as having been done to himself, and administer the appropriate reward. Your benevolent donation came in a most acceptable time—in a season of heart-rending affliction. It pleased my heavenly Father to call away from our fond embraces a darling child, aged six years. The furnace was heated hotter than we had ever before known it; but the blessed God stood by, and so tempered the flame, that we came out better, I hope, than we went in. At no former period had we ever so favourable an opportunity afforded of testing those glorious principles of eternal truth on which our future hopes are built; and, to sovereign grace be all the glory! at no period could I ever say, with stronger assurance, "We have not fellowed cunningly devised fables." Surely "the Lord is a very present help in time of trouble." In consequence of the absence of brethren

Vidito and Chase from home; and the indisposition of brother Bill, I was myself obliged to preach the funeral sermon for my dear little Maria;—a duty which I little expected to perform when we entered the meeting-house. Yet I had much reason to bless and praise God, who sustained me, and filled my heart with unutterable joy; so that I afterwards followed the loved remains of our little one to the grave rejoicing in God my Creator and Redeemer.

Dear father Harding, “sing praises to our God; sing praises.” Your snow-coloured head will soon be crowned with immortal glory. I view you, and a few others, as just on the verge of a blessed immortality; while I, though far behind in years, but not in constitution, and still farther as regards fitness, will not be long after you, if I do not go before. My state of health is most precarious. For a few days I am quite smart; then again, ere I am aware, I am down at the mouth of the pit. But through grace I do not fear, if Jesus only comes with death.

Be so kind, dear Sir, as to present my most grateful acknowledgments to those unknown friends whose liberality I have received through you. My kind regards to dear sister Harding. May peace and serenity, with the love of Jesus, gild the evening of your pilgrimage. So prays, dear brother,

Yours most truly,

R. W. CUNNINGHAM.

XXVII. TO REV. A. D. THOMSON.

My very dear brother,—

Westport, Oct. 3, 1843.

I have been in this place three Sabbaths, and have preached to this dear people with pleasure; and with a satisfaction, I think, to which unconverted ministers are strangers. Although I know not whether any of the dead have been quickened, or raised to life through His name, yet I think His sheep and lambs have been fed with “the sincere milk of the

word." I am now waiting for a fair wind to return to Yarmouth. Brother Randall is expected here next Lord's Day. May the Lord send his angel before him, that he may lead a bride to his Master's Son! The people remember you, and your visit here, with great satisfaction.

At Yarmouth we are much the same as when you left us. We have some sweet Sabbath and sanctuary seasons; and His dear children know the sweetness of the text, "He that eateth me, even he shall live by me." Our last sacramental season was a day not easily to be forgotten. There were two hundred heaven-born souls, sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in their right mind. I thought, my brother, they looked like a heavenly bride adorned for her Husband; in whose righteousness they are to be greatly exalted in a coming day.

"Oh! tell me, Lord! shall I be there,
In those sweet realms of love?
Oh! can it be, that I should share
In all the joys above?
"Say, O my Jesus! speak the word!
And art thou, art thou mine?
O seal me with thy precious blood,
To be for ever thine!"

My dear people, in our Second Church, for want of that holy love that ought ever to be the characteristic mark of God's chosen ones, are still, I believe, in a broken, scattered, and divided state. They were about to have a meeting when I came away, and expected to take some decisive step. I have not, however, learned any particulars. I was sorry to be away at such a time, but could not avoid it, as I was pre-engaged. Oh! when shall we practically know that Scripture, "He that loveth not his brother abideth in death?" I know our blessed Master was there; but my heart trembles for the ark of God.

I must away, and preach again to this dear people. Write

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soon, and often. Give my kind love to sister Thomson, and all who shall please to ask after me. Brother Thomson, I will answer every letter you may send me.

Yours in the bonds of the Gospel, HARRIS HARDING.

XXVIII. MRS. UPHAM TO MR. HARDING.

Onslow, July 8, 1844.

