

Autobiography

and

Revival

Reminiscences



**Auto-
biographical
Sketch**

with

**Reminiscences of
Revival Work**

by

REV. ISAIAH WALLACE, A.M.

with an

INTRODUCTION

by

REV. E. M. KEIRSTEAD, D.D.



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DEDICATION

TO MY BELOVED WIFE, WHOSE CONSISTENT LIFE AND
PRAYERFUL CO-OPERATION HAVE LARGELY CONTRIB-
UTED TO THE SUCCESS THAT HAS CROWNED MY
LONG SERVICE IN THE MINISTRY, AS INDI-
CATED BY THE FOLLOWING PAGES,
THIS LITTLE BOOK IS
AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED
BY
THE
AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION

THE following sketch of his life, and reminiscences of revivals, written by the REVEREND ISAIAH WALLACE, A. M., will be deeply interesting reading for Baptists.

The book will be welcomed by many for the account it gives of the life and labors of Mr. Wallace himself. His services have been rendered in so many places, and have been attended with so much blessing, that many hundreds of personal friends will rejoice to possess a permanent record of the work of his long, arduous, and very fruitful ministry. Mr. Wallace has the love of a host of Christians.

The book is mainly a statement of facts. The author has not sought to expound doctrines, but to record what he has seen of the work of the Lord. The narrative itself is, however, more eloquent than any mere exposition could possibly be made. It will be prized by the churches for the history it contains of their growth and religious experience. Those who consider the influence of the church on the intellectual, moral, social and religious life of the community, will read with delight the accounts of the "seasons of re-

INTRODUCTION

freshing" when these churches received new power and when their numbers were increased.

The conversion of souls is of perpetual interest to all disciples of Christ; especially to Christian ministers. It has been said that "the conversion of a soul is to the true pastor, in his better hours, of more moment than the political interests of an Empire."

In the following pages will be found glowing accounts of the conversion of many souls, and of the strengthening of many churches in the best elements of their life. The book will thus afford such a glimpse into the inner history of the religious life of the denomination as cannot be obtained elsewhere.

The reader will close this volume with a grateful heart for God's blessing so freely given to His servant's declaration of the Gospel, and with increased conviction of the un failing power of the great Evangel, when preached in simplicity and directness, and in a loving spirit. Printing will not displace such preaching. "The church will always need it; and always use it; and never in vain."

E. M. KEIRSTEAD.

ACADIA UNIVERSITY,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

May, 1903.

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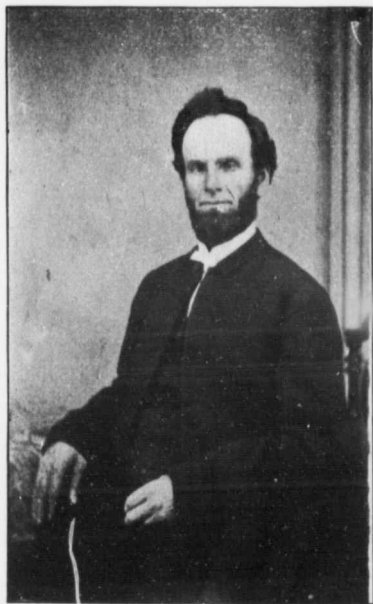
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SKETCH AND REMINISCENCES



Yours Cordially
Isa Wallace

CHAPTER I

Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began.—2 Tim. 1 : 9.

PARENTS — EARLY YOUTH — CONVERSION —
SEMINARY STUDIES—TEACHING—COLPOR-
TEUR WORK—GRADUATION FROM ACADIA
COLLEGE

In compliance with the wishes of many friends I have consented to write, with a view of glorifying God's abounding grace, a brief sketch of my life with reminiscences of revival work in connection with my extended ministry.

I was born in Coverdale, New Brunswick, January 17, 1826. My parents were Rev. James and Susan Wallace. I am their eldest son. My ancestors on my father's side came from the North of Ireland. On my mother's side they were Loyalists.

The following sketch, printed in "The Christian Messenger" of March 29, 1871, will give my impressions of the life and labors of my honored and beloved father :

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE REV. JAMES
WALLACE.

—
BY HIS SON, REV. ISAIAH WALLACE.

Dear Brother,—I have just returned from a visit to the home of my youth, whither I had been summoned by the

serious illness of my beloved father, the Rev. James Wallace, of Coverdale, the oldest Baptist minister of the Eastern Association of New Brunswick. It was my sorrowful privilege to stand by his bedside during the last few days of his life, and by acts and words of affection to smooth his pathway to the tomb. After a lingering and painful illness, he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, on the evening of March 7th, 1871, leaving a widow, two sons and four daughters to mourn their sad bereavement. A married daughter, Mrs. J. W. Colpitts, and two infant children had preceded him to the spirit world.

My father was born in Hopewell, N.B., January 17th, 1797, and was, consequently, at his death, in the 75th year of his age. He was the eldest son of the late James and Catharine Wallace, of Hillsboro. Three brothers—John Wallace, Esq., M.P., William Wallace, Esq., Collector of the Port of Hillsboro, and Dea. David Wallace—and four sisters still survive him.

In January, 1822, he was united in marriage to Susan Peck, of Hopewell, with whom he lived happily for nearly half a century.

In early life he found peace in believing in the Lord Jesus, and professed his faith before the world. He was baptized by the late Rev. Joseph Crandall. Having been moved by the Spirit of God to preach the glorious Gospel, he commenced, soon after his conversion, to exercise his gifts in public as opportunity offered. He was accustomed to refer with tender interest and affection to the labors of the late Elder Henry Steeves, senior, of precious memory, one of the pioneer preachers of the Gospel in Hillsboro, as intimately connected with his early religious experience and history. I have learned that it was the dying wish of that venerable man of God that my father should succeed him in the pastorate of the Church in Hillsboro, but, shrinking from the sacred responsibilities of the pastoral office, and, perhaps, not receiving the encouragement he desired, the dying wish

of his spiritual father was not realized until many years afterwards.

In the year 1826 he was publicly set apart by the imposition of hands to the glorious work of preaching Christ. For a considerable time he devoted himself with commendable zeal and encouraging success to the work to which he believed God had called him. These early labors were chiefly of a missionary character. He extended his labors into various destitute portions of the Province of New Brunswick. As he went forth his soul sometimes wondrously exulted in the riches of God's free and sovereign grace, and with a warm heart and eloquent tongue he would expatiate upon the glories of Redemption. At other times his spirit was fearfully depressed, and he was ready to yield to the forces of the enemy. In one of these seasons of depression and doubt he was much cheered and comforted by the following incident: He was returning from a missionary tour to some part of the St. John River, where his efforts had been followed by a gracious revival and the conversion of precious souls. On his way home he spent a night at his uncle's, in Upper Sussex. In the morning he was so overwhelmed with doubts and discouragements, and so oppressed with a sense of unworthiness, that in order to evade the duty of family worship he left before breakfast. He was passing through the Portage; the snow was deep; the shades of night were gathering around him; the next settlement was several miles in the distance. As he was about yielding to the power of hunger, fatigue and depression, he turned up out of the light snow with his foot a small loaf of bread, which some preceding traveller had accidentally, or rather providentially dropped. In this loaf he recognized the divine care and love, and, refreshed in body and in soul, he pursued his homeward journey.

It is with emotions of sadness and regret that I record the fact that for a number of years, say from the four-

teenth to the twentieth year after his ordination, my father retired from the public ministry. This was not occasioned by failure of health, but I believe by the overpowering influence of doubts and depression of spirits to which he was subject. During these years he employed his time chiefly in the cultivation of his farm in Coverdale. As indicative of the high estimation in which he was held by the public as a man of ability and character, he was appointed by the government of the country Justice of the Peace, and also Supervisor of Great Roads for the County of Westmorland. The duties of these important offices were performed by him during these years of retirement from the ministry in such a way as to retain and deepen public esteem and confidence. About the year 1846, while crossing at low water the Petitcodiac River, he became so embedded in the treacherous quicksands peculiar to that river, as greatly to imperil his life. The swift rolling tide was fast approaching, threatening to engulf him. Death seemed inevitable. He called upon God for deliverance. His prayer was graciously heard. The rising tide, instead of overwhelming him as he feared, loosened the grasp of the quicksands, and he was enabled with much difficulty to reach the shore in safety. While in this painful and perilous position, he heard the voice of God reproving him for turning aside from the blessed work of publishing salvation to perishing man, and with a heart subdued with love and gratitude to God for this marvellous deliverance, he resolved to re-consecrate himself to his appropriate work. Some advised him still to retain the honors and emoluments of the magistracy and supervisorship of Great Roads, and at the same time engage in the ministry, but like Sau Quala, the renowned Karen preacher, he had no disposition to "mix up God's work with secular engagements and rewards," and so promptly resigned these offices, and returned with renewed ardor and devotion to the Christian ministry.

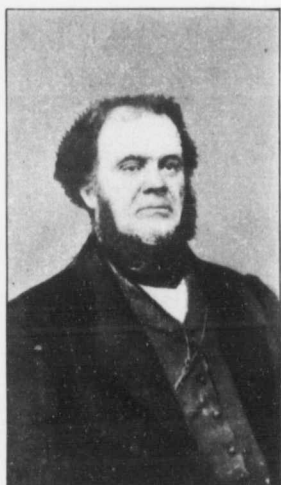
From this time onward to the period when he was laid aside by enfeebled health, some four or five years previous to his death, he toiled on steadily and devotedly in the blessed work to which he had consecrated his early youth. The churches in Hillsboro, Hopewell, Harvey, Butternut Ridge, New Canaan, Caledonia, Baltimore and Coverdale in turn enjoyed either in whole or in part his faithful labors. Various were the successes that accompanied his pastoral engagements. So far as the results appear to human view, his ministry may be regarded as a successful one. In all these churches his labors were decidedly useful, but, perhaps, his pastorate of the churches at Butternut Ridge and New Canaan was crowned with the greatest blessing. During one revival, that of the winter of 1859, 140 converts were baptized by him into the fellowship of these churches. Three of the young men he then baptized have since become ordained ministers, and have proved themselves to be faithful men of God. Others, I learn, who were baptized in that revival have the ministry in view. The Rev. W. T. Corey, the beloved and successful pastor of the church in Hillsboro, although previously baptized, was led during that gracious work, under my father's counsel and encouragement, to decide to preach the Gospel. In addition to these pastoral labors, he was accustomed to make occasional visits to Sackville, Point de Bute, Moncton, Salisbury, and other places, with a view to assist in the promotion of revivals. In these places many remember with pleasure and gratitude his faithful ministrations.

My lamented father was endowed with more than ordinary powers of mind. Although his educational advantages were few, by prayerful and careful reading and close observation he became a highly acceptable preacher of the Gospel. Endowed with a lively imagination and with good powers of illustration, and possessed of a deeply emotional nature, he was enabled to present truth most forcibly and effectually.

In his business relations he was strictly conscientious ; to the poor he was generous and kind ; as a friend he was confiding and faithful ; as a husband and father he was tender, affectionate and devoted. His memory is embalmed in the hearts of his kindred and the multitudes benefited by his ministry. May his removal to a higher sphere be sanctified to them all ! As the old watchmen are called down from the walls of Zion, may the young men respond to the pressing calls for more laborers, and exclaim, "Here am I, send me !" "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."

The funeral of the subject of this sketch took place on Friday, March 10th. His remains were buried in the old Burying Ground in Hillsboro, there to slumber in the same cemetery with the dust of his parents, grandparents, and many other beloved kindred, until the resurrection morning. A very large concourse assembled to show their respect for the departed and their sympathy for the bereaved. The Rev. W. T. Corey conducted the funeral services. His sermon for the occasion was from 1 Chron. xxix, 30—"The times that went over him and over Israel." After dwelling upon the vicissitudes of human affairs and upon the providence of God controlling and directing these affairs, the preacher gave a rapid historic sketch of the *times* that had gone over the fallen veteran and over Zion, during the lengthened period of 45 years, since he entered upon the ministry ; and in closing admonished all, in view of the uncertainty of life and the changeableness of human affairs, to anchor their hopes higher than the changing scenes of earth. This discourse was listened to with much interest. Rev. W. A. Coleman, Rev. J. Goldrup, Rev. P. Duffy, Rev. J. Irving, and Rev. D. Chapman (Wesleyan), took part in the services.

" Servant of God, well done,
Rest from thy loved employ ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."



REV. JAMES WALLACE

In my boyhood I enjoyed the advantages of the public schools of my native place and, in the opinion of my teachers, evinced considerable fondness and aptitude for study.

Regarding my religious experience, I may say, that under the ministry of Rev. Joseph Crandall, Rev. William Sears, Rev. James Bleakney, and others, together with the religious training and influence of a Christian home, I was early led to realize that I was a sinner and to seek salvation through the blood of Christ. There are two events in my early religious life, the recollection of which stands out prominently, as I review God's loving dealings with me. The first was the hearing of a sermon, when in my sixteenth year, on the Sufferings of Christ, delivered in the dwelling house of Mr. Charles Smith, for the special benefit of his two sick daughters. The preacher, Rev. James Bleakney, stood near the door of the room occupied by the dying girls, so that they could hear him. I was in the large kitchen, with many others, and heard the preacher announce for his text 2 Cor. 4: 17, "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory"; and as he went on to describe the sufferings of Christ, the fountains of my heart were broken up, and I bowed my head and wept freely as a true penitent.

The other event, which will ever be remembered, was connected with the exciting belief, caused by a peculiar appearance in the sky,

that the Lord's coming in the Judgment was about to take place. It was in the year 1842, when the teachings of William Miller on "The Lord's Immediate Coming" were awakening much interest. The public mind was greatly aroused. Participating in the general alarm of those who were unprepared to meet the Judge, I went out to a retired spot near my home, and with my face turned towards the ominous appearance in the heavens, earnestly and penitently sought God's mercy. It is true I was influenced largely by fear, but the event was one means of leading me to decide for Christ.

In recalling these early religious experiences, my mind reverts to a somewhat remarkable dream—one of the two or three remembered dreams of my life—which had an abiding and salutary influence. It seemed that I was listening to my father preaching in the old Baptist Meeting House in Hillsboro, N. B., and as I listened with rapt attention I noticed his voice falter and his countenance grow pale. Just as he was about to cease speaking he gathered up his remaining strength, and called my name and fell back. I awoke, not a little excited, and interpreted the dream as indicating my duty to prepare to take up the work of my honored father, for whom I had the most profound affection and respect. I shall ever remember, too, an experience in Fredericton, N. B., while a student at the Seminary. On a delightful Lord's day, after hearing a sermon in the morning that

impressed me much, and after partaking of our mid-day meal, I took my Bible and started for a retired grove back of the City in the neighborhood of the University, where three or four hours were spent in reading, meditation, and prayer. Returning to the City in the evening, all nature around me and above me seemed vocal with praises to God, and for the first time in my life, I had some comprehension of the language of Isaiah 55: 12, "For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands." To that memorable afternoon my mind reverts with tender and grateful emotions.

It was not, however, until nearly the end of my twenty-third year had been reached that I was led to confess my faith in Jesus. This important event took place while studying in the old New Brunswick Baptist Seminary. The first person with whom I ever offered audible prayer was the late R. H. Emmerson, father of H. R. Emmerson, M.P., of New Brunswick. He was my room-mate and intimate friend. I had great admiration for him as a wonderfully gifted and promising young minister. I was baptized on Dec. 3, 1848, by the late Rev. Samuel Elder, A. M., and welcomed into the Baptist church in Fredericton, N. B.

I review with pleasure the three or four terms spent in the old Seminary in Fredericton under the principalship of the late Rev. Charles Spurden, D. D., whom I remember as one of

the noblest of God's servants. His influence over my young life was most salutary, and his good work in the Seminary will long be remembered as a benediction to the Baptist denomination in New Brunswick. I shall ever remember, too, with gratitude and pleasure the good influence of the Baptist church in Fred-erickton. During my residence in the Seminary the church was under the pastoral care of Rev. Samuel Elder, a very talented preacher, and one possessed of much of the spirit of his divine Master. Asa Coy and William Esty were then in the zenith of their useful career as deacons of the church, "exercising the duties of their office well," and held in the highest esteem.

After leaving the Seminary, I engaged in teaching in Upper Sussex, N. B., where I spent two years. I enjoyed much my duties in the school-room, and a strong sympathy was developed between teacher and pupils. My scholars were of exceptional character, and it is a gratification to me to know that several of the boys of my school in Sussex afterwards distinguished themselves in various honorable and useful occupations. Two of them filled prominent places in the Legislature of New Brunswick, and later became Judges. The late Judge F. E. Morton, of Sussex, and Judge E. McLeod of St. John, were among my pupils.

The people with whom I mingled in Upper Sussex were chiefly Free Baptists, but that fact did not prevent me from coöperating with them in religious work. The ministers of

that denomination manifested great regard for me. I shall ever cherish the memory of Elders Samuel Hart, Edward Weyman, Ezekiel McLeod, William Pennington, and others who were accustomed to visit Upper Sussex, and whose influence was helpful to my Christian life. My employers gave the youthful teacher their confidence and sympathy, and he looks back to his sojourn among them with pleasure. So strong, however, became my convictions that I should give myself to the Christian ministry, that in Sept. 1851, I entered the Freshman class of Acadia College, then under the Presidency of the late Rev. Dr. Cramp, that I might be better qualified for the great work of preaching the Gospel. Previous to this, in the summer of 1850, having obtained leave of absence from the trustees, I yielded to the urgent request of a Colporteur Society in St. John, of which the late Rev. E. D. Very was a leading spirit, and spent three months in their service. My income was at the rate of £40 per annum, so that I endeavored to realize the ideal of the immortal Goldsmith's couplet :

“ A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.”

In the discharge of my new duties I often preached to destitute congregations, and looking back upon my experience I regard the work of Colportage as presenting a most desirable sphere, at least for a few months, for those aspiring to the great work of the Gospel ministry.

Especially pleasant is my recollection of my four years in Acadia College, and dear also is the memory of Dr. Cramp, who, besides his many other duties as professor of Classics, Science, and English Literature, led his classes, having the Christian ministry in view, through a course of Ecclesiastical History, Pastoral duties, and the Preparation of Sermons.

I had great regard, also, for the lamented Professor Isaac Chipman, who was beloved not only as a sympathizing friend, but as a talented and enthusiastic teacher of Mathematics. His sad death in June, 1852, was a severe blow to the Baptist denomination. With my classmates in College I had closest fellowship. There were six of us at the beginning. William E. Grant, who started with us, and who was my room-mate, was greatly beloved by us all, as one who gave much promise of a useful career in the Christian ministry. But he met an early death in the terrible calamity of June, 1852, when Rev. E. D. Very, Professor Isaac Chipman, four of the College students, and a boatman, while returning from a geological expedition to Cape Blomidon, were drowned in the Basin of Minas. Leander Van Ess Parker, a noble young man, ambitious to begin his studies for the medical profession, left us before the end of his second year. He became eminent in his chosen profession, but death early terminated an honorable and useful career. Only Isaac Judson Skinner, Daniel Morse Welton, and Alfred Chipman, were with me on graduation day.

The first mentioned of these, a few years ago, after filling successfully several important pastorates, rested from his labors, greatly lamented. Rev. Dr. D. M. Welton, Professor of Oriental Languages in McMaster University, and Rev. Alfred Chipman, A. M., whose pastoral labors have been abundant, are still in the conflict, and my heart says "God bless you, my esteemed class-mates."

During my College course I did much to secure the first endowment of \$40,000 for Acadia. In my vacations and a part of two terms I was in almost every section of the Maritime Provinces gathering subscriptions and securing scholarships. In these efforts I was for a few months associated with the late Archibald McClay, D. D., who was not only eminent as a preacher and scholar, but a genius in collecting funds for benevolent objects. Dr. McClay was visiting the Maritime Provinces in the interests of "The American Bible Union," and the Governors of the College, knowing his aptitude for work of this kind, persuaded him to suspend his Bible Union Agency for a few months that he might give his services to the College. We had an enthusiastic and successful campaign, and the College was saved from disaster. Invariably this grand old man would say, when our appeal met a generous response, "I feel exceedingly grateful to God and to you." Sometimes our appeal would yield no fruit, and then he would say sadly, "It would be easier to draw teeth from a live tiger than to get money

from some people." In these endowment labors I had also the inspiration and counsel of President Cramp, who, notwithstanding his manifold duties in the College, did much to forward the movement.

In the winter and spring of 1855, the year of my graduation, there was an extensive revival of religion in Wolfville largely among the students. About seventy persons were baptized. The beginning of this memorable work, at least to human vision, was in a Sabbath morning prayer-meeting, held by the students in the old College building. While praying members of the classes were seeking the divine favor for themselves and their comrades, tears of penitence were seen glistening in the eyes of some who were not professing Christians. These indications of the Spirit's presence and power gave us fresh courage. Extra meetings were held, and soon the good work developed wondrously. The ministerial students had now opportunities for the exercise of their gifts. Charles H. Corey of the Class of '58, who has lately passed away, honored and lamented, was an efficient helper. Rev. Dr. Cramp, in consequence of Father Harding's increasing infirmities, was the acting pastor of the church. Having had but little experience in revivals, he gave the special services over to the students, assuring us always of his sympathies and prayers. This wonderful movement on "the Hill" became so all-engrossing that the regular class-work of the College was, for a time, partially sus-

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pended. There being no suitable baptistry in Wolfville, we made pilgrimages almost every Sabbath to the beautiful Gaspereaux Valley, and standing upon the banks of the river, witnessed with delight the baptism, by our beloved President, of large numbers of our fellow students and others. During this revival, nearly all the students of the Academy and College submitted to Christ, and the blessed influence extended to the Village. Acadia College has been highly favored in having had many revivals among her students during her history, but this great work was one of the most remarkable of these gracious visitations.

In my efforts to promote this good work I received a fresh impulse heavenward. Among all my experiences in revivals of religion, and they have been many and varied, to none do I look back with more interest and pleasure than to that in Wolfville in the winter and spring of 1855, as I then received a strong uplift in my Christian life, and rejoiced in renewed evidences of my acceptance with God. Whatever of success may have attended my life's work in the Lord's service, it now seems to me, is traceable in some degree, at least, to that gracious renewing of 1855. In all my efforts to do God's will the more profound my consciousness of purity of heart and consecration to His service, the greater has been my desire to promote the interests of the church, and the greater has been the success accompanying my efforts. And this accords

with the experience of Christian workers generally. It has consequently been perplexing to me to learn of those who claim to have experienced peculiar spiritual renewals becoming restless in their church relationship, and instead of promoting the cause to which they had devoted their lives, breaking off therefrom and fostering a spirit tending to disintegration. From my long experience and observation I have reached the conclusion that the more true holiness of heart and life the Christian may possess, the more loyal he will be to the Church of Christ, and the greater his zeal to promote her interests.

During my college course I valued much the acquaintance and friendship of Father Theodore S. Harding. He was one of the first to welcome me on my arrival in Wolfville, early in September, 1851; and in the following four years my regard for him increased. He was beloved by the students generally and especially by those who had the Christian ministry in view. We delighted to visit his pleasant home, to receive his judicious counsels and to listen to his recitals of the wonderful victories achieved by the Gospel through his ministry.

He gave me in his own graphic style the history of his becoming the pastor of the First Horton church, and I have more than once repeated his statement for the benefit of pastorless churches. This was, in substance, Father Harding's narration: Mr. Pearson, the first pastor, had died and the church, now pastor-

less, was declining. A committee of two brethren was appointed to obtain a minister. This committee went first to Halifax and then to St. John and then to Boston. In all these places they could find no minister available. In Boston, they met an aged Baptist minister who advised them to go home and call the church together for special prayer. They acted upon the old minister's advice, and an earnest prayer-meeting was held in which God was asked to send the church a pastor. Three weeks later the pastor came in the person of Theodore S. Harding. Mr. Harding had been preaching among the Methodists. It was rumored that he was not sound in the faith, and he was summoned to Halifax and examined by President Black, and as the result his connection with the Methodist body was dissolved. He started out, not knowing in what direction to turn, but he made his way up to Windsor and thence to Falmouth and thence to Horton, which he reached on Thanksgiving day. He was invited to speak, and responded. The church pressed him to stay over the next Sabbath, and they liked him better. He stayed for sixty years, and baptized a thousand converts. Said Father Harding: "They sent to Halifax, and to St. John, and to Boston for a minister, but they did not get one until they sent to Heaven."

My acquaintance with Deacon Simon Fitch and William Johnson and others, who were prominent in Christian work in the First Horton church during my college days, was

helpful to my Christian faith. I have the highest appreciation of the good influence of this dear old church upon my early life, and during riper years when my lot, for a considerable period, has been cast among the people of Wolfville, the favorable impressions of those early days have grown stronger.

CHAPTER II

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him. Ps. 126 : 6.

FROM JUNE 1855 TO JUNE 1860

Immediately after my graduation from Acadia College I accepted an appointment of the New Brunswick Baptist Home Mission Society, and commenced an extensive tour up the majestic River St. John, passing through portions of Queens, Sunbury, York, Carleton, Victoria, and Madawaska Counties. In this service the youthful missionary continued about one year, and received increasing assurance that in deciding to make the Christian ministry his life-work, he had not mistaken his calling. Considerable success crowned these early labors. Churches were planted during the year, as the result of his ministry, in Queensbury, St. Francis, and Scotch Town, and spiritual awakening took place in many of the other communities visited.

