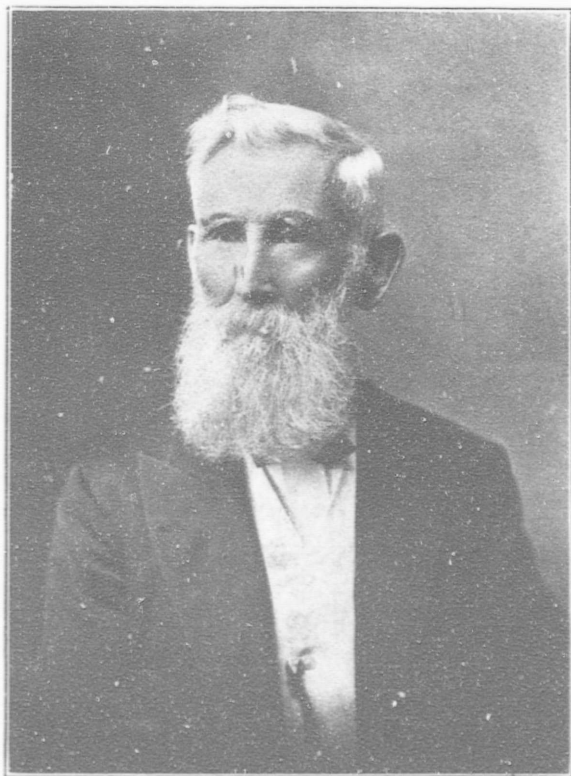


LIGHTS AND SHADOWS
OF EIGHTY YEARS

—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY—

BY REV. JOSHUA N. BARNES



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BY

REV. JOSHUA N. BARNES.

Revised and Edited by His Son,

EDWIN N. C. BARNES,

Author of

"The Reconciliation of Randall Claymore," "King Sol
in Flowerland," etc.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

REV. JOSEPH McLEOD, D. D.,

Editor of The Maritime Baptist,

Vice-President for Canada of The World's Baptist Alliance.

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EDWIN N. C. BARNES.

INTRODUCTION.

This little book tells the life story of a good man. It makes no pretension to literary finish. It is purely a record, simply phrased, of more than fifty years in the Christian ministry. The writer has been known through all these years as a man of real humbleness, great faith, deep devotion and tireless activity in the work of the Lord. His work has been abundantly blessed. The results of his consecrated service are not alone in the large number won to the faith of Jesus, in churches established, and in the care of the flock of God, but in the number of young men converted under his ministry, who became preachers of the gospel and successful winners of souls. Rarely has a minister a more striking record in this respect. The story furnishes some knowledge of religious conditions in earlier years in New Brunswick, and of the difficulties which confronted the servants of God. Incidents of great faith and of the triumphs of faith are numerous. The whole story reveals

INTRODUCTION.

and magnifies the grace of God. Older readers, whose lives have been spent in the places referred to, will have tender memories revived and will live over again the precious experiences of earlier days. To younger readers it will be an instructive page in the history of the times of their fathers, with glimpses of the religious struggles and achievements of that time. To all it shows what God can do by one man, who, without special equipment other than a personal experience of the saving power of divine grace, and with an immovable purpose of obedience "to the heavenly vision," goes forth to preach the gospel.

JOSEPH McLEOD.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

I wish to gratefully acknowledge the labor of love rendered by my son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin N. C. Barnes, of Boston, Massachusetts, whose co-operation made this volume possible.

Acknowledgment is also made of the very material assistance given by Rev. Joseph McLeod, D. D., and Rev. W. E. McIntyre, D. D., of St. John, N. B., in the compilation of the short biographical sketches of ministerial converts.

J. N. BARNES.

Cedarhurst, Oak Point, N. B.,
September 1st, 1911.

FOREWORD.

This little book does not lay claim to any literary merit, but is simply the tale of my life, told from a heart of love. The record is written entirely from memory, which will, in some measure, account for any seeming lack of continuity. Many of the experiences herein related, God has made of great blessing to me, and I trust the story of them may help others.

It is not that I wish to tell you what I have done, but to make you understand what He can do through such a weak instrument as I have been. It has not been me, but Christ in me, that has made the work blessed to many. As I relate some of the things which God has permitted me to see, I feel like hiding in the dust before Him. Many times during my fifty years' ministry I have been painfully conscious of my insufficiency, but at such moments I have come to realize more and more that my strength is of the Lord. How much of failure, and how many lost opportunities! No one knows the

FORWORD.

record better than I. There have been mistakes —so many of them, but He has known that my purpose has ever been to do His blessed will.

My life has been one of alternate cloud and sunshine — there have been valley experiences, but I do not forget the hours spent with God on the hill-top. I labor wholly at His command. The field is wide — the laborers are few. Because of this, I hope to continue active unto the end. In public ministration and personal appeal the message and results have always been my Master's.

THE GLORY IS THE LORD'S!

*'I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.*

*And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.*

*No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.*

*And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.*

*I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."*

From Whittier's "The Eternal Goodness."

1975
1830
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LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF EIGHTY YEARS.

"That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of Life;—that declare we unto you."—I JOHN 1: 1, 3.

CHAPTER I.

I WAS born in the Parish of Greenwich, Kings County, New Brunswick, on the seventh day of June, in the year of our Lord, 1830.

My father, Joshua James Barnes, was the eldest son of Joshua, and grandson of James Barnes, who, with other Loyalists, came to this country in the year 1782, from White Plains, New York, bringing with him a family of eight children. Joshua, my grandparent, was the only boy and youngest child.

The family settled on the west side of Long Reach, St. John River, near Brown's Flat.

There, James Barnes and his wife lived and died. They are buried at Oak Point, N. B.

During the Revolutionary War my great-grandfather served the King as a captain of cavalry. The sword with which he fought is still preserved as one of our family relics.

In religious belief the family adhered to the Church of England.

Joshua, my grandfather, married Sarah, daughter of Joseph Flewelling, who came to this country from New Jersey, about the time that James Barnes settled on the banks of the St. John. The Flewellings settled in what is now known as St. John, West, at that time a wilderness.

My father, James Barnes, married Phoebe Maria, the second daughter of Ninyon Chaloner, who spent the last years of his life in Kingston. Mr. Chaloner was a teacher by profession, but for many years, up to the time of his death, he was Recorder for the County of Kings.

The union of James Barnes and Phoebe Chaloner was blessed with six children, two boys and four girls. Five, by the grace of God, still live: Benjamin Barnes of St. John; Mrs.

James McFarland of Chelsea, Mass.; Mrs. John Fowler of South Dakota; Mrs. William Watson of Winnipeg, Man., and the writer.

My father was jailer at Kingston, so most of my boyhood days were spent there. In the autumn of 1836 I went to Carleton (St. John, West) to spend the winter at the home of my great-grandmother Flewelling. She was a dear, good, old lady, a Baptist in faith. Her husband, during his lifetime, had been a Quaker. I have always remembered the earnest, godly life of that noble, Christian woman.

The impressions I received in that home remained with me in all the after years, until the time of my conversion, and probably played a strong part in bringing me to know Christ. My father came to Carleton for a short visit, in the month of March, and I returned home with him. This was in the spring of 1837, just a short time before our beloved Queen came to the throne. The day of the coronation is yet fresh in my memory.

The first bridge across the St. John River was then in the course of erection. My father walked out on it quite a distance, just as we were

leaving for home. A few weeks later it fell, and a number of precious lives were lost.

On my return to Kingston I began to attend Sabbath school. The rectorate of the Parish of Kingston was filled, at that time, by the Rev. Elias Schofield. My teacher gave me a New Testament and a small hymn book. These I prized very highly, and read with great interest. The impressions made by such passages as my young mind comprehended, were lasting, and now, after many years of experience, I believe most heartily in putting the Word of God into the hands of the young. It alone is able to make them wise unto salvation.—Deut. 6: 5-9.

One of the hymns I learned at that time is still fresh in my memory.

“I sing the Almighty Power of God,
That made the mountains rise;
He spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

“I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food,
He formed the creatures with his word
And then pronounced them good.

“Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn mine eyes:
If I survey the ground I tread
Or gaze upon the skies!”

I remember distinctly of one Sunday afternoon I sat alone reading, when the words of the seventh verse of the first chapter of Revelation, caught my eyes. Of a truth they were a revelation to me. I thought, “I, a poor, sinful boy, shall see God.” I trembled with fear, not knowing what to do. Ever after, when disobedient, the thought came home to me with added power.

Most noticeably true was this on one occasion, when I had been sent on an errand with the injunction to return speedily, and I did not reach home for some hours. When, however, I did return, my mother led me down the long corridor of the jail, and put me in one of the cells. It was in the same room that the noted Henry Moore Smith had been confined. My stay was short, but most beneficial.

A short time after this incident, our family was roused at night by a loud rapping. Upon

unbarring the doors, my father found a posse of men with four prisoners, accused of committing a murder near St. John, but inside the Kings County line. Some weeks later the prisoners came to trial, and three of them were sentenced to be executed. One had his sentence prolonged while a petition was sent to the Queen, asking a pardon for him, which was graciously granted. The other two suffered the full penalty that the law passed upon their crimes.

My mother was very kind to these prisoners, and, shortly before the execution, they requested her to bring the children into that part of the jail where they were imprisoned. She did this, accompanied by my father and two soldiers.

I remember little that occurred, except that one of the prisoners, Leonard by name, a tall, finely built man, but looking very pale and sad, came to me, and, taking me by the hand, said:

"My little lad, I have something to say to you. I want you to promise me that you will never drink any rum, for it brought me to this. Had I remained a sober man, I should not be here to-day."

With my hand in his, I promised as he

desired, and, thank God, I have been enabled, by His grace, to keep my promise for the seventy-two years that have intervened.

It was only a few days after this sad morning, that the hour of execution came. It was a beautiful morning. The workmen were preparing the gallows, and the prisoners were so near that they could hear every stroke of the hammer.

My mother, and the several members of the family, were preparing to leave the prison, as she had not the courage to remain during the execution. In the midst of the preparations, I went to my parents and asked to be allowed to witness the hanging. My father said if I desired to remain, I could. After my mother had departed, however, I repented; but it was too late then.

The fatal hour came, and the prisoners, dressed in white, were led out on the gallows and stood upon a plank,—the drop. Leonard said little, but McMonegal spoke from twenty minutes to a half an hour, protesting his innocence of the crime for which he was about to die. This was afterward proven true. Both Leonard and McMonegal were innocent of the

crime, the man who had received the pardon from the Queen being the real culprit. His confession came years after, too late to be of any service to those men, whose association with men of deeply-dyed deeds, brought to them more severe punishment than they deserved.

But to return to the dreadful scene of that fatal day. There were many hundreds of spectators present. I stood beside my father, and, as the officers drew the caps down over the prisoners' faces, I asked that I might be allowed to run and hide behind a small building that stood near, for I felt that I could not see them fall. My father held me firmly by the hand and said,

"No, you wished to see the execution; you will now remain until it is over."

As the sheriff rode up and struck the rope with his sword, I fainted at my father's feet. When I became conscious, the life had fled from both bodies.

What a lesson that was to me of the evil of drink. Just here let me say a word to each boy who may read these pages: Promise God you will never touch the accursed cup.

The wailing of the third man, whose sentence was revoked by her Majesty the Queen, when he saw the dead bodies, was like the wail of a lost soul, as indeed it was, for he was executed some years later for another murder, committed somewhere in the West. Soon after this my father moved a few miles out of Kingston, upon the riverside.