My ever dear father in Christ Jesus,—

Be assured of it, that I often read with pleasure in the *Christian Messenger* of your doings in Yarmouth. The very name of Yarmouth is dear unto me.

I don't expect to see our beloved Burton, by whom I received your favour. He was immediately called into solemn action when he arrived at Onslow. May we all be full of action in this short world. The greatest trouble I have at present is, the departure for Boston of the widow and children of my dear deceased Alexander. But "skilful is the pilot who sits at the helm." You say, you sometimes think of your unworthy sister. But I think not oftener than I do of you. The last I saw of you was, your ordaining Mr. Randall. I smiled when I read your text at the consecration of the new meeting-house;—"The Lord is there!"

You see from the *Messenger* how we are getting on in Cobequid. Old Adam is here yet. But Jesus lives, and will

———— "reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journies run."

O my dear father! let your aged heart, and your aged lips be spent in praying for the coming of his kingdom.

"O that the happy hour were come
To change our faith to sight!"

I sometimes tell of the Rev. Daniel Cock, saying in times of old, "The wee foxie (meaning yourself,) will no bide lang: hee's jist e'en gawn." But I think you have "bided" a

pretty good while in this world. And whether you read of my death, or I of yours, it matters not; our appointed time being on heaven's record long since.

Our beloved D. Dimock is kind to come and see me sometimes; with whom we take sweet counsel. Mr. Upham is yet alive. He received your love, and returns it most cordially. He is a genuine Baptist in sentiment, if not in practice. Your old friends, sisters Clark and Dickson are also yet alive. But many others are gone. Our dear old sister, Becky Lynds, Robert Blair, Thomas, John, and Eunice Lynds, &c. &c. &c. And I'll go too at the appointed time. Meanwhile let us "pray without ceasing," and "rejoice evermore."

JANE GUTHRIE UPHAM.

Ain't ye glad the Gospel is prevailing in the world?

Ain't ye glad *we* have prevailed so far?

Ain't ye glad the old Baptist ministers have lived so long?

"The men of grace have found
Glory begun below."

Love to Mrs. Harding. and Kitty.

XXIX. TO MR. RUFUS D. KING, BOSTON.

Yarmouth, Apr. 3, 1846.

Esteemed friend and brother,—

I received your kind and affectionate letter of the 17th Nov. with pleasure and surprise: pleased with communications from a dear absent friend, and surprised at the news of dear sister King's death. No doubt, my dear Sir, it was unexpected to yourself. Tried faith, like gold, is more precious for the trial. You saw her graces brighten in the furnace; which must have afforded you great consolation. God gives the valley of Achor for a door of hope, and makes his bride sing there, you know; as in the days of her youth, and as in the

days when he brought her up out of the land of Egypt. He will make known his purposes of grace towards you, and all his dear people; and as our ways are not his, he will hedge up our ways, and that many times with thorns too, so that we cannot find our own paths, that we may walk in his, and find a joyful rest to our souls: for crosses often bring us to the truth. I hope you feel encouraged to wait on Him who, I doubt not, will make your rough places smooth and even. You know Samson found honey in the carcass of the lion that roared against him, after he had overcome him by the Spirit of his God.

I was glad to find you say in your letter, you intended, by the will of God, to devote yourself more fully to his service. God strengthen you, my dear brother, to do his will! When it pleased God to call me by his grace to preach his Gospel, I was under trials of mind to know whether it was his will, or not. It was little or no trouble to me, what were my natural or acquired abilities; but what was the will of God? This I wanted to know above all things,—*whether I was an angel or an ass?* If God willed, I must go; if not, I must not go: it depended wholly on his will. And so I taught school, and held meetings for prayer and exhortation, till I was satisfied; and then, like Jacob, I got the ringstraked and speckled for my hire.