In the early part of that year I was accompanied by brother Gilbert W. Springer, who rendered me valuable assistance, and during his association with me commenced to preach the Gospel. He afterwards became an ordained minister and a successful soul winner. He has lately passed on to his reward, honored and beloved, and will have many stars in his crown of rejoicing.

At St. Francis, about three hundred miles from St. John, residing in a beautiful and fertile valley, we found twenty Protestant families gathered from various parts of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Maine. They welcomed us with great joy, and listened to our messages with wonderful eagerness. Soon God's power was made manifest, and a goodly number, recently converted, requested baptism. The late Rev. George Rigby, then of Andover, N. B., was sent for to baptize and assist in the organization of a church. My last meeting with the beloved people of St. Francis will long be remembered. We had just observed the Lord's Supper and were about to part. Our hearts were greatly affected and we wept together. They entreated the youthful minister not to leave them. One dear brother, Caleb Slocomb, said he would board me and keep my horse and give me \$40 a year besides, if I would consent to remain. On returning to St. John, and giving, in Germain St. Baptist Church, a report of my extensive evangelistic tour up the St. John River, and especially my visit to St. Francis, a young brother in the audience arose and said with much feeling, that he wished to go and preach salvation to St. Francis sinners. This young brother was Stephen March, then of the "Christian Visitor" office. He was afterwards appointed by the Home Mission Board of New Brunswick to go to St. Francis, and there he was ordained and did a good work in establishing the cause.

The greatest revival enjoyed up to that time, in connection with my labors, was in the winter of 1855-6, at Johnstone, N. B., on the Washademoak Lake. The place was then known as Thorntown. It was a thickly populated country district, and large numbers came out to our services. The Spirit's mighty power in subduing the hearts of men was wonderful. Brother G. W. Springer was still with me and rendered me valuable aid. The meetings were sometimes noisy and full of excitement, and being comparatively inexperienced, I found it necessary in presiding in the services to seek continually God's steadying hand. Being as yet unordained we sought the aid of Rev. Elias Keirstead, the honored father of Rev. Dr. Keirstead, of Acadia College, to baptize for us. I had great regard for him as a guileless, consecrated man of God. The baptistry we used was peculiar. I never saw anything just like it either before or since. The ice on the lake was about four feet thick. The friends cut a baptismal grave four feet wide, eight feet long, and three feet deep with steps at one end, and after clearing away the broken ice let the water come up and fill it. The audience would stand around this opening and witness the solemn baptismal service. We had to send for Brother Keirstead several times, as there was a mighty turning to the Lord, and the church was grandly re-enforced.

In the spring of 1856 I yielded to the request of brethren on the western shore of the Grand Lake to settle as their pastor, and was

ordained to the Christian ministry at Scotch Town, Queens Co., N. B., on April 3rd of that year. There were seven ordained ministers present at my ordination, all of whom have since been called to a higher sphere. Rev. David Nutter was elected to ask the candidate the usual questions; Rev. I. E. Bill to preach the sermon; Rev. James Trimble to offer the ordaining prayer; and Rev. W. D. Fitch to give the right hand of fellowship. During this interesting service the candidate was most profoundly impressed with the responsibilities of his chosen work, and humbly sought the divine help that he might faithfully fulfil his ordination vows.

For a year and a half the newly ordained minister supplied the Newcastle and Scotch Town churches, extending his work to Maquo-pit Lake, where his efforts resulted in the establishment of the Baptist cause and the erection of a handsome place of worship. On the western shores of the beautiful Grand Lake I enjoyed for the first time, the privilege of baptizing rejoicing converts, and now look back with pleasure upon those early scenes of my ministry. I had no fixed salary in my first pastorate. It seemed to me to be an honor and a delight to serve the Master irrespective of stipend. However, my financial needs were well supplied. My home was with G. W. Hoben, Esq., a prosperous lumberman, and one of the deacons of the recently formed church at Scotch Town. After six months' service I proposed to settle for my board, and

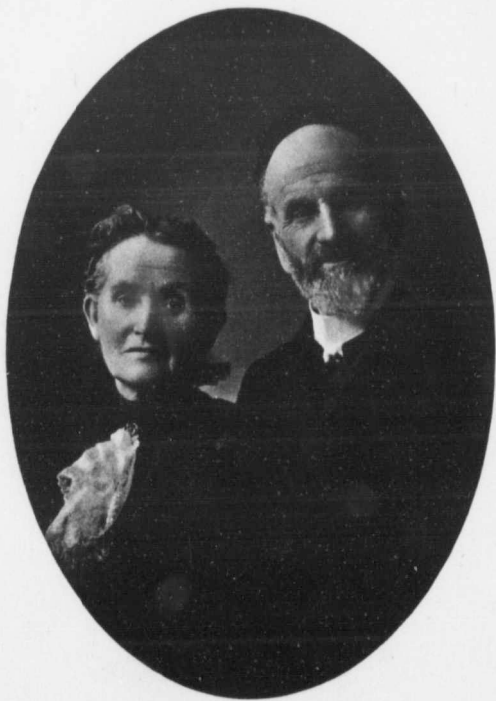
the care of horse, and as far as possible to pay my indebtedness; whereupon the deacon brought in his bill receipted in full, and handed me a considerable sum besides. Upon expressing my great surprise at this very generous manifestation of kindness, he explained that my residence in his home had been a blessing to his family.

At Newcastle, Grand Lake, in that first pastorate, I had many valued friends and helpers. The memory of the Bailies, and McManns, and Flowers, and Butlers, and others, is still precious to me. Much success accompanied our united efforts. We extended our work to Little River, in Sunbury Co., where we enjoyed a remarkable revival. In a week-day service, when the people had assembled in large numbers to hear the Gospel, after going through the preliminaries of the service I told the congregation I felt more like praying than preaching, and so came down and stood in the open space in front of the pulpit and invited all who desired special prayer in their behalf to come and kneel with me. A large number responded, and as they gathered around me and we all knelt and sought the divine mercy, the manifestations of the converting power and grace of the Spirit were wonderfully evident. One morning a young woman, an orphan, who had been very anxious about her soul's welfare, came to our meeting with her face radiant with heavenly joy, and told us that during the past night she had not slept, but at the grave of her departed

mother she had penitently knelt, and there the Saviour revealed Himself to her in all His loveliness and power to save. The summer of 1856 was a memorable one in the history of Little River, as at that time many of its inhabitants rejoiced in the blessings of a new-born faith.

In the midst of my labors, in this my first pastorate, I received and accepted an appointment of the Maritime Baptist Convention to do mission work in Australia. During my college course I wrote several articles on "Australia as a desirable base for missionary operations to surrounding Islands"; and the more I investigated the facts of the case the more desirous I became to give my life to work for the Master on the Islands of the Sea on the opposite side of the globe. The Baptist Convention of the Maritime Provinces convened in the year 1856 in Portland, St. John, and during the session of the body, upon my intimating my convictions on this subject, I received an appointment as the Missionary of the Convention to that far-off land. The following is the minute of the Convention regarding my appointment:

This Convention having heard the report of the Board of the Australian Mission, and having listened, also, with deep interest to the statement of Brother I. Wallace respecting his impressions in regard to this work, and his readiness to enter upon it, Therefore Resolved that Brother Wallace possesses the entire confidence of this Convention as a brother well adapted to enter upon the work of Christian Missions in Australia, and that his pro-



REV. & MRS. ISAIAH WALLACE

After 44 years of happy married life

posal to engage in this deeply interesting department of missionary effort be cordially accepted, and that the Board be instructed to make suitable provisions for sending him to Australia with the least possible delay.

In the fall of that year I made a rapid tour through considerable portions of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, presenting the claims of the Mission. In the meanwhile prominent brethren strongly opposed my going to Australia, on the ground that my services were greatly needed in the Provinces. This opposition seemed to increase in volume, and hindered the gathering of the needful funds. My plans and aspirations to go abroad were thus thwarted, and I was compelled to abandon the Australian Mission and give myself with renewed devotion to the work of the Lord in my native land.

About one year after my ordination I was united in marriage to Miss Frances E. DeMille, third daughter of the late R. S. DeMille, Esq., of Woodstock, N. B., and in this union I found a helpmate indeed, to whose loving and faithful co-operation may be attributed much of the success that has accompanied my ministry. It seems, therefore, especially appropriate that I, in complying with the request of many friends, should here insert our united photographs.

In the fall of 1858, I accepted the invitation of the New Brunswick Baptist Education Society to take the principalship of their Seminary for one year, during the absence in England of Rev. Dr. Spurden. Brother George

E. Day was my associate. My associations with Brother Day, now Rev. Dr. Day, were enjoyable, and our combined efforts met with considerable success, as that year proved to be a prosperous one in the history of that institution.

We had a large attendance of promising boys and young men. Among the latter were a number of young brethren who had come to the Seminary as ministerial students. In addition to their general studies we took them through a special course, using as text-book Dr. Angus's "Hand Book of the Bible," and found these extra studies of great value to these brethren who had not the opportunity of pursuing a more extended course.

In view of the financial difficulties in the way of many students for the ministry, after much careful thought and consultation with judicious brethren, among whom was the late Hon. William B. Kinnear, of St. John, we organized a society having for its object, "Financial aid to worthy candidates for the Christian ministry in the prosecution of their preparatory studies." This society had an existence for several years, and was the means of assisting many. Needful financial help extended to deserving theological students is certainly a wise investment, and it is especially gratifying that the late G. P. Payzant, of Windsor, N. S., in his magnificent bequest, has made it possible for the Governors of Acadia College to render timely aid to candi-

dates for the Gospel ministry attending our beloved institutions of learning at Wolfville.

On closing my work in the Seminary I accepted the appointment of the New Brunswick Baptist Home Mission Society to do work in the County of Northumberland. I made the town of Newcastle my headquarters and extended my labors to North Esk, Little South West and Black River. During the two years spent on the Newcastle field much success accompanied our efforts. Revivals were enjoyed in all the out-stations, in which many were turned to the Lord. In that period I baptized fourteen persons who had been Roman Catholics.

While residing in Newcastle I was summoned to Belledune, Restigouche County, to participate in a most wonderful work of grace—wonderful in its origin, and wonderful in its manifestations. It originated in this way: In the month of October, 1859, about sixty young people were assembled in a farm-house with a view of spending the evening in a country dance. As these young people were enjoying themselves, one of the young men noticed on the floor a stray leaf of some book. It proved to be a leaf of the New Testament, and the first words that caught his attention on reading it were, "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment." That passage became an arrow from the Almighty's quiver and entered his heart, and he retired from the dance-room. While sitting sadly before the open fire in the kitchen he fell back on the

floor crying out, "God have mercy upon my soul." And then another fell, and another, until six of the young men were prostrated. The dancing was over for that night. The Presbyterian elder was sent for and prayers were offered for the young men. The work developed marvellously. It was chiefly among the Presbyterians. There being a few Baptists in that town, among whom was my lamented sister Catherine, the late Mrs. J. W. Colpitts, they sent down to Newcastle and urged me to come to Belledune. I yielded to the request and baptized a considerable number and formed a Baptist church. Hundreds joined the Presbyterian church. Such a revival I had never before witnessed, nor have I ever seen anything like it since. The manifestations of the Spirit's power were very peculiar. During the preaching, convicted ones would cry aloud for mercy and fall back in a state of physical prostration, and would thus remain for several hours. Usually when regaining consciousness they would be hopefully converted, but not always. I read of similar manifestations occurring about the same time in Coleraine, Ireland. This fact should be mentioned: the mother of the family in the house in which the dancing party had assembled was in great trouble about her soul; and while the young people were enjoying themselves, in their way, she was in a room by herself bemoaning her sad condition, and pouring out her heart in prayer for herself and family. That fact may have had some connection with the extraordi-

nary state of things here described. I was informed, also, that during my previous visit to the County of Restigouche, while I was preaching at Belledune on a Lord's day afternoon from Isa. 33: 14, "The sinners in Zion are afraid; fearfulness hath surprised the hypocrites. Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" this woman and another were deeply convicted of sin, and left the meeting as anxious enquirers for salvation.

This powerful work of grace will long be remembered by the inhabitants of northern New Brunswick.

My first baptism in the town of Newcastle was an unusual occurrence, and an immense congregation was present. Before proceeding to baptize, I spoke in the open air for half an hour in defence of Baptist principles. I told my audience that all down through the centuries, according to ecclesiastical history, there were multitudes holding and practising Baptist principles who did not bear the name of Baptists, citing the Donatists, the Paulicians, the Petrobrusians, the Mennonites, and others. In looking back upon that scene in my early ministry I feel disposed more to admire my courage than my wisdom. Still, all listened to my statements respectfully. My plan for many years, when called upon to baptize in the presence of a mixed assembly, has been to read carefully, without note or comment, the Lord's word shewing our authority and direction for the administration of the

ordinance, usually beginning my reading with the words of the mother of Jesus to the servants: "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it."

During my second year in Newcastle, after having baptized a good many in the surrounding country, and among them several who had been Roman Catholics, it was intimated to me upon pretty good grounds that my life was in danger from the hands of those who might conclude that in destroying one who had been the means of leading Catholics to become Protestants they were doing God's service. Some instances might be mentioned in which the exercise of courage was needed, as well as faith in Him who said, "Lo, I am with you alway."

During my pastorate in Newcastle I was invited by President J. M. Cramp, D. D., to give an address at the anniversary exercises of Acadia College, on "The Advantages of Education to the Christian Ministry," and on my compliance with his request, was granted by the authorities of the College the degree of Master in Arts.

CHAPTER III

For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.—*Isa.* 55: 10, 11.

FROM JUNE 1860 TO OCTOBER 1873

Although my prospects for usefulness in the town of Newcastle and surrounding communities were becoming increasingly hopeful and my work there was much enjoyed, yet admonished by our family physician that the climate of the Miramichi field was too rigorous for Mrs. Wallace's health, we removed to Carleton, St. John.

Here I had a prosperous year; baptized twenty-six converts and witnessed much progress in every department of Christian work. The Sabbath school, especially, greatly increased in interest and numbers during my short pastorate. A teachers' meeting was one of the agencies that contributed towards its prosperity. A city pastorate was, of course, something new in my experience, but it was greatly enjoyed. I look back upon my residence in Carleton with pleasure, and have happy memories of my four deacons—Christopher, Beattay, Coldwell, and Sharp, who gave the pastor their hearty co-operation. We had

a regular appointment at Grand Bay and South Bay, preaching at each place every second Lord's day afternoon. At both places we enjoyed tokens of the Divine favor. I am glad the young church at Fairville is bravely taking up the work in those places. It may be asked why, under these favorable conditions, I did not continue in Carleton longer? A misconception led me, prematurely perhaps, to submit my resignation. The Carleton Baptist church, however, has since had a large place in my affections and prayers, and I have rejoiced to learn of its increase in numbers and efficiency.

During our year in Carleton we buried our lovely little daughter, Alice, two months old, and this fact does not lessen our interest in the place or people.

I enjoyed very much my association with the St. John pastors, Rev. Ingraham E. Bill, Rev. Samuel Robinson, Rev. E. Budd De Mille, and Rev. E. C. Cady, all of whom, except brother Cady, have since passed to the heavenly state.

On closing my work in Carleton, I accepted the pastorate of the Lower Granville Baptist Church in Nova Scotia, where I remained ten years—from 1861 to 1871—and was cheered with blessed revivals nearly every year. Here I received much inspiration in the fact that in connection with this church the first Baptist Association ever formed in the territory now comprised in the Dominion of Canada, was organized in the year 1800, and also in

the knowledge that Rev. James Manning and Rev. David Harris, pioneers of the Baptist denomination in these provinces, and greatly honored in their day, were among my predecessors.

About sixty years ago Lower Granville was the scene of much religious excitement over the predictions of William Miller, regarding the end of the world and the Lord's immediate coming in the judgment. "The Advent Tabernacle" still stands, near Stony Beach, as a reminder of those exciting times. Later, the leaders of the Advent Movement, claiming to have received new revelations, preached the doctrine of "the annihilation of the wicked and the unconscious sleep of the pious dead." Although I had great sympathy with the opinion that the Lord's coming was nigh, these added views seemed to me out of harmony with the teachings of God's word and harmful in their influence. Under the circumstances, I felt called upon to give the subject "of man's spiritual nature and destiny," careful Bible study, and as the result became more confirmed than ever in the views held thereupon by the Christian world. Now in my declining years the prospect of soon being "absent from the body and present with the Lord" seems wonderfully cheering. And the prospect still brightens as I look forward to the Lord's Second Coming as the coronation day for all who love His appearing, according to 2 Tim. 4: 8, "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which

the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day."

Soon after my settlement in Lower Granville the people there had a very serious visitation of diphtheria. In many instances it proved fatal. During eight weeks I buried thirty victims of the awful scourge. We carried three dear little children, members of the same family, and placed them side by side, in the same grave. It was a time of terrible grief. While visiting among these bereaved families, and giving them comfort as best I could, a messenger came to inform me that Budd Parr, a bright little fellow of twelve years, in whom I felt a special interest, was dying and desired to see me. I at once made arrangements to respond, when a friend urged me, in view of the danger of myself becoming a victim of the dreaded disease, to go home to my family and leave the dying boy in the hands of his God. I, however, went to see the dear boy and placed before him as plainly as I possibly could the Gospel message. As he received the glad tidings his little face lighted up with peculiar joy, and as I lingered by his side uttering Gospel words, we saw his countenance change, and he peacefully passed away. As I made my way up to the parsonage that night I thanked the Lord that "there is life for a look at the crucified One."

In addition to my regular pastoral duties in Granville, I extended my efforts to Annapolis Royal and for several months held fortnightly services on Sabbath afternoons in the Court

House. These extra services were numerously attended, and it is a gratification to know that they were largely instrumental in the planting of the present prosperous Baptist church in the old capital of Nova Scotia.

During my pastorate in Lower Granville I made many missionary visits to various points along the Granville Mountain, and often had much encouragement in my efforts to win souls to Christ. I also made frequent visits to Greywood and Milford, settlements to the south of Annapolis, and at both of these places baptized many converts, thus gathering materials for the formation of the "Milford and Greywood" Baptist church. In some of these visits I was accustomed to meet brother Edmund Crawley Spinney, a student missionary, who was then commencing his ministry and giving much promise of a successful career. One of the first baptisms at Milford was peculiarly impressive. It was on a charming Sabbath morning in the beginning of June, when the trees were in bloom, and nature had put on her loveliest garb. There were seven candidates. We used for a baptistery a beautiful lake. Among the converts was the teacher of the public school in Milford. She was a highly gifted singer, and at her request we sang at the water-side Dr. Lowry's famous Hymn, "Shall we gather at the river?" It was the first time I had heard this hymn, and under the circumstances it seemed very appropriate. I was asked to attend the first funeral in Milford and to bury a

young girl, the daughter of Mr. David Floyd, in a lonely grave in the woods. That grave is now occupying a central position in a largely filled cemetery. I have a vivid recollection of a remarkable answer to prayer in connection with one of my early visits to Greywood.

While the people were gathering for an evening service in a private dwelling, I asked the lady of the house if the neighbours were all well. She replied that one man was very ill, apparently near death, and that unfortunately he was in rebellion against God. When I proposed¹ to call next morning to see him she said she would not advise me to do so as I might be insulted. The information regarding this afflicted man impressed me profoundly, and in the prayer at the opening of the meeting I earnestly prayed for him, and the meeting proceeded solemnly and hopefully. The next morning I called to see the sick, concluding that if I were repulsed it would not harm me. On calling I was invited cordially to come in, and on enquiring of the lady of the house regarding her husband's health she invited me to come into his room. Upon my responding to her invitation he received me most kindly. After expressing my sympathy for him in his suffering and making enquiries as to his spiritual condition, he gave me to understand that he was very anxious about his soul and desired my prayers. On my asking him if it was long since he first felt thus concerned he turned to his wife and

asked her what time it was last night when the strange feelings came over him. She answered, "About eight o'clock." This was the exact hour when we were imploring the divine mercy in his behalf at the opening of the service on the preceding evening. A most striking illustration of the fulfilment of the promise recorded in Isa. 65, 24: "And it shall come to pass that before they call I will answer; and while they are yet speaking I will hear."

In October, 1871, I closed my ten year's pastorate in Lower Granville and removed to Milton, Yarmouth, N. S., where I spent two prosperous years. For six weeks in succession, I held special evangelistic services in Milton, baptizing considerable numbers every Lord's day. These labours resulted in the organization of the Milton Baptist Church and the erection of their commodious church edifice.

Soon after my settlement in Milton, the Baptist church at Arcadia, then in its infancy, was placed under my care. My ministry for its welfare was considerably blessed of God, for during those two years the church made rapid progress. We held a series of meetings in 1872, that were the means of much good. Many of the young people, as well as others, were then led to embrace the Saviour. The following facts connected with the closing of our special meetings in Arcadia may be worthy of note: At the regular monthly conference, about twenty, chiefly members of the Sabbath

school, whose ages ranged from twelve to sixteen, promptly arose, and in turn made a brief statement of their faith, and asked to be received. With a view to relieve the minds of the brethren, who might think the young people were coming in hastily, an aged minister, who happened to be present, arose, and quaintly gave the following narration :

There had been a revival, and James, a lad of twelve summers, was converted and wanted to join the church. His father objected on account of his son's youth, and James wept. The father then said : " If you are a good boy, and grow in grace for three months, I will consent." It was in the spring of the year. The next day, as the father and son were making fence, they came across a lamb, in a perishing condition, and the father said, " James, take this lamb into the house quickly and give it milk and warmth." James replied, " Father, had we not better leave it out here three months and see how it will grow?" and the father said, " James, you may go and join the church."

Sixteen of the young people of Arcadia were then received and in due time baptized, and it has been gratifying to me to learn that they have generally adorned their profession.

During my pastorate in Milton, in the winter of 1873, cases of small-pox were discovered in the town, and all the pastors were ordered by the authorities to hold no public services for one month in order to prevent the spread of the terrible disease. This announcement afforded the ministers of the various churches a good opportunity for resting. But I did not need resting then, and so, a day or two later, started down the Atlantic coast to Argyle, where I remained for a month, and rejoiced in a wonderful work of grace in

which forty-two were baptized into the fellowship of the Baptist church. A week or two after my arrival there, on a lovely Sabbath morning, I baptized eighteen persons, all heads of families, and twelve of the number married couples. This was, indeed, remarkable. Rev. P. O. Foster, a former pastor, was with us that day, rejoiced in the gracious work, and assisted in the services.

Toward the close of these services, at the request of the people of Central Argyle, I held a service on Saturday morning in the public hall for the special benefit of the schools. We had a fine large gathering of young people, and during the meeting the great power of God rested upon the preaching of the Word, and many became heartfelt penitents. In the afternoon we had a conference meeting and several who were penitents in the morning service, now rejoiced in a newborn hope, and requested baptism. Some thought it would be premature to receive them so early; but we referred to the day of Pentecost, when they that gladly received the word were promptly baptized, and so they came forward, and on the following Sabbath joyfully obeyed their Lord.

It has been a joy to know that they have continued to walk in the truth. As a general rule there is no time when converts can more pleasantly and scripturally obey their Saviour in baptism than immediately after they have accepted Him.

The population of Argyle is pretty evenly

divided between Baptists and Free Baptists. Many of the young people of the latter body were being converted in my meetings, and about the time I was leaving, the Rev. W. Downie, the worthy pastor of the Free Baptists of Barrington, was sent for, and came and carried forward the good work. A considerable number of these young people, as the result of his ministry, joined the church with their parents. This blessed work was deep and widespread, and is still spoken of as the great revival of 1873. At Argyle and elsewhere, in the prosecution of my work, it has seemed to me it would be greatly for the glory of God, could these two denominations that are so near to each other in doctrine and practice be united. Separated as they are, both bodies in many places are struggling hard to maintain an existence; united, as they should be, they would constitute a vigorous body and be a strong aggressive force in advancing Christ's Kingdom in the earth.

During my stay in Argyle I called to see a very sick woman, a victim of cancer. After reading the Scriptures and offering prayer with her, as I was about to say farewell, she gave me her emaciated hand and smiling amid her tears said, "I hope soon to get relief from this awful pain, for the roots of the disease are coming about my heart." A few weeks later, a notice appeared in the old "Christian Messenger," of the peaceful and triumphant death of Mrs. Harvey Nickerson. She had obtained relief—had reached that happy state of which

it is said "Neither shall there be any more pain."

After a month's enjoyable and successful labor in Argyle, I returned to my work in Milton, fresh for renewed effort.

While settled in Milton I was granted by the church a vacation of several weeks and made my first visit to the United States. During my absence I attended the May meetings of the great Baptist denomination of that country, held that year, 1873, in New York. It was an inspiration to hear the strong men of that great and growing body, and to witness their consecrated enthusiasm in carrying forward the interests of Christ's kingdom in the earth. During this visit in New York it was my privilege to enjoy the hospitality and friendship of my college class-mate, the Rev. Henry Angel. He was then an honored pastor in the city. His earthly career, although decidedly successful, was comparatively brief. Many years ago he passed on to the better land, lamented and beloved by all who knew him as a John-like disciple of his Lord, and a preacher of more than ordinary power.