Before I left this village, which had been my home for some years, my resolution concerning drink was subjected to a severe test. A man, whom I had always considered a friend, came to me bringing a glass in which there was a little brandy. This he desired me to drink. I said:

“No, I will not touch it.”

He insisted, and again I refused. Finally, he left me, and I believe it was God who enabled me to gain the victory in the hour of my temptation. That day I shall never forget. The wise man has said, “He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh the city.” This was one of the first of many victories that God has given me through grace.

CHAPTER II.

ONE evening, about a year later, as I was near our house, I thought I heard someone calling. As our home was on a hill, any noise could be heard for some distance. My father, on being told of the matter, took one of his men and went in search. Finally, the search was rewarded. They found, about a mile away, two men, who with their span of horses and hay-wagon, had gone through the ice at William Scribner's Point. The men were finally rescued and taken to the nearby home of Mr. Northrup, where they were well cared for until morning. After some time they got the horses out, and moved them about somewhat to save them from death by chill. Father sent one of our men up home to let us know that they had succeeded in rescuing both men and horses.

It was most providential that I had heard them, as in a short time they would have

lost their lives. The route to their home in Midland lay by our house, and, as they were passing the next morning, father went out to the road to speak to them. They said:

"Bring out the boy that saved our lives, we want to see him."

I gladly went out to meet them. They were, certainly, two very thankful men. This was the beginning of my work of rescuing the perishing.

When thirteen years of age I worked with my father harvesting the crop of old Mr. Peter McKenzie, on the Belleisle. He was a praying man, having family prayers night and morning. Sometimes his wife would pray, loud and long. I knew what my father, being a Churchman, thought about such things, and feared he would get up and leave the house, but he did not. After we were in the field he said to me:

"Well, if the old man let his wife pray very often, we would not get many of his potatoes digged!"

Mr. McKenzie was the first person I had ever heard pray without the use of a prayer-book.

Twenty-five years later, when pastor at Kingston, I was called upon to perform the last sad rites over his body. He was the first Free Baptist I had known, and he made a very favorable impression.

Up to this time I had never seen "Pilgrim's Progress." This kind neighbor loaned it to my father, and it was read in our home. As children, we had little opportunity for reading such books, as the edicts of the Established Church said they were not fit to be read.

My last school year closed when I was about fourteen years of age. There were six of us boys who went together. Three of these boys belonged to one family. They had many advantages that the other three did not have, even though their father was a drunkard. He was a professional man of no mean ability, and they felt themselves quite superior to their three playmates and school-fellows. Two of the three came to untimely ends at an early age, while the third lived longer, only to die a poor degraded drunkard. The other three are still alive and have been members of the Christian ministry for more than forty years.

How true is the word of the Lord in the first Psalm!

After leaving school, things went on quietly for about two years, with only one interruption worthy of note. I experienced for the first time a feeling of guilt and shame for an act of my own. I, with other boys, agreed to go to a man's orchard at night, and steal apples. We went. I got what I could tie up in my handkerchief, but after we got them we did not know what to do with them. I knew if I carried them home my mother would demand where I got them. At length I decided to hide them in a stone heap near my home. There they remained until they had nearly all rotted. The thing troubled me very much until I was willing to make it right.

About this time my father moved his family to Carleton (St. John, West). This was a dangerous move for a young man of my age and temperament. Looking back, I can see how a kind and watchful Providence was directing my steps when I knew it not. I praise Him for His unmerited love and mercy toward me. Glory to His Holy Name!

On settling in St. John, I soon found employment with a Christian man.

On the seventh of the June following our moving, I was sixteen years of age. That summer I nearly lost my life by falling into a mill pond. I was saved by a young man who happened to be near. In saving my life he had to imperil his own, but both got through the danger safely. How dear to me is his memory! If I had died then my soul would have been lost, but I was given a little more time to repent.

Soon after this, I was told by my parents, and the Rector of Carleton (St. John, West), Rev. Mr. Coster, that I should be confirmed by the bishop, and unite with the church. I complied with the conditions, and appeared before the church for examination. At that meeting I felt I should get up and tell them that I was a sinner, but no opportunity to do so was given, so I did not.

The next Sunday I went to the communion table, but I cannot describe my feelings as I approached the altar rail, and the emblems were presented to me. I almost feared the bread would remain in my throat. I went a second

time, and then said to a friend of mine, a man somewhat older than I, who was confirmed with me.

"I cannot go to the table again until I have a change wrought in my heart."

Yet, I believed in my church, although there was little said about any heart preparation necessary for either communion or service.

At this time I was working for a man who was a Baptist. We entered into a conversation on baptism. I soon found that he had the best of the argument. This was in the morning. In the afternoon the subject came up again. I had brought my prayer-book, and felt quite sure that I could confute his statements with that, but I can never tell how confounded I was, when, on drawing my prayer-book forth, he said,

"Take it away and bring me a Testament and I will talk with you."

I had no word to say for myself or creed. I had fallen on my own sword. From time to time I had deep feelings and fears.

The winter after my seventeenth birthday I had smallpox, but God saw fit to spare my life.

It was far from being such a life as He would be pleased with. Nay, I often felt condemned and unhappy.

In the autumn of the following year, I suffered from a long illness and was very near to the dark river, but the arms of God's mercy were about me, and I was restored to my wonted health.

During that winter my oldest sister gave her heart to the Lord, and united with the Methodist Church in Carleton, much to the sorrow of our parents. The evening of her reception into membership, she asked me to accompany her to the service. As I was preparing to go, my mother said to me,

“Where are you going?”

“To service with my sister,” I replied.

She then forbade my going. I made no reply, but went. It had been a long time since I had disobeyed my mother's command, for she loved me much, and I loved her in return. Now I had a burden on my heart she knew not of, nor could she help me out of my trouble. The church I had been attending for years had done nothing for my soul, so I determined to look

elsewhere for the peace of mind I so much needed.

A little before this, I attended a service conducted by the Rev. Ezekiel McLeod, and in that hour I was brought to see myself as never before. My vision came through the testimony of one of the Lord's children. I saw that I must be born again, or be lost forever.

Later in the winter, I went up to the Long Reach on the St. John River, to see an old gentleman by the name of John Belyea, a good man indeed. I spent the night with him and his family. At prayers he prayed for me and I was much affected, yea, even to tears, and thought if I could only remain here, I might find peace. I went home with a deep feeling of need in my heart, the need of a better life.

A little later, I was deeply moved by a sermon, preached by a Rev. Mr. Taylor, a Methodist clergyman. This was a remarkable winter in my experience, events following each other with great rapidity and all pointing one way. The Lord seemed to cross my path from all points.

I was working in St. John and sometimes I attended the Free Baptist service at the Waterloo

Street Church. At one of these services, one of the deacons, Brother Underhill, spoke a few kindly words to me that touched my heart most tenderly. I was standing in the door-way of a friend's house one evening, just before leaving for service, when a Baptist minister came down the stairway, and approaching me, he inquired if I was a Christian. I replied I was not. He said,

“Young man, the Bible says, ‘The wicked shall be turned into Hell, with all the nations that forget God.’”

These words stung me to the very soul. The message was an arrow from the hand of the Almighty.

Shortly after this I had a most alarming dream. It was that I was lost. I awoke from my slumber, weeping bitterly, with feelings better imagined than described; feelings that never left me until I was converted. I was so much affected that my friends noticed it, and inquired what was troubling me.

In the month of May, my father and family moved into the city proper. This, I believe, was providential for me. I was working with a man

by the name of Ellison. His father, a very godly man, became interested in my welfare, and one evening, as we were returning home from work, he ventured to speak to me about my soul. I frankly told him I was in trouble, and he gave me some kindly advice. Again, on Saturday evening of the same week, we reasoned of the matter. This was the seventh of June, my twenty-first birthday. I promised him I would go to a Methodist class meeting the next day, and make my condition known. I kept my promise; my first public step toward God.

As I went from that meeting I realized I should never rest until I found peace. I began to pray. I had said my prayers many times, but this evening I prayed from my very soul.

On Monday morning I again went on my knees; also at noon. At eventide, on my return home, I took my Bible, went to my room, and bowed myself before God. After reading a portion of the Word, I again lifted my heart in prayer, and in a few moments, peace came to my mind, a peace I had never known before.

I took up my Bible, and clasping it to my heart, exclaimed,

“It is the blessed peace I have desired so long.”

My burden had left me, and I was free. This was on the ninth of June, 1851.

As I look back over all those years, I feel I should have been a Christian much earlier, if some one had taken me by the hand and led me to Jesus. At the hour of my conversion, looking back, I could see how God had led me on, all through the years, and had never left me.

From time to time I felt His reproving influence upon my heart, and at length, through a very humble instrument, He led me to Himself.

CHAPTER III.

IT was not to be all sunshine, however, even at the beginning of my new life. My parents and nearly all my relatives turned against me because I left the Church.

I had few habits to break off, as I never drank intoxicating liquors or used tobacco. I had formed few acquaintances in the city, and that was in my favor. I soon found a number of good friends among the people of God. I was keeping company with a very worthy young woman, who later became my wife. I was, in the Providence of God, blessed indeed, although sometimes I was made very sad by the adverse conditions existing in my life.

I united with the Methodist class, but not with the church. I attended the Methodist meetings, however; also the Free Baptist, at the Waterloo Street Church, of which Rev. Ezekiel McLeod was pastor. He was very kind to me, as were also a number of Methodist

ministers, among them Revs. Ellison, Wright, Smithson and Corey. They were all good men and helped me much, especially Mr. Ellison. He had a class of young men who met at the church once a week, for the study of God's Word. This study brought forth fruit in my Christian ministry.

When the anniversary of my spiritual birth came, it was with a feeling of deep gratitude that I looked back over the year. To be sure, I could see I had made many mistakes, had not always done the will of God, and had sinned against Him, my best Friend, yet I had made some progress in the Divine life.

Conditions were better in my home. I took up family worship, and about this time my mother and I had a long talk. She acknowledged that she had done wrong in what she had said to me, and that my course was the right one. This was a great help to me.

In the autumn she was taken sick and was unable to leave her room. Each day as I came home at noon and night I would go up to her room to see how the time had passed.

At length she said to me,

“Will you pray for me?”

I fell on my knees, and prayed that she might be led to see Jesus Christ as her personal Saviour.

As I arose from my knees she said,

“One drop of the Saviour’s blood can wash all my sins away.”

From this wonderful experience I fled to my own room and bowed before God, thanking Him that my mother was trusting in the blood of Christ, and not in her church or any other human agency. This was a happy time for me as well as for my mother.

She died, happy in Christ, in 1853.

During the summer after my conversion I began to think of the many families in St. John who did not attend any place of worship. I decided to give up my Sunday morning service, and go out on a mission among these people. Accordingly, I took my Bible and some tracts, and began to visit and pray with them. I became deeply interested in this work. In the course of my visitation, I found a woman who had no Bible. I read and prayed with her, and promised to procure one for her very soon.