As to our affairs in Nova Scotia, they are much the same as when you left. We have some refreshing seasons in our churches, but no revivals among sinners. We have had many deaths in the last autumn and winter; and very few, if any, who have attended our meetings constantly, who, when they die, do not leave, as we think, satisfactory evidences of saving faith in Christ: although they, many of them, made no public profession before, and date their conversion from a time when they were quite young.

I read your letter publicly ; and many, in associated feelings of sympathy and love, are with you in spirit, although absent in body. Mrs. Harding is among those who will not easily forget brother and sister King.

Yours in the bonds of the Gospel, H. HARDING.

XXX. REV. J. DIMOCK TO MR. HARDING.

My ever dear brother,— Chester, April 6, 1846.

Yours of the 21st ult. came safely to hand, but not in time to answer by the last mail. And now I cannot answer as I wish. You will permit me to say, first, that I can never see the hand-writing of my old friend, of about sixty years' acquaintance, but I feel an interest in the contents. And this the more particularly when I think, that soon a cold chill will stiffen those fingers that have so often moved the pen to communicate tokens of Christian friendship.

* * * *

I must talk now about my other calls ; which are many and weighty. You have heard of a work of grace at Tancook. I have been over once this winter ; and now this day some of our brethren have come for me. One great opposer has been lately converted ; and the work of grace is going on in a school. They wished me to return with them ; but hearing of my appointments for this evening, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, they wept, and returned ; taking a son, a little boy, with them, hoping the Lord would convert him, as he had blessed a younger sister. The Lord has been gracious indeed to that Island.

We expect a Quarterly Meeting here the third Lord's Day in May, with the Saturday and Monday. Oh ! that the Lord may own the appointment. We have a low time in Chester, except what has been moving on the Island.

Oh ! that I could come and see you all ; especially my dear dear friends at the Ponds. If the Lord would give me a

healing word, I should rejoice. Brother, we will "pray for the peace of Jerusalem; for they shall prosper that love her." You see what a long and hasty scrawl I have written; and I am afraid to look it over, lest I should find it unintelligible. Present my best love to brother and sister Burton, with all that love the Lord Jesus. Amen. JOSEPH DIMOCK.

XXXI. TO REV. A. D. THOMSON.

Yarmouth, April 15, 1846.

Esteemed brother, and very dear friend,—

You need not think that I would not wish to correspond with you, because you did not answer to my letters which I sent. Although, to my sorrow, my affections are too often alienated from a *better* Friend, yet I have you in my heart, both to live and die with.

Our affairs here are altered for the better. The dear people at the Ponds, I think, are a little more pacified towards each other. Oh! that "brotherly love" could "continue" among the followers of Christ. I have been teaching this heavenly lesson from house to house last week. All our trouble in Nova Scotia arises from the want of this. You know, full well, my dear brother, that love to his neighbour made God in Christ come to win poor sinners to himself. Angels, ravished with the theme, sing, "Peace on earth! good will towards men!" Oh! how apt we are to take our brother by the throat. But it is when we go out from our Master's presence. Let me but enjoy that, and I will fall on his neck, and kiss him; as Christ did me, when I came from the pigpen in rags, and perishing with hunger. Like the lawyer, I am apt to say, when in a bad frame of spirit, "And who is my neighbour?" Love to my neighbour made me go out, with my sling and stone, as it were, in the name of the Lord my God, to face a fallen world, and tell them, that Jesus willed not the death of a sinner.

It was this love, my dear brother Thomson, that made you come to Yarmouth, when I first saw you, with bowels of compassion yearning towards the needy. That time I shall never forget; when my heart was united with you, as the heart of Jonathan with David, and I could bid you God speed! Since then you have seen the travail of His soul, and been satisfied; and have sung, with that young man in the States,

“Twill more than pay me for all pain,
To see them love His word.”

* * * *

Ever, ever yours in Christ, HARRIS HARDING.

XXXII. TO THE EDITORS OF THE “C. MESSENGER.”

Messrs. Editors,—

Yarmouth, July 20, 1846.