CHAPTER IV.

And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen. Matt. 28:18, 19, 20.

FROM OCTOBER 1873 TO THE SUMMER OF 1879

Through the influence of leading brethren, the three Boards of Home Missions, connected with the Western, Central, and Eastern Baptist Associations, were united into one Society, known as the Nova Scotia Baptist Home Mission Union. This important action was taken in 1873, and was regarded as an advance movement. In October of that year I accepted the appointment of this newly-organized body to become its General Missionary and resigned my pastorate at Milton and Arcadia.

The first three or four months of this new service were spent on an extensive tour of exploration. My object was to ascertain the Home Mission needs of the Province, and report the same to the Board.

I travelled in Cape Breton and all along the Atlantic Coast from Canso to Yarmouth. Early in the following year I held special services at Kempt, Queens Co., which were remarkably fruitful in gracious results. Many converts were added to the church and

arrangements made for the erection of the Baptist house of worship in Maitland, one of the stations of the church.

In the following March I began a series of meetings at Berwick, N. S., which continued nine weeks, and proved to be a lasting benefit to the second Cornwallis Baptist church. During the year spent in the service of the Nova Scotia Baptist Home Mission Union I baptized two hundred and fifty-two persons into the fellowship of the various churches visited. The largest increase was made at Berwick, N. S. During the revival there, at the close of a conference meeting, held on a Saturday afternoon, attended by about four hundred people, those present who had lately found the Saviour, and who desired to offer themselves for baptism with a view to membership, were invited to arise. Immediately a large number of young persons and some of riper years came to their feet. That was a memorable scene that brought great joy to many hearts, and especially to that of the Missionary. The front seats were cleared away, and this large number came forward and in turn told what the Lord had wrought for them. At the close of that conference the following telegram was sent to the Secretary of the Board of the Home Mission Union in Yarmouth: "Fifty-four received for baptism to-morrow and more are coming. Praise God." That telegram was read next day in the Baptist pulpits of Yarmouth and occasioned much gratification.

Although I found this general Missionary work congenial to me, and the seal of God's blessing had, in a striking manner, been placed upon my efforts, yet I deemed it necessary at the close of one year, in consequence of the condition of my wife's health, to resign my position and return to pastoral work. Having received an urgent and unanimous call to the pastorate of the second Cornwallis, now Berwick, Baptist church, it seemed evidently my duty to accept the same.

In October, 1874, I consequently removed to Berwick, N. S.

Here I found myself most congenially settled and here remained between three and four years. During my ministry in Berwick, including my visit as a General Missionary, three hundred and thirty persons were baptized, the church divided amicably into two pastorates, debts and mortgages on parsonage and place of worship cancelled, \$150 arrearages due on salary of a former pastor paid, and serious difficulties of long standing removed.

While residing in Berwick a very serious attack of typhoid fever prostrated me for about three months. For weeks my prospects of living were slight. I felt, however, peacefully resigned to God's will, and assured that whether life or death should result, all would be well. The finished work of Christ was then, as it is now, my only and all-sufficient anchorage.

All through this severe affliction my dear people were uniformly kind and sympathetic,

and the Baptist ministers of the county, in turn, kindly supplied my pulpit.

My ministry in Berwick was greatly enjoyed. In the first place it is one of the most delightful inland communities in the Maritime Provinces. During my residence there I frequently stood on the brow of the North Mountain and looked up and down the valley upon the charming scenery and the magnificent farms and exclaimed, "How beautiful!" In the language of the Psalmist I could say of a truth, "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage." I found the people not only prosperous but intelligent, Sabbath-loving and God-fearing. It was cheering to the preacher's heart to see large numbers of carriages, with their precious freight, coming in from all parts of the country to the Sabbath morning service in Berwick. It was also quite an educational centre. Many are there prepared for college, and the Berwick Baptist church is noted for the large numbers she has given to the Baptist ministry. One of the first I baptized in Berwick was Mark Baily Shaw, who has done grand work as a foreign missionary in India, and is now nobly acting his part in forwarding the Redeemer's kingdom in California. The honored pastor of the Baptist church in Hampton, N. B., Harry S. Shaw, is also one of the fruits of the great revival in Berwick in 1874. It was my privilege, too, to baptize brother Owen N. Chipman, grandson of the late Rev. William Chipman, who is doing such a good work for

the Master in Canso, N. S. When it is remembered that Berwick and the surrounding country was the scene, for many years, of the labors of the late Rev. William Chipman, who was a model pastor and did much for the up-building of the people of his charge, morally, religiously and intellectually, and that later his associate and successor, Rev. E. M. Saunders, D. D., did grand work of the same character, it is not a matter of surprise that the people of these communities should show the result of such a godly ministry.

In July 1877, I accepted the appointment of the Governors of Acadia College to become their agent in an effort to add \$100,000 to the endowment, and in doing so, made a large sacrifice of personal and domestic comfort.

My salary in Berwick was ample and promptly paid. The church was hearty and unanimous in their request for me to go on with them, and my prospects for a protracted and increasingly happy pastorate were bright. But, prompted by love for the college and the interests of the Baptist denomination, I made the sacrifice.

The following valedictory address was presented to the retiring pastor at the close of his farewell sermon in Berwick, in July 1877 :

“ To Rev. Isaiah Wallace.

Dear Brother :

Your pastoral relation with us now being mutually dissolved, and you having already entered upon another sphere of Christian labour, we embrace this as a fitting opportunity of giving you some token, expressive of our

appreciation of your labor in our behalf and your faithfulness in the cause of truth, during the few years you have been identified with us.

We think of the past, when the candle of the Lord seemed to have ceased to shine, and we as sheep having no shepherd were scattered and torn. In the retrospect our hearts swell with gratitude and praise to our Heavenly Father, who guides and doeth all things well. We must regard the event of your coming to us, at a time so opportune, as a kind interposition of an overruling Providence. In view of the urgent calls from destitute portions of our fair land, and of the importance of the work committed to your charge, for which you seemed so well adapted, it was with many misgivings we extended to you an invitation to become our pastor. However, in view of the many indications of the approving smile of heaven on your labours, we cannot but believe that the hand of the Lord was in it all. Even though professedly leaving the home mission work—prompted by motives and desires which characterize your history in the past—you sought the destitute and the neglected, even in our midst, and were ever ready to impart to the sorrowing and afflicted the balm of consolation. Now mountain and valley may rejoice together and truly exclaim, "What hath God wrought!"

Scenes and seasons which have transpired during the three short years of your pastorate, crowd fast upon our recollection—many of which we would most fondly cherish—others if to be recorded may be written in the sand.

Finally, dear brother, in behalf of yourself, Mrs. Wallace, and family, accept our kind regards, and be assured that in whatever sphere of Christian work you may engage, or wherever your lot may be cast, you have our best wishes and prayers that God may bless and prosper you.

And may the God of peace guide us all, that when

our labors are ended we may be reunited where meeting and parting are no more and where sorrow never comes.

(Signed)

T. H. PARKER, }
 JOHN LYONS, } Committee.
 A. F. CHIPMAN. }

On leaving Berwick, I was succeeded by brother Samuel McCully Black, now Rev. Dr. Black, the popular editor of the Messenger and Visitor. Berwick was his first pastorate and the place of his ordination. It was especially pleasing to me to learn that his ministry there was highly appreciated, and that he did a grand work among the people who had been so dear to my heart.

I continued in the Endowment work one year and met with a good measure of success. I was told that when my appointment was under consideration the Hon. Dr. Parker, of Halifax, one of the Governors of the College, remarked, facetiously, that "Mr. Wallace would make a good agent, but it would be hard to keep him to his work, for he would be likely to bolt and engage in the promotion of revivals." And so it proved. In that year, in the prosecution of my work of securing endowment, I enjoyed blessed revivals in Five Islands, New Minas, River John, West Paradise, Springfield, and O'Leary, P. E. I., in which over one hundred converts were added to our churches.

At O'Leary the manifestations of God's power to save were wonderful indeed. On a delightful Sabbath morning after baptizing at Cape Wolfe, twelve rejoicing converts, among

whom was William M. Smallman, afterwards Rev. William M. Smallman, A. M., we returned to O'Leary for a preaching service. After the sermon and social worship about fifty persons requested prayer, fourteen of whom intimated that they had found the Saviour and desired baptism. The next day I came down to Summerside and Bedeque and, yielding to my convictions that this good work should be carried forward, sent a telegram to Rev. D. G. McDonald, of Charlottetown, requesting him to hasten to O'Leary. Brother McDonald responded to my request, baptized the fourteen above referred to and many others, and the church received a great impetus, while the College Agent resumed the less congenial work of increasing Endowment Lists.

At West Paradise, the Agent was accustomed during the day to canvass for subscriptions to the Endowment, and in the evenings to hold revival meetings, and canvass for volunteers for Christ's service. In both these lines of work he was successful. He was associated with the Rev. John Brown, the well-beloved Pastor of Paradise and Clarenc, and a more genial co-laborer it would be difficult to find. He is now a pastor in England and is cordially remembered by the many friends he made while in this country. On the Sabbath after the agent closed his work in West Paradise, Pastor Brown baptized twenty converts, and the good work advanced.

In the winter of 1878, while engaged in the

college endowment work, the agent made a somewhat memorable visit to Springfield, Annapolis Co. He reached the settlement on a Sabbath evening, and was greeted by a moderate congregation. The place of worship was Baptist, but was occupied by Methodist and Presbyterian ministers. There was no Baptist pastor, and the people seemed scarcely to know what were their denominational leanings. He was introduced into the pulpit by some friend. It proved to be very high—uncomfortably high—and so after opening the service he asked the congregation to kindly excuse him while he came down from the high pulpit and stood before the people. During the next half hour he gave them the Gospel message as warmly as he could, and at the close intimated the purpose of his visit, namely, to get funds for the college and at the same time to contribute to their spiritual interests. He announced social religious services for Monday afternoon and evening. On Monday morning he called upon Deacon Saunders and found him fishing for trout, through the ice on the Lake. He and his friend kindly fitted up a place and gear for me. It so happened that I caught many fish. It was said this must be prophetic of success in fishing for men. And success came. Seeing his prospects for increasing Endowment slight the Agent gave his strength to soul winning. After Monday we had three services a day through the week—at Falkland Ridge in the morning at ten, and at Spring-

field in the afternoon and evening. On Saturday at a special conference over twenty recent converts offered themselves for baptism. These were baptized on Lord's day morning, and before welcoming them into the church we listened to a sermon by the Methodist minister, but the people had found out that they were generally Baptists or inclined that way. That was the beginning of a brighter day for the Springfield Baptists. They have since made gradual progress, and have developed into quite a strong church. A little more than six years ago I helped for a week Rev. J. Webb, who was then the Baptist pastor there, and it was exceedingly gratifying to me to witness their advancement. The old meeting house had been modernized and most tastefully furnished. As the result of our united efforts during the week Brother Webb baptized about twenty converts.

A combination of circumstances led me to resign my agency for the College at the close of one year, and I next found myself settled in the parsonage of the Second Horton Baptist church. Along the beautiful valley of the Gaspereaux and along the pleasant settlements of the South Mountain I toiled diligently for one year, and baptized forty-nine persons into the fellowship of the church. The chaste and comfortable Baptist meeting house at White Rock, one of the preaching stations of the church, stands as a reminder of that year's work. It was commenced as

the result of a blessed revival in that neighborhood.

During my residence in the Gaspereaux Valley I enjoyed the friendship and co-operation of brother E. Pryor Coldwell, who was then clerk of the church, a student in Acadia College and a Licentiate for the Baptist ministry. It has been a pleasure to me to learn of his successful career in the Master's service, and also to learn of the progress the Second Horton Baptist church has since made.

In August, 1878, it was my privilege to attend the sessions of the Baptist Convention in Fredericton, N. B. They were of more than ordinary importance. The presence and touching address of Miss Carrie Hammond, on the eve of her departure for India, contributed much to the interest of the closing session. On leaving Fredericton I went, by request, to Clinch's Mills, N. B., to assist brother H. A. Spencer, a student missionary, who was spending his vacation there. I remained at Clinch's Mills and adjacent settlements about two weeks, preaching upon an average twice every day besides attending several social services. Many were convicted of sin and many hopefully converted, fifteen of whom it was my privilege to baptize. During this visit we held services at Lepreaux, Mace's Bay, Dipper Harbor, Chance Harbor, Musquash, and Clinch's Mills. At all these places there was considerable religious awakening. On my closing Sabbath we left Lepreaux early in

the morning—a beautiful morning in the beginning of September. There were quite a number of teams, and as we must drive slowly through the forest on account of the state of the roads, the young people, some of whom were recent converts, sang all along the way, making the wilderness ring with their fine voices and “making melody in their hearts unto the Lord.” On reaching Dipper Harbor, the place appointed for meeting and baptizing, we found a large congregation gathered to witness or participate in the solemn service. One of the converts was a man beyond the meridian of life. He was a magistrate and a leading spirit in the community. There was great joy over his decision for Christ. But upon our arrival we found him in great distress of mind. The enemy had come in like a flood and was making a desperate onslaught upon him, with a view to dissuade him from professing his faith. The poor fellow seemed almost distracted. Through the prayers of the brethren and suitable conversation he soon became composed and happily yielded to his Lord’s command. We found brother Spencer a genial promising young brother, and his death so early in his ministerial career was greatly lamented, especially by those who knew him best. About ten years later a second visit was made to some of those communities under unusual circumstances. It was reported that a young Methodist minister was at work at Musquash and neighboring settlements, and was receiving a large following, and that the

church that had been gathered by the toils of Baptist missionaries was likely to pass from under their influence. On reaching Clinch's Mills notices were sent in all directions announcing my arrival, and that we would have preaching in the evening. A fine congregation assembled, and among them the young Methodist minister. He was treated with the utmost cordiality, and asked to participate in the service. The next day we were invited to dinner at the same place. He informed me that he once belonged to the Baptists but left them to join the Salvation Army, and later had gone to the United States and had joined the Methodists. In the course of our conversation he informed me that his views had not changed, that he was still in heart a Baptist, and that if arrangements could be made for his restoration to the Baptist fold he would return and pursue a course of study preparatory to the Baptist ministry. The necessary arrangements were promptly made and as a result we have among us the Rev. H. D. Worden, doing good work as a pastor in Oak Bay, N. B. I lingered with him until the following Lord's day, when we had a baptism at Musquash Harbor, witnessed by a great concourse, representing various nationalities and denominations. After reading the Scriptures and prayer we sang, "'Tis the promise of God full salvation to give," and walked down into the beautiful natural baptistry. The candidate was a fine singer, and heartily joined in singing the chorus, "I am saved by the blood of the crucified one," and then joyfully submitted to the sacred rite.

CHAPTER V

For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ : for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. Rom. 1:16.

FROM THE SUMMER OF 1879 TO OCTOBER 1883

In the summer of 1879 I removed to Greenwich, near Wolfville, with a view of trying my hand at farming. My life's savings together with a few hundred dollars inherited from my father's estate were invested in a beautiful farm in that locality with a fine large mortgage on it. I made my home on this farm my rallying point for about two years, extending my work as a missionary of the Cross in all directions. But after two years, and even sooner, the missionary found he could not successfully run a farm and satisfy his conscience as a Christian minister. And so, an opportunity for selling his place having presented itself, he promptly laid down the burden, and gave his undivided strength to the work to which he believed God had called him, singing as he went, with Charles Wesley—"No lot of land do I possess, nor cottage in this wilderness."

During my occupation of the farm, missionary tours were made to many parts of the Province. One notable tour was made to Westport, Freeport, and Tiverton in Digby

County, in the winter of 1880. During my absence of six weeks I baptized about two hundred persons. In these memorable displays of God's power to save, I was assisting two beloved pastors—Rev. A. E. Ingram, of Westport, and Rev. L. M. Weeks, of Freeport. It was my invariable custom when assisting pastors to have them baptize the converts, but the health of these brethren at the time not permitting them to baptize, I yielded to their request to perform that part of the service, while they extended the right hand of fellowship.

My co-operation with brethren Ingram and Weeks was exceedingly enjoyable, as they evinced much wisdom and tact in their efforts to help forward the Lord's work.

At Freeport we settled, at least to our own satisfaction, the perplexing problem as to whether the three thousand, of Acts 2:41, could have been baptized in one day or not, as it was my privilege to baptize there on a Sabbath afternoon in February, 1880, before coming out of the water, twenty-seven men and eighteen women—forty five in all—in the short space of eighteen minutes. At that rate the twelve Apostles could have baptized the three thousand in an hour and forty minutes. It is perhaps proper that I explain how this was accomplished in so short a time. I baptized in the Atlantic Ocean, and had to walk out about twenty feet to reach a suitable depth of water. As the weather was very cold, and I had no baptizing suit, we arranged

with the two deacons, Denton and Thurber, to bring the converts down to me, and thus no time was consumed in walking into and out of the water.

During my stay in Freeport a request came to hold a week-day service at the dwelling of a Mr. Thurber for the special benefit of his daughter Lillian, who had been an invalid for seven years, suffering from spinal troubles. The meeting proved to be a very gracious one. In the course of the service the young lady testified to having found Christ and requested baptism. From the state of her health I could not encourage her immediate baptism. But she was urgent in her request, and with her parents' approval it was decided to baptize at the close of the service. She was accordingly taken to the shore in her chair, when I carried her into the water and baptized her. All my strength was required to carry her up out of the water. She was placed again in her chair and taken back to her home. This woman is still living, and is now an honored wife and mother. Instead of her baptism killing her, it proved to be a blessing physically as well as spiritually.

The revival extended to Tiverton, a bright little town at the eastern end of Long Island, twelve miles from Freeport. There we enjoyed blessed manifestations of God's power to save, and a large addition was made to the church. Several strong men who had been deeply convicted of sin in our meetings at Freeport, but who had as yet refrained from

fully accepting Christ, followed us to Tiverton. In my closing service there they resolved to halt no longer, and boldly made their profession of faith by being baptized. On our parting they returned to Freeport, "going on their way rejoicing," while the evangelist proceeded to other scenes of conflict and victory.

During my residence on the farm I supplied the Kentville Baptist church, then in its infancy, for six months. We had large audiences and several impressive baptisms, and did what we could to nurture and strengthen the cause. It is exceedingly gratifying to witness the great progress Baptist principles have since made in the shire town of the noble County of Kings.

In 1880 I visited Parrsboro, N. S., in compliance with the request of my lamented brother in Christ, the late Rev. J. F. Kempton. I went to assist him in special services, and made the parsonage my home during my stay. His sons, Judson and Arthur, were then half-grown boys, diligent in their studies, and giving promise of becoming good men. I rejoice that both have since become successful preachers of the Gospel. Considerable success crowned our united efforts, and a good many were converted. Brother Kempton congratulated me on the efficient aid my visit had rendered him. Among the converts was the member of the Local Legislature for Cumberland County. When he arose for prayer there was great joy. Later he came and confessed

the Saviour, saying "I have often spoken in the Legislative Halls of this Province, but I never attempted to speak for Jesus before." He then quoted the words of the Saviour—"Whosoever cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out," and said "I believe I have come to Jesus, and if He will not cast me out, what then? I must be saved." This logic brought to Squire Vickery's heart unspeakable joy.

About ten years later I came to Parrsboro again, when brother Thos. J. Stackhouse was supplying the church during his vacation. We enjoyed some grand victories, not only in winning souls to Christ, but in our efforts to make peace where alienation had existed.

Among the candidates for baptism was a father in middle age and his son, a promising lad of twelve or thirteen summers. The dear father has since gone to the Better Land, but the son, Arthur C. Lewis, still lives and has become an earnest Christian worker, having lately settled as a pastor in Aylesford, Nova Scotia, with good prospects of a successful career.

I also gave, while residing in Greenwich, a year's work as a Missionary in the county of Hants, N. S. During this year we enjoyed almost continuous seasons of revival. In Walton, Summerville, South Rawdon, Mount Uniacke and Noel we witnessed blessed revivals resulting in large additions to the churches.

At Noel nineteen persons were baptized, who formed a nucleus for the establishment of the Baptist church there. The church has since been organized, and a handsome place of worship completed.

The largest number of persons baptized in one place during the year was in South Rawdon, the scene for several years of the labors of the late Rev. James Stevens. In consequence of the emigration of many, the population has decreased, but a faithful and worthy band still remain. South Rawdon has given our denomination the Rev. Thos. A. Higgins, D.D. and the late Dr. D. F. Higgins, and is the birthplace of my college friend, Anthony Phalen, who was drowned in the terrible disaster of 1852. His brother, Deacon William Phalen, was a noble man and a pillar in the church. He has lately passed away, greatly lamented. We had special meetings in South Rawdon, by which the church was much revived and many valuable members brought in. One evening my text was, "Who is on the Lord's side?" Ex. 32:26. On concluding my discourse seven interesting young people who were not members arose and deliberately and intelligently said, "I want to be on the Lord's side." These ere long, and many others found the Saviour and were received into the church.

My ministry in Walton, too, was accompanied with many tokens of the divine favor. We had several baptisms, and the church was considerably strengthened. One visit to

Walton had an eventful termination. Mrs. Wallace was with me, and we were calling upon friends. After a busy Sabbath I spent a restless night, and in the morning had symptoms of fever. We were engaged to dine with the clerk of the church, Edwin Bancroft, Esq. I could not, however, taste food, and conscious of my need of medical help we started for Scotch Village, a distance of fifteen miles. Immediately after starting I became so much worse as to be unable to hold the reins. Mrs. Wallace undertook that task, and soon our spirited horse threw off his bridle, and started on a race of several miles, when he became exhausted and slackened his pace. Help was obtained in replacing the bridle and in due time, through a kind providence, we reached Scotch Village, and received at brother Joseph Walley's a most cordial welcome.

For several weeks the struggle with fever and other troubles was severe, but through God's mercy health came to me again. We will ever remember with heartfelt gratitude the great kindness of brother and sister Walley, and also that of Dr. Weeks, of Brooklyn, for valuable medical aid, given free of charge.

In the early winter of 1881 I visited Pereaux, the scene of many pleasant visits during my college days; and my efforts there resulted in an abundant blessing. In the midst of the good work, however, the preacher was again stricken down with a painful

illness, the result of a complication of bodily troubles. His sufferings were intense, and continued two weeks, during which time he enjoyed the hospitality of Deacon Gould Davidson, and the faithful medical treatment of Dr. Millar, of Canning, N. S. When he had sufficiently recovered to allow him to resume work he held several more services at Pereaux, and on a Lord's day baptized five and welcomed ten into the church, all heads of families. Then, although the work here was pressing, the call to return to Hants Co. seemed imperative. The memory of that last baptism at Pereaux is still very distinct. It seemed difficult to secure a suitable place for baptizing, but when the tide came up at noon on the Sabbath, Providence, as if to smile on us, so ordered that the huge ice-cakes were cleared away and a lovely sheet of smooth water of sufficient size, invited us to proceed with our baptism.

In the fall of 1881, on concluding my engagement in Hants Co., I yielded to the earnest call of the Lower Granville Baptist church to return to the pastorate there, and so moved back into the old parsonage where we had spent ten happy years.

My second pastorate in Granville was uneventful, except that a very delightful religious awakening was enjoyed, resulting in seventy additions to the church. At one time on a pleasant Lord's day morning fifteen persons were baptized in the Annapolis Basin, twelve of whom were young men. This

grand reinforcement of young men, thus boldly enlisting under the banner of Christ, presented an impressive scene. In the performance of the duties of my second pastorate in Granville my heart was often saddened by the ravages that death had made during the previous ten years. Many of my best friends, upon whom I relied for counsel and co-operation in the Lord's work, had passed away. After two diligent years I resigned in October, 1883, my charge of this old historic church and accepted the appointment of the Home Mission Board of the Maritime Baptist Convention to become their General Missionary. This important step was taken, not to improve my financial condition, but from an inward consciousness that my duty ran in the line of evangelistic work, and that I could in that way accomplish most for the Master.

The following communications having reference to the closing of my pastorate in Lower Granville, are of sufficient interest to have a place in this sketch :

TO REV. ISAIAH WALLACE :

Beloved Pastor,—It is with feelings of deep regret that we learn that you have resigned your position as pastor of this church to enter upon another sphere of labor.

During your former pastorate many life-long friendships were formed, and your return has but served to strengthen old ties and add many new links to bind our hearts together.

Many of us look upon you as our spiritual father, and all claim you as a sympathizing friend, having been a prominent actor in the most sacred, most solemn, and

most sorrowful events of our lives ; whether you led us into the baptismal waters, united us in matrimonial bonds, or buried our departed friends, we have always found you ready to rejoice with those who do rejoice and weep with those who weep.

The efforts of your wife and family to extend the cause we love have been highly appreciated, and their removal will leave a blank not easily filled.

On your return two years ago we were weak and ready to despair. You leave us now hopeful, and strengthened by the addition of about seventy new names to our roll of members. We hoped you had returned to spend the remnant of your days among us ; but if the Master has other work for you, His will be done.

We trust God's blessing will attend your labors in the future even more than in the past, as we believe you are eminently fitted for the work you now enter upon. And when your work on earth is ended, may you have an abundant entrance into that upper and better kingdom, where partings are never known and where love and harmony shall reign forever.