Some little time after, Rev. Ezekiel McLeod

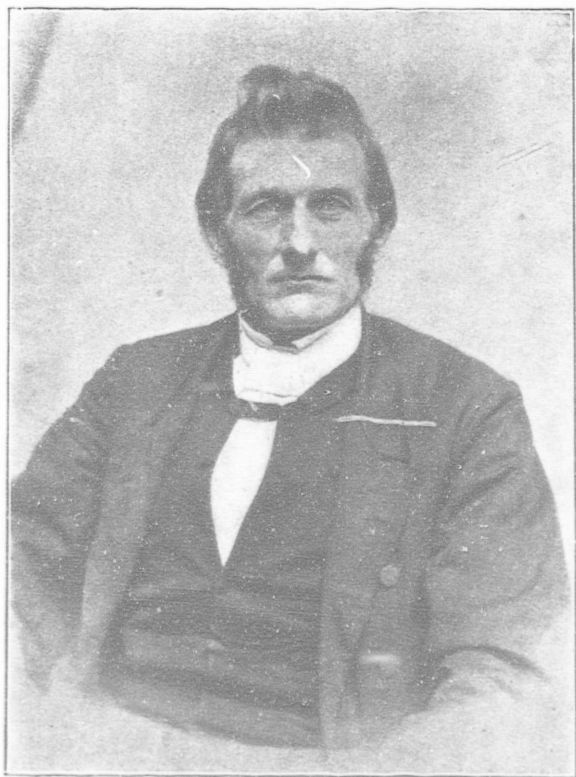
began holding special meetings in Portland (St. John, North). This woman came out in these meetings, and said it was through my visitation and the reading of the Blessed Book, that she became converted. One day I met Pastor McLeod, and he said,

“Your good work is bringing forth fruit.”

This gave me much encouragement. Up to this time I had not made known my convictions as to what I thought the Lord had for me to do. Indeed, my mind was much troubled about what was really the will of God concerning me.

During the summer of this year a number of young men held services at the mills beyond Fairville on Sunday afternoons. Five or six of these young workers afterward entered the Gospel ministry.

In the summer of 1854, I was married to Miss Emily J. Williams of Long Reach, Kings County. We began house-keeping at once. Poor girl! Her stay with me was short. She died on the twenty-fifth of October, 1855, leaving a sorrowing husband, and a little boy Frederick, of seven weeks; but our loss was her eternal gain, for she was a Christian.



REV EZEKIEL McLEOD,
Who Baptized Mr. Barnes.

In the spring of 1856, shortly after the death of my wife, I was travelling to Kingston by the way of Rothesay when I saw that it would be the will of God that I should enter the ministry. The impression came to me that I should make my first effort to preach at White's Meeting House (Methodist), Long Reach.

During the early part of the summer, while in St. John, I met Rev. D. D. Currie, then pastor of the churches on the Reach, who inquired of me whether I was going up the Reach that day. On receiving an affirmative answer, he said he desired to send an appointment for Sunday, to the eastern side of the St. John River. Arriving at the church, the pastor not being present at the prayer meeting, I took charge and preached twenty minutes, from Isaiah 3: 10, 11. Abraham Holder, one of the members, said at the close,

"I think we had better keep you at it."

A few days later, while on my knees in a field, meditating, it came to me that God had given me the impression, while on the road to Rothesay, that I should make my first attempt to preach in that very church.

Sometime later, while assisting Brother Currie in special meetings, he asked me to call at the Methodist parsonage for an interview, relative to my entering the ministry.

During that talk with him, he advised me very strongly to make that work my calling.

I made my first appointment at old Mr. Samuel Holder's, Long Reach. When the hour came, the house was full. I read my text from Hebrews 6 : 19, spoke for five minutes, and broke down completely. I certainly was very much discouraged. Mr. David Holder said to me,

“Young man, God has work for you to do — keep on.”

In the fall of 1857, I was at work on a new ship at Dorchester Island, Bay of Fundy. On going to my room at the boarding house where I lodged, one evening after work, I found that my trunk had been broken into, and sixteen dollars in cash stolen. The boarding mistress and hired girl were called and questioned about the matter. The latter stated she had seen a man in my room that morning, before the steamer left for Moncton. He had some money

and a chisel in his hand. He went into another room and threw the tool on the floor. We went into the room and found the chisel as she had stated. Upon examination of the lock it was quite evident that this tool had been used to break open the trunk.

I hired a rig and started for Moncton in search of the man the girl had named. I succeeded in finding him, and he agreed to return to the Island and do what he could to recover my money. We took the sheriff with us to the house, and searched the house and the girl, but found no money. The sheriff said to me privately,

"There is no doubt in my mind that girl has your money. I am very sure, however, that you will never recover it."

His statement proved true. I never recovered the money.

The young man was much troubled about being charged with the theft. He had been exceedingly wild while on the Island. On the road down from Moncton, I learned from him that he had once been a Christian, but was now in a back-slidden state. That evening I gave

him an invitation to take a walk with me. He accepted, and after walking a short time we sat down and talked matters over. He was in a sad state indeed. I proposed that I should pray for him. Finally, he prayed with me and soon found peace.

There was a marked change in him from that day forward. He separated himself from the ungodly men with whom he had associated at the shipyard, and we found much pleasure in each other's company. When the time came for us to part, he asked me to correspond with him, to which request I readily agreed. We continued to write for a long time.

I was baptized by the Rev. Ezekiel McLeod, pastor of the Waterloo Street Free Baptist Church, St. John, on October 4th, 1857, and received into membership there.

I made known to Brother McLeod my call to the ministry. I was fully aware that my course was condemned by not a few, but I had learned the great secret of taking everything to God in prayer, knowing that He would hear my prayer and guide me.

My uniting with the Free Christian Baptists

gave me large and blessed opportunities for work. In entering the Christian ministry my thought was certainly not of the money it would bring, or of glory to be gained for self, or to be a great preacher, but to honor God and save men.

In November I left home and for three months did the work of a colporteur.

I spent a Sunday at Little River, preaching at two services with some acceptance. The following week, I went on with my work as far as Gagetown, and then returned to Upper Hampstead and held a service in the Free Baptist Church.

I shall never forget that day. I had a good congregation, but no liberty in speaking. I attempted to speak from Jonah 2: 8, 9. Could I have hidden myself where no one could see me, I should have been glad indeed, but I had to go through with the service.

There was one brother who had compassion on me, invited me to his home, and encouraged me to cross the St. John and go to a small settlement in Wickham. He said he believed that I would be blessed of God in my work there.

I took his advice and started for this new field of labor. I went down to Thompson's wharf, got a boat and rowed across, just as the river was closing with ice. I took some of my books along and sold them on the way.

On my journey to the village, I tarried one night at the home of Mr. Stephen Belyea. After supper, a number of young people came in to pass the evening. After they had been enjoying themselves for some time, some of their number came out and invited me to go in, but I declined.

Later in the evening, I felt impressed that I should go in and read and pray with these young people. Mrs. Belyea was in the room where I had spent the evening so far, and I asked her opinion of the matter. She said she would go and ask the gathering if it would be agreeable to them. They sent out for me to come in. I did so, read, prayed and talked to them a few moments, then returned to the outer room. Soon after they departed to their homes, all coming to bid me good-night before leaving. I do not remember a time in all my life when I retired with a greater peace in my soul.

On the following Sunday I preached at Shannon Settlement, and enjoyed a very good day. Here I found many warm friends. I spent part of my time for the next year and a half with the people of this village, and the balance I put in at Big Cove and Henderson Settlement. At Shannon Settlement I saw one young man brought to Christ, and at Big Cove two others gave their hearts to Jesus.

I returned to St. John, preached before the church of which I was a member, from Galations 6 : 15, was examined and granted a license to preach for one year, from January, 1858. I attended the District Meeting at Wickham about this time. That body granted me a license to preach.

I did not go to the General Conference of 1858, as it was at Victoria Corner, some considerable distance from where I was laboring. I worked on that year until the Conference in July, 1859.

CHAPTER IV.

I ATTENDED the Conference of 1859, which was held at Lower Millstream. This was my first Conference, and everything was new to me, but I enjoyed the session much. I had the privilege of meeting a large number of the brethren and ministers whom I had never seen before.

I soon returned to my field of work, however. In August I started to ride to Fort Fairfield, Maine, a distance of one hundred and seventy miles. I stopped the first night at the Narrows, Queens County. I had not been there long when Rev. Joseph Noble came driving along.

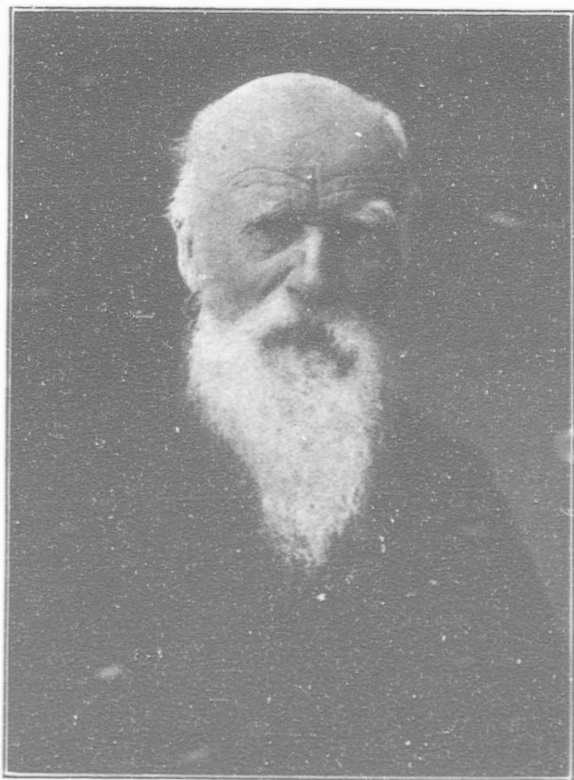
"Well, Brother Joshua, which way are you going?"

"To Fort Fairfield."

"How?"

"I am going on horseback."

He changed this programme, however, and in the morning we put the two horses together and I rode with him in his carriage.



REV. JOSEPH NOBLE,

One of the Fathers of the Free Christian Baptist Denomination.

This was my first drive up river, and a very pleasant one it proved. We passed through Fredericton the first day, and stopped that night with Brother Stephen Carlisle at Douglas. The next day we drove to Upper Queensbury, stopped at Brother William Downey's for supper, and then in the cool of the evening started again and drove all night, arriving opposite Woodstock at dawn of the next day. At six o'clock we arrived at the home of Brother Noble's father in Brighton, and in the afternoon at Lower Brighton.

I spent my first Sunday with the Brighton Church, preaching in the morning at Upper Brighton, and in the afternoon at Lower Brighton. At the morning service I spoke with very little freedom. Brother Noble was at the church below, but two of our ministers were present. One I had met once, the other never. I felt I was between two mountains of ice. At the close of the service, I asked the stranger to pray and he said:

"Pray yourself."

I went from the meeting feeling greatly cast down.

My old friend, Brother Charles Richardson, drove me down to Lower Brighton for the afternoon service. I went out into a grove nearby and lifted up my heart for help. As soon as I entered the house of prayer, I felt that God was there, and He did help me in a most marked manner. Many of the Lord's people took part in the evening service. Brother Noble said:

"My brother, you evidently had a great time preaching to-day. The people want you to remain here with them."

"I think I will let well enough do, and move on in the course of a day or two."

I started again for the District Meeting at the Fort, going as far as Bridgewater, Maine, stopping at that place for a meeting or two. I engaged to return to Bridgewater and preach for them after my visit up river.

We arrived at Fort Fairfield and found the meeting convened in a school-house, which was packed with people from all the country-side. I remained for a few days, and had the pleasure of seeing one man, William White, afterward a faithful deacon for many years, brought to

Christ. I had been troubled much for him, for he interested me greatly. He came to the meetings, but would not yield to the call of the Holy Spirit.