When dear brother Dimock, of precious memory, last visited Yarmouth, he advised the Second Church, which had been rent by divisions, and scattered in a dark and cloudy day, to “drop all past offences and prejudices against each other; and cultivate and maintain towards each other a forgiving spirit; and, as in the day of their espousals to Christ, so to walk in him in brotherly love.” But as this good advice did not meet their approbation, he counselled them, secondly, “to choose a committee from both parties, and solicit advice from neighbouring sister churches.” They concluded to follow this latter counsel; and last Saturday we met to carry the resolution into effect.

When calmly deliberating on their business for some length of time, the brethren could not associate their views to act together, I told them at last, that “their duty was as plain before them as the road to their houses; and that, if they wished to follow Christ as his disciples, they need not go abroad for advice; for they had it in their Bibles, as a more sure word of prophecy, wherein his will was revealed to us. That if we

wished to do this, and love our brother for whom Christ had died, then should we forgive our brother from our hearts, and the truth would be in us. And that it was of no use to pretend to follow Christ, unless the grace of love produced these effects in our conversation and conduct; for he that loved his brother had the Holy Ghost shedding abroad Christ's love in his heart, and had fulfilled the whole law." My heart grew warm while I thus addressed the brethren in the Lord.

Some had said, "If the deacons would take their places as formerly, they thought the rest would follow their example." I pressed this on the four deacons; and perhaps no church can boast of more excellent men than these. After deliberation between these official brethren, deacon Crosby arose, under the influence of Gospel affections and feelings, and said, "He knew not but that he had been the first to entertain unkind thoughts towards his brethren. He was sorry for it; and asked their forgiveness; and wished to take his seat, as formerly." Deacon Cook said, in a Gospel spirit and disposition of mind worthy of a father and elder in the church of Christ, that "if his dear brethren would forgive him, and wished him to take his seat as formerly, he would do so with pleasure; and go forward, and endeavour to forget all that was past." Deacon Saunders, clothed with meekness, and in a gentle spirit towards all, said, that "no man perhaps had been more sorrowful than he because of past divisions; and no man could be more gladdened than he to see a prospect for the restoration of a Gospel union." Deacon Patten, whose heart appeared to be filled with Gospel love, and whose feelings met with joy those who had spoken before, said, that "he also was free to take his seat." Captain Harris, who was clerk of the church, said, that "he had not been home but one hour for some time before that meeting; but he knew not how to express the joy he

felt in seeing and hearing what he did that day; and would act as he had done in the membership of the body, if they desired it." It was agreed, that the church-record should begin again where it had been dropped when the schism took place. There was now such a union, and Christian fellowship apparent through the whole body, that it might be said, the Lord was as a dew unto his spiritual Israel. Brother Shaw, an influential member of the church, now also seeing what gladdened his spirit, went to deacon Cook, with a heart broken with love, and fell upon his neck, sorrowing most of all that any coolness of affection should ever have arisen between them. And now I thought I saw something of the fulfilment of that promise,—“And I will give her . . . the valley of Achor for a door of hope; and she shall sing there, as in the days of her youth, and as in the day when she came up out of the land of Egypt.” Dear brother Joseph Dimock’s advice had no little effect towards this blessed reconciliation. May all the scattered flocks of Christ experience like new covenant blessings!

Ever, ever yours in Christ, HARRIS HARDING.

XXXIII. TO REV. A. D. THOMSON.

Yarmouth, Aug. 7, 1846.

* * I had the pleasure of meeting forty-seven ministers at the Association,* and took an affectionate last farewell of dear brother Joseph Dimock; who was taken ill on Tuesday night, and died the Monday following; and has no doubt joined the associated “church of the first-born above.”