Signed on behalf of the Lower Granville Baptist Church,

DEA. JAS. ANTHONY,
JAMES REED,
C. F. ARMSTRONG, *Clerk*, } *Com.*

Stony Beach, Nov. 3, 1883.

In his acknowledgment of the receipt of the above kind letter, the retiring pastor said, in part :

“ No set *reply* under the circumstances seems necessary. Still it is appropriate that I should say, and my heart prompts me to say, that the kindly feelings expressed in this letter are most cordially reciprocated, and that I review with much pleasure and heart-felt gratitude to God my twelve years of service in Lower Granville. I

will ever cherish the memory of valued brothers and sisters with whom I have been associated in labour there, who have been called away by death, and I will ever hold dear the friendship of many still in the conflict.

It is becoming that I should say also that the church and congregation have treated me most generously as to income all through the twelve years, but especially during the pastorate just ended.

My prayer is that the blessing of heaven may richly rest upon this dear old church, and that my successor may be eminently useful in the upbuilding of Christ's Kingdom in that interesting field.

Yours fraternally,

ISA. WALLACE.

Tusket, Yarmouth, Nov. 13, 1883.

CHAPTER VI

And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely. Rev. 22:17.

FROM OCTOBER, 1883, TO OCTOBER, 1885

About five years after the formation of the Nova Scotia Baptist Home Mission Union, a further movement was made in the line of amalgamation in Home Mission work. Hitherto the Baptists of each Province did their own Home Mission work in connection with their Associations, and independently of the Maritime Convention. By the new arrangement Home Missions became a part of the work of the Convention as much as Foreign Missions or Education. A Board of Home Missions was appointed by the Convention, to whom was intrusted this great work.

After mature and prayerful consideration I yielded, in October, 1883, to the request of the Board of the Maritime Baptist Convention, to become their General Missionary, and in this service continued nearly twelve years; and now proceed to give reminiscences of my experiences while thus employed.

My first work on entering upon this engagement was performed in Tusket, Yarmouth County. I reached this pleasant little town early in the afternoon of a week-day, intend-

ing to make arrangements for service in the evening. But upon my arrival I met leading brethren who thought my prospects for accomplishing much in Tusket discouraging, and advised me to go and begin work at the Lakes. And to Tusket Lakes I went, arriving in time to give notice for a service that night. Soon the divine blessing rested upon our services, and the old sanctuary became the scene of God's converting power. On the following Sabbath a considerable number were baptized. Meanwhile the news of the good work at the Lakes had reached the town, and a deputation came out inviting me to come and hold meetings in Tusket. On Sabbath evening we had a very encouraging service there, and from the first showers of mercy began to fall. During the following weeks we had a refreshing time. A large number were baptized, and the church was greatly strengthened. On a certain week-day afternoon, the General Missionary went to Riverside to preach and baptize, and left arrangements for the sisters to have a meeting in town. On returning he asked the lady appointed to lead, as to how she got on in leading the meeting. "Ah!" said she, "the Lord led it." It seems she had gone through with the meeting quite promptly, and when there came a pause she arose and dismissed. Some, however, who had refrained from doing their duty, could not restrain themselves, and broke forth in earnest testimony and prayer; and then, said she, the real meeting commenced. In one of

our services in town we asked a dear brother to pray for anxious ones, among whom was a member of his own family. In responding, he forgot his stereotyped prayer, and poured out his heart in earnest cries for mercy, greatly to the enjoyment of all who heard him. One Sabbath morning we were all on our knees in prayer at Deacon Jeffrey's, when a dear boy, the only son of his widowed mother, came in and quietly knelt with us. After prayer he told us that he had come to tell us that he wanted to be baptized that morning, and that his mother wanted to join the church too; and so the work went on, and our hearts were greatly cheered.

On leaving Tusket I went to Kempt, Queens Co. Here ten years before we held successful protracted meetings, during which about seventy recent converts were baptized and welcomed. We were anticipating a warm reception and a recurrence of the blessed scenes of 1873. On reaching Kempt, however, I was met by a wild snow storm. We made our way to the sanctuary in the Grove, where we had witnessed such glorious scenes, and met about half a dozen men who had come out notwithstanding the storm. Instead of saying, "we will have no meeting to-night as the number is so small," we gathered near the stove and had a precious season of prayer for the revival of God's work. Next night the house was filled, and in subsequent meetings we rejoiced over the salvation of many. In this visit about forty

were added to the church, and arrangements made for the settlement of Rev. James Bleakney as pastor.

My next campaign was at Greenfield. In this quiet and pretty hamlet by the Medway I lingered a week or two and had successful meetings. In a blessed conference meeting on Saturday, when many were being received for baptism, the resident physician offered himself as a candidate. Whereupon the senior deacon arose and said he always understood the doctor had been baptized, and the doctor replied that he had been baptized when a boy of sixteen, but he did not think he was converted then, and desired now to make a fresh start. We assured the doctor of our sympathies and prayers, but thought it better for him not to think of being baptized again.

From Greenfield I went to Port Medway. Here I found a pastorless church in a low and discouraged condition. I arrived on Sabbath evening, intending to have a special service preparatory to the services that were to follow; and although my notice had been received, preference was given to a temperance lecturer who had arrived before and was to hold forth in the Baptist meeting house that night. The leading deacon had become so disheartened that he thought my prospects for doing anything effectual for Port Medway very slight. So we had to exercise patience. At the close of the lecture, after giving my testimony in favor

of temperance principles, we gave notice of services throughout the coming week, and before its close we were rejoicing in the progress of a powerful revival. During my visit about thirty persons were baptized. Among them was Mr. Gaskil, the son of a venerable preacher of the Gospel. He was a highly gifted teacher of vocal music. His struggle to obtain the light and peace his soul so much needed was protracted, but grace triumphed. After his conversion, it was wonderfully refreshing to hear him sing with inspiring melody "Beulah Land":

"I've reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine;
Here shines undimmed one blissful day,
For all my night is passed away."

On my closing Sabbath in Port Medway I baptized in the morning twelve candidates, chiefly heads of families, and after giving them the right hand of fellowship, assisted by the Rev. J. W. Weeks, ordained three brethren as deacons. I left the church greatly encouraged. One of the twelve above referred to had been an Episcopalian. She came to our meetings repeatedly, became a true penitent, rejoiced in a new-born hope, requested baptism and was duly accepted. Afterwards I called to see her in her own home and was most cordially welcomed by her husband. After enquiring concerning the welfare of the family and a few kindly words of greeting, prayers were proposed. The Bible was brought to me and I com-

menced to read; whereupon the Rev. Mr. Parkinson, of the Church of England, came in. I paused in my reading, and being introduced to this brother, invited him to join with us in worship. He declined, remarking, "This is one of my families." As his remark seemed to be an insinuation that I was intruding, I said to him that the lady of the house had been to my meetings repeatedly, and had requested baptism, and I had called to see her. Mr. Parkinson declared the lady had been baptized. She promptly replied that she had been baptized in her infancy, but she was not satisfied. Then came a positive declaration from the parson that "Infant baptism is valid." Regarding that as a challenge for me, I asked him to show me from the New Testament his authority that infant baptism is scriptural. He produced several passages, and I showed him that they certainly did not give the needed authority. Then he challenged me to prove immersion from the New Testament, and this was done at least to my own satisfaction. It was interesting to see the parson in "holy orders" and the humble Baptist evangelist, the latter with the Bible in his hand, looking each other in the face. The discussion took more than half an hour. The entire conversation need not be rehearsed, but it may be conjectured this brother got considerable enlightenment on Baptist principles that day. At my suggestion we all united in prayer; then, after bidding the family good-bye, we

walked down the street together in friendly chat and separated with a cordial farewell.

This unusual experience is mentioned to indicate that Christians may talk over their differences of opinion on religious matters, and close their discussions by prayer, and part in friendship.

In March 1884, I started for Guysborough County. On nearing Isaac's Harbor, by coach, I was met by bleak east winds that proved too rigorous and piercing for me, the result being that I was prostrated with a terrible cold with loss of voice, which entirely disabled me for about two weeks. My other sufferings were aggravated by excruciating toothache. During this severe affliction I enjoyed the hospitality of Capt. Whitfield Giffin and his wife. In my painful troubles they tenderly did all in their power to contribute to my relief. [It was my sad privilege about twelve years later to visit Mrs. Giffin in her last illness, and see her peacefully resigned to the divine will.] On recovering my health I began special services that were attended with remarkable manifestations of God's power. This revival was one of the most delightful I ever witnessed. I have vivid recollections of the multitudes that eagerly attended our evening services. At about seven o'clock in the evening from up and down the harbor on the west side, numbers were gathering. From six or seven points on the east side, as many whalers were starting, laden with human freight, singing as they

came, and all meeting in front of the grand old sanctuary on the hill. The sight was inspiring. In almost every meeting the converting power of God was manifested and the congregations would retire with the sweet consciousness that they had felt the Spirit's subduing influence. During my meetings in Isaac's Harbor, a "Banker" appeared in the harbor with her flag "half mast," indicative of trouble. About sunset, one of the crew came to my lodging, saying, "There is a very sick man on board, and he wants to see a minister." Having been labouring under severe physical troubles all day it was mutually agreed that it would be impracticable for me to respond. But we said, "Go for Deacon Edward Giffin. He is a very gifted and godly man." The messenger went, but soon returned with the deacon, who said, "The young man is dying of diphtheria in its worst form and my family are unwilling to have me go." I then resolved to wrap up well and make the attempt. On reaching the banker we entered the cabin where were the captain and the doctor and the dying young man. I read John 3:14, 15, 16 and endeavored to make the Gospel message as plain as possible. The word seemed wonderfully precious. Upon his requesting me to pray for him we all knelt. The young man got out from his berth and knelt beside me, and we humbly sought God's mercy. On arising he told me, tearfully, that he could trust Jesus, and re-

quested me, if he should be living in the morning, to come and see him again. Though in a strangling condition he went on deck, and as we were moving away from the vessel we heard his pitiful moans and cries. Through mercy I reached my lodgings without injury. An hour later another messenger came to inform me that the young man was dead, and to request me to attend his funeral next day. I shall ever feel grateful that I resolved to overcome very serious difficulties and make that visit.

I lingered along the Atlantic Coast four months, extending my work to Port Hillford, Port Beckerton, Fisherman's Harbour, Seal Harbour, New Harbour and Tor Bay, making Isaac's Harbour my base of operations. During that time nearly one hundred persons were baptized. At Port Hillford one of the converts was an Esquimaux Indian. He had been brought from Labrador to this country by Capt. McConnell, and having heard the Gospel had gladly become a Christian. At Fisherman's Harbour I baptized the first converts ever baptized there, and opened the way for the establishment of a church. At Seal Harbour there had been a church planted under the labors of the late Rev. Manson Bigelow, but it had for many years been inactive. We had an extensive revival, resulting in a resuscitation of the church and many baptisms, so that now we have at Seal Harbour a prosperous band of Christian

workers, and the brethren have lately rejoiced over the completion of a neat and commodious house of worship.

My first visit to New Harbour occurred in this way: Tidings of the good work at Isaac's Harbour had reached New Harbour, and the Macedonian cry from the people there, "Come over and help us," was frequently heard. I arranged to visit them on a Sabbath evening after baptizing and preaching at Seal Harbour. We went in a whaler. The seas were rolling high and the fog was dense. I soon became very sea-sick, and as the trip was much more tedious than anticipated I became afraid that our helmsman had made some mistake in his course. But in due time the fog lifted and New Harbour began to appear. The shores were lined with people eagerly looking for the coming of the missionary. On landing we scrambled up the high bank and made our way to the place appointed for worship. The hour for meeting had fully come, and there was no time for supper, and, on my part, no appetite for it, and so we began our service at once. A great number of eager listeners filled the place, and as I looked into their anxious faces my sea sickness was forgotten, and before the close of my first service at New Harbour there were indications of the Lord's coming in great power to bless the people there. On the next Lord's day I baptized twelve, most of whom were heads of families. The Rev. Mr. Purvis, Methodist minister, had his

regular appointment that day, so that we arranged for union services. Brother Purvis came with me down to the water side and saw me baptize, and I went with him to his service in the afternoon and saw him pour water upon the head of one woman. In the evening, at the close of an inspiring meeting, the twelve were welcomed. During the following week the meetings increased in power. Many were brought to Christ and made their profession of faith in His name, and a fine addition was made to the church. Six years ago I made a second visit to New Harbour and baptized a good many, and rejoiced to find the Baptist church there developing into quite a strong body. In that last visit a Baptist Young People's Union was organized, which has become a powerful factor for good.

New Harbour, with Seal Harbour and Tor Bay, constitute a pleasant and hopeful pastorate, and deserve the fostering care of our Home Mission Board.

My last Lord's day, during this tour, was a busy and eventful one. I began the day at Isaac's Harbour with a baptism, followed by a sermon, the giving of the hand of fellowship, the observance of the Lord's Supper, and an affectionate farewell. After taking a hasty meal we got into a whale boat and started for Seal Harbour, and there in the afternoon went through exactly the same process. At the close of the afternoon service we found the wind blowing a gale, so that it was im-

possible to proceed to my next appointment at New Harbour, eight miles distant, by whaler, and as there was then no carriage road I was compelled to walk there. On reaching New Harbour I found the people assembled in large numbers in their place of worship waiting anxiously for my arrival. After a few minutes rest I proceeded to baptize the six candidates in readiness and then preached, gave the hand of fellowship, observed the Lord's Supper, said farewell, and then proceeded to cross the river to my lodgings at 11 o'clock at night, pretty well tired out. That was indeed a busy and eventful day. In company with Deacon Cunningham I proceeded the next day to Guysborough, and thence to New Glasgow.

On Sabbath morning, July 5, 1884, while speaking to the people of New Glasgow, the preacher was stricken with paralysis and compelled to sit down in the midst of his sermon. The next day he started for home paralyzed in his brain and the right side of his body. For six months he was unable to preach, but was wonderfully sustained by God's presence and grace in his terrible affliction. Through the mercy of God, and in answer to prayer, he was raised up again and enabled to resume his loved work of preaching Christ.

The Baptist Convention of the Maritime Provinces met that year, 1884, in Moncton, N. B., and upon the brethren hearing of my dangerous prostration, they paused in their

work, and offered special prayer in my behalf, My prospects of recovery, humanly speaking, had been exceedingly poor, but about the time special prayer was being offered for me by the great body of devout worshippers, my symptoms took a favorable turn. In this case God certainly answered prayer by adding His blessing to good medical treatment, and the most judicious and faithful care of my beloved wife.

Early in the following year, after having sufficiently recovered my strength to permit me to engage again in active work, I yielded to the request of Rev. E. T. Miller to assist him in special services on his large field in Colchester County, N. S., particularly at Meagher's Grant, one of his preaching stations. We reached our destination on a Friday evening about the beginning of 1885. Our meeting that evening was held in the school house, and proved to be of much more than ordinary interest. Brother Miller, feeling encouraged by the gracious manifestation of the Spirit, thought it wise to make an announcement for a special service for the next afternoon. On our reaching the school house, however, to meet our engagement, we found a notice on the door, signed by three trustees of the school, forbidding our having any further services there. Quite a number of people were gathering, and some were so indignant that they proposed to enter and have our meeting regardless of the order of the trustees; but the ministers took the

ground that the trustees were the legal custodians of the school property, and we should be law-abiding.

One of the company, whose wife was a Baptist, said, "You are welcome to come to my dwelling and hold your meeting." We at once accepted his invitation and repaired to his house. Brother Miller was feeling very badly. He had been excluded from the meeting houses of the place and now had been turned out of the school house. This seemed trying, as his purpose in these self-denying labours was to benefit the people, and not to do them harm. He wished me to preside at the afternoon meeting. After addresses by the ministers, we invited all present, who were trusting in Christ, to testify for Him, and several responded. As the purpose of the trustees in expelling us from the school house was evidently to stop further Baptist meetings in that community, we took occasion to ask all present, who sympathized with Baptist principles and would like to see them established there, to arise. About twenty promptly responded, and two strong men, including the gentleman who had invited us to come and worship in his dwelling, expressed their wish to be baptized. We accordingly made arrangements for baptizing on Sabbath morning at ten o'clock and for preaching at eleven, and both the baptism and the service that followed were especially encouraging. At the close of these services it was, at my sug-

gestion, mutually agreed that I return to Wittenburg and take brother Miller's work, and he remain at Meagher's Grant and do what he could to promote the good work which had evidently commenced there. On the Monday after we parted he proposed to hold union services with a brother minister, representing a denomination who emphasize the importance of Christian union, but his proposal was declined. He then went on holding meetings every evening at the private dwelling above referred to. On Saturday five converts were ready for baptism, and on the following Lord's day morning they were baptized. While the multitude were coming away from the place of baptizing, a man stepped out from the assembly and declared, vociferously, that there should be no more such baptisms in Meagher's Grant. Whereupon an old boxer of seventy years, who had been noted in his day for his physical prowess, finding his fighting proclivities reviving, stepped forward and declared that Mr. Miller should baptize whenever he pleased.

Meanwhile, brother Miller and his little company of Baptists pressed their way, meekly and quietly, to their morning service, not especially flattered by the famous old boxer's advocacy of their cause.

About ten years later I visited Meagher's Grant again and found a neat and comfortable Baptist meeting house and a courageous company of Baptists.

During the winter and spring of 1885, I did some useful work in Lower Stewiacke and Brookfield, Colchester County, N. S. There were conversions, but my health was not sufficiently vigorous to allow me to baptize. One of the results of my visit to these places was an arrangement to unite in calling and supporting a pastor. At Upper Stewiacke I was glad to meet again my esteemed brother, the late Rev. Obed Chute, whom I always regarded as a guileless, consecrated man of God, and possessed of more than ordinary intelligence.

Later I found myself toiling along the Atlantic coast, in the counties of Halifax and Guysborough. In *Ecum Secum*, Moser River and Quoddy, it was my privilege to baptize a good many and thus gather material for the organization of the Baptist church there. On the last Sabbath spent in Moser River during this visit, four heads of families were to be baptized, and a fine orderly assembly came down to the waterside to witness the strange sight—the first immersion they had ever witnessed. On enquiring for a Hymn Book a lady brought me an old, well-worn "Collection of Hymns," and turning to "Jesus, and shall it ever be," asked me if that hymn would suit, and I answered "Yes, grandly," and we sang it through even to the last stanza :

" His institutions would I prize,
Take up my cross, the shame despise ;
Dare to defend His noble cause,
And yield obedience to His laws."

That last stanza in the original hymn has been eliminated in our recent Hymnals, and this seems unfortunate, as it is one of the best in this fine hymn. After reading the scriptures carefully, showing our direction for the administration of the ordinance, and prayer for the divine blessing, the baptism took place. We then repaired to the Presbyterian church, kindly placed at our service. After preaching to about three hundred people I gave to those just baptized the hand of fellowship in behalf of the forty thousand Baptists I at that time represented. When I had bidden an affectionate farewell, and was moving down the aisle, a lady came to me and said, "I want to be baptized before you leave. I did not see my way clear to go forward with the others this morning, but I see my way clear now." I informed her that we had an appointment in the afternoon at Harrigan Cove, and in the evening at Quoddy, and that we would arrange for a service there the next morning and then baptize her, if she should satisfy us that she was truly converted. The next morning at ten o'clock she was at the place, having walked seven miles, carrying her change of clothing. She satisfied me as to her faith in Jesus. Meanwhile, two others had decided to follow Christ, so we had three candidates for the ordinance that morning. This woman was very happy, and came up from her baptism singing joyfully of the Saviour's love.

Some seven or eight years later on, visiting those places again, I found a Baptist church, owning a neat little place of worship at Moser River and another at Ecum Secum, and extending their work from Quoddy to Liscomb. It is hoped that under the fostering care of our Home Mission Board this church may increase in numbers and piety. They have an important sphere.

During this visit the General Missionary was reminded of a somewhat amusing incident connected with his first visit to these communities. On a drizzly disagreeable morning in November, 1873, after crossing the Liscomb River en route for Halifax by private conveyance, he met the resident clergyman, and feeling lonely and desiring a conversation with a brother in the ministry, he reined up his horse for a friendly chat. In the brief interview that followed the missionary after enquiring of his clerical brother concerning the difficulties of his extensive and arduous field, and the relative proportion of the population of the Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Methodist, and Roman Catholic denominations of the place, in a semi-indifferent tone, enquired as to the number of Baptists in Liscomb, and received as an answer, "Thank God, there is not one." Wishing him Godspeed in his work, the missionary pursued his onward journey with mingled emotions of sadness and hope. He was sad in view of the prejudice thus manifested against this sect "everywhere

spoken against," and hopeful that the time might speedily come when the righteous soul of this good brother might be greatly vexed over the establishment of Baptist principles along these rugged shores of the Atlantic, in Guysborough and Halifax counties, believing these principles to be in harmony with the teachings of God's Word, and a blessing to those who embrace and practise them.

CHAPTER VII

I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me. Gal. 2: 20.

FROM OCTOBER, 1885, TO MARCH, 1889

In the fall of 1885 I made a somewhat noteworthy visit to the northern portions of New Brunswick. I first visited the familiar scenes of my early ministry on the Miramichi River, in Northumberland county, N. B., and baptized large numbers at North Esk and Little South West, while assisting brother Stackhouse, now Rev. Thomas J. Stackhouse, A.M., Superintendent of Baptist Missions in the Great North West, who was then beginning his ministry and giving promise of becoming a successful soul winner. I next went further north and soon found myself in the midst of abundant and much needed work in Campbellton and vicinity, in the County of Restigouche.

Campbellton is a stirring little railroad town at the head of Bay de Chaleur. The scenery here, as well as in adjacent settlements is bold and beautiful. The Restigouche River which empties into the Bay near Campbellton is famous as a resort for sportsmen, especially those in search of salmon. I found a few Baptists in the town, including our ex-

cellent brother, J. E. Price, District Superintendent of the Intercolonial Railway. I also found a few Baptists up the river, among whom was my esteemed brother Steeves, formerly of Hillsboro, N. B. I held special services up the Restigouche River, at Moore Settlement, Deeside, and Upsalquitch, on the Quebec side, and Flat Lands, on the New Brunswick side. In all these places, as well as in the town, God gave me favor with the people, and much good was accomplished. After we had been at work about three weeks, and had several baptisms, we resolved, after careful consultation, to organize a Baptist church in the town, to be known as the Campbellton Baptist Church. We could not call a council to advise us in the matter, owing to the remoteness of the nearest Baptist church, and looking for guidance to the Great Source of Wisdom, we resolved to proceed. Accordingly, in November 1885, we met in Patterson's hall to carry out this purpose. We had a fine congregation who listened very attentively to the Gospel message. After the sermon and explanation and enquiries we read the Baptist Articles of Faith and Practice, and invited those who could subscribe thereto and desired organization to arise while the Covenant was read and prayer was offered. There were twenty constituent members, including those baptized after my arrival. After making announcements we dismissed the audience, asking the members of the new church, and those wishing to become members, to remain

to complete the organization. We then elected deacons, clerk, and trustees, and received two for baptism. On the first Sabbath after the organization three persons, all prominent citizens of the town, were baptized in the presence of about a thousand people, and the impression was salutary and powerful.

In the course of the meetings, a lady of high social standing requested baptism. She had belonged to another communion and her friends advised her to pause, as she would surely endanger her health by going into the water. They also remonstrated with her husband, and intimated that he should prevent his wife taking a step that would imperil her life. Whereupon the husband came to me to ask if I knew of any, whom I had baptized, taking cold in their baptism, and I answered, "No," and then he continued: "Did you ever hear of anyone taking cold in their baptism?" and I answered "Yes—Father T. S. Harding told me that he had baptized a thousand people and he never knew of but one taking cold, and she was a hypocrite." "All right, said the husband, "My wife is no hypocrite," and she joyfully made her profession without the slightest bodily harm.

At Moore Settlement, up the Restigouche River, on a Lord's day morning, we had a baptism of especial interest. There was a considerable number of candidates, one of whom was a railroad official, a noble man,

large in body and in soul. As we walked together down into the river, pushing the ice from before us, he said, "The Lord is with us, my brother," and He evidently was, for while there was outward discomfort, these candidates had much inward joy from the consciousness of God's presence.

I lingered in Campbellton until the membership of the newly-formed church was doubled, arrangements made for the erection of a handsome house of worship and the calling of a pastor. Rev. W. C. Vincent, now of Winnipeg, Man., was the first pastor, and his ministry resulted in large additions. The church is now prospering under the ministry of Rev. J. W. Keirstead, and is filling an important sphere in northern New Brunswick.

A few weeks after my return home a valuable fur coat was forwarded to me by express as a present from kind friends in Campbellton. In a note accompanying the parcel the writer said, "Be assured the warmth this coat affords you is not greater than that which the donors feel towards yourself." Later, while in the midst of an extensive revival in Middleboro, Cumberland County, the recipient, in grateful acknowledgment of this magnificent gift, wrote: "John the Baptist came preaching in the wilderness of Judea, clothed in camel's hair, and great multitudes waited upon his ministry, and many were baptized by him in the River of Jordan. Now, Wallace the Baptist comes into the quiet settlements of Middleboro,

clothed in a comfortable fur coat presented by the dear people of Campbellton, and large numbers attend his ministry, and many are being baptized by him in the beautiful river that flows down through this country."