It was harvest time, and the farmers were very busy. We were to have a conference meeting, one afternoon, and I gave him a special invitation to attend. He said he could not, as he had to get his grain into the barn. I took off my coat and helped him. We accomplished the task, and he went to conference. That was a glorious day for him, for it was the beginning of a long and blessed Christian experience. I had then, as I have yet, a good many relatives in this place, and I enjoyed my visit very much.

Returning down country again, I travelled on the western side of the river, and, as it neared nightfall, I stopped at a house and asked to get lodging. The lady of the house said they could not keep me, but thought her next neighbor could accommodate me. They did so. The next morning I felt a desire to meet again and pray with the family at the next house, where I had stopped to inquire. I went

over, asked the privilege of reading and praying in the home, and it was granted. I then started on my journey again.

About fifteen years later, in 1874, at a session of the General Conference, a gentleman came to me and said,

“Do you know me?”

“No,” I replied.

“You never saw me, but I have seen you before. Do you remember about fifteen years ago stopping on the flat below River de Chute over night, and in the morning going into the next house and praying with the family?”

“I do.”

“Well, that was my home. I saw you coming to the house and being told by my brother that you were a minister, I left the house and ran out into the fields and hid myself behind a great stone pile until you were gone, for I could not bear to have you say anything to me about my soul. While I was there, however, I thought ‘What a fool I am to run away from a man who has come to do me good!’ I never had peace from that time until I gave my heart to God,

and this morning I felt that I should come and tell you how you helped me."

Oh, how wondrous are God's ways in His dealings with the children of men! How we should be encouraged to work on, even though we do not see the fruit of our labor at once! Thus let us do, believing it shall be seen after many days.

At Bridgewater, I had the pleasure of the company of Elder E. C. Bell, at that time a minister in good standing in our Conference.

About this time I was asked to take the pastorate of the Free Baptist Church at Alvary (now Blaine), Maine, and in conjunction with it, a little church in Letter B Township. Later, I also assumed pastoral charge of the church at Connell, Carleton County, N. B.

I resigned my down river pastorate and at once removed to Carleton County.

Brother Bell was pastor of the Tracy's Mills Church, but he lived at East Florenceville, where he had a country store of the usual type. I was much attached to him and was pained at the mistake I felt he was making, in trying to do business and preach the Gospel. I

knew that God desired his whole time. His defence was that he had a family to care for, and felt he could not get enough out of the pastorate to meet all their needs.

I expressed my fears to him one evening, but he did not see any way to remedy existing conditions. Poor fellow! This same business at length proved his ruin.

Brother Joseph Noble continued to be one of my best and closest friends, but as he was pastor at Sussex and Cornhill, in Kings County, I saw him very rarely. His Christian friendship was the more helpful to me, because of my disappointment in some other brethren in the ministry.

I learned to labor on, looking away from the human side of life to the great Captain of our salvation, Jesus Christ, our Lord.

CHAPTER V.

IN the spring of 1860, I held some special meetings, in which I was assisted by the Rev. Samuel Hartt. Three persons professed faith and were baptized by Brother Hartt.

Soon after these meetings, Brother Noble came to visit me and inquire after the work of the pastorate. He spoke to me of the matter of ordination, but I told him I was not anxious about it, and would leave it with my brethren of the Conference.

At that time our Conference met in the summer, and this year it was held with the church at Woodstock.

The committee, whose work it was to examine candidates for ordination, was composed of Elders Joseph Noble, John Perry and Edward Weyman. They reported favorably, and the Conference voted that my ordination take place immediately after the Conference at Tracy's Mills.

Elder Jacob Gunter preached the ordination sermon from Habakuk 3: 4, after which I received the imposition of hands from Elders Samuel Hartt, Jacob Gunter, William Downey and E. C. Bell. The charge was given by William Downey. It was a time of deep solemnity to me—one I shall never forget.

Following my ordination I went down to my old pastorate for a Sunday, and on the Monday following I baptized my first candidate, Mrs. Isaac Clark, at Big Cove, Washdemoak Lake, Queens Co., N. B.

She had been led to Christ through my efforts some time previous, and said she would be baptized when I was ordained.

On that memorable Monday morning we had a public meeting, and then proceeded to the waterside. The day was beautiful, and the spot, one of the loveliest in all the country. The dear, loving Master was at the baptismal service in very deed.

After a hasty lunch I started on my way home.

Soon after my arrival I began special work at Connell. Brother J. T. Parsons, of Wood-

stock, a General Conference licentiate, came to assist me. Five were led to the Master, baptized, and became members of the church.

At the annual session of the General Conference at Tracy's Mills, that body adopted the circuit system, and all ministers were appointed to their different fields of work by the Conference.

My appointment embraced the following places, Southampton, Campbell Settlement, Hainesville, Upper and Lower Queensbury and Bear Island. It was a large field of work, and the conditions were most difficult.

I took the pastorate in October. On December 28, 1860, I was married to Miss Eliza I. Huggard, daughter of John and Jane Huggard, of Wickham, Queens County, N. B. She was a most faithful and devoted woman and proved an efficient worker and helpmeet in her Master's vineyard. It was said by some that she was the better preacher of the two.

During that year we saw a good work of grace at Bear Island and Southampton. Although we had our discouragements, neverthe-

less God was with us greatly, and we had much to brighten the situation.

The General Conference of 1861 was held at Keswick. It was the most stormy session I ever attended. Brother Gunter said to me:

“It looks like a ship in a heavy sea.”

“Yes, all gone but the lower masts.”

Brother G. A. Hartley succeeded in pouring oil on the waters.

During the fall of 1861 I became deeply impressed that it would be the will of God that I should go to Grand Manan Island to do missionary work.

That winter I passed through a severe trial because of the conduct of one professing to be a minister of Christ. Perhaps he was, but his conduct toward me, was, I consider, very unchristian.

At that time I was but a young and inexperienced worker, having in many ways a hard road to travel. This man's endeavors to steal away the hearts of my people, I found hard to bear. This matter, and the conviction about the Grand Manan work, strengthened my feeling that perhaps it would be wise to seek a new field of work.

In the month of March Mrs. Barnes and I went to Henderson Settlement, in the Parish of Wickham, to visit her parents. On our arrival we found there had been no meetings in the place for a number of months. Being invited by the people to hold a service, I consented, and to that end we all went down to the old school-house.

In less than half an hour I had the conviction that the Lord was about to revive His work in that place. We announced a meeting for the next evening, and at that service the power of the Lord was blessedly present to help. Sinners sought and found peace, and old saints were revived.

As most of the people lived at Big Cove, on the Washademoak Lake, it soon became evident that it would be the course of wisdom to go there and hold the balance of the meetings. The work went on until nineteen young converts, fifteen of them young men, were baptized, and a new church organized at the Cove.

Two of those young men, in due time, entered the work of the Christian ministry. One is yet

living, Rev. J. J. Barnes, who has been a busy, successful worker, and a good preacher. The other, George N. Clark, has entered into his rest. During this same revival one convert was baptized at Shannon Settlement.

At this time we were living at Bear Island, York County. Our General Conference was held in July, 1862, at Carleton, St. John. Before leaving for that meeting, I resigned my work at Campbell Settlement and Queensbury, to take effect at the time of the meeting of the Conference.

CHAPTER VI.

I WENT to the Conference, trusting that God would guide me aright, in reference to my work for the incoming year. Near the close of the Conference I felt that I should go to Grand Manan on a visit, and if the people thought favorably, I would remain for a time. The Conference voted that I should go, as the people had sent a request for a preacher.

I took the steamer at St. John for Eastport, but had to wait there three days before I could get a passage to Grand Manan. I left Eastport late on Saturday, arriving at North Head, Grand Manan, about daybreak the next morning. At that time I did not know of any acquaintances on the Island, but found some two or three later.

After resting a few hours at the home of Deacon James Small, I went over to the Sunday School and meeting. My text at the morning service, was Mark 4 : 38. We held service again in the evening, when I spoke from Acts 7 : 34. We had a good meeting.

On Monday, I visited among the people, and on Tuesday morning, Brother Edmund Daggett, the father of the Rev. J. B. Daggett, took me in his carriage down to Seal Cove, at the lower end of the Island.

We went to the home of William Benson, and were very kindly received. We visited around during the day, and held a meeting in the evening. Brother Daggett went home the next morning, but I remained for a meeting that evening, having continued my visiting during the day. I went to see a sick lady whom we had visited the day before. I found her sitting up, and her husband present. I read a passage of scripture and then said to the lady,

“I want you to pray with me.”

“I cannot pray,” she said,

“Let us pray.”

So we all knelt before God and after praying I said,

“You pray,” but she answered me as before. Then I prayed again, and she began to be much moved, and prayed a few words. I then prayed a third time. She began to pray now, confessing her sins, and pleading with God for His forgiving

mercy. She promised, there on her knees, that she would be baptized as soon as she was able, which promise she faithfully kept. All this was a great inspiration to me.

Friday evening we had the last meeting of the week, as I had to go to North Head for the Sabbath. The Friday evening meeting was a most blessed one, indeed, and a number started for the Kingdom.

On Monday evening we had another meeting. It was now evident that a good work had in truth begun. Things moved forward very favorably all the week.

On Sabbath morning, at the close of the service, I had my first baptism on this Island. There were three persons, two men and one woman, all married — James Benson and wife, and Henry McDonald.

The meetings continued to increase in strength and interest. By this time a goodly number were seeking the Lord. The next Sabbath we had baptism again. G. W. McDonald, afterward a minister, and others were baptized about this time.

Rev. A. Taylor visited the Island and came

down to Seal Cove to see us. He preached on the Sabbath at North Head, and assisted me, the following week, in organizing a branch church of thirteen members at Seal Cove.

One of the young converts came to me, and said,—

“I have a brother-in-law at Gannet Rock. He is the keeper of the lighthouse there. I desire you to pray for him and his wife.”

I assured him I would do so, and we of the church, at once, began special prayer for them.

Just before Brother G. W. McDonald came out into the clear light of the gospel, John E. Reud, a teacher at Woodward's Cove, came down to one of our meetings. He had been heard to say, having been told McDonald had started in our meetings,

“I'll go down and mock his religion out of him in a little time.”

He had a conversation with McDonald before the meeting, and I felt very anxious as to the outcome. McDonald spoke in the meeting, however, as usual. Reud was back again the next evening, although he had to walk six miles after school to get there, and then walk



REV. JOSEPH McLEOD, D. D.

back in the morning. The third evening he came forward for prayer. He and I roomed at the same place, and before returning the next morning, he prayed with us at family devotions. Surely God was with us of a truth.

About this time there was a signal for water displayed at Gannet Rock, and three men, all young converts, went off. When they had anchored, the keeper came down and said,—

“Well, boys, what is going on on the Main Island?”

They told him there was a minister holding special meetings at Seal Cove, and that a number had decided to lead a better life, and had been baptized. The keeper said,—

“Carrie and I have sat down and cried by the hour, not knowing what troubled us.”

God was moving in a mysterious way His wonders to perform.

A short time afterward the keeper came off to the meetings, and very soon both he and his wife gave themselves to Jesus. For upward of forty years this same keeper, Walter McLaughlin, was one of my dearest and most

valued friends. He was a man of broad culture and generous sympathies.

On New Year's Day, 1863, we sought to get the school-house at Grand Harbour, in which to hold services, but were refused, as it was not finished. After a time a school committee meeting was held, and action was taken which closed the house against us forever. On that day the people rose up in their might and said, "We will build a meeting house," and two hundred dollars was pledged on the spot.