* * * *

* Held at Bridgetown in this year, as noticed at large on preceding pages. Mr. Dimock’s letter to Mr. Harding, as given on pp. 257-8, was thus written only a few weeks before his decease. He speaks in that of a visit to Yarmouth which he greatly desired to pay. That visit was paid; and some of its valuable results are exhibited in Mr. Harding’s letter to the *Christian Messenger*, as given immediately above. J. D.

XXXIV. REV. E. M. WING TO MR. HARDING

Cornwallis, May 10, 1847.

Very venerable, and dear brother Harding,—

I have thought for some days past, that while able I would endeavour to scribble a few lines to you, to let you know that I had not forgotten my old fellow-pioneer, after whom I began to traverse the wilds of Nova Scotia; the scenes of which, in the review, cause many seasons of sacred pleasure. But that is not all the review affords me. My inadequacy to my task; the latent corruptions of a depraved nature; my slips and falls; the sad proofs of the remaining alienation of my wretched heart, &c. &c., cause me many blushing seasons, and inward achings. Well, through grace "I am what I am."

"O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!"

Yes, with Paul I can say, "Having obtained help of *God*, I continue unto this day; witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say," &c. I am now, as you may remember I have told you, nearly eighty-one years of age. I have been trying to preach Christ, and him crucified,—oh! how imperfectly!—upwards of fifty-seven years. What a dull scholar! I am a mere dwarf. O may God forgive my sloth, and every other evil! My physical strength hath left me. I am very feeble, lame, and in much pain. My head, the seat of nerves, is very dizzy. I am afraid to attempt to preach. Brother A. S. Hunt comes over, and preaches to us with much acceptance. I love him, and our people love him very much. We hope he will continue to be my assistant while I live, and become my successor when I am silent in death. Our prospects of union and usefulness are quite flattering. My dear companion is in a very feeble state, with but little probability of her regaining:

her former health of body, and vigour of mind. We look at each other—pity, and love—but cannot help. This is painful. But it is of the Lord. “Thy will be done!” I am so feeble that I have altogether abandoned the idea of attending the Association with you in June. Oh! how I should like, were I able, to look over, and see your kind, hospitable habitation, and meet, and greet sister Harding. Please give her my Christian regards, and to the remainder of your dear children, and to brother and sister Burton, and to all the dear friends. . . . I read the account of your dear son’s death, in the *Christian Messenger*, with mingled emotions. Well, I trust that you do not “mourn as those that have no hope.” May the Lord bless the dear widow, and the dear little fatherless children. May *they* find God to be a Father to the fatherless, and the widow a Husband that cannot die, or change. I trust that you and sister Harding enjoy as much health of body as people so far advanced in life usually do, and a great share of the comforts of the Holy Ghost. That, above all health is the best. That is health, wealth, happiness, and honour. That will endure and increase to endless ages—yea, to eternity.

In the year 1846 I received a friendly letter from your dear, worthy co-pastor, Rev. W. Burton; who requested me to write a series of letters, to be inserted in the *Christian Messenger*, addressed to professors, and members of churches, pointing out the duties they owe, the one to the other, and also their duties to their ministers. The subject appeared to be one of absorbing interest, because I knew it was much needed; and if dealt with in the spirit of Jesus would do much good. I will not say *might*; I know it *would*. But I felt my health declining; my nervous system giving way; my memory failing; my understanding beclouded; my hand trembling; and I realize that when heart and flesh fail, the intellect withers.

So I declined making the attempt. Thus I wrote to our dear brother Burton, and recommended the task to himself. But last June he told me, that he had never received my letter. I concluded, perhaps unjustly, that some letter plunderer, who knew my hand-writing, had detained my epistle. If any have, may the Lord give them repentance and forgiveness! I have often thought of that service, but have never yet felt adequate to the task. I hope brother Burton will undertake it; and I trust God will help him. The scheme originated with him, and perhaps he is the very man to execute it. May the Lord direct him, and give him prosperity! Please to state the business to him, as I have now stated it to you. He is in the prime of life; and though not versant in Latin, Greek, or Hebrew, he is acquainted with the popular language of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, &c., and the plain language of the Holy Bible on these all-important points—the language that such a service would require. By the above remark I do not by any means intend to disparage human learning; but that the service we are contemplating does not immediately require a large measure of these valuable accomplishments.