Early in the winter of 1886, a somewhat remarkable work of grace was enjoyed in Smith's Cove, Digby Co. The Baptist church was pastorless, but union services were being held in the Baptist, Methodist, and Advent churches in turn. In God's providence I came into the neighborhood and was asked to unite in the work, and the Lord made my visit very timely, and the means of much good. The Baptist church was strengthened by a large addition to membership. During the progress of these meetings, on an extremely cold Sabbath morning, we were baptizing a large number of candidates at the Cove, and when we were about through with the service, the Advent minister, the Rev. Mr. Tozer, came and told me to baptize two young men for him, as his health was hardly equal to the task. I at once complied with his request without conscientious scruples, although by this act my orthodoxy might, by some, be called in question. It has been a gratification to me to learn that brother Tozer is now a pastor of a regular Baptist church. In the afternoon of the same day I saw the Methodist minister, the Rev. Mr. Hertz, pour water upon the heads of two or three persons, and it occurred to me, most forcibly, that if this be

baptism, I was inexcusably stupid to expose myself as I did in the morning.

Immediately after closing my work at Smith's Cove I proceeded to Middleboro and Pugwash, in Cumberland County, where I remained several weeks, and rejoiced in an extensive religious awakening which resulted in the addition to the churches of nearly one hundred persons. Among the converts in Pugwash was brother Fred Clay, who afterwards gave himself to the work of the Christian ministry, and is now an ordained pastor in the State of Maine.

We found the church in Middleboro in a weak and scattered condition, but we had not held very many services before the scene was greatly changed. I preached one evening from John 3:7. Regeneration was our theme, its Nature, Importance, and Evidences. Soon the great power of God was manifest. In his discourse the preacher had emphasized the fact that regeneration is divine in its source, and it seemed as if the divine power was manifest, swaying the minds and hearts of the people and producing conviction of sin and faith in the atoning blood. In that memorable service many were "born again." Toward the close of these services, which extended over several weeks, after preaching and baptizing in Pugwash, I was making my way on a bright, beautiful spring-time afternoon, up to my appointment at Middleboro, when I met the Methodist minister, who looked exceedingly pleased. He had just

received into his fold fourteen persons belonging to the Methodist families who had been brought to Christ in my meetings. Further on, he met members of his congregation, and reined up his horse to ask whither they were going, and when he learned they were going to witness the baptism of twenty-five converts by Mr. Wallace, he said, "Go on, he is doing good." This testimony gave me especial gratification. Very frequently in my evangelistic services the good accomplished has not been confined to the Baptist denomination.

Middleboro is the birthplace of the Rev. J. B. Woodland, now of Lockeport, N. S. His brother, the late Deacon Patrick Woodland, was one of my best helpers during this noteworthy visit.

In April 1886 I made a visit to the prosperous town of Bridgewater, a brief reference to which may merit a place in these notes. Here I had the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with my life-long friend, Rev. S. March, under whose ministry the Bridgewater Baptist Church has made such rapid progress. He was then confining his labors to the important out-stations of the church, and it was mutually agreed during my visit that the brethren in town make a grand effort and support a second minister. The seal of God's blessing has been placed upon this arrangement, for brother March has been much encouraged in building up the cause in the surrounding settlements, and the brethren and sisters in town have developed into a strong

church. I lingered in Bridgewater several weeks and baptized in the beautiful waters of the LaHave River a considerable number of converts, among whom was a brother of the Rev. J. W. Manning, D. D. I left the church greatly encouraged.

As the necessity for a vacation for the General Missionary was not yet thought of, he spent several weeks of the summer of 1886 in caring for a cluster of small churches in Cumberland County, known as the Greenville group, viz., Greenville, Millvale, Williamsvale and Westchester. At all these places we had special services and baptisms. At Greenville, on a Sabbath afternoon, there was a very unusual occurrence, viz., the baptism of two aged women, both over seventy years of age. They were very happy in yielding obedience, although at a late hour, to the command of their Lord. A good many were baptized at Millvale, and arrangements were made during my visit for the erection of the Baptist meeting house in which they now worship. While in Millvale I enjoyed the hospitality of my venerable friend, Deacon John Purdy and his good wife, and will ever remember their kindness. They helped me much.

During this visit I had an experience that I am thankful has no parallel in all my history. A certain man who had been a Baptist and excluded, and then a Methodist, and I believe excluded again, intimated to me a desire to come back to the Baptists. As the

feeling for his return was not hearty, we hesitated. He then conceived the idea of circulating a report derogatory to my moral character. This report flew like the wind. The deacon told me of it; and, as I have always contended that ministers above all others should be jealous of their reputation, I took the deacon and started in search of this man. On finding him and threatening to punish him with a legal process unless he should retract, he said he meant another minister bearing the name of Wallace, and not me. He professed to be very sorry, and promised in the presence of the deacon to retract as far as possible his evil report.

In January, 1887, I made an extensive evangelistic campaign in the County of Shelburne, holding special services in Shelburne, Sandpoint, Jordan Bay, Jordan River, Osbourne, Sable River and Lewis Head. In all these places rich spiritual blessings rested upon my labours and many were turned to the Lord. The second Sabbath in April of that year was an especially busy day, a specimen of many Sabbaths spent in Shelburne County. We began in the morning at Sand Point with an impressive baptism of quite a large number of candidates, followed by the preaching of the Gospel, and the giving of the hand of fellowship. At Shelburne in the afternoon four persons were baptized in the presence of nearly the whole population of the town. I then preached to a densely packed congregation, received a number of

members and administered the Lord's supper. In the evening I closed this busy day with a solemn service at Jordan River, pretty well exhausted by these services, but greatly cheered in the Lord's work.

At Osbourne a very powerful work of grace was enjoyed, in which a large number of young people were led to embrace the Saviour. Two of these afterwards became preachers of the Gospel, viz., Rev. Harold Giffin, of Weymouth, N. S., and Rev. Irad Hardy, of Canton, Mass.

During my protracted labors in Shelburne Co., extending over three and a half months, I was permitted to witness great displays of the divine goodness and mercy, and to welcome into the fellowship of our churches there nearly one hundred persons, besides rejoicing over the hopeful conversion of many others who had not as yet made their profession of faith. Many of the converts were seafaring young men, and it is said there was a great change in the character of many of the crews that went from Shelburne County to the Grand Banks that spring. In some cases the entire company, including the captain, had become praying men and their vessels were floating Bethels.

The month of November 1887 was spent in Fairville, N. B. Somewhat serious troubles had arisen in the church, causing somewhat serious alienation, and I was invited to come and help the pastorless church over an apparently hard place. During the month

we rejoiced in the removal of these difficulties and in the addition to the church of fifteen members. Arrangements, too, were made for the immediate settlement of Rev. C. H. Martell as pastor of the church. I may mention this incident in connection with my work in Fairville as suggestive to pastors and others who may have church debts that are hindering the progress of the Lord's work. It was a wild stormy night, and we decided to have no meeting. I was enjoying the hospitality of Deacon Charles P. Baker, and after tea I proposed to the deacon, that we spend the evening in paying off the thousand dollar debt that was hanging over the church and greatly hindering progress. A parsonage was needed but could not be built with this debt standing in the way. We drew up a paper calling the thousand dollars so much stock, divided it into shares of ten dollars each, and placed it on the market, promising splendid dividends in blessings that would come upon the cheerful giver. The shares were to be taken conditionally upon the whole amount being subscribed, and were payable in or before the following September. The deacon said promptly "I'll take ten shares"; his son Charles, the popular Superintendent of the Sabbath school, said "I'll take two shares," and Deacon Farris said "I'll take four shares." Next day the General Missionary and the deacon's wife were provided with a fine team and started on a canvass to get stock taken. Everybody received us kindly

and before night the greater part of the debt was provided for and a few days later it disappeared altogether. The parsonage has since been built and the church has had a prosperous career.

In the winter of 1888 I held a series of meetings at Pubnico, N. S., upon which the seal of God's blessing was placed in a marked manner. I had spent a few days there, but while the meetings were very solemn, there were no very special indications of the Spirit's renewing power. On Sabbath morning after preaching a solemn discourse I bade farewell to Pubnico and proceeded to Argyle Head for a service in the afternoon, intending to begin meetings there. In the afternoon service two young men, one a son of the late Rev. W. H. Richan, came to me as a deputation from the young people of Pubnico, requesting me to return and continue my efforts for their welfare. I could not refuse, and so changed my plans and went back and rejoiced in a mighty work of grace. Many were converted and baptized and the church was greatly strengthened. The Free Baptist Church at Pubnico, too, received a considerable addition to their membership as a result of this gracious visitation.

On closing my work at Pubnico I proceeded to Argyle Sound for one week's work. Knowing my time there must be brief, and wishing to do all in my power, I held three services a day with increasing manifestations of God's presence. When the conference

came on Saturday twenty-nine offered for baptism. I next proceeded to Argyle Head, and lingered a few days and rejoiced over a number of conversions and baptisms. Here pleasant memories were revived, as here about sixteen years before I witnessed a very extensive revival. In this second visit, however, I was saddened by the fact that many who had helped me in my first visit had since been swept away by death's relentless hand. This sadness, however, was lessened by the belief that those whom I missed so much were with their Saviour in Heaven, engaged in a higher service.

Soon after leaving those thrifty settlements along the Atlantic coast I found myself busily engaged in seeking to promote the work of the Lord at Apple River, a somewhat prosperous lumbering community in Cumberland County, N. S. My esteemed young brother, W. H. Jenkins, a licentiate and a student in Acadia College, was at work here and his ministry was accompanied with God's blessing. My co-operation with him was very enjoyable, and our united efforts gave a fresh impetus to the work. Many strong men bowed to Christ and became obedient to the faith of the Gospel, and a fine addition was made to the ranks of Zion. Later I made a second visit to Apple River, baptized a good many more and assisted in the organization of a church with sixty constituent members, to be known as "the Apple River Baptist Church."

In the prosecution of my general missionary work in various sections of these Provinces, I was often greatly perplexed by the difficulty of securing missionary pastors. It was my privilege, frequently, to plant churches and otherwise open the way for the settlement of ministers, and then place the requirements of the fields before our Home Missionary Board, who were often at their wits' end to find suitable supplies.

Under these circumstances the following brief article was written while at Apple River and published in the Messenger and Visitor, and special prayer accordingly requested. The necessity may not be so urgent now as it was then, but still it is thought the publication of this appeal may be useful :

APPEAL FOR PRAYER

ACCORDING TO LUKE 10 : 2.

While attending one of the morning prayer meetings during our late Convention at Wolfville, I made request that special prayer be offered in accordance with Luke 10 : 2, that the Lord of the harvest would, in His abundant mercy, raise up more faithful ministers among us. So deeply is the necessity for more laborers impressed upon my mind, that I now resolve to make my request through the widely circulated columns of the "Messenger and Visitor." Presently our churches will be requested to offer special prayer for our institutions of learning. Shall we not on the day of prayer for colleges, and continuously, offer believing supplication to our bountiful Father and Saviour that He may raise up, from the ranks of our young men, more faithful laborers? Surely now, as in the days of our Lord, the harvest is great and the laborers few. As illustrative of this, I

need only state the fact that there are now twenty-five or more important fields, with fine prospects for soul-saving and enlargement, vacant in the Maritime Provinces alone. These vacant churches and fields are calling loudly for ministers, but available men are not to be found. It is true we have a fine class of promising young brethren, who have the ministry in view, and some of them have already proved themselves to be successful laborers in the Lord's vineyard. But many more must enter the list of ministerial students before we may reasonably hope to see the supply equal to the demand. Shall I not then entreat my brethren to offer earnest prayer in harmony with the Saviour's directions? He will honor our faith. Some, it may be, have been looking to our institutions of learning for the needed supply. This may be well to a certain extent, but we must look higher. If we look to academies, colleges, or theological seminaries only, we may have, as the result, a feeble supply who can be of but little service. If, however, we look to the great Lord of the harvest, He will honor our faith by giving us strong men who will prove an unspeakable blessing to us. Having sent up our earnest cry to the Lord of the harvest, we should then give all the encouragement in our power to help those who may give evidence of a divine call, in procuring a suitable training for their life work. And while we look to the Lord in our great necessity, let us, at the same time, encourage our gifted and pious young brethren to think seriously of the claims of the Christian ministry, in deciding as to their future course. The gospel ministry gives scope for, and demands, the power of the most talented of our young men.

Having humbly made this earnest request, I beg to suggest to my brethren in the ministry, and to our churches, the importance of giving ourselves afresh to the vast work before us. The harvest is great. The fields are white. Souls are perishing. Time is passing.

The judgment hastens. Faithful, unselfish, consecrated effort to rescue the perishing and advance in every possible way the Redeemer's Kingdom, will not fail of gracious results. Our blessed Lord assures us that His Word shall not return void. Let us then go forth weeping, bearing precious seed. May this be a year of the right hand of the Most High in all our churches and mission fields!

ISA. WALLACE.

Apple River, N. S., Oct. 24.

In the Spring of 1888, I spent some time with the Weymouth Baptist church, and during our services numbers were added and the grievances of the church removed. In one of our services there twenty-seven penitents came to the front seats for prayer. After the leader of the meeting had offered prayer for them, they began to pray for themselves, and before we had arisen from our knees twenty of them had prayed aloud for mercy and ere long were happy in a new-born hope. That was indeed a memorable service.

On the following Lord's Day, which was Easter, twenty candidates were baptized in the beautiful cove at the Point, and the good work advanced gloriously.

I next went for two weeks to the aid of Rev. E. J. Grant, pastor of the Dartmouth Baptist church, and our united efforts resulted in a good measure of spiritual awakening. The church was considerably revived and rejoiced over a number of conversions. My acquaintance with brother Grant was pleasant, and he impressed me as a good man and one possessed of more than ordinary mental power. The

church made gratifying progress under his ministry. It was very refreshing to me, as well as to many others, to have our late worthy brother Judge J. W. Johnstone with us in our services, to hear his humble and convincing testimonies for Christ, and to see him throw the weight of his strong influence in favor of the church.

In the same Spring, in May, a memorable visit was made to Cape Breton. At Fourchie and Gabarus much blessing accompanied my labors. At each of these places after baptizing considerable numbers we organized a Baptist church, and made arrangements for the erection of a place of worship. Both churches have now neat and comfortable meeting houses, and both are rendering effective service.

As I entered the village of Fourchie accompanied by brother Huntington, a lady came out of her home and hailed Mr. Huntington, whom she knew, and asked, "Has the preacher come?" We thought this indicative of good. I spoke at my first meeting to a large congregation, gathered in a private dwelling, which was really five congregations, for the five rooms of the dwelling were all filled. Meanwhile one of the brothers who owned an old unoccupied dwelling-house, about twenty by thirty feet in size, knocked out the partitions, and arranged a platform for the preacher, and seats for the audience, and so extemporized a meeting house, which rendered excellent service. Here I lingered for a week or two,

addressing about a hundred people every evening with increasing interest. I then gave a sermon on "The subjects and mode of Christian Baptism," founding my discourse on Act 8:35-40, and asked all present who could say from the heart "I believe that Jesus Christ is the son of God," and who desired to be baptized, to arise. About twenty responded, and the next day were baptized. They went down into the river praising God, and after their baptism came up therefrom clapping their hands and declaring their great joy in Christ. That evening I preached on Acts 2:41-47, and organized a Baptist church with thirty-six constituent members. A week or two later I did similar service at Gabarus. Here on a Sabbath afternoon while reading the Scriptures at the water side, showing our authority and direction for baptism, a man in the audience kindly asked me to explain what baptism means. Does it mean Regeneration, or Salvation, or what? Whereupon I turned to 1 Peter 3:21, and showed that it is "not the putting away of the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience." Shortly afterwards we organized a happy little church at Gabarus that has since grown into a strong force of Christian workers. The man who asked the question regarding the meaning of baptism was made one of the deacons.

The following extract from a letter by the clerk of the newly-formed church at Fourchie, published at the time in the "Messenger and Visitor," although partially anticipated by

what has just been written, is worthy of a place in this sketch. Brother F. J. Bradshaw, who accompanied me to Gabarus, is now a missionary in China. His youthful ministry in these parts was greatly blessed of God.

Early in May Rev. Isaiah Wallace, general missionary of the Baptist Home Mission Board, visited us and held special services, with gracious results. His visit seemed remarkably well-timed. On May 10th he baptized eighteen persons. On the evening of that day he organized a Baptist church. The following was the order of the exercises: 1, After preliminary services, a sermon was preached on the "Apostolic church"; 2, the giving of the hand of fellowship to the eighteen just baptized, in view of the contemplated organization; 3, the reading of the articles of faith and practice; 4, the assent thereto, and the desire to be voluntarily and understandingly embodied and organized into a Baptist church, manifested by rising while the covenant was read (thirty-six were embodied as constituent members—eighteen previously baptized and the eighteen just baptized and welcomed); 5, prayer; 6, the election of officers: Brethren Wm. Severance, jun., and Alex. Cann were chosen deacons, Bro. Wallace McDonald clerk, and Brethren John Severance, John Reyfuse and Henry Cann trustees. On the following evening, at half-past six, a public meeting was held to consider the propriety of erecting a Baptist meeting house in Fourche, and it was unanimously concluded that the time had come "to arise and build." Resolutions were accordingly passed, and a vigorous building committee appointed. Bro. John Reyfuse has donated to the church a most desirable site, which has been gratefully accepted. A subscription was opened on the spot, and more than \$300 pledged toward the building fund. Your generous readers have here a fine chance for investment. The work is to be pushed

on promptly. On the Lord's Day, May 13, four more were baptized and added to our number. The Lord's Supper was then observed by the church for the first time. Of the 22 recently baptized, 21 were sprinkled in their infancy, and 18 were heads of families. Bro. Wallace, whose visit has been a great blessing to us, and for which we feel exceedingly grateful to our H. M. Board, will remain with us until Wednesday, and then proceed to Gabarouse. He will be accompanied by Bro. Bradshaw, who returned to us on the Sabbath, and greatly gladdened our hearts by his coming. We humbly ask the prayers of your readers, that we may as a church be "steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

WALLACE McDONALD,
Church Clerk.

The following communication in the "Messenger and Visitor," dated January 3, 1889, indicates that the year 1888 was a busy one, and it is introduced here to give the reader a somewhat definite conception of the work done annually during my engagement with the Home Mission Board, which closed at the end of 1893:

REVIEW OF WORK IN 1888.

As the number of my acquaintances and friends among the readers of the "Messenger and Visitor" is very large, and as I had but little time for correspondence, it may be gratifying to them if I briefly record to the glory of God's grace, the following facts in connection with my work during the year that has just closed. I have travelled in the interests of Home Missions 3,100 miles; visited and helped for a longer or shorter period thirty churches; preached two hundred and twenty sermons and attended sixty-six other meetings; baptized

one hundred and thirty-four persons; and received by letter, restoration, or experience forty-nine others; organized two new churches with an aggregate membership of sixty-one; administered the Lord's Supper twelve times; made eight hundred and fifty-four family visits; and collected three hundred and eleven dollars and seventy-five cents for Home Missions. Besides the labours thus indicated, I suspended my Home Mission work during July and August and spent those months in the interests of the Jubilee Fund for Acadia College. Bearing in mind that in the discharge of my duties there is much valuable work done that cannot be tabulated, I have much cause for thankfulness to God and increased consecration to his service.

Early in the winter of 1889, several weeks were spent in special services in the town of Newcastle, N. B., and considerable religious awakening was enjoyed, resulting in several additions by baptism. It was especially pleasant to me to revisit those familiar scenes, where in my early ministry it was my privilege to spend two useful years. During this visit I accepted the invitation of my esteemed friend James Somers, Esq., to accompany him to his lumber camps up the branches of the Little South West, Miramichi River. I preached in two of these camps to a congregation of about twenty-five in each camp, and more attentive and respectful audiences I have seldom addressed. This was to me a new and enjoyable experience, though we had a somewhat perilous journey reaching the camps. There had been a sleet storm followed by heavy frost and winds, and as we made our way through the thick woods, under the overhanging branches,

clumps of ice were falling in all directions. Brother Somers informed me afterwards that his companion prayed all the way through the dense forest. By a merciful providence no harm befel us, though we were evidently in much danger. Our heads were divinely shielded, according to Ps. 140 : 7 : "Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle."

In February 1889, I spent a week or two in the smoky town of Springhill, in co-operation with my esteemed brother, Rev. Joseph Murray, A. M., the Baptist pastor there. We had large and attentive audiences and some manifestations of the Spirit's awakening and converting power, but no very general revival. The following letter, having reference to these services, was published in the "Messenger and Visitor":

SPRINGHILL.—We have been holding the fort in Springhill about three years and a half, and, by God's grace, there has been a gradual extending and establishing of the Baptist cause. Hoping for a larger ingathering, we requested the Home Mission Board to permit their general missionary, Rev. Isaiah Wallace, to labor a short time with us. Bro. Wallace came in the fulness of the gospel of peace. He is admirably adapted to the work he has in hand. I think I never heard the gospel, in its many-sidedness, so wisely, tenderly, persuasively and forcibly declared. I sat under its presentation with delight. He was with us about twelve days. The results were not all that we had hoped for. The church has been quickened. Some are anxious, and I trust a few embraced the Saviour. But we cannot see all the seed which has been lodged in good soil, and which, in the future, will produce a harvest. Bro. Wallace learned

during his short stay what I already knew, that while Springhill, with its great business capacity, is one of our most hopeful centres, still the powers of evil are strongly entrenched, and there must be constant and faithful work if we would see God's cause advance. The brethren are very kind and appreciative. Just now business is dull; the mines are not working more than one-third of the time. This makes it difficult for the church to meet all its engagements. Notwithstanding, it has placed its pastor very pleasantly on the sunny side, and strengthened the already strong bond of affection between them.

March 2.

J. MURRAY.

CHAPTER VIII

But I will hope continually, and will yet praise thee more and more. My mouth shall shew forth thy righteousness and thy salvation all the day ; for I know not the numbers thereof. I will go in the strength of the Lord God : I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only.—Ps. 71 : 14-16.

FROM MARCH 1889 TO DECEMBER 1893

Yielding to the pressing call of the Young Men's Christian Association of Acadia College, I spent three or four weeks in March 1889, in special services in Wolfville, chiefly among the students, which resulted in a powerful work of grace. About fifty persons, including several who afterwards became preachers of the Gospel, were baptized. My association with Rev. T. A. Higgins, D. D., the beloved Baptist pastor in Wolfville, as well as with Rev. A. W. Sawyer, D. D., the President of the College, and the Professors, was exceedingly pleasant. They gave me much sympathy and help in my endeavours to be of service to the students. Having been preaching in the country districts of the Provinces, feeling perfectly at home everywhere in my work, it may not be a matter of surprise that I should have felt considerable nervous reserve when called upon to speak before a congregation of teachers and students.

But these good men soon led me, in my efforts to benefit the students, to throw off reserve. It gives me pleasure, too, to state that whether I met them in their own rooms, or in the public assembly, the students invariably treated me with the utmost cordiality. From my recollection of those blessed services held in Acadia College in March 1889, and their grand results, I would as a friend of our Institutions of Learning, advise that similar services be held for the special benefit of the students, as frequently as practicable.

On closing my work in Wolfville I proceeded to Salisbury, N. B. Here I had only moderate success, though we rejoiced in some conversions and additions to the church as the result of my visit. Want of earnestness and co-operation on the part of the church, and probably lack of faith on my own part, may have been the cause of our not enjoying the abundant blessing we hoped for.

Salisbury is the scene of the life's labors and triumphant death of the Rev. Joseph Crandall, one of the pioneer ministers of the Baptist denomination in these Provinces. He seemed more to me than either of the other Fathers. I saw him in my boyhood baptize my mother, and have often been greatly impressed under his eloquent and powerful preaching. I visited his grave in the neatly kept cemetery near the bank of the Petitcodiac River. Inscribed upon the stone that marks his grave are these words :

“With heavenly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord,
Finished my course and kept the faith,
And wait a sure reward.”

Salisbury was the birth-place of my esteemed relative, the late Rev. Dr. Hopper.