During the following summer the house was erected and nearly completed.

The Free Baptist District Meeting, the first session of the Seventh District, met about this time at Wilson's Beach, Campobello. It was a blessed meeting indeed. Elder Ezekiel McLeod preached a most powerful sermon from Judges 5: 23. Elder Taylor lived at Wilson's Beach at this time. There were present at that meeting Revs. S. Freeman Babcock and Jacob Gunter.

I must give my readers one of Brother Gunter's quaint sayings. A number of the ministers were entertained at Lorenzo Wilson's.

Deacon William Peters and wife stayed there also. One morning Brother Gunter came into the sitting room and said,—

“Is Brother Peters in?”

“No,” said Mrs. Peters.

“Has Brother Peters a razor? I should like to borrow it for a little while.”

Mrs. Peters brought the razor. Gunter went out to have his shave. Finally he came back and said:

“You tell Brother Peters that is a Calvinist razor.”

Mrs. Peters wanted to know what he meant.

“Why,” said he, “it gives a general call, selects a few, and leaves a very bad feeling.”

We returned at once from the District Meeting to North Head to begin special work there. Some of the brethren in this place had the impression that the revival was about over, and that there would be no blessing at North Head at this time. But God had better thoughts about it.

We began work in good faith, and were well rewarded. A goodly number of precious souls were saved, baptized, and brought into the

church. One woman, whose husband had made a start in the meetings, became very angry, and said:

“You shall not go to meeting again.”

She took his coat and hid it. He replied: “I shall go without my coat.”

She opened the window, however, and threw his coat after him.

“I shall burn the house up while you're gone.”

He went to a friend of his by the name of Gilmore and said:

“Andrew, I expect wife will burn the house while I am at meeting, but I am determined to seek the Lord just the same.”

“Fear not, she will not burn the house.”

On his return he found the house still standing. Next evening he was at the meeting again. Some little time after the meeting was opened, she also appeared, and sat down near the door. She left before her husband, and he did not see her. She said to him on his arrival home.

“Did you see me at the meeting?”

“No, you were not there.”

“Indeed I was.”

Her daughter, also, supported her statement. Suffice to say before the meetings were over, both the man and his wife were baptized and joined the church.

This revival did much to strengthen and help the church. I continued the meetings from time to time during the winter. The work went on, and sinners continued to come to the Lord. The meetings continued good, the last two converts being among the oldest people in the place.

The brethren at Seal Cove decided to build a church. The location chosen was one of which I did not approve, but they went forward with the building. The latest house, built in 1903, stands on the very spot that I selected for the first one. I had nothing to do with the locating of this last house, but my attention was called to the fact by one of the deacons a short time since.

CHAPTER VII.

IN MAY, 1863, I made my first visit to White Head Island. This is a small island of about one thousand acres, with a population, at that time, of about one hundred and fifty. It lies six miles out from the Main Island. The people were a hard-working class, poor but honest, and were much neglected in religious things by the Christian Church. As far as I could learn at that time, there was not a Christian man or woman on the entire Island. There was neither church nor school.

Mrs. Barnes and I spent some two weeks here, having a few meetings in private dwellings. To our great joy, some few made a start for the Kingdom. Just as things began to look bright and hopeful, an untoward thing happened. An old ship called "The Parkfield," was wrecked on a rock just off Gannet Rock. The vessel was loaded with general cargo, such as liquors, cutlery, paints,

oils, dry goods, carpets, etc. Every available boat was manned and put out to pick up the wreckage. As we had only a few women at the afternoon service the following day, we decided to leave the Island, and go home. Very much of the liquor picked up was in casks, and was scattered all over this Island, and the Main Island. It became a great temptation to the people, but to our great joy, not one of the young converts, as we afterward learned, was brought under its influence. God very graciously saved us out of the hand of the enemy.

In the summer following, in St. John, I saw Mr. Gerow, the custom house officer, who had been to the Island to look after the interests of the underwriters. He said:

"Mr. Barnes, I expected to find one-half the people of Grand Manan drunk, but to my great surprise, I only saw one drunken man during my stay on the Island."

This was very comforting to us.

In June, 1863, Brother Freeman Babcock came to the Island and spent a few days with us. He baptized two for me at Seal Cove.

This ended the baptisms for the year, ninety-one in all.

The General Conference was held this year, 1863, at Southampton, York County. Many of my brethren in the Conference rejoiced with me in my very successful year's work, but it was our God who gave the increase.

On our return from General Conference, we had a very sad thing to meet. A young man of much promise had fallen into sin and brought much reproach upon the Master and His cause, and much sorrow and trouble upon himself. A committee was appointed by the church at North Head to visit him, but no good understanding could be reached, so he was given more time to think things over. He went on from bad to worse, until, on Christmas Eve, he came to our meeting at North Head, under the influence of drink, and went from there to a dance, remaining all night in dishonor to God and His cause. A few evenings afterward he came to meeting again, sober and thoughtful, and ere the week closed he made humble confession of his sin, and sought and obtained forgiveness. His brethren and sisters received

him gladly, and from this time his life was blessed and proved a blessing to many. This young man, after spending twenty-four years in the work of the Christian ministry, entered into his rest in Heaven.

Early in the spring the trustees of the Seal Cove Church had arranged with Mr. James Munlow, of Eastport, Maine, to erect a church building, hoping that it might be ready for dedication in the early fall. Shortly after the Seventh District Meeting session at Wilson's Beach, Campobello, the church was finished, and plans were made for the dedication.

The long looked-for day came at length—a most beautiful one indeed. The chosen man of God, Rev. Ezekiel McLeod, editor of the "Religious Intelligencer," was on hand, and preached an able sermon from Eccl. 5: 1. The service was at 3 p. m., and was attended by the largest congregation ever seen in Seal Cove. Editor McLeod had preached at North Head in the morning, and spoke again at Seal Cove in the evening. It was a good day all through, and we had the pleasure of knowing that one soul was led to give up all for Christ. Brother

McLeod enjoyed this, his first visit to the Island.

We began special meetings at North Head, in December, assisted by William Brown, a young licentiate from the Seventh District Meeting. He helped us much, twenty-seven being baptized and added to the church. At the close of the North Head meetings, Brother Brown went to White Head and commenced work there.

During the revival the previous year at Seal Cove, some few persons from the Grand Harbour district professed faith in Christ, and were baptized, but no church was organized. We had meetings in private houses which were well attended. Previous to the time of the meetings at Seal Cove, there were but two Free Baptists at the Harbour, two sisters, baptized by Brother Doucette. The brethren at North Head thought it of no use to hold special services at this place, under existing circumstances, but God put it into my heart to go. So, with strong faith in Him as my helper, I began work.

The first meeting was on Sabbath evening,

February 15th, 1864. The text that the Lord gave me was Kings 18: 41—"For there is a sound of abundance of rain." God was in the message, and at the close of the meeting, eight persons came forward for prayers, four of them men over fifty years of age. This was a most blessed beginning. We continued the meetings until the ninth day of April, when a church of thirty-five members was organized. The whole place was shaken from center to circumference.

At the same time Brother Brown was having a blessed revival at White Head. He worked for a number of weeks before he saw victory. One evening, completely discouraged, he left the place of meeting, having decided to give up the work. He went to Mr. William Guptill's to spend a sleepless night. In the morning, standing on the shore of White Head Cove, Mr. Judson Guptill called over to him and said: "Stop and have another meeting."

He consented, and that night gained a great victory. Strong men bowed under the mighty power of God, and cried for mercy. The work went on, and in a few weeks I baptized

nineteen for him, and assisted him in organizing a Free Baptist Church on this lonely little island of the sea.

After closing the special meetings at Grand Harbour, I went to Woodward's Cove and began work there. They had a good school-house, but no church. In one of the meetings an old man, professing to be a Christian, rose up to speak. I had previously made a very earnest appeal to the people, and had met with no response. This man, after speaking some time, turned and looking at the people, said:

"If they are all bound to go to hell, let them go."

Poor, heartless soul, he had little of the spirit of the dear Master!

A little before I began my meetings here, a very sad thing happened some two miles up the Island, at a place then called St. Clairville. A young man, Green by name, went down to a liquor store in Grand Harbour, and drank freely of more than one kind of liquor. Some of the boys said to him:

"John, you'll die before you get home."

In reply he said:

"I defy God Almighty to kill me."

This was Saturday evening. On Sabbath morning his dead body was found by the roadside. I was called to preach his funeral sermon. It was the most trying thing I ever undertook. I was so broken up I could scarcely read a hymn, or speak a word for quite a while. The poor old parents and relatives, how I pitied them. This tragedy made a deep impression upon the minds of all the people. The presence of the Lord was manifested, a conviction of sin followed, and a goodly number, some twenty-seven, were baptized, and a branch of the North Head church was organized.

From here I went to Seal Cove, and held two weeks of meetings. A good work was wrought, and sixteen precious souls were brought to Jesus.

About this time I did what to all human appearances was my greatest day's work. It was on the first day of May, 1864. I arose at an early hour, and, immediately after family worship, married Mrs. Barnes' sister to William Thomas, of North Head. I had a preaching service at 11 a. m., and at the close drove to

Mr. Daniel Green's, three miles away, and married his daughter to a young man from Boston. I then drove to Woodward's Cove, and had another preaching service, and received ten into the church. Next I drove to Ingall's Point, Grand Harbour, and baptized nine persons. From there I went to the church at Grand Harbour, and administered the Lord's Supper.

The work continued at Seal Cove about three weeks. Among the converts was William DeWare, afterward a successful minister. The last Sabbath I baptized at Grand Harbour and at Seal Cove, besides preaching three sermons. That night I was taken sick and had to send for a doctor. This about ended my work for the year.

About this time we passed through an experience at Seal Cove which may be worth relating. At the time of the building of the church the pews were sold, the purchasers giving their notes. The church was obliged to hire money, which, finally, of course, became due. We called a public meeting to consider the matter. A number favored putting the pew notes

in the hands of a lawyer for collection. This I strongly opposed, as I knew it would mean disaster, but those in favor of this move were determined to push it through the meeting. I saw that a crisis was at hand, and walked to the door, locked it and put the key in my pocket, saying:

"Now, not a man goes out of this house until this matter is settled."

It was settled very quickly, by deciding to hire money from another man to pay the one who was pushing us. The pew notes, of course, were eventually paid, and the church cleared of debt.

Our young Brother Reud, who had been wonderfully converted two years before, declared his call to the work of the Christian ministry, and received a license to preach from the North Head Church, before which body he preached, with much acceptance, his first sermon from Psalms 127: 1.

I started on a vacation up river. Later Brother Reud spent a day with Rev. G. A. Hartley at Carleton, and from there went to the General Conference at Fredericton. At

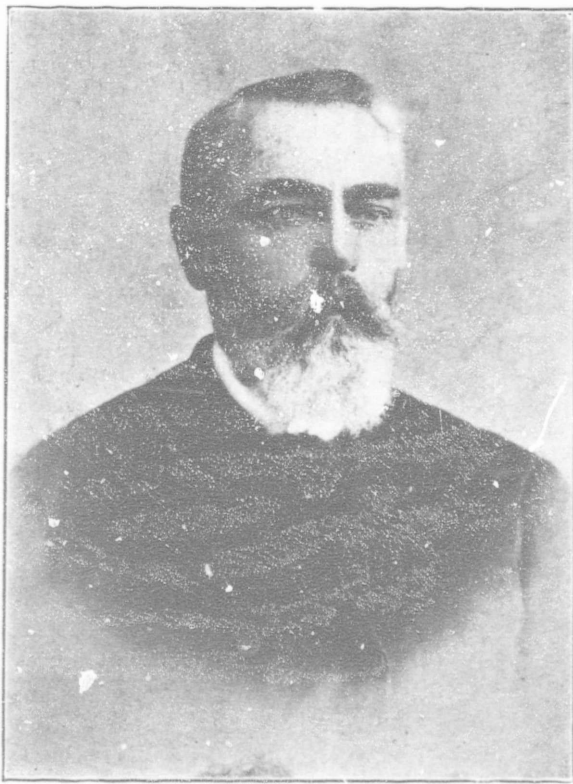
this session he was granted a Conference license to preach.