My hand trembles so much that I am fearful this scrawl will not be intelligible to you. I never expect to write you another letter. The day is far spent with me; the night is at hand. Oh! may I “cast off the works of darkness, and put on the armour of light,” &c. One more letter from dear old brother H. Harding would be very gratifying and cheering to his old, unworthy brother in the Gospel,

EDWARD MANNING.

I have received a very interesting, evangelical, apostolical letter from sister Mary Peck, of Johnstown, State of Ohio. I wish you could see it. It would do your heart good. It did mine, and many others. She is doing well. She is a traveller indeed. E. M.

XXXV. FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Cornwallis, April 17, 1848.

My venerable, and dear, dear brother Harding,—

Your very welcome letter of the 22nd March came to hand last Friday; which surprised me, and delighted me. It surprised me on various accounts. Namely, that you can travel and preach constantly; and that you can write so well, and in a way so full of the matter of the eternal majesty of the Gospel of the blessed God; and that you would remember poor, old, tremulous Edward Manning. But there is a sacred cause. You have drank, long, long ago, at a fountain that never, never runs dry; and it is in you a well of living water, that never can be exhausted, which springs up unto eternal life; and the old, sacred, New Light union binds us together—a union which neither death, nor hell, nor old age, nor time, nor space, can ever disannul. And to be remembered by sister Harding is a cordial. I trust that you both remember me and mine at a throne of grace, which I know ye often visit.

I am now about eighty-two years of age; five years younger than yourself. But you are vastly ahead of me in physical and mental power. I have a hard cough, of six years' continuance, and greatly upon the increase; with a universal debility, which, when it seizes my head, is very alarming. I am rendered incapable of travelling, or preaching, but very seldom. But brother Hunt is every thing that is agreeable. He is prosperous in the good work of the Lord. We all approve of him; and we rejoice in believing, that the Great Head of the church approves of him too. More than seventy have been baptized by him since the revival commenced, in December last. Some have been baptized at Pereaux. I have not been able to attend there. But I gave all the rest the right hand of fellowship. A solemn season indeed! More than a hundred have

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been baptized in Horton, besides those that the Wesleyan Methodists have immersed; and we hear that the reformation is extending to Gaspercaux, in the Second Church, where brother D. Harris is labouring at present. We hear of many revivals in different places; namely, Sydney, (Cape Breton,) Manchester, River John, Pugwash, Tatamagouche. Then there are the churches in and about Halifax; and the blessed intelligence you communicate from Yarmouth, as to your First and Second Churches, and Tuslet, and Tusket Lake; and the brethren Burton, Lent, and Marshall are all actively engaged in the glorious cause; and that the Lord is blessing all their labours. May they be in health, live long, be abundantly useful, and all meet in glory at last! Amen, and Amen!

My poor Mrs. Manning is very feeble. She is nervous, afflicted with a violent palpitation of the heart, sick head-ache, &c.; and has not been to a neighbour's house, nor to the house of God for two years. We are a feeble old couple indeed. May the Lord sustain us, now we are old and gray-headed. Our son-in-law hath gone to Scotland for his health. We expect him home soon. May he come in safety! Our daughter, and her little girls are as well as usual. She hath made a public profession of religion in the revival, and has been baptized by brother Hunt. May she, and all the rest prove faithful.