In the fall of 1889, while doing home missionary work in the western counties of Prince Edward Island, it was my privilege to spend a few weeks in efforts to strengthen the little pastorless Baptist church at Lot 10, and a brief reference to my visit there may contribute to the interest of these reminiscences. After a week's special services two promising young men, one an officer in the Salvation Army, offered themselves for baptism and membership. Their coming forward gave great encouragement to this feeble band. On the Sabbath morning after their baptism a fine congregation came out to hear what was supposed to be my farewell sermon. After preaching and giving the right hand of fellowship I proceeded to say farewell to the people of Lot 10. Meanwhile a lady in the congregation felt that she could suppress her convictions no longer and began to praise the Lord audibly. In her remarks she told the audience that she had heard the voice of God calling her to “arise and be baptized.” She was a woman of considerable influence in the community, and her testimony made a strong impression. We had made arrangements to preach at a station of the Tyne Valley church in the afternoon and at the Valley in the

evening, and there engage in special work ; but now it seemed evidently my duty to modify my plans and return from Tyne Valley to Lot 10. Consequently we announced additional services at Lot 10. My decision to return was followed by gracious results, as there were a good many impressive baptisms. Soon after my return five candidates were ready for baptism, one of whom was a lady of eighty years. She had belonged to another communion, but her conviction that she ought to be baptized became so strong that she was compelled to yield to the teachings of God's word. She was wonderfully happy in yielding obedience to her Lord's command. When we had baptized those who had been received for the ordinance we quoted Luke 14:22 : " Lord, it is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room," and gave an opportunity for any others to come forward and make their profession. Thereupon a man who had been standing in the rear of the congregation came down to the water's edge and said " What doth hinder me to be baptized?" We listened to his testimony, which was thought to be satisfactory, and baptized him. And then another came pressing into the Kingdom. The man who quoted Acts 8:36 had been a Roman Catholic. His wife some years before had been converted and desired baptism, but he hindered her. Subsequently she sickened and died. Her good Christian life was remembered and sanctified, and the husband as a true penitent,

joyfully submitted to the ordinance of Christ, from which he had debarred his beloved companion. In my closing services at Lot 10 arrangements were made for the completion of their meeting house. It needed plastering and seating. A judicious committee of brethren was appointed to carry forward this work, and when it was suggested that a committee of women was needed to co-operate with the men, it was voted that all the sisters of the neighborhood comprise that committee. The little church at Lot 10 was considerably reinforced by this visit and received a fresh impetus in its work.

In December 1889 I went by invitation to the brisk little manufacturing town of Bass River to help pastor C. H. Haverstock. From the first the divine blessing rested upon our services, and as the meetings progressed the presence and power of the Spirit were increasingly manifest. Many young men entered the divine life in our meetings. About twenty persons were baptized during my stay and joined the Baptist church, and nearly as many others, who had been helped in our meetings and belonged to Presbyterian families, were received into the Presbyterian fold a Sabbath or two after my departure. During these services, on speaking with a young man who had offered himself for baptism, I found his mind somewhat clouded, and as I encouraged him to exercise strong faith in his newly-found Saviour, he remarked that he had been a slave to the

tobacco habit, and since his conversion had stopped using the poison and was feeling the effects of the change; "but," said he, "I will, with God's help, conquer"; and he did. One night in the midst of this good work the pastor became terribly disheartened. It occurred to him that he had been preaching at Bass River for several years sermons that would compare well with any sermons the Evangelist had given the people, but he had seen no such results as now appeared when the stranger came, and hence his depression. I assured him, for his encouragement, that this good work was the answer to his own prayers, and largely the result of his faithful sowing. I found brother Haverstock an earnest, conscientious servant of Christ, and our united efforts resulted in much good. Mrs. Haverstock, too, is a highly gifted Christian worker.

On leaving Bass River I went to Five Islands, and rejoiced in some conversions and baptisms. I was glad to visit Five Islands again, as there, about twelve years before, I enjoyed a revival while co-operating with the Rev. A. E. Ingram, who was then the pastor. Early in the following January I went to assist Rev. W. B. Hinson, of Moncton, N. B. Brother Hinson desired my help more for several out-stations than for the city. At Cherryfield, High Street, and Lewisville we had special services with gratifying results. A good many were converted and baptized during my stay. In the midst of this good

work brother Hinson was seized with a serious illness, and I was then called upon to stand in his place, and to preach to the largest Baptist congregation in the Maritime Provinces. It is said that the audience frequently numbered fifteen hundred. I baptized for him one day eight candidates. It was especially pleasant for me to visit Moncton again, as there in the years 1846 and 1847 I taught in the Academy and enjoyed an extended acquaintance with the people. The Rev. Joseph Crandall was the Baptist pastor in Moncton, and under his ministry the youthful teacher received strong impulses Christward. The change wrought in the last fifty years was marvellous. Fifty years before Moncton was an unimportant little town, known as the Bend; at the time of this visit it was a prosperous city and a great railroad and commercial centre.

About the time brother Hinson's health was sufficiently restored to allow him to resume his work I received a telegram asking me to supply the North Baptist church in Halifax for one month, in view of the serious illness of their pastor, Rev. J. W. Manning; and with the concurrence of the Home Mission Board proceeded to Halifax. It was not a little gratifying to me, to be able thus to help in their affliction brethren who were so much younger than myself. I was glad to make a more intimate acquaintance with the North Baptist church and its beloved pastor. During my visit I conducted the regular

services, held a few extra meetings and rejoiced with the church in some awakening, a few conversions, and an impressive baptism.

In May 1890 I made a somewhat noteworthy visit to Chester, N. S. My principal purpose was to promote harmony. The enemy had come in like a flood and the Baptist church of Chester was in a sadly divided condition. We found here a good opportunity for the prayerful exercise of wise spiritual diplomacy. At length an abiding reconciliation was effected. On the Lord's Day before saying farewell we had a delightful baptism and welcomed rejoicing converts into a united church, and they have since enjoyed considerable prosperity. Chester was the scene of the protracted pastorate of my beloved brother and college class-mate the late Rev. I. J. Skinner. Here, too, one of the honored fathers of the Baptist denomination in these Provinces, Rev. Joseph Dimock, spent the greater part of his long ministry, and here rest his mortal remains.

In connection with this visit I went out to Chester Basin and baptized a number who had been brought to Christ through the efforts of brother J. D. Spidell, who was then beginning his ministry.

In the spring and summer of 1890 I spent several weeks on the Cornwallis Mountain, including Burlington, Harbourville, Victoria, and Fairview. My labours in these places were very exhausting, and I was threatened with a recurrence of my terrible troubles of

1884. Still much good was accomplished. Thirty or forty recent converts were baptized and arrangements made for the settlement of a pastor.

This incident, it seems to me, is worthy of a place in these notes. We had arranged to baptize on a certain Sabbath in the morning in Burlington and in the afternoon in Victoria. There were two young sisters ready for baptism in the morning. We had extemporized a baptistery near the residence of brother Joshua Beardsley, with whom I lodged. On Sabbath morning it was snowing and had been for hours, and it was thought best to defer the baptism here. But at the hour appointed the young ladies came and expressed a strong wish that the baptism should not be deferred. So we proceeded to the baptistery. As it was storming pretty hard we made our service at the water as brief as possible. But the very moment we began all seemed oblivious of the storm. The candidates were calm and happy, and as we retired from the water many said, "What an impressive baptism!" The divine presence seemed especially evident. Before the close of the week a young man came forward as a candidate, and stated that he had received his first convictions of sin at the baptism that morning. We then became convinced that, ordinarily, it is better not to defer doing God's will even though it be stormy.

At Harbourville I baptized several and made arrangements for the erection of a Bap-

tist meeting house in that pleasant village by the Bay of Fundy. Our plans however were not carried out, and this I have greatly regretted. About fifteen years previous to this visit I held special services at Harbourville, that resulted in the conversion and baptism of about forty persons. After closing a very powerful service, one evening in the spring of 1875, we heard, on our way home, what we supposed was the voice of prayer. That was not considered strange, for such was the state of religious feeling in Harbourville, that in the evening, prayer would often be heard in retired places, in the groves and by the shore. On the following morning, however, we learned that what we had taken for the voice of prayer, had been the cry of two young men, who had been attending our meetings and had received special blessing. They had gone out into the Bay to look after their nets, and their boat had been capsized. From the bottom of their overturned boat they had been calling for help. A few days later there was a double funeral, and great sorrow at Burlington and Harbourville in connection with the sad death of young Henry Beardsley and Asa Ogilvie.

In the beginning of 1891 I spent several weeks in St. Martin's, N. B. My health was greatly impaired, and I was able to do only moderate work. The church was pastorless and there was much sickness and an unusual number of funerals. We had a few special services that were accompanied with God's

blessing. The New Brunswick Baptist Seminary was then in full operation under the principalship of Rev. Dr. Hopper. It seemed evidently to be doing a good work, and when a few years later, financial embarrassment led to its suspension, all felt great regret. While in St. Martin's I made frequent visits to Rev. Dr. I. E. Bill, and found him very happy in the consolations of the Gospel he had long preached. He said to me one day, he was like a man in a pleasure boat playing about the mouth of the harbor waiting for a favorable breeze to enable him to enter.

During this visit I enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. William Calhoun, one of the best of Christian women, who has since been called home.

In February of 1891 I spent two weeks in Dorchester, the shire town of the County of Westmorland, in special meetings in co-operation with Rev. L. M. Weeks. It seemed to be an inauspicious time for such services, in view of the fact that the elections for the Local Legislature of New Brunswick were being held, and the public mind was greatly agitated over politics. Still our services were well attended and full of blessing. Ten persons, as the direct result of my visit, were added to the church, among whom were members of some of the leading families of the town. The Dorchester Baptist church is still young, but it has made gratifying progress, and is becoming a strong force for good.

The consecrated life of Mrs. Emerson, widow of the late Rev. R. H. Emerson, my class-mate and friend, was an important factor in the origin and has been very influential in promoting the growth of the Baptist church in Dorchester.

The following communication to the "Messenger and Visitor" by Rev. J. H. Saunders, D. D., referring to this visit and to the unfairness of the arrangement for the chaplaincy of the Penitentiary in Dorchester, deserves a place in these notes :

DORCHESTER, Feb., '91.—As reported last week, the pastor of this church, Rev. L. M. Weeks, has been assisted for a time by our good evangelist, Bro. Wallace. An excellent impression has been made, and all around hopeful signs are seen. At a social service led by Bro. Wallace, with his usual sympathetic and instructive way for the young seekers of the new life in Christ Jesus, it was readily seen that the Holy Spirit was moving in the hearts of the people. Good attention was given to the word spoken, and soul-stirring testimonies followed in quick succession. In these exercises it was readily seen that the pastor had been faithfully doing foundation work ; and we rejoiced with him that now the good time of increase had come. Several candidates for baptism had been received since the last baptism reported. By a few short visits in the homes of the people with the pastor, signs of future good were seen. The strength of this religious awakening is seen in its successful contention with the political strife now so prevalent in this county. There is a question that burns, in connection with the religious services at the penitentiary in this town, that certainly demands the attention of the government at Ottawa. In the provision made, and paid

for by the government, it is stated that the chaplaincy is divided between the Roman Catholics and the Episcopalians, by which all other religious bodies are shut out. It is said that one argument used for this unfair discrimination is, that these religious bodies, thus favored by our government, produce the larger number of criminals incarcerated in this institution. Now if this be so, it looks as though the government were inclined to put a premium on the production of criminals by these churches; an act, by the way, which it is not possible to justify. The fact that the unfortunates in this institution, supported as it is by the people's money, are forbidden the religious services of their choice and of the choice of their friends, and that the incumbents are salaried at the public expense, and the clergymen of other denominations, in no sense inferior, but in many particulars, by many of the people of this commonwealth, regarded as far superior, are excluded, carries on the face of it an injustice to which no free and intelligent people should submit. This question is broader than the town of Dorchester or the County of Westmorland. A gentle reference to this circumstance should be sufficient in itself for the proper readjustment of this public service.

J. H. S.

In March 1891 I enjoyed the pleasure for a short time of co-operation with Rev. D. A. Steele in the prosperous town of Amherst. I shall ever remember with pleasure my association with Dr. Steele and his kind and intelligent people. We rejoiced in some spiritual awakening in the church and some conversions among those without the fold. In these services I became more intimately acquainted than hitherto with Dr. Steele as a careful student and interpreter of the word of God.

In April and May of 1891 I spent a few weeks at Point de Bute, N. B., the scene of the labours of Rev. John Rowe, Rev. Willard Parker, and other beloved servants of God who were in their day abundant in labours. I found the church pastorless, the cause of Christ extremely low, and the brethren disheartened. The special services in which we engaged produced a decided change for the better. A large number were baptized and the church has since had a more prosperous career. We used as a baptistery the millpond, and on the first Sabbath found it unsuitable in consequence of the sediment that had accumulated. I may mention for the information of others who may have similar inconvenience, our device for improving our baptistery. We made, of cheap material, a plank floor, six feet wide and fourteen feet long, and ran one end into the water the entire length of the floor, sinking it to the bottom. When we came with our candidates on the next Lord's Day, we had the pleasure of walking down into the water on a clean floor.

The following extract from the "Messenger and Visitor" indicates the progress of the work :

POINT DE BUTE, N. B.—The first Sabbath in May will long be remembered as a high day in the history of the Baptist church in Point de Bute. In the morning at 10 o'clock, the Sabbath-school was reorganized with a fine class of intelligent teachers and officers, under the superintendence of brother Wm. Tingley, clerk of the church. At two p. m., about 500 persons, with 70 or 80 teams,

gathered around the beautiful baptistery to witness the baptism of ten happy converts. At three, it was my privilege to preach to a crowded congregation, and at the close to give the hand of fellowship to thirteen persons, three of whom had come by letter. Eight of the thirteen are heads of families, and constitute a very valuable addition. Although it is becoming a very busy season with farmers, a few special services are continued this week, and it is expected that more will be ready to profess their death to sin and resurrection to a new life on the coming Lord's Day.

May 7.

I. W.

In the early summer of 1891 I spent a week or two in helping Rev. J. A. Gordon, in Charlottetown, P. E. I. It was a gratification to me to witness the great progress made by the Baptist church there since my former visit. Then the church worshipped on an obscure street, in a small wooden building. Now we found them occupying a new stone sanctuary of commanding proportions, and in the central part of the city. Our meetings were moderately successful. There was some spiritual awakening and a few conversions and baptisms. During our meetings I looked down from the pulpit, one Sabbath morning, into the pastor's pew, and saw what pleased me much. The mother and her five boys were all together. The youngest, five years old, was sitting near his mother and listening attentively; the other four boys were all members of the church and all devout listeners. The eldest, a lad of seventeen, was at the time a clerk, and was earning money, and the others were at school.

It seemed to be only a matter of time when the youngest would also become a member of the church. A few years later I looked again. The eldest was then a successful business man in Charlottetown, the second son had recently graduated with high honors as a Doctor of Medicine, the third had also graduated with honors from Acadia College, the fourth was filling a good position in St. John, and the fifth as predicted had become a worthy member of the church and was a diligent student. How vastly important that parents put forth every possible effort, by precept and example, to have their children brought to Christ and into His service when they are young.

Soon after my visit to Charlottetown I held a few successful services at Rustico, P. E. I., in conjunction with pastor J. C. Spurr. One evening in a crowded meeting there was much solemnity, but no special manifestations of penitence. At the close deacon Andrews asked brother Spurr and myself to share his hospitality for the night, and we accepted his kind invitation. An hour later, on our reaching the deacon's residence, he met us most cordially, saying he had good news for us, and informed us that his two daughters were both anxious about their souls' welfare. On entering the deacon's pleasant home we were introduced to his daughters, both candidates for license to teach in the public schools of the Island. They requested our prayers. We knelt together, and after prayer had the

pleasure of hearing them sing with trembling voice :

“ Hallelujah 'tis done, I believe on the Son,
I'm saved by the blood of the Crucified One.”

The next evening these young ladies and many others testified for Christ; and so the good work went on.

In the Autumn of 1891 I held a series of evangelistic services at Bonshaw, P. E. I., in conjunction with Rev. F. D. Davidson, then pastor of the Baptist church at North River, P. E. I., which were productive of much good. We had no Baptist church to co-operate with us and no place of worship in which to hold our services. Owing to denominational prejudice we were not allowed to occupy even the school house. Through the influence of a friend we were permitted to use the court house for our meetings. We began with small audiences, but they increased until the court house was crowded. The ministers first took their stand in the assembly room, but later were driven back by the crowd into the space usually occupied by the lawyers and jury, and at last were crowded on to the stand used by the judge when court is in session. The power of God in saving souls was wonderful. I remember one service in which a prominent young man was very strongly convicted of sin, and on starting for home with his mother at the close of the service, he told her of his great trouble, and they wept together. As they proceeded he reined up his horse and said ex-

citedly: "I have found the Lord." The crowd passing along thought he was becoming insane. He said he could not proceed, but he must return, and tell the ministers of his wondrous change. That was a memorable night. On the following Sabbath seven rejoicing converts, including the leading magistrate of the place, followed Christ in baptism. These services resulted in the organization of a Baptist church and the erection of a Baptist place of worship in Bonshaw. A Prince Edward Island newspaper published, at the time, the following notice of these services:

The Rev. F. D. Davidson, of North River, and Rev. Isa. Wallace, general missionary of the Baptist Home Missionary Board, have been holding a series of meetings in Bonshaw. From the first the presence of the Spirit was manifest with convicting and converting power, to the great joy of many saved souls. The place has been stirred as never before, and a great work has been accomplished. Ten happy believers have been baptized, and have connected themselves with the Baptist church, and also six have connected themselves with the Presbyterian church.

The above is only a partial result of these meetings; eternity only can reveal all that has been accomplished.

During a few weeks' work at East Point, P. E. I., in the fall of 1891, when assisting Rev. R. H. Bishop, who was then the Baptist pastor there, we had quite a large addition by baptism, restoration and experience, and the church received a gracious uplift. My association with my venerable brother Alexander Scott, as well as with the people of East Point

generally, was most enjoyable. Deacon Scott was accustomed, when the time came for opening the Sabbath morning service, to come forward and standing in front of the pulpit to offer a short prayer for a blessing upon the service, and that especial help might be granted to the minister in proclaiming the Gospel message. The custom impressed me most favorably. The following newspaper item, having reference to this visit and the good work at East Point, may be of interest :

EAST POINT, P. E. I.—Our meetings here during the past week were hindered by continuous storms of rain and snow. Still, progress was made. The church has been much revived. Yesterday morning, at the request of the pastor, I had the pleasure of baptizing three persons. The baptismal service was unusually interesting. The fact that just as we reached the water side the sun, which had for several days been obscured by threatening clouds, suddenly shone forth brightly, added to the impressiveness of the scene and seemed prophetic of good. One of the candidates is a middle-aged man, a brother of one of the deacons. It was touching to see the deacon affectionately leading his brother in the flesh down into the water. At the close of the morning meeting these three, with another received by letter, were welcomed by the pastor. The Lord's Supper was also observed. The number of communicants was large and the service deeply impressive. I have consented to go on here this week, and hope, through divine mercy, to be able to report further progress. I am most favorably impressed with the devout and intelligent appearance of this church. They have already had the honor of sending forth from their membership several preachers of the Gospel, among whom are two of the present Baptist

pastors of the city of St. John, and also Rev. H. Morrow, now of Tavoy, Burmah. It gives me pleasure to state that their pastor, Rev. R. H. Bishop, A. B., is held in high esteem by his people, and that he is happy and contented in his work and encouraged by a good measure of blessing attending his ministry.

I. W.

Nov. 2.

It was my privilege in January 1892, to make an extensive and successful evangelistic campaign, in the County of Westmorland, N. B. I then formed the acquaintance of brother John A. Marple, who had lately come from Moody's Bible Institute in Chicago, full of zeal and fire, and who in his services at Tidnish had made a grand impression. Later he made a good record as my successor in general missionary work. I assisted in the organization of a Baptist church at Tidnish, and immediately afterwards in the ordination of brother Marple. At Port Elgin our united efforts resulted in the resuscitation of the Baptist church in that thriving little town. Many were converted and baptized, and arrangements were made, during my visit, for the erection of a Baptist meeting house. The Port Elgin Baptist church has now a beautiful church home.

As indicating God's providential care, in averting what might have been a serious disaster, I may mention this incident in connection with my work in Port Elgin: We had preached at Tidnish on the Sabbath morning, and had made arrangements to preach and baptize at Port Elgin in the afternoon. The

weather was extremely cold—the thermometer far below zero—causing ice to make rapidly on the shore, as the waters of the Northumberland Straits receded. When the tide came in it covered the ice. This fact the deacons did not take into consideration. On this shore it was arranged for me to baptize. There were a good many candidates and a great number of spectators. On taking one of the converts by the hand and stepping into the water, I soon found myself on slippery ice, which, with the descent, made standing impossible, and so we went sliding down. Happily, however, when we had reached a suitable depth of water a rock which we struck furnished us a foothold. Then the baptism took place, and by the aid of a long piece of edging held out to me I was enabled to reach the shore with my candidate. And thus by the aid of that edging we proceeded until all the candidates were baptized. Had it not been for my striking that rock the consequences might have been quite undesirable, if not indeed serious. In the evening I thanked the large audience, many of whom were not Baptists, for the great sympathy and respect they shewed the aged minister in his critical position in the afternoon.

I feel exceedingly grateful to my Heavenly Father that in looking back over my long ministry, and the large numbers baptized, I cannot recall a single mishap. In every case the baptism has passed off impressively.

A little more than three years previous to the date of this visit I spent a few days at Port Elgin, assisting brother Charles A. Eaton, a student of Acadia College, now Rev. C. A. Eaton, D. D., of Cleveland, Ohio, who was then beginning his ministry and already giving promise of a brilliant career. Our united efforts were accompanied with rich tokens of the divine favor. On a lovely Sabbath morning I baptized ten candidates at Port Elgin, and in the afternoon after a gracious meeting, baptized again at Bayside. In the evening meeting at Port Elgin we had with us the Rev. George F. Miles, who helped us much, and whom I was glad to meet again, as I had known and esteemed him from the beginning of my Christian life.

We next moved down to Cape Tormentine, where we witnessed a somewhat remarkable work of grace. We held our services in "Allen's Hall," beginning with about fifty for an audience and closing with one hundred and seventy-five. After baptism, in the Northumberland Strait, of a number of converts, we organized the Cape Tormentine Baptist church, with a constituent membership of about twenty, and then made arrangements for the erection of their present place of worship. The following extract from the "Messenger and Visitor" referring to this visit may appropriately be inserted here :

CAPE TORMENTINE, N. B.—The first week in February, 1892, will henceforth be remembered as an eventful week in the history of the Baptists of Cape Tormentine. On

Monday, February 1, about 100 persons met at the Seaside Hotel, and after a gracious meeting proceeded to the shore near by, when it was my privilege to baptize five men, three of whom are heads of families—the first time the ordinance has ever been thus administered at the Cape. On the following evening, at the close of a deeply impressive evangelistic meeting in Allen's Hall, at Bayfield, arrangements were made for the erection of a Baptist meeting house. A large and influential committee was appointed to take the matter in charge, and it is expected that the work of getting out the frame and gathering material will be commenced forthwith. On Wednesday evening, February 3, the hall was again crowded. A council had been invited to meet on that evening to consider the propriety of organizing a Baptist church. The churches failed to respond, except that of Port Elgin, who sent Dea. Stephen Trenholm and Bro. D. Polley. Eighteen persons—including the five baptized on Monday—presented themselves as constituent members of the new church. One of these, Mrs. Benjamin Allen, is a fine specimen of a ripe, aged disciple. She was baptized 68 years ago, when in her 17th year, by the Rev. T. S. Harding. Her testimonies in our meetings were very refreshing. It was my privilege to introduce the important business before us by preaching a sermon on the apostolic church—its membership, their deportment, and the results following their combined efforts. The articles of our faith and practice were then read, and the membership assented thereto by rising while the covenant was being read. Bro. A. W. Bent, well and favorably known to the readers of the "Messenger and Visitor," keeper of the Cape Tormentine light-house, and Bro. John Tucker, the popular proprietor of the Seaside Hotel, were unanimously chosen as deacons, and they were, in the usual form, duly ordained. Bro. Edward Simpson was chosen clerk; Bro. Smith M. Laskin was chosen treasurer, and brethren John E. Allen, Smith M.

Laskin and William G. Allen were appointed trustees. The hand of fellowship was given by the writer to Dea. A. W. Bent, chosen to represent the church in this part of the service. At the close of organization service, which was regarded as deeply impressive, eleven persons offered themselves as candidates for baptism and church membership, and were unanimously accepted. Five others had previously given in their names as applicants for baptism and church membership. So that this young church begins its career under circumstances most auspicious. Bro. Marple, with whom I have been associated in special meetings for the last month, is an excellent brother and especially adapted to his work. He will continue meetings here, and I bespeak for him and this dear young church the prayers of the readers of the "Messenger and Visitor."

I. W.

In February 1892, the General Missionary came to the pretty little town of Sydney, the shire-town of the County of Cape Breton. He came to help the Baptist church there—to strengthen what remained "that was ready to die." The church was rent by internal troubles, and the brethren and sisters generally were disheartened. It seemed deplorable that the church which had given the Baptist denomination so many valuable ministers—the Crawleys, the Weekses, the Harringtons, and others should have so far declined. Some thought the church had sunk so low that its resuscitation could scarcely be hoped for, and the only thing to be done was to close up their meeting house. Others had a little faith. The work required a steady hand and judicious management. I lingered in Sydney

about two months, holding special services, and the scene was changed. The church could sing, "The Lord can clear the darkest skies." During my visit about thirty persons were baptized, one of whom has decided to give himself to the Christian ministry. Arrangements were forthwith made for the settlement of a pastor. Rev. John Lewis was called; and the church under his ministry and that of Rev. H. B. Smith, who succeeded him, and the present pastor Rev. A. J. Vincent, has made gradual progress. They have entered their new and commodious place of worship. I extended my labours to South Bar, one of the stations of the Sydney church and the scene of the residence and successful labours of the late Rev. George Richardson, so well and so favorably known in the Baptist denomination all over Nova Scotia. I baptized a number of times on the same shore where he was accustomed to baptize, and near the homes of several of his sons and grandsons. His name is very fragrant in those parts. In view of the recent wonderful increase in the population of Sydney, owing to the gigantic operations of the Dominion Iron and Steel Co., my visit and labours there in the winter and spring of 1892 now seemed to have been especially timely, as the church became thereby better prepared to meet her enlarged responsibilities. While in Sydney I enjoyed the hospitality, chiefly, of deacon C. H. Harrington and his excellent wife and family. The kindness

received in this lovely home fortified me for the important work on my hands.