The year just closing had, by the blessing of God, been a most wonderful one for Grand Manan, one hundred and thirty-one having been baptized, two churches and a branch church organized, and the work extended over the entire Island. To God be all the praise!

After Conference considerable interest was shown in meetings held at Woodward's Cove, but the good work was not long to be thus blessed with such unbroken peace. Satan had a powerful weapon with which to fight. False teachers, with smooth and enticing words, made mischief among us, leading many away from the faith; but God always exposes them in their wicked designs. Such means are sometimes used for the purpose of separating the chaff from the good seed, that the latter may take deeper root, and bring forth the greater harvest.

In the winter of 1864 and 1865 the people at Grand Harbour finished their house of worship, and we had some revival work there.

At North Head we bought a piece of ground



THE LATE REV. JOHN E. REUD.

and made an addition to the buildings, making a comfortable home for the pastor.

One Sabbath morning a man who had left the vicinity of Cutler, or Machias, Maine, came to me and said he wished to get married. I inquired whom he intended to marry. He told me. I looked at him a moment or two, and then said,

“Have you not a wife living?”

He frankly told me he had.

“I can do nothing for you.”

This was a strange experience, for I knew nothing of the man's history, but at the moment he asked the question it came to me very forcibly that he was already married.

In the fall of 1864 the new church building at Beaver Harbor was opened. A number of us went over to the dedication. There were present the following ministers: Revs. A. Taylor, Freeman Babcock and A. B. Marsh. Brother Taylor preached the dedicatory sermon from Matthew 16: 18. Brother George W. MacDonald, who had been licensed by the Seal Cove church, preached his first sermon from Romans 6: 23. He remained with Brother Babcock and held a few meetings.

CHAPTER VIII.

In the spring of 1865 a committee of the churches decided that it would be wise to divide the Main Island of Grand Manan into two pastorates. I decided to retain the Seal Cove and Grand Harbour churches and Rev. J. T. Parsons took the North Head church. The General Conference of this year was held at Cloverdale, Westmorland County.

In the fall of 1865 we moved to Grand Harbour. At this time Mrs. Barnes was in failing health. Later we went up to her home for a little time, and her youngest sister was married to Mr. Mark Daggett, of Grand Harbour. The winter was very cold and Mrs. Barnes grew much worse.

The spiritual state of things was not what we should desire. The Mormons and George Garrity of "The Disciples," who had left the Free Baptists years before, were at work, making division on every hand. Mr. Garrity came to the Harbour in the summer of 1866, to make

trouble there. He was not content with breaking up the work at Woodward's Cove, so sent an appointment to our church, having been invited by a disaffected member.

The evening came, our regular prayer-meeting night. The pastor could not be present, but the deacons were. They were instructed to conduct the meeting as usual, and they followed the instructions faithfully. Shortly after the meeting was opened, Mr. Garrity came in and sat down by the door. Liberty was given for prayer or testimony. There was silence for a little while, then the leader said:

"If there is no one to occupy the time we will close."

This they did, and the sexton turned out the lights. One man started to light them again, but the sexton said:

"I will prosecute the first man who tries to light one of those lamps."

The people then left the church, and after much loud talk by some of them, went home. Mr. Garrity came back no more. Soon after this he left the little church he had organized and the Island forever. Some time after I

met him at a funeral at French Lake.

"Garrity," said I, "what about that little church you organized at Woodward's Cove?"

"The Mormons ate it up."

Both these churches, Mormons and Disciples, passed away long years ago. The Mormon Temple was burned. All this gave evidence that God was not well pleased.

During this winter I spent a whole night in prayer for old Mr. William Franklin, of Mark Hill. I had a strong feeling of conviction for him. In the early morning I wrote him a letter, telling him what I had done, and giving him some texts of scripture and advice. I then harnessed my horse and drove to his home. I found him in bed, it being still early, delivered my epistle, and left him to think for himself. I believed God would hear my imperfect prayer and save him.

George W. MacDonald was ordained July 22, 1866, in the Free Baptist Church, Mouth of the Oromocto, N. B.

On the twenty-ninth of July, 1866, John E. Reud was ordained to the Gospel ministry in the Free Baptist Church, Hoiderville, N. B.



THE LATE REV. G. W. MACDONALD.

The General Conference this year was held in the old meeting house at Victoria Corner, Carleton County. Mrs. Barnes went to visit her old home for the last time, and I went to Conference.

This was a memorable time indeed, two of our best and most useful ministers, Elders Samuel Hartt and Ezekiel McLeod, meeting for the last time. The meetings were largely attended, and the interest good. Elder Knowles of Nova Scotia, was the delegate from that Conference.

At the close of the meeting I returned to the Island, but Mrs. Barnes remained with her sister until September, when she returned. As she was no better, I decided to go with her to Boston, to Dr. Greene. My father, who was living with us at this time, went to visit my brother in St. John. This was my first trip to Boston. Dr. Greene held out no hope, and so we returned home, Mrs. Barnes being much weaker than when she left. She went out but little after this. I went on with my work, but with a sad heart. By December she was confined to her room for the most of the

time, being with her sister, Mrs. William Thomas, at North Head.

Mrs. Barnes was a most godly woman, had made many friends on Grand Manan, and would be very much missed, but we could plainly see that the end was near. At times her mind would be much beclouded, at other times, bright, but for a number of weeks before her death her mind was perfectly clear.

On the evening of the twentieth of December, 1866, in the thirty-first year of her age, she passed peacefully away to be with Jesus. Had she lived until the twenty-seventh of that month, we would have been married six years—six very eventful ones in my history.

As I looked upon the lifeless form, so cold in death, I blessed God for her life, for the help she had rendered me, not only in our home life, making it peaceful and happy, but in my work. She was a helpmeet indeed, by virtue of her kind words and deeds. She was an inspiration to me and all with whom she came in contact.

On Sabbath, the twenty-third of December, we laid the body in the North Head Cemetery to

rest until the morning of the resurrection, when we shall meet to part no more. Rev. J. T. Parsons preached from Job 19: 21.

The new year was begun with prayer, as I have ever done since I gave my heart to God.

In the month of February, our dear old brother, Rev. Samuel Hartt, passed away to his rest, full of years and good works. He was indeed a mighty man in Israel. He did much, very much, in planting and caring for the Free Baptists, who by the way, were not offshoots of the Calvinist Baptists. The former were a people raised up by God himself to do a special work. This work was, as a Baptist minister said recently, "to kill hyper-Calvinism." This work, now being complete, our mission as a separate people is ended, and we are united with our Baptist brethren to do better work for God and our fellowmen.

Our beloved Brother Hartt was one of the charter members of the Free Baptist Conference, which was organized in the year 1832, at Wakefield, Carleton County, N. B. He

remained true to its principles until death.

Again our ranks were broken by death. On the seventeenth of March of this year, our worthy and most esteemed brother, the Rev. Ezekiel McLeod, was called from his loved employ to his home in glory. It did appear as though we could not possibly part with him.

Brother McLeod shed a greater influence over my spiritual life than any other minister. It may be truly said he laid the foundation of my Christian experience. At a prayer-meeting led by him in Carleton, at the old Galt House, in the fall of 1848, a Miss Coram gave a testimony which, under God, deeply convicted me. From that hour I had no peace until I found it in Jesus, in 1851. All this made Brother McLeod's death a matter of great loss to me.

Our General Conference of 1867 was held at Blissville. It was a sad Conference indeed. The Seventh District Meeting was held at Seal Cove, Grand Manan. We had a good meeting.

In connection with the churches at Grand Harbour and Seal Cove, we had Bands of Hope which did good work in forming the character



REV. G. B. MACDONALD.
Pastor of the United Baptist Church, Andover, N. B.

of the boys and girls. We had a fight between David and Goliath, at the time of the District Meeting, which was a grand success. We also had a good concert in the evening by the Seal Cove Band. These bands continued their work for some years.

In the winter I had meetings out in the lumber camps, which were well attended by the people from Seal Cove. The woodsmen gave us a grand reception. At one service I preached to them from Psalms 132:6. "We found it in the fields of the wood."

About this time I had a pressing invitation to go over to Cutler, Maine, and hold some special meetings. Accordingly, in the month of April, I began a work there which resulted in much good. I had the assistance of Rev. Mr. Mitchell (Methodist). We continued the meetings for two weeks, and between twenty and thirty persons professed faith. The people urged me to organize a church, but as there were no other Free Baptist churches in the vicinity, I thought it not wise, so advised them to join the Methodist church.

There was an old man, upward of seventy

years of age, I should think, who attended these meetings. At one service he arose and said:

"I cannot say with these people that I know my sins forgiven. I have been seeking Christ for twenty years and have not yet found Him."

"This is not the way of God," I said, "that any should seek and not find. You have not sought with all your heart, or you would have found Him, to the joy of your inmost soul. I wish that you would remain a little time after the meeting, that I may show you the more excellent way."

He stayed and we had a talk together. The following day he came again to meeting, his heart full of gladness, and said:

"The darkness is now past, and the true light shineth."

On my return home I resigned my pastorate, as I had been with the Seal Cove and Grand Harbour Churches since their organization, six years before. The resignation was accepted.

I began my work at the Island in July, 1862, a total stranger to almost every one in the locality, but by this time I had become acquaint-

ed with nearly all of the two thousand inhabitants.

When I thought of the wonderful changes, especially on the lower part of the Main Island; the precious souls won to Jesus; the churches organized; the Sabbath schools large and prosperous; the house of worship builded; the regular services sustained, and the three faithful young men sent forth to preach the gospel, where six years before there were only two Free Baptists from Grand Harbour to Seal Cove, a distance of ten miles; was it any wonder that my heart was glad, and I was filled with praise to God our Father for all this fruitage. The language of my heart was that of the Psalmist:—"Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!"

I do not wish it to be understood that I was the only one who had part in this great work; that is not so. The blessed Lord sent me to reap that whereon I had bestowed no labor. Other men labored, and I had entered into their labors. Herein was that saying true: "One soweth and another reapeth."

Long before my time help came from such men as old Brother Franklin, a blind man, converted on his way to the Island from St. John, as he stood in the companionway of a small vessel during a dreadful storm. Soon after his arrival he began to sow the good seed, by visiting different parts of the Island, singing and speaking to the people the blessed Gospel of our Lord. He did much to prepare the way, and Brothers Doucette and Taylor labored hard and long on the Island before I ever put my foot upon its shore.

The North Head Church, with its faithful staff of workers, will also have a great share of the reward at the time of His coming. With these thoughts in mind I finished my work and left the field in the hands of the Great Shepherd.



MRS. J. N. BARNES.

CHAPTER IX.