I am so feeble, that the calamities that are abroad bring many times a great gloom upon my mind. I fear *dragonism*, in some form or other, will deluge Europe, the British Isles, and various parts of the world besides, with torrents of human blood. I am anticipating most disastrous times indeed. But I say, "Be still, and know that I am God!" But what state are nominal Protestants in, to contend with Popery, infidelity, and, as the Rev. George Whitefield used to call the rabble, the "tag-rag, and bobtail?" for most of the population in any

Protestant country can be bought or sold. But as it respects politics, I wish to have little to do with them; though I ought to know something of "the signs of the times," that I may have some little idea how to order my speech aright in prayer to my God and Saviour Jesus Christ. The government is on his almighty shoulder; and there I leave myself, my family, the church, the state of our nation,—it is critical,—and the state of Zion, and the world generally. O may God prepare Zion for the worst! Awful times are coming. May God prepare us all!

Kind regards to sister Harding, and all with you in the domestic circle. Best regards to brother Burton, and his dear wife and family; brother Lent, brother Marshall and others; to all the four churches, the deacons, the old fathers and mothers, and all the young converts. And oh! my dear brother, give my Christian, unfeigned love publicly to poor sinners out of Christ; and urge them not to rest till they are housed in the ark of safety. I must close. I am, I trust,

Unalterably yours in Christ Jesus, EDWD. MANNING.

N. B. Oh! if I were able, I think I would visit Yarmouth. But not my will, but thine, O God! I hope, with patience and perseverance, you may make out to read the above scrawl. O send another honey-comb before you go home, if I am living. E. M.

XXXVI. TO THE EDITORS OF THE "C. MESSENGER."

Messrs. Editors,—

Yarmouth, May 17, 1849.

The Lord in his righteous judgment hath been pleased to visit us with the small-pox during the last winter. I think ninety cases have been the subjects of that dangerous disease in our Township. Yet mercy, infinite mercy, hath marked our path, our sinful path through time. Only four adults, and one infant child have fallen victims to the disorder; and those

who had arrived to riper years gave satisfactory evidence that they died in the faith of the Gospel. But oh! my dear brethren, although God's judgments are so remarkably abroad in the earth, yet how slow we are to learn righteousness!

It is a low, wintry season with us in the First Church; although we are blessed with harmony and union in the body, and dear brother Burton preaches with acceptance to many.

In our Second Church, over which my dear brother Reed is my co-pastor now, there are favourable symptoms of a blessed union. We had a blessed Conference-meeting last Saturday; and on the last Sabbath one came forward, and was baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus (who had received him in childhood,) by brother Reed. Indeed we have good reason to believe that many, very many among us, when in childhood and youth, have obtained a Scriptural hope in Christ Jesus, through grace, who have never made a public profession before the world; and are as those who have been "lying among the pots, whose wings shall be covered with silver, and their feathers with yellow gold." Oh! how beautiful doth Christ's bride appear, when she is seen coming up out of the wilderness, leaning on her Beloved!

The church at Beaver River has agreed to form into two distinct bodies; which have called brother Henry Saunders to be their pastor. His labours have been particularly blessed in a new settlement called Richmond, where about twenty families reside. Some few of these had joined our churches before. But a goodly number, who had found a Gospel peace and pardon when young, but through fear of death were subject to bondage, have now felt their hopes strengthened in the Lord through dear brother Saunders's administration, both in this vicinity, and at the Great Lake. These have now come forward, and have been baptized by brother

Saunders, and are walking in His commandments and ordinances blameless. Several more are expected to come forward, and unite with the church. Thus God is encouraging the hearts, and strengthening the hands of his dear people in that newly organized church at Richmond, and the Great Lake. Brother Reed preaches, and is very acceptable to the people.