On leaving Sydney I went by request to assist in special services in the town of North Sydney. The Baptist church was then supplied by Rev. G. W. Gardner. About twenty recent converts, including a son and daughter of brother Gardner, were baptized. Our services were especially refreshing and successful. About four years later I renewed my acquaintance with the people of North Sydney, and for two weeks labored in conjunction with Rev. D. G. McDonald, who was then the successful pastor, and rich blessings accompanied our efforts.

While visiting the Sydneys in Cape Breton I went in April 1892, to Fourchie and Gabarus, and was thankful to observe the progress made since my former visit. At Gabarus we had the privilege of baptizing a number into the fellowship of the church.

The following item, which appeared at the time in the religious news columns of the "Messenger and Visitor," may be inserted here :

FOURCHIE, C. B.—I have spent the past week here holding special services every evening, and witnessing considerable blessing. It was my privilege to plant this church four years ago, and it is especially gratifying to me to witness marks of progress. They have a handsome meeting house, finished outside, with temporary seats, and occupying a commanding site; a prosperous Sunday-school under the superintendence of Deacon W. Severance, an efficient Missionary Aid Society well officered, and

prayer-meetings well sustained on the Sabbath and twice during the week. During my visit the building committee made their report, which was accepted as entirely satisfactory, and a vote of thanks was heartily given them. Arrangements were then made for the completion of the building as early as possible. Here also, as at Gabarus, the church has been called to part with their senior deacon, Bro. Alex. Cann. His death is lamented and his memory cherished. On the Sabbath we observed the Lord's Supper, and it was a season of special refreshing. Quite a number of the young people are seeking the Lord, and arrangements were made for a young people's prayer-meeting, which I trust may be followed with gracious results. The church is looking anxiously for ministerial supply through the co-operation of the Home Mission Board. The coming man will find in the Gabarus-Fourchie group a most interesting field.

I. W.

I spent a few weeks in the summer of 1892 at River John, where in days past I had rejoiced in God's saving power among the people. A more intelligent, loyal, consecrated church than the little band who worship at "the Oak" it would be hard to find. In one of our meetings, in my former visit, there were many penitents, and it was proposed that several short prayers be offered in behalf of anxious ones. It was truly refreshing to see Kirk-men and Baptists and Presbyterians and Methodists all kneeling together seeking God's mercy. In another meeting at River John I noticed some one down by the door behaving unbecomingly, and sharply reprovved him. At the close of the service the deacon said to me, "I am sorry you took any notice

of the poor fellow, for he is an idiot." Always since, when I have seen improper conduct in the House of God, I have been slow to administer reproof, lest I should be speaking to idiots.

We enjoyed considerable blessing during this short visit. The following item appeared in the "Messenger and Visitor" in the column of "News from the Churches," and may be republished here :

RIVER JOHN, N.S.—By request I came from the Eastern Association of N. S., at Pugwash, to spend the Sabbath here. We had good meetings, including a solemn communion service. I yielded to the wish of the church to linger a few days. Last evening we held an impressive baptism in the river near "the Oak," where fifteen years ago I had the pleasure of baptizing seven persons. Last evening there were two candidates—both heads of families and constituting a valuable addition. It gives me especial pleasure to say that the ministry of my son, Lew Wallace, during his vacation spent here, has been largely blessed of God and highly appreciated by the people. He has resumed his studies at Wolfville, but has left the cause of religion greatly improved by his ministry, and bears with him the best wishes of the people, old and young, whom he has served.

Late in the Fall of 1892 I assisted for a few weeks Rev. William Wetmore, the Baptist pastor at Glace Bay, C.B. We had successful meetings, and a fine addition was made to the church. I enjoyed my co-operation with Brother Wetmore, and cherish his memory as a consecrated minister of the Cross. His very sudden death at Mabou

shortly afterwards was greatly lamented. While sitting by the wayside, looking over his preparations for the coming Sabbath, he was instantly summoned to the Master's presence.

The following is my account of the meetings as given in the "Messenger and Visitor":

GLACE BAY, C. B.—I have been here a little more than a week in co-operation with Rev. W. Wetmore, and the work of God is being much revived. Last May, when at North Sydney, James D. Adamson came to see me and pressed me to go to Glace Bay, and was sanguine in his belief that much good might be done. It did not seem to be in the line of providence for me then to respond. When, a couple of weeks ago, I concluded to make a short visit to this place, I wrote to Bro. Adamson to meet me at the station on my arrival. Imagine my sadness when I learned that this dear brother had recently been called from earth. I had written to one whose body was in the grave and whose spirit was with God. Though dead, he speaks—he speaks by his sudden death and by his consecrated life. His memory is fragrant. We have the joy of seeing the church much revived. Backsliders are returning; many are seeking the Lord, and some are already rejoicing in a new born faith. A goodly number will probably be baptized next Sunday. Bro. Wetmore is held in high esteem by the people and is much encouraged. Glace Bay has made much material progress since my visit here nineteen years ago, and is developing into quite a town. The Caledonia and Sterling coal mines afford the chief industries. The coal business, however, is not just now quite so active as usual. I. W.

Nov. 24.

About three years later another visit was

made to Glace Bay, when I had the pleasure of helping my life-long friend, Rev. Frank Beattie, who was then the pastor there, and rejoiced with him in the conversion of a number of bright young people.

In the winter of 1893 several weeks of hard work were given in the County of Lunenburg, chiefly in Summerville, Pleasantville, and New Cumberland. Though hindered in our work by very severe snow storms, yet we had much encouragement. In all these places we rejoiced in manifestations of God's converting power. I may borrow from the "Messenger and Visitor" my report of the meeting :

PLEASANTVILLE, Lun. Co., N. S.—The good work here progresses graciously. Ten person arose in our meeting a few evenings ago to say they had found the Saviour since our meetings began. Among the converts is a deep sea captain, who has braved many wild storms and who has been repeatedly shipwrecked. Now, as a redeemed sinner, he joyfully turns his face toward the port of heaven. Three of the converts are received for baptism, and the rest are looking toward union with the church on the arrival of the new pastor. Although I take pleasure in baptizing believers it has always seemed to me more desirable for the pastor to baptize, as he will be better prepared to care for those whom he has baptized and welcomed. Many others who give promise of becoming useful members are requesting the prayers of God's people, and the outlook of the cause in Pleasantville is decidedly encouraging. The prayer meeting last night, I am told, was very largely attended and full of interest. I am to begin work to-night at New Cumberland, and desire the prayers of the readers of the "Messenger and Visitor."

I. W.

Jan. 23.

In March 1893 I spent a week in special work in co-operating with my esteemed friend, Rev. E. N. Archibald, in the town of Lunenburg. Our meetings were hindered by unfavorable weather; still we were encouraged by seeing the church revived and quite a number pressing into the Kingdom. My first visit to Lunenburg was made in 1873. Then we had no Baptist church or place of worship there. During that first visit I had a pleasant interview with Senator Kaulbach, a prominent citizen of Lunenburg. I congratulated him on the beauty of the town, and intimated that a Baptist church would add to its attractiveness. He agreed with me, and expressed his surprise that our Home Mission Board had not attempted to establish Baptist principles there, and then gave me a liberal offering for our Home Mission work. Now we have a vigorous little church and a nice meeting house in a commanding and central location.

I next came to Mahone Bay, one of the prettiest towns in Nova Scotia. Brother W. J. Rutledge, a student of Acadia College, was then supplying the Baptist church there. Our united efforts, during the two or three weeks spent at Mahone Bay, were blessed of God. Brother Rutledge impressed me as possessing much aptitude for his work and giving promise of a useful career. On a charming Sabbath morning it was my privilege to baptize fourteen happy converts. The brother who led this grand reinforcement was

a prominent merchant of the town. Before I was ready to baptize another, a broad cake of ice came floating into the baptistery, and this merchant stepped into the water and cleared the way for me, and it was said as he was being welcomed into the church that day that this helpful act was prophetic of a helpful Christian life. Among the offerings for Home Missions, during this visit, was one made by deacon Lantz of a very touching character. His dear little son was in the Sabbath school on Sunday, March 12, and on the following Friday he was laid in the grave. The parents lovingly contributed the contents of their child's mission box, amounting to \$2.20, to Home Missions. We left the church at Mahone Bay strongly reinforced and greatly encouraged. My next engagement was at New Germany, where Rev. G. P. Raymond was pastor. Our special services were held in the hall near the railway station, and were accompanied with God's blessing. I found brother Raymond beloved by his people and the church prospering under his ministry. New Germany is a thriving inland community. The inhabitants are generally prosperous farmers and lumbermen. They have received a fresh impetus in the direction of material prosperity by the building of the Nova Scotia Central Railway. The Baptist church here has made a fine record, and is growing in influence.

In the spring of 1893 I made a visit to St. Mary's Bay, in Digby County, N. S., the

termination of which will ever be remembered by me with sorrowful interest. I went to help the Rev. W. McGregor, who was then pastor of the St. Mary's Baptist church. (This worthy brother has since been called from the toil of earth to the rest of heaven.) Our labours were expended chiefly in Barton and Plympton, prominent stations of the church. Considerable blessing accompanied our efforts. There were a good many conversions and the church received a gracious uplift. At Barton two young ladies, who were filling prominent places as teachers in the public schools, were among the converts; also two daughters of the pastor. At Plympton our services were especially refreshing and fruitful in good results. Friday evening had come, and I was about to close a wonderfully successful meeting. Brother McGregor was absent, filling an appointment in some other part of his field. Many were pressing into the Kingdom. Some were already rejoicing in a new-found hope, and my heart was full of joy and praise. I had arisen to make my announcements and dismiss, when the deacon came to his feet intimating that he had something to say that might modify my plans; and he had. "What is it, brother McDonald?" I asked. He answered, "I have sad news for you, brother Wallace. Your eldest son has been killed." I was stunned. The deacon wisely said, "Let us pray." I shall always be thankful for that prayer. My plans were modified indeed. The next morn-

ing by the first train I started for home. It was the saddest home-going of my life. My eldest son, James DeMille Wallace, on his way from the State of Washington to British Columbia, while at Tacoma was accidentally and instantly killed. In a letter written to me a day or two before his death he wrote: "May the God of my father help me in my aspirations and aims." This and other expressions in his letters led us to believe that his sudden death did not find him unprepared. Thus in this, the greatest sorrow of our lives, we have hope.

The early winter of 1893 was spent at Upper Gagetown and Maquopit Lake, N. B., near the scene of my ordination, and among the friends of long ago. At Upper Gagetown I was associated in labour with my esteemed brother, Rev. E. Hopper, the Baptist pastor there, and we were permitted to rejoice in a genuine revival of religion, which resulted in conversions and a valuable addition to the church by baptism. Here, in a most pleasantly situated cemetery by the beautiful St. John River, rest the remains of the late Rev. Elijah Estabrooks, one of the honored pioneer ministers of the Baptist denomination in New Brunswick. His memory is affectionately cherished in those parts.

At Maquopit Lake we encountered terribly wild and adverse weather, but had the pleasure of seeing a number of young people turned to the Lord. Their baptism, however, was deferred until the arrival of the coming

pastor. With these labours along the majestic St. John River terminated my engagement with the Home Mission Board of the Maritime Convention.

CHAPTER IX

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.

FROM JANUARY 1894 TO SEPTEMBER 1902

Since my engagement with the Home Mission Board of the Maritime Convention was brought to a close, I have made many evangelistic tours in various parts of these Provinces, as Providence opened the way and my strength would permit. And although not always able to come to my work with the vigor of former years, in some cases at least I have been enabled, with God's help, to do as good work as ever before.

In the winter of 1894 I spent several weeks in Prince William, N.B., the scene of the labours of the late Elders Lothrop Hammond and Thomas Saunders. Prince William is a beautiful locality, and the people are thrifty and comfortable. I was sorry to find, however, the cause of Christ in the Baptist church deplorably low. It was indeed literally "snowed under." Their handsome place of worship was surrounded by huge snow-drifts, and there had been no service held for several months. We got a path cut through the drifts and soon the scene was changed. The meetings increased in interest until we

rejoiced in a genuine revival. A good many were converted and baptized, and the church was greatly encouraged by a strong reinforcement. Prince William, with Upper and Lower Kingsclear, constitutes of our most desirable pastorates.

In the spring of 1894 I spent several weeks in co-operation with Rev. A. H. Hayward. Our labours were concentrated chiefly at Bristol, Carleton Co., a prosperous little town on the St. John River. We were greatly blessed in our work. The services were held in a public hall, and were largely attended. Many were led to decide for Christ and were baptized by brother Hayward. In connection with the closing of our services, a Baptist church with a goodly number of members was organized and arrangements made for the erection of a Baptist meeting house. It has cheered my heart to learn that the meeting house is an accomplished fact, and that the young church has greatly prospered under the ministry of my esteemed brother Hayward, who is abundant in labours and honored and beloved by the people of his large pastorate. The Bristol Baptist church gives promise of a successful career. Already one of her members, brother Othniel Merritt, converted in the above services, has been licensed to preach the Gospel with prospects for a useful ministry.

The summer and autumn of 1894 were spent at Weymouth, N. S., my work being extended to New Tusket. My engagement

was for a regular supply, but special services were held as long as I remained, resulting with God's blessing in the promotion of harmony in the church and the addition of a large number to the membership. Having enjoyed an extensive revival at Weymouth some six years previously, it was pleasant to renew my acquaintance with the folk there. One day, after calling on the people in a remote settlement in connection with the New Tusket church, we held a service in the evening in a private dwelling. In the course of the meeting two women gave their first testimony for Christ and requested baptism. They were received for the ordinance, and an appointment made for preaching and baptizing next evening at the lake. When we reached the spot next evening we found a fine congregation seated under the trees by the beautiful lake, and we had a grand meeting. When we were ready to baptize, however, it was learned that one of the candidates was hindered from coming forward by her husband, who was a Roman Catholic. He promised me, however, that in three weeks he would give his consent. So we made arrangements to meet again in three weeks. A still greater number had gathered, but it was soon made known that the woman was still hindered, and further, that her babe was ill. Toward the close of the service, however, this woman came pressing her way through the congregation. Some one had gone to take care of her child, and she had made a bold effort. When

she was baptized she came out of the water singing :

“ Help me, dear Saviour, Thee to own,
And ever faithful be ;
And when Thou sittest on Thy throne,
Dear Lord, remember me.”

A notable visit was made to Havelock, N. B., in the winter of 1895. My beloved father was at one time pastor of this church. I found the church in a badly divided condition, this large and interesting field pastorless, and the brethren consequently quite disheartened. I remained with them two months, extending my labours to New Canaan, the native place of several of our ministers, among whom were the late Rev. W. T. Corey and the late Rev. Dr. Charles H. Corey. At Havelock we had the pleasure of seeing harmony, in a good degree, restored and a worthy brother, Rev. N. A. McNeil, called to the pastorate. During this visit forty-two persons were baptized.

It was especially impressive to me to baptize many who are the children of those who were baptized under the ministry of my late father.

In several of our services in Havelock the late Rev. J. W. S. Young was with us and gave us much inspiration and help. His early departure from the conflicts of earth, in the midst of abundant and successful labours, was greatly lamented.

In Coverdale, Hillsborough, and Hopewell,

in my native county, during the same year, I rejoiced in rich displays of God's power to save. In Coverdale arrangements were made, during my visit, for the erection of a Baptist place of worship. My co-operation with Rev. B. N. Hughes, of Hopewell, was most enjoyable. The last named brother has passed to his reward. He will always be remembered as a conscientious and consecrated man of God.

It was especially pleasant to me to linger for several weeks in the beautiful village of Hillsborough, where rest the remains of my parents, grandparents, and great-grandparents, and where in my boyhood and early manhood I received strong impressions toward the new and better life. But what most enhanced the pleasure of this visit was the fact that I was enabled to render the pastor effective service. During my visit about fifty persons were baptized, and the pastor and church received much encouragement. At the close of our special services, which continued three or four weeks, Rev. W. Camp, the esteemed pastor, published in the "Messenger and Visitor" the following kind letter giving his impressions of my ministry in his church and the other churches visited in Albert and Westmorland counties :

AN EARNEST AND SUCCESSFUL WORKER.

For several months Rev. I. Wallace has been laboring in different parts of this and adjoining counties. As the longest settled pastor in this county, and in fact in the Eastern N. B. Association, it may not be out of place for

me to refer to the work done by this servant of God. If half as much work had been done by a politician or by a philanthropist it would have been published in all our religious and secular papers. Why should not the work done for Christ have a larger place in the records of events?

Some time last fall Bro. Wallace began to labor at Havelock. The church was without a pastor and somewhat divided. After some weeks of special service the church was greatly revived and a large number baptized. Before Bro. Wallace left the field a pastor had charge of the church, and now this church is as promising as any church we have in our Association. Bro. Wallace did a good work at Canaan while at Havelock. Then he came to this county, laboring at Coverdale, Stony Creek, Weldon, Hillsboro, Salem, Surrey and Hopewell Cape. He is likely to remain in this county for some time yet. In all these places souls have been saved and the churches strengthened.

I need not write words of commendation for Bro. Wallace. He is known and loved by all our churches. But I would like to say that he is free from all those methods adopted by many evangelists and so objectionable to most of our best thinking pastors. He allows the pastor to lead, and renders him assistance. His aim is to lead souls to Christ, revive the church and leave the pastor more strongly entrenched in the affections of his people than he found him. Bro. Wallace soon wins the sympathy and good will of the people, and no difficulty is had in meeting the financial requirements occasioned by his visit. I take this opportunity of recommending any pastor who feels that the coming of a good evangelist would help him in his work to secure the labors of Bro. Wallace. And let me say to any pastorless churches, if you want spiritual quickening and to be put into a position where you can get a pastor, I know of no man under God who can better help you out of your difficulty.

Perhaps it would not be out of place for me to say, without for a moment wishing to dictate to any who are in authority over us, that I think Bro. Wallace should be secured by our Home Mission Board to do the work so much needed in these provinces. He is eminently fitted for the work. To assist churches in securing pastors and strengthening weak churches and building up the cause generally, few men are so well adapted as Bro. Wallace. He is now in his seventieth year, but his age is no drawback to his work. With all his old-time power and earnestness he preaches Christ Jesus the Lord.

I pray that the Master may long spare the life of this His servant to labor many years yet in these provinces.

W. CAMP.

Hillsboro', N. B., Feb. 27, 1895.

About two years later I was requested to visit Hillsborough, not to hold special services, but to assist the pastor and church in celebrating the seventy-fifth anniversary of the organization of the Hillsborough Baptist church. The duty assigned me was to preach a sermon appropriate to the occasion on the Sabbath previous to the anniversary, and at the anniversary proper to make an address. On Sunday afternoon there was a roll call which was rather a memorable occasion. The venerable Richard E. Steeves, Esq., the clerk of the church, before commencing to call the names beginning with "S," remarked that his grandfather, Henry Steeves, was the first preacher of the Gospel in Hillsborough, that his first convert was James Wallace, who afterwards became preacher of the Gospel and pastor of the church, that his son Isaiah Wallace was

present as a minister of the Gospel, and had lately rejoiced in having two of his sons ordained to the great work of preaching Christ.

On leaving Albert County I went to St. George, N. B., where important and needful work was awaiting me, and there I remained several weeks. There, too, I found the church badly divided, and the cause of Christ consequently languishing. After a week or two of special effort we had the pleasure of seeing harmony restored and of hearing the church sing together John Fawcett's famous hymn, "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love." In that memorable meeting in which reconciliation took place, two young women offered themselves for baptism, and on the following Lord's day were baptized and welcomed into a united church. Later during my visit other important additions were made by baptism, and two new deacons elected and ordained. The church has since had a prosperous career. My son, Lewis Fisher Wallace, then a student at Rochester Theological Seminary, was engaged to continue the work, and during his four months' vacation his efforts were much appreciated and very successful. The church has since made much progress under the leadership of Rev. A. H. Lavers.

The summer of 1895 was spent in supplying the Jemseg Baptist church. It was at a time of year not very favourable for special services in our country districts. But we held

a few extra meetings, and had baptisms in every station of the church. I greatly enjoyed my labours in Jemseg, not only because this place is "beautiful for situation" but because the people were uniformly kind. They treated me well financially, and shewed me much sympathy in my work. In my judgment, Jemseg—Upper and Lower—with Lower Wickham, constitutes an inviting pastorate. Here resided my life-long friend, the late Rev. G. W. Springer, then in feeble health but enjoying the comforts of the Gospel he had long preached to others.

During that summer, 1895, the Baptist Convention of the Maritime Provinces met in Germain St., St. John. As it was the jubilee session of the body a special programme was provided. The part assigned me was to give a paper on "Prayer." The paper given was received with much favor, and was published in the "Messenger and Visitor," and its republication in this sketch is deemed desirable:

THE NECESSITY OF AND INCENTIVES TO PRAYER.

[Substance of an address delivered at the Jubilee Prayer Meeting on Sabbath morning, Aug. 25th, 1895, in compliance with the request of the Committee of Arrangements for the Jubilee Convention.]

BY REV. I. WALLACE.

I am asked to speak in this Jubilee Prayer Meeting on the "*Necessity* of prayer and our *Incentives* to prayer," and in responding, I would emphasize the necessity of prayer on two grounds. The first of these is the vastness of the work to be done and the feebleness of the instrumentality. Jesus, in the days of His flesh, saw the great mul-

titude famishing for bread and had compassion upon them. Sympathizing with His disciples, who desired to see the multitude fed, He asked, "How many loaves have ye?" or what are your resources? They answered, "Five loaves and two fishes, but what are they among so many?" "Bring them hither to Me," was His reply. They were brought and by the blessing of Jesus so multiplied that the multitude was fed and "twelve baskets full of fragments taken up." Jesus sees to-day the myriads of earth famishing for the Bread of Life. He sees the benighted millions of India in connection with our F. M. work. He sees the swarming French population of Quebec in almost pagan darkness, for whose evangelization Grand Ligne Mission is toiling; He sees the vast populations of various nationalities, flowing into the great North West, and, in this crisis in the history of that great country, calling loudly for the blessings of the Gospel; He sees the many districts of these Maritime Provinces that have not the regular ministry of the Word, with many small churches waning and dying for want of pastoral care. Yes, and He sees and knows the great need of our beloved institutions of learning, and their most vital connection with the progress of the various branches of our mission work. And He has compassion. While our hearts are yearning anxiously for this denominational enterprise in view of their crying needs, His great heart is moved with pity, and He graciously invites us to bring our resources to Him, in humble believing prayer. Our Boards, Missions, and Missionaries, our Book, Tract, Colporteur and S. S. work, our Institutions of Learning, with our students for the ministry, and our money should all be brought to Jesus in faith and prayer, and under His multiplying hand and blessing the multitudes will be fed and the work of the Lord will prosper in our hands.

The salutary influence of prayer, on those who pray, may be mentioned, as another ground of this necessity.

True prayer has a sanctifying power. It strengthens faith and promotes spirituality. And so the Christian poet sings :

“ Restraining prayer we cease to fight,
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright,
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees. ”

The priests of Buddha have this proverb : “ If a man prays to Buddha and does not become Buddha it is because the lips pray and not the heart, ” implying that prayer has an assimilating power. Through the exercise of true prayer we become more like our Divine Lord. Some say this salutary influence is all the good prayer brings. It brings this assuredly, but vastly more, as multitudes of praying souls can testify.

2. Incentives to prayer.

We have abundant encouragement to prayer. The exceeding great and precious promises of God's Word afford the strongest incentive. The Bible is full of them. They are as high as heaven and as broad as the needs of humanity, and assure us that—

“ The light that shines from Zion's hill
Shall brighten every land,
The King who reigns on Salem's towers
Shall all the world command. ”

A review of the past 50 years affords strong incentives to prayer. The fathers of this great denomination in these provinces were men mighty in prayer. Our schools of learning at Wolfville were founded in prayer. Yes, and they have been fostered by prayer. I remember well a prayer meeting in the old college building, held on a Sabbath morning, more than forty years ago, when the Spirit's presence and power were most wonderfully revealed and a gracious revival followed, in which nearly every student on the Hill was swept by God's converting grace. Yes, our institutions of learning were founded in

prayer and have been fostered by prayer. This may be said too of our missionary enterprises. The prayers, sacrifices, toils, tears and victories of the past fifty years prompt us to deeper consecration. Napoleon, before the Pyramids in Egypt, inspired his great army to deeds of valour by reminding them that forty centuries were looking down upon them. The history of the past half century affords the utmost encouragement to pray and to give ourselves, with renewed devotion, to the great work of advancing the kingdom of Christ.

We also have strong incentives to pray in the wonders wrought in answer to prayer. Prayer has been said to be the power that moves the arm that moves the world. Queen Mary dreaded the prayers of John Knox more than all the armies of Europe, and history indicates that she had abundant cause for such dread.