THE General Conference of 1868, was held at Midland, Kings County. I took the pastorate of the Belleisle - Tennant's Cove Churches, with preaching stations at Kingston and Perry's Point.

I decided to get married, and on the sixth of August, 1868, I joined hands with Miss Charlotte Matilda Sprague, at the home of her father in Carleton, St. John. Rev. G. A. Hartley performed the ceremony. We were married at 6 a. m. and at 9 o'clock took the St. John River boat for our new home in Kingston. For one month we were the guests of Mr. Shailer Cosman of that place.

We then started for Grand Manan, this being Mrs. Barnes' first trip to the Island. We landed at Eastport in all safety. From there to the Island we went in a sailing vessel, by way of Southern Head. The night was dark; there was a bad sea and a high wind. Something gave way at the mast head, which created

some fear, but we arrived safely at Seal Cove before morning, and soon found our way to the home of kind friends.

We spent only a week on the Island, as the chief business of the trip was the securing of our household goods. After getting all in readiness, we left for St. John in a little vessel belonging to one of the brethren at Grand Harbour. We stopped at Head Harbour, Campbell, and were well cared for by our Brother William Galley and his good wife.

The next morning we started again. The wind was blowing a gale from the southwest, our vessel was small, with no ballast except our furniture. To make matters worse, Mrs. Barnes had overheard some men say:

“I would not go to St. John in that vessel for a large sum of money.”

This frightened her badly. However, we started under mainsail and jib, and things went on very well for a while. It was very smoky, and for some time we could not see the land. At length we made Point Lepreau. About two miles inside the Point, the captain had to bring his vessel up so close in the wind,

and the sea was so heavy, that the jib sheets gave way, and left us to the mercy of the waves. I was very sick at this time, but Mrs. Barnes was not. The captain said to me:

"You will have to take the helm, while I go up and repair the jib."

By this time my sickness had passed and, leaving me in charge, he went out on the foot rope below the bowsprit, to haul down the sail. There came a big sea and nearly buried him from our sight, but he appeared in safety, and was soon back at the helm.

There was a large vessel outside of us, but when we were down in the trough of the sea, we could not even see her topmasts.

In about six hours from the time we left Campobello, we landed on the wharf at York Point Slip, St. John. Brother William Peters was on the wharf, and wanted to know where we came from that windy day. He was much surprised to see us, and took Mrs. Barnes in his carriage to the ferry. She was soon at home in Carleton. She was very wet, having been on the deck of the little vessel during the entire fifty mile run.

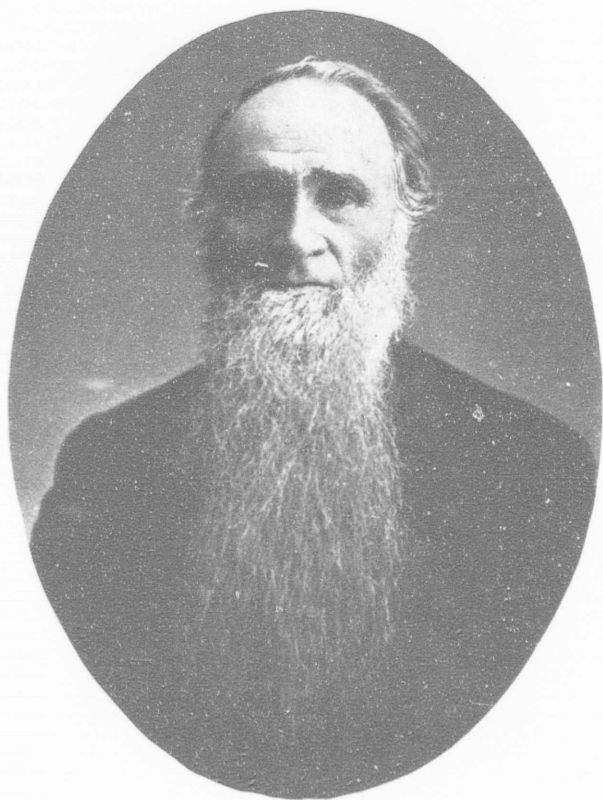
It was a hard trip, but God's loving arms were around us, and He brought us safely to land. We then procured a woodboat which carried our things up river:

During the winter I held some special meetings at Lake's, eight being baptized. We also had some meetings at Perry's Point, from which there was some spiritual awakening, and two baptisms. At Kingston a new house of worship was in the course of construction.

On the seventeenth of May, 1869, a son, Daniel Clark Barnes, was born to us.

The General Conference of 1869 was held at Tracy's Mills, Carleton County, in October. Jacob Downey went with me. Both the weather and the Conference were stormy. This was the time of the never-to-be-forgotten Saxby Gale. Here we had another evidence of our Heavenly Father's tender watchfulness, in that on arriving home, we found the dear ones alive and well.

I gave up the pastorate of the Belleisle-Kingston Churches, and took a mission trip of three months to Grand Mañan. On my return I went up to the Mouth of the Oromocto, and



THE LATE REV. G. A. HARTLEY, D. D.
Pastor Free Baptist Church, St. John (West), for Forty-four Years.

took the pastorate of the Lincoln, Oromocto and Geary Churchés, I began work at once at the Oromocto Church. Things moved slowly at first, but finally victory came, and eleven were added to the church. One of these was a young man of talent who afterwards entered the ministry of the Methodist church.

In the spring I went to Geary, and proposed having some meetings, but a number of the people thought it impossible. To the praise of God, be it said, at the first meeting a young man, the last one whom we would have expected, started for a better life, and in a short time, was rejoicing in the Lord. The work continued until twenty-two had been baptized. The meetings were well attended by people from all parts of the field.

The people at French Lake Settlement said:

“The people of Geary will all starve to death next winter, for they have neglected to put their seed into the ground, in order that they might go to meeting.”

This they said because the meetings were held morning and evening for a number of days.

In the month of July we had a most destructive hail and wind storm, with much thunder and lightning. This storm swept French Lake and Oromocto, destroying grain and hay, breaking windows and doing much general damage. At Geary not a hailstone fell.

In the month of September, 1870, the Fourth District Meeting convened with the Church at the Mouth of the Oromocto. It was a meeting of much interest. Mrs. Barnes was not able to attend, as our little girl Alice was but a babe in arms, having been born but a few days before the meeting opened.

The General Conference of 1870 was held at Hampstead, Queens County, N. B.

In the fall of this year, I received a pressing call to return to Grand Harbour and Seal Cove. This seemed to be the will of God, so I resigned my pastorate, and prepared to move back to the Island. The people of the circuit gave us a good donation in December, nearly one hundred dollars being received from the Oromocto, Lincoln and Geary Churches.

Mrs. Barnes' father having died in 1870, the family moved to Lynn, Massachusetts. In

February, 1871, Mrs. Barnes and I went to Lynn to visit her mother. It was our first visit to this city, and we enjoyed it very much. Mrs. Barnes extended her visit well into the spring, but after a month's stay, I left for Grand Manan. I landed there the first of March, after an absence of nearly three years.

Things were very low, spiritually, in the Grand Harbour and Seal Cove Churches. We made our home at the latter place. That summer I tried to keep up a prayer meeting, but the meetings grew less and less interesting until I was left alone. In the darkness I lifted up my heart in prayer to the always present God for a revival, which came the following winter.

The General Conference of 1871 was held at the Waterloo Street Free Baptist Church, St. John, N. B.

The Rev. A. Taylor had moved to North Head, and he proposed that we work together this year, in special work. To this I gladly agreed, and soon after the general meeting we began work at the North Head Church. I did the preaching and Brother Taylor took charge of the meetings and did the baptizing. As a

result of those meetings, twenty persons found Christ. Of this number, I think three of Brother Taylor's children, two sons and one daughter, were converted.

At the close of the meetings at North Head, we thought it best to commence work at Castalia. The prospects for a time of special interest appeared good, but my people becoming anxious for my return, I left Brother Taylor to continue the meetings alone. He said he never could do anything at Castalia, and the meetings were discontinued.

I went to Seal Cove, and in a week or two Brother Taylor came down. He did the preaching and I conducted the meetings. Brother Taylor preached well—I never heard him do better. For nearly three weeks the meetings continued thus. One Friday night Taylor said to me:

“It is of no use for you to try and have a revival here.”

“Why?” I asked.

“There is too much trouble in the church.”

I did not agree with him. In the morning he came to me and said:

“I am going home.”

I did my best to prevail upon him to remain, but he would not. So after dinner I harnessed my horse and took him to North Head.

I went on with my meetings. The Sabbath was a good day indeed. Brother Taylor had said to me one evening:

“My work is mainly the preaching of repentance.”

Along this line he had wrought faithfully and well. Now, however, I saw the need of a different presentation of the truth. The people needed something to heal the wounds that the sword of the Spirit had made. In my presentation I told the poor people that there was a balm in Gilead and a Physician there; and, as often before, this new vision of Jesus brought peace to many a troubled heart. In a short time thirty-five professed faith.

One of the converts, a young man, William De Ware, who had lost his interest in good things, came forward and declared his call to the Christian ministry. Another, Irvine Harvey, was converted in these meetings, and later he entered Christian work. The meetings moved on in the power of the Spirit.

One man, a sportsman and a hard man indeed, who had been a great Sabbath breaker, became very angry at an inquiry meeting, and left the service saying:

"I wish this meeting house was going out by Three Islands in a northwester."

This man's wife and some of his children were deeply interested in the meetings. Upon reaching home he paced the floor in great agitation of mind. Finally his wife went to bed, and, at length he went into her room and said:

"Wife, get up and pray for me, I'm going to hell."

Her prayer was heard, and by the grace of God, his soul was saved. From henceforth the life of that household was changed indeed. On the morning of the Sabbath on which he was baptized, a wild goose came and took up quarters in the nearby brook. Naturally his sporting interest was aroused. Some of the boys said:

"You see if B——— doesn't kill that goose to-day."

The goose, however, was permitted to live, and the next morning was still on hand. Brother

B—— had a shot at him, and they probably had roast goose for dinner. B—— confessed to me afterward that he was sorely tempted that Sunday morning, but God gave him grace to withstand the temptation.

About this time a public meeting was planned at which the new school law was to be discussed. This law embodied some radical, but very excellent changes. At Seal Cove there had been a great deal of unfavorable comment relative to the law. The meeting was to be held in the morning. The evening before the service was the most powerful of the series of meetings. The next morning at the meeting-house there was not a dissenting voice, for the Holy Spirit had prepared the way, as God had for Joshua of old. At that evening meeting, which had so markedly influenced the morning gathering, one of my deacons came to me, and throwing his arms around my neck, said:

“Did you ever witness such a meeting?”

“No, I never did.”

God was indeed blessedly present.

I now went to Grand Harbour and began meetings there, Brother Taylor assisting. A

number, fifteen I think, were baptized and joined the church. From Grand Harbour I went to Wood Island, where for years I had been much blessed in my work. A goodly number of old people professed faith. One old man, by the name of Green, eighty-one years of age, and suffering with a cancer in his face and loss of sight, was baptized with the assistance of Deacon Samuel Harvey. This baptism was only possible by placing the old man in a chair. It was a most solemn service, and by it others were led to follow most gladly.

Here I had a most amusing experience with an old lady visiting on the Island. One of the ladies of the church said to me:

“I wish you would have a talk with Auntie W—— about baptism.”

I entered the room where she was spinning and said:

“Auntie, I suppose you professed religion a good many years ago.”

“Oh, yes.”

“Were you ever baptized?”

She assured me that she had been.

“By whom?”