I forgot to say, when speaking of the First Church and congregation, that two instances of saving grace in a dying hour have been lately manifested among us. For one of these I refer to the triumphant death of Mrs. Sarah Moody. She had a lingering sickness of nine weeks; and in that honest hour, when she apprehended approaching dissolution, her mind awoke to great searchings of heart, and close examination of soul. She said to me with much emotion,—for I often visited her,—“O uncle! what a great sinner I am!” But she soon felt the consolations of the Gospel; particularly in that word, “Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord.” When one interrogated her, urging upon her the necessity of being sprinkled, she referred in reply to that text, Matt iii. 16. “I have no thought,” said she, “that I shall recover. But should it be the case that I should live, I will follow Christ’s example, and be immersed.” She died, enjoying the use of her reason to the last, in hope of a glorious immortality. The other instance is that of a young man in his fifteenth year. Having taken the small-pox in a natural way, he said, “I shall die with it, and I am not prepared.” He began crying for mercy; and soon found peace, and rejoiced in the hope of being for ever with the Lord. A little girl also, who has been removed by consumption, at the age of twelve years, died remarkably happy in the enjoyment of Christ’s love. It is said, “There

is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

I am enabled, although somewhat advanced in my eighty-fifth year, to preach every Sabbath, and once or twice a week, and visit my dear people from house to house continually. Please let the infirmities of age excuse the imperfections of my wretched scrawl.

Ever, ever yours in Gospel affection,

HARRIS HARDING.

XXXVII. MRS. PECK, OF OHIO, U. S., TO MR. HARDING.

Johnstown, Licking County, Ohio, April 30, 1853.

My dear brother,—

It is a long time since I received a letter from you. I fear I shall not have the pleasure I have enjoyed in times past of receiving communications of that kind from you. Your age, I expect, will prevent it, and render a sufficient apology for the omission. I plead the same apology, in attempting to dictate a few lines to you. I feel the infirmities of old age increasing every year; and almost every thing around admonishes me, that this leprous house must soon be taken down. Our family connections are dropping off. Three of our dear sisters, and brother Israel are gone. We have been called to part with some of our dear children, while our lives are still spared.

The bearer of this will inform you of such things as you may be pleased to inquire of concerning us, and this country. Also as to the cause of religion; which is low in this church, and in all the churches around us. They have a form of godliness, with little power. They seem to forget the old paths, wherein the fathers walked. Many, I fear, are travelling in by-ways. There is too little distinction between professors of religion

and the world around them. This, we know, ought not to be. God's word is, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate; . . . and I will receive you, . . . and ye shall be my sons and daughters." The church of God will not, cannot prosper, with so much conformity to this world. I know not what means God may employ to wake up his people. I am afraid of his righteous judgments. May "the priests, the ministers of the Lord," and all the children of God, weep, and say, "Spare thy people, O Lord! and give not thy heritage to reproach."

Brother Durkee, and Samuel DeWolf's wife are about leaving us on a visit to Yarmouth, to see their native land once more. You will see them, I trust, and they will tell you more than I can inform you of on paper. Mr. Dickie, from Liverpool, moved to this place last autumn. A kind Providence, I trust, directed him hither. May he prove a blessing to this church!

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May the Lord bless you, and all your dear family, is my earnest prayer, my dear brother. I never expect we shall meet again on earth. I am seventy-eight years old next December. "Few and evil," indeed, I may truly add. But I hope, through the merits of the Saviour, that I, although most unworthy, and "the least in my father's house," may be permitted to meet you again, on the other side of Jordan, in that good land where God the Saviour reigns. Farewell, my brother, sister! Dear friends and connections, adieu!

I still remain, ever yours,

MARY PECK.

FINIS.

AND I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech, or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God. For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified. And I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling. And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit, and of power; that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God.

Howbeit we speak wisdom among them that are perfect: yet not the wisdom of this world, nor of the princes of this world, that come to nought. But we speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom, which God ordained before the world unto our glory: which none of the princes of this world knew; for had they known it, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory. But as it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit: for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God. For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the Spirit of man which is in him? even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God. Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God. Which things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth; comparing spiritual things with spiritual.

But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned. But he that is spiritual judgeth all things; yet he himself is judged of no man. For who hath known the mind of the Lord, that he may instruct him? But we have the mind of Christ.

PAUL.