That gracious God who heard and answered the prayer of Jacob, for deliverance from his angry brother; of David, for deliverance from Saul who sought his life; of Hezekiah, for divine interposition after the insulting threats of Sennacherib; of Daniel, for preservation in the lion's den; of Elijah, when confronting the 900 priests of Baal; and the prayers of the 120 disciples as they continued in prayer with one accord for ten days, pleading for the promised descent of the Spirit and endowment with power from on high—yes, that gracious God who has heard and answered prayer all down through the centuries *still lives* to hear and answer our prayers and to help us on in the great work in which as a Convention we are engaged, and to which we are committed.

Let us then, in view of the great necessity of prayer, and the glorious incentives thereto, enter upon the next fifty years with heartfelt resolve to pray more earnestly and especially for the sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit to fit us for successful service for the Master, and to accompany our prayers with generous, devoted, self-denying effort.

In closing Bro. Wallace remarked that it seemed appropriate that he should have been called upon to speak in this jubilee prayer-meeting on the necessity of prayer, inasmuch as eleven years ago now, the Convention then in session in Moncton, having learned that he had been stricken down with paralysis of his brain and right side, kindly offered special prayer in his behalf, and in answer to prayer he was raised up from his perilous prostration and has been permitted during those eleven years to witness wonderful displays of sovereign grace in connection with his labors. He had travelled harmoniously with the Convention almost from the beginning of the half century now closing. He did not expect to go far into the next 50 years, but would record and declare his unwavering and increasing faith in God as the hearer and answerer of prayer.

Near the close of 1895 I assisted Rev. Joseph Murray in special services in Falmouth, N. S., and enjoyed very much my co-operation with this good brother. Our united efforts were accompanied by the Spirit's presence and regenerating power. During my college days I used to make, with other students, occasional visits to Falmouth, and it was exceedingly pleasant to renew acquaintance with old friends there. It was also a joy to revisit the scenes of the birth-place and early life of the Rev. Henry Alline, who acted so important a part in the early evangelization of these Provinces. In my last service in Falmouth I preached from Acts 8:35, and on closing my sermon asked those who had lately found the Lord and could say they believed that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and who desired to be baptized at the

earliest opportunity, to rise. Eighteen persons responded, greatly to the gratification of the church and especially to Pastor Murray, who had the pleasure on subsequent Sabbaths of baptizing them.

Early in the year 1896 I made a second evangelistic tour into Guysboro county, beginning my work in Canso, and there, while assisting my esteemed brother, Rev. F. H. Beals, and later in Boylston, Guysboro, Crow Harbour, Half Island Cove, White Head River, and Cole Harbour, rejoiced in the accomplishment of much good. At Half Island Cove the work reminded me of Pentecost. The place seemed to be filled with the Spirit, and the manifestations of the divine power to subdue and save were really wonderful. During my visit plans were made for the erection of a Baptist place of worship, and the building is now completed. At White Head River the membership of the church was doubled, and at Cole Harbour the membership was increased threefold.

At Crow Harbour, on a Lord's Day morning, while giving the hand of fellowship to twenty-five persons, whose ages ranged from fourteen to seventy-five, the impressive service was witnessed by Rev. F. H. Beals, who, remembering that I had been doing similar work for more than forty years, conceived the thought that my next birthday should be celebrated by kindly expressions from those to whom my ministry had been made useful ; and at his suggestion, seconded by Rev. W.

Camp, and others, my seventy-second birthday was celebrated by the reception of many letters containing wonderfully kind and appreciative words, and an aggregate financial offering of a considerable sum.

On reaching New Harbour I found my strength failing, and was compelled to desist from further effort and to seek rest and recuperation. However, in the following October I returned to New Harbour to take up the work that had been left undone, and witnessed a very gracious awakening and baptized a goodly number. While in New Harbour, hearing of the serious illness of Peter Webber, Esq., of Tor Bay, six miles distant, I made arrangements to visit him, and while there to hold services on Saturday night and Sabbath morning. On Saturday evening I did all in my power to impart help and comfort to my sick brother, and at the same time encouraged Mrs. Webber to make a full surrender of herself to Christ, and to profess faith in His name. Sabbath morning, on coming down stairs at half-past six, I remarked to Mrs. Webber, "This is indeed a delightful day, and favorable for our baptism at New Harbour in the afternoon, and I wish you were ready to make your profession, too." She promptly answered, "I am ready, but the tide is falling, and whatever is done must be done quickly." We made arrangements accordingly, the rest of the family were notified, and the sick husband had the joy of looking through the window and witnessing

the baptism of his dear wife in a convenient natural baptistery a few rods from his dwelling. After the baptism we had our breakfast and family worship, and at ten o'clock repaired to the large school house for the preaching of the Gospel. At the close of the service Mrs. Webber received the hand of fellowship and went on her way rejoicing. She has lately joined her husband in the Better Land.

On closing my work at New Harbour I went to Seal Harbour, where we had a few baptisms, encouraged and confirmed the brethren according to Acts 14:22, and then proceeded to Isaac's Harbour, where I exchanged with pastor, Rev. A. J. Vincent, he going to New Harbour to form a Baptist Young People's Union. It was a great gratification to me to meet again my old friends here, among whom I had seen so much good accomplished in days past, and to witness the wonderful progress the place had made materially as well as spiritually since my former visit.

I next visited Country Harbour, held a few services, baptized a young man and met my old friends, the Sweets, whom I had known and esteemed in Cornwallis in former days. In St. Mary's, one of the stations of the Country Harbour group, I succeeded in healing serious difficulties. Thence I went to Goshen, where we held a few useful services, and then passed on to Antigonish, and home by Intercolonial Railway.

In the spring of 1897 it was my privilege to assist Rev. John W. Brown, of Nictaux. Some thirty-five years ago I received a cordial and unanimous call to the pastorate of the Nictaux Church. It did not seem to be my duty to accept this call, although the church has always had a large place in my esteem; and so it was especially congenial to me to comply with the invitation to aid in special services. This pleasure was enhanced by the fact that brother Brown was baptized under my ministry. On the Sabbath after we closed our meetings the pastor baptized ten happy believers.

Later, in the same spring, I came to Lawrencetown, and lingered several weeks, not in special effort for the promotion of a revival, in the usual acceptation of the term, but to promote harmony. I found the church divided and the cause of Christ consequently wounded and waning.

In these reminiscences it may have been noticed that I have frequently acted the part of a peacemaker. One notable case might be mentioned. At Margaree, Cape Breton, the Baptist church was unfortunately rent by the spirit of discord. For about four years this sad state of things had continued and the cause seemed almost hopeless. Many attempts had been made to bring about reconciliation, but still the division continued. Ten years before, I came to the beautiful valley of Margaree, and found the church that had given the Baptist denomination more minis-

ters than any church in these Provinces—the Burtons, Rosses, McDonalds, Stubberts, Tingleys, and brethren Marple and McQuarrie—in a sadly divided and languishing condition. For two weeks I preached the Gospel of peace without mentioning the troubles that were causing disaster. Then a special conference of the church was called, and a large number responded, dreading, as they came, a repetition of former fruitless efforts to promote reconciliation. I opened the service by saying: “This meeting is not for business but for mutual humiliation, confession and prayer.” In the quarrel the church had withdrawn fellowship from their leading deacon. As the brethren responded to my suggestion and began their testimonies of humiliation and confession, the consciousness of the Spirit’s presence and power became wonderful. When we were nearly through these exercises I asked the deacon, from whom fellowship had been withdrawn, to say a few words also. He arose and in harmony with the spirit of the meeting gave his testimony. Whereupon a brother moved the deacon’s restoration, and the motion was seconded by three prominent brethren and unanimously carried by a rising vote. Then followed a most subduing scene of handshaking and mutual requests for forgiveness. We gave the deacon the hand of fellowship and they sang together :

“From whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquered by love?”

The people retired at the close of the conference, happy in the consciousness that they were again a united church. The next day I baptized, and the Margaree Baptist church has since had a prosperous career. So at Lawrencetown. For three weeks I preached the Gospel of peace, and then a general meeting of the church was held in which all the branches were represented. After a long conference and a frank and candid expression of grievances we reached a basis of union, and the church has since enjoyed a good measure of harmony and prosperity.

By a somewhat remarkable coincidence my son, Lewis Fisher Wallace, who had recently completed his theological course at Rochester, was called to the pastorate of the Lawrencetown Baptist church, and began his work on first of August following. The council called to consider the matter of his ordination met on August 30th. A very large council convened, fifteen of whom were ordained ministers. The decision for his ordination was hearty and unanimous. The council asked that the brother of the candidate, Rev. William Boardman Wallace, of the Tabernacle Baptist church, Utica, N. Y., should preach the ordination sermon and that his father should offer the ordaining prayer. That was indeed a memorable day in my experience. The audience was very large, and the service wonderfully impressive.

On the last day of July 1897, Mrs. Wallace and I removed from Wolfville to Lawrencetown, where we resided until October 1901.

It may have been noticed that in this life sketch I have referred chiefly to incidents that were pleasant and hopeful. The sketch, however, would not be true to the facts of the case did I not refer to experiences less auspicious. In the prosecution of my work, especially as a General Missionary, I have been called to endure many privations. The fact that my work necessitated my absence from my family a large portion of the time, and often when my presence was especially needed, indicates the exercise of no small self-denial. Although generally in my home missionary travels I have been highly favored by the abundant and comfortable hospitality accorded me, yet in my journeys through destitute portions of our country I can recall instances in which I have endured inconveniences of which a settled pastor knows but little. But the consciousness of being in the path of duty and that God was pleased to place His blessing upon my efforts caused me to forget the absence of physical and social comforts.

In my home missionary labours I have suffered much discomfort, too, from bodily indisposition. While in the midst of revivals, anxious to help forward the good work, I have been slow to receive intimation to seek rest and recuperation. Had such intimations been heeded, painful and protracted physical

and mental troubles might possibly have been averted. I thank God, however, that through His grace I have been enabled, amid trials and sufferings, to witness for Him, for more than half a century, and with Paul to be able to say, "Having therefore obtained help from God, I continue unto this day."

Although these reminiscences might be considerably extended, as my evangelistic work has taken me to nearly every nook and corner of the Maritime Provinces, I now bring them to a close, and in doing so would record my heartfelt gratitude to God for permitting me to toil so long and so successfully in His service. To these labours in home missionary work, Rev. R. Osgood Morse, A. M., in an article recently published in "The Baptist Union," of Chicago, makes this kindly reference: "After notable work in various pastorates, Mr. Wallace responded to God's call to evangelistic work. He did not seek the large places where he would have the aid of substantial and well-organized churches, but he went among the weak churches and scattered communities of the Provinces, doing valiant work for the Master. Possibly the labours of no other man during this period have resulted in more additions to our ranks than those of this veteran."

Repeatedly the question has been asked me: "How many have you baptized during your ministry?" Owing to my having had my valise, containing memoranda of my labours, stolen from me at a railway station some ten

years ago, it is not in my power to give the exact number, but I am safe in saying that the number is in the neighborhood of three thousand. In aiding pastors of churches I have invariably insisted upon their doing the baptizing in case their health would permit. While it has been a pleasure to me to baptize so many people, it is a greater pleasure to have them adorn their profession. It is a gratification to know that many of those whom I have welcomed into the privileges of the church are now engaged in the glorious work of the Christian ministry, and that many others are filling important positions in God's service. It is a satisfaction to know that many whom I have baptized, and who have crossed the river of death before me, had bright evidences in the dying hour that theirs was a good hope through grace. It may be that some whom I have baptized have proved recreant to their vows, or have ceased to fight the good fight of faith. If so, the fact grieves and saddens my heart, and I would fain urge them to abandon the "husks" and return to the "Father's House."

During recent years, though compelled by impaired health to retire from continued active service, I have been permitted to do considerable work for the Master, chiefly in assisting pastors, and have rejoiced with them in the revival of God's work and the salvation of many souls.

In the winter of 1899, while enjoying successful labours with my esteemed brother,

Rev. H. N. Parry, at Margaretville, I on one occasion narrowly escaped instant death. As we were returning to Melvern Square in the evening, we were thrown by the capsizing of our carriage, with great force, down a declivity on the frozen earth and rock, but by a special providence, according to Ps. 91: 11, our lives were preserved.

During the closing year of the past century, my experiences were varied, including crushing sorrow occasioned by the death of my eldest daughter, and painful and protracted bodily afflictions. In the spring and summer of that year, accompanied by Mrs. Wallace, I visited, for the first time, our great North West, and had the pleasure of attending the first National Baptist Congress at Winnipeg. During this visit, extending over three months, I was permitted to help several churches and mission fields, and was most profoundly impressed with the abundant resources and vast possibilities of the prairie provinces of the Dominion of Canada.

The winter and spring of 1901 were spent with our sons in Utica and Mechanicville, N. Y., and we were glad to find them filling important pastorates, and filling them efficiently. It is a great pleasure to me, in view of the fact that I must soon lay aside my Gospel armour, to have two sons and a son-in-law among those who may, in coming years, carry forward the standard of the Cross.

Although well advanced in the seventy-eighth year of my life, I still enjoy great

delight in unfolding the truth of God's Word, as opportunity is afforded me, and find the glorious Gospel that has been the inspiration of my early ministry and the comfort of my riper years, to be "the power of God unto salvation."

During 1902 I did considerable work in supplying pastorless churches, and in aiding pastors in evangelistic services in various portions of Nova Scotia, and often enjoyed most cheering tokens of the divine favor.

In the early part of 1903 I did important work in New Brunswick in efforts to promote the interests of the Hampton Station group of churches, and also in aiding Rev. W. Camp in special services in Upper Sussex, near the community in which I spent two years as a school teacher, some fifty-five years ago. I was gratified to visit these familiar scenes and to be associated again with my esteemed brother Camp.

I spent several weeks of the spring of 1903 in my native county of Albert, with special enjoyment to myself and helpfulness to the cause of Christ. It was an inspiration to me to visit the scenes of my childhood and youthful manhood in Coverdale and Hillsborough, and to witness the great material progress made by these localities during recent years. I enjoyed much my co-operation with Rev. M. Addison and Rev. J. B. Ganong, and regard them as young men of sterling worth and possessing much aptitude for their important work. Although the Hillsborough

Baptist church has sent forth many colonies to form new churches she is still wonderfully vigorous and aggressive under the ministry of pastor Ganong. Rev. M. Addison fills the pastorate of the Valley church in Surrey and also of the De Mozelle and Lower Coverdale churches, and has gratifying encouragement in his work. In all these places we rejoiced in considerable manifestations of God's reviving and saving power. Brother Addison contributed the following item having reference to these united efforts, to the "Messenger and Visitor":

For the last two weeks Rev. Isaiah Wallace and I have been engaged in special work in Coverdale. The Lord greatly blessed our united efforts. The Christians have been much revived and sinners converted. It was my privilege to baptize nine believers and receive them into the church. Though Brother Wallace is in the seventy-eighth year of his age he is capable of work that requires great physical strength. Some of us who have known him for a long time think that to-day he preaches with even greater power than in former years. I regard it as a privilege and honor to have been for a little time associated with him in Christian work. Bro. Wallace is now assisting Bro. Ganong at Weldon. Sinners are inquiring the way.

MILTON ADDISON.

Brother Ganong also thus writes kindly of these special services:

Since last reporting, Rev. I. Wallace has been with us and has rendered most valuable service. Those who have heard this veteran of the Cross for many years, say that his preaching during this last visit was with greater power than ever before. His coming seems to have been of the Lord. The Lower Coverdale church is greatly

rejoicing in the blessing which has resulted from this visit. The church had become greatly reduced and was fast losing heart. There had been no regular pastor for some time and the cause was very low. During the meetings held most valuable accessions were gained and the old members greatly revived, and the church has been given a new lease of life. Through the influence of Bro. Wallace, Pastor Addison has been secured to preach to them for a time, which arrangement is most satisfactory to the church. Bro. Addison has baptized a goodly number and others are ready to unite by letter and profession.

The services in Hillsboro were greatly blessed of God in reviving the church, and the real results cannot be measured. Thirteen have been baptized and a large number more are expected to take a stand for Christ.

Bro. Wallace is now assisting Bro. Addison, and there are signs of refreshing there. It is an inspiration to be associated in the work of the Lord with this man of God. May his last days in the Master's service be full of the divine peace and comfort. J. B. GANONG.

As the task I have undertaken, of recording the more important experiences of my life, is now brought to a close, I may say the effort has been exceedingly enjoyable. During the weeks and months in which I have been laid aside from active work I have thus found pleasant employment. The joy of the traveller, who in his journeyings, re-visits familiar and delightful scenes, has been mine. Emotions of sadness, too, have been revived as scenes less roseate have been reviewed. The hand and care of a loving Father have been recognized in my lengthened pilgrimage, and

especially in my endeavors to advance His cause and kingdom.

Whatever success may have crowned my imperfect efforts is attributable to God's power and grace. He can use the humblest means in the accomplishment of His purposes, and to Him let all the praise be ascribed.

CHAPTER X

For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.—2 Tim. 4: 6-8.

CLOSING REMARKS AND TESTIMONIES

In penning these reminiscences I have been impelled by a strong desire to encourage my younger brethren in the ministry, who may be depressed with a consciousness of their insufficiency and unworthiness, to go forth in humble dependence upon divine strength, and in their efforts to make known the Gospel message, to claim the cheering promise, "My word shall not return unto me void."

As an aged minister, soon to close my work on earth, I would fain give any hints in my power that might be helpful to those who are just girding on the Gospel armour. I have, however, no stereotyped methods for the promotion of revivals. A large portion of my ministerial life has been spent in the discharge of pastoral duties, so that I have not claimed to be a professional evangelist. As a pastor I always had a strong desire to enlarge the bounds of Zion by winning souls to Christ. It was said of Edward Payson, who in his day was pre-eminently successful in the Lord's

work, that "he had a passion for souls." That passion, it seems to me, should characterize the Lord's servants generally. The preaching of the Word has been the most prominent factor in my successes. James says, chap. 1, v. 18: "Of his own will begat he us by the word of truth," and the Saviour Himself says, John 12:32: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." Let Christ be lifted up in our preaching. His Gospel is "the power of God." Having unbounded confidence in the Gospel as the divine agency in saving fallen humanity, a short Gospel sermon has been preached in almost all my evangelistic services. In the preaching of the Word we should study adaptation. In seeking to promote a genuine revival special care needs to be taken to have the church in condition for work. It is when Zion travails that sons and daughters are born into the Kingdom. Pastoral visitation, too, has had a prominent place in the promotion of the Lord's work. My evangelistic services have been chiefly in communities where there was no settled pastor, and so in my home mission work I have done much visiting. If we would have success in our work we will do well to follow Paul's example, who labored "publicly and from house to house." We shall thus become acquainted with the spiritual condition of our hearers and be better prepared to adapt truth to their necessities. We need, too, what the Apostle John calls "an unction from the Holy One." With this

divine anointing our speech and our preaching will not be "with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in the demonstration of the Spirit and of power." Faith is also a grand prerequisite to successful work. We need faith in ourselves as the Lord's agents in the development of His purposes, but especially do we need strong faith in Him under whose marching orders we serve.

All this presupposes the habitual exercises of earnest prayer, diligent Bible study and also correct Christian deportment. It should be our highest ambition to be written epistles "known and read of all men." For our hearers will judge of Christianity more by what they see in the conduct of its professors than by what they hear from the pulpit.

May our rising ministry be fully consecrated to the Lord's service and be eminently successful in winning souls for Him!

It seems fitting that before closing this sketch, I should record, as a result of my lengthened experience, study and reflection, my increasing belief that the Bible, as the revelation of God's will to man, is, notwithstanding all adverse criticism, worthy of our fullest confidence and love. And that the Gospel the Bible unfolds has been, and is, the mighty lever for the uplifting of humanity, and the blessed medium of comfort and peace to all who sincerely embrace it.

I would also record my heartfelt testimony to the value and importance of our denominational enterprises. For many years I have

been regarded, all over these provinces, as an enthusiast in Home Missions, having given the best of my life for their advancement; and now in the evening of my long day, my convictions of the importance and necessity of this work grow stronger.

The Grand Ligne Mission, founded through the prayers and self-denying labours of the sainted Madame Feller, and as an evangelizing agency signally blessed of God all down through its history, in view of the great spiritual needs of the swarming French population of the Province of Quebec and portions of the other provinces of the Dominion, surely presents a most desirable opening for the exercise of the benevolence of our people.

The mission work of the great North West of our Dominion, too, has a large place in my sympathies. The multitudes of people, of many nationalities, including many thousands from the Maritime Provinces, now flowing into that great country, should certainly give, at the present crisis, our great North West Baptist Missions a special claim upon our benevolence.

When a youth, I heard the late Rev. Richard E. Burpee, our first foreign missionary from these provinces, give an address in Hillsborough, N. B., on the claims of the perishing heathen, which greatly stirred my emotions; and since that time, whether in the pastorate or in other Christian work, I have done all in my power for the promotion of the great work of Foreign Missions.

For our beloved College I have made greater sacrifices than for any other department of our denominational work, and it gives me pleasure to say that in my judgment the prosperity of our Institutions of Learning at Wolfville is vitally connected with that of our denomination in these Provinces, and hence the wisdom of doing all in our power to promote the advancement of our College, Academy and Seminary.

Unselfish and generous labours to help forward these benevolent enterprises are absolutely necessary, not only for their success, but also in view of the reflex influence of such labours, for our own best interests.

May we so meet our obligations in every department of Christian work, that when the Master comes He may say to us "Well done!"

ISAIAH WALLACE.

Wolfville, N. S., May, 1903.

TESTIMONIALS



TESTIMONIALS

The following testimonials were received by the author from brethren who had examined portions of the manuscript :

From REV. T. TROTTER, D.D.,
President Acadia University.

I have read a considerable portion of Rev. Isaiah Wallace's Autobiography in the manuscript, and have found it an interesting record of reminiscences of a singularly active and useful life. It is a remarkable story of "Grace Abounding" to sinful men, and of the honor which God has put upon His servant as a preacher of the evangel. It cannot fail to be of great interest to the many who have profited by the author's ministry, and to many others besides.

From REV. A. W. SAWYER D.D., LL.D.

The reminiscences of a busy life, by Rev. I. Wallace, M.A., will doubtless find many sympathetic readers. Facts connected with persons and places of note in the history of the Baptist denomination awaken a constant interest in the narrative. It is important that the book should have a wide circulation, as of many of these facts this volume contains the only record.

The book will be especially useful to the younger members of our churches, as it will show how churches were planted and weak churches strengthened in the discouraging circumstances of former years by the labors of self-denying and 'godly ministers of the Gospel. Examples of the prayerfulness, zeal and courage by which so much was achieved in the past ought to be kept in remembrance, since they make manifest the necessary

conditions of success in the service of Christ, whatever change in the methods of labor the changing times may demand.

I am confident that these annals of a very laborious and useful life will be helpful in many ways to every thoughtful reader.

From REV. A. C. CHUTE, D.D.

It has been my privilege to examine the MS. of Rev. Isaiah Wallace's forthcoming book. The author has had a long and faithful ministry, spent in considerable degree as an evangelist, in many parts of the Maritime Provinces of Canada; so that in his wide experience there is much to which the younger men of to-day, and those yet to come forward into the activities of the Baptist denomination in these parts, may well give earnest heed. We know not our present to best advantage without knowing the past, and it is a pity to allow the brave careers of our older men to be fading from view. It is to be hoped, therefore, that these interesting reminiscences of a much-honored servant of God may secure a wide reading, and issue in that gain to Christ's cause which the devoted author longs to have appear from one of the last efforts of his zealous life.

From REV. E. M. SAUNDERS, D.D.

I have read with pleasure a part of the Rev. Isaiah Wallace's autobiographical sketch, and can commend it as a work which will be both interesting and profitable to all classes of readers, especially to those who have known how devout and tireless this good brother has been in his labors, both as Pastor and Home Missionary. It is eminently suited to foster the spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice.

From REV. D. H. SIMPSON, B.D.

John Milton said, "He who would not frustrate his hope to write well ought himself to be a true poem." Of

Rev. Isa. Wallace it may well be said, His life has been in the highest sense a poem. It has been singularly true, beautiful, consecrated, useful. The brief record of that life given here cannot fail to interest, instruct and edify all readers. It cannot be too heartily recommended. It must ever be an inspiration to consecrated living, especially so to young ministers.

From REV. S. McC. BLACK, D.D.

I am sure that a very large number of persons will be glad to know that Mr. Wallace has decided to preserve in permanent form some record of his labors in the ministry, which have been so abundant and so richly crowned with blessing. His long experience as a minister of the Gospel, and his labors extended so widely over these Maritime Provinces, have furnished him with a rich fund of reminiscence with which to enliven the pages of his book; and all who have learned to love the Gospel, which our brother has so long and effectively proclaimed, will feel their hearts burn within them as they peruse the record of the triumphs of grace which he has witnessed. From what I have gathered of the character of the book in manuscript, I am sure that it will prove to be a worthy and appropriate, though modest, memorial of a life untiringly and unselfishly devoted to the noblest of all causes; and it will well deserve a place in the library of every Baptist home.