To my astonishment, she replied. "By the Lord."

I felt sure I must have misunderstood her, but she assured me that I had not. I then asked her to describe her baptism.

"Well, one day, many years ago, when we lived at Deep Cove, I was standing by my husband's boat, when a great wave came and catching me up, carried me out into the bay, rolled me over, and then brought me back to shore again."

I had to work hard to repress the smile, but finally, controlling myself, inquired:

"Auntie, do you really think that was scriptural baptism?"

She answered in the affirmative.

"Jesus sent His disciples to baptize in the Name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Were you baptized this way?"

Auntie became doubtful, and the upshot of the matter was that I finally had the pleasure of baptizing her. Incidentally she was the largest woman I ever baptized.

Here also lived a man by the name of Job Wilcox, an unbeliever, whom I had often

sought to bring to repentance, but always unsuccessfully. One day he and his two boys, Mariner and Leaman, were out fishing a good many miles from home. A great wind storm arose, and pulling up their anchor, they started for home. The storm still increasing, Leaman said:

“Mariner, are you afraid?”

“Yes, I am.”

“I am not, for father is at the helm, and will bring the boat safely to land.”

This saying, by the power of the Holy Spirit, was made the means of the father's salvation. He told me:

“Never before had I felt any conviction, but I could not get away from my son's words.”

I baptized him, and he lived and died a good man. Thus does God work to bring men unto Himself. There are a goodly number of God's faithful children on these little islands of the sea.

The yearly meeting of the Seventh District of New Brunswick Free Baptists for 1872, was held at Grand Harbour. Brother William DeWare, one of our own boys whom I had baptized, received a license to preach at this time.

The General Conference of this year was held at Lincoln, Sunbury Co., N. B.

Having decided to remain with this people another year, and also to take on the pastorate of the White Head Church, we moved to Grand Harbour, it being the most central part of the field. The church had been pastorless for some time. In January, 1873, I began special work with this church. The people turned out well to the meetings, but there seemed to be something holding the work at a certain point. Beyond that we could not seem to progress.

One Sabbath morning I received the impression that there would come a turn in the work at that evening's service. It would be either death or victory. The meeting was a deeply solemn one. After my sermon one of the deacons said a few words, but no one else took any part. Finally I arose and said:

"The time has come when we must decide about our duty relative to these meetings. Are there not some here deeply concerned that the will of God should be done, if so, will they not arise now?"

There was a moment's silence, and then a Mrs. Robinson, one whom we had all prayed and labored for, rose to her feet and yielded herself to God. This move had a most powerful influence upon the whole meeting. The ice was broken and the work swept on most wonderfully. In this revival Mrs. Robinson's husband and eighteen others found peace. The next morning after the meeting just recorded, a man of about forty sent word to me:

"Hold on, I am coming."

He came to church and to the Lord, as did also his wife.

During these meetings I made considerable use of tracts. One afternoon, as I was passing a fish store, I saw a young man mending a sled. I had some tracts with me, so went in and gave one to him and to another man present. The young man left his work and went home to read his tract. It resulted in his being convicted in his own mind of sin. After this he attended the meetings. One day I went to see him at his home. His wife told me that he was at work about a mile distant, in the woods. I followed her directions, and at

length found him. We sat down on a log and I told him of Jesus and His love. We bowed in the snow and lifted our united prayers to the throne of grace. In a few moments his soul was blessed, and he was on his way home rejoicing in his new found Friend. Thirty-eight years have passed and he yet lives, a good and useful man.

There was some dissatisfaction on the Main Island, because of my remaining so long at White Head, but I believed it to be my duty, and it proved to be the will of God.

I had now been for three years the pastor of these churches, and it seemed to be the leading of God that I should go back to the Oromocto pastorate. To that end I moved up river again, just before the General Conference at Waterville, Carleton County, in 1873.

CHAPTER X.

After returning from the Conference I took rooms at the home of John Parsons, at the Mouth of the Oromocto. I bought a village lot from George Morrow, and a house on Oromocto Island from Moses Paine. In the winter I attempted to move the house from Oromocto Island across the ice to the mainland. I had sixteen span of horses hitched to the house by a long chain. When the first team was on the Oromocto shore, the house went into the ice and was a total loss to me.

During the winter season I enjoyed a good work of grace at Cogswell Settlement, near French Lake. A number were converted. We held the meetings in private houses.

One morning while in prayer with a Mr. William Alcorn, in his own room, the light came to him and he became a changed man. He at once became deeply interested in all the good work.

It was soon apparent that the time was at hand when there should be a church organization in this place. A meeting was called and the people decided to organize at once. This little church still survives after thirty-seven years of good work.

Not long after the organization of the church Brother Alcorn and his eldest son went to the lumber camps for the winter. While returning in the spring, they were overtaken by a flood and they and their horses were drowned within a little distance of home. This cast a great gloom over the whole place, but particularly over their family and the little church.

During the summer of 1874 I built myself a house at Oromocto.

Early in the fall of this year, a young man, J. W. Clarke, came to Oromocto to teach. Standing in the doorway of one of the stores with a friend as I was driving by, he said:

"Who is that young man?"

"That is the Free Baptist preacher of this village?"

"That is all I wish to know of him."

Soon after this I was introduced to the young

man, at the Good Templar Lodge. Later in the season he came up to one of our Sabbath morning meetings. At the close of the service I walked a way with him toward his boarding-place. Before we separated I inquired into his spiritual condition.

"My parents and the other members of my family are Free Baptists, but I am a Methodist."

"The Methodists are good people," I said in reply.

Shortly after this I began holding special meetings and young Clarke attended. Soon there were indications of good. On the morning of the Sabbath, as we were walking down the road, I stepped up behind him, and put my hand upon his shoulder, saying:

"Well, Friend Clarke, do you not think it about time you gave yourself to God?"

He turned to me, saying.

"I do not know but what it is," and then walked on.

He went to his boarding-place, but could not get rid of the words I had spoken to him. The day passed, and when he awoke the next morning, his first thought was of this message

sent from God. He attended the service that evening and took some part. I think he also made some move in one other meeting that week.

The General Conference of 1874, was held at Tracy's Station, Sunbury County. I had to give up the meetings for a week to attend. In taking up the work after my return it seemed almost like starting the work anew.

On the morning of the Sabbath we had a service, but there seemed to be no special interest. We were to have a meeting again in the evening. All the afternoon I could not rest, my heart was so troubled for Clarke. I paced the floor of my room and prayed to God for victory that night. The hour for the meeting at length arrived and we opened the service. I looked over the audience, but Clarke was not there. It seemed to me that in my heart I had no word for anyone but him. To my great joy, just as I was announcing the second hymn, he came in and sat down near the pulpit. I took Paul's saying to Jesus:

"What wilt thou have me to do?"

After I had finished and the deacons had

spoken a few words, he sprang to his feet and said:

“Every word of that sermon was for me.”

The burden fell from his shoulders, his tongue was loosed and he spoke plainly. Some time afterward he told me that he did not intend to go to the meeting that evening. He had told his host:

“You and the family go to church and I will keep house.”

After they had gone, however, he could get no rest until he decided to follow. Surely God was leading him. A little later, he, with a number of others, was baptized.

Shortly after this our only daughter, Alice, was stricken and in a few days died. This was a sad time for us, as she was a bright and lovely child. As we laid her little body in the ground, my uppermost thought was,

“Thank God, she is safe with Jesus, and our loss is her gain.”

Some time before this I had contracted a very heavy cold, which finally developed into consumption. I went to one of the best doctors in St. John, Foster MacFarland. After giving

me a thorough examination he told me that both my lungs were badly affected, and that I had better go direct to California. This I told him was impossible. He then told me to take cod liver oil. Accordingly I sent to Grand Manan, and a friend of mine took the livers, tried the oil out, and sent it to me. It was a number of months before I could see any change for the better.

The Sabbath morning following my examination I attended church at the Free Baptist Meeting House in Carleton (St. John West), where my good friend, Rev. G. A. Hartley was pastor. He invited me to go into the pulpit with him, but I declined. As I sat looking at him, my thoughts ran riot along this line: "Is my work in the ministry finished, shall I never again do any work for God and my fellowmen?" I am at a loss to express my feelings at that hour. The next morning I went home.

I had an appointment to attend at French Lake schoolhouse, eleven miles up the Oromocto River. I started late Sabbath afternoon, but had only gone about four or five miles when it

became dark. I lost my way on the intervale in the deep snow. Finally I came to a creek, but did not dare to cross, as I knew the ice was likely to be thin. After many thoughts I decided to pray. I bowed down on my knees in my pung, and lifted my heart to God for help and direction. Then I started again, and had gone but a little way before I saw a light at my left. I ventured to cross the creek, but my horse refused to go any farther. I decided to call, a woman answered me, but I could not understand what she said. Finally I left my horse and started for the light. So many times I thought I should never reach it, the snow was so deep. At last, however, I gained the house, and the woman told me there was an old road by which I could bring my horse from the ice to the barn.

I started again, and after a long time in the darkness I found my horse and succeeded in getting to the barn. The woman was most kind to me, furnishing me with some clothing so I could change and dry mine. By the time my clothing had dried, the woman's two brothers had arrived home, and they put me on the

road to Oromocto. I reached home about eleven o'clock, thankful indeed that I had not fallen into the creek, which was open at its mouth only about ten rods below where I had stopped.

I learned afterward that the Rev. I. N. Parker, Methodist, with Alec. McPherson, had started a little later to attend the same appointment. They followed my tracks until they saw that I had left the river, when they decided to try the other side. They were lost most surely, but after considerable wandering, managed to reach home in safety. Next morning I met Brother Parker at the Post Office. When he learned of my experience he said:

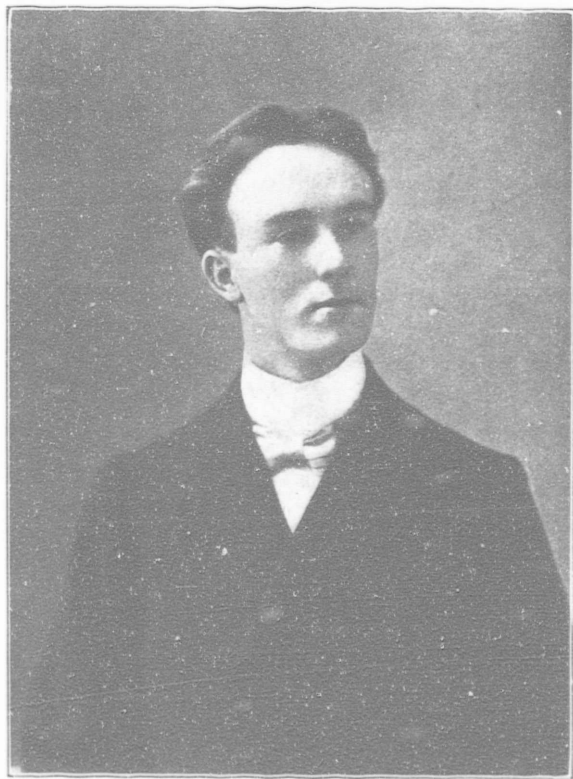
"Blind leaders of the blind, and both fell into the ditch."

The General Conference of 1875 was held at Millstream, Kings County, N. B.

As I was unable to do any work, I resigned my pastorate. Brother Clarke had been active in the meetings and had improved much in speaking. Finally he decided to ask the church for a license to preach. It was granted him,

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and he made his first attempt at French Lake. In the winter of 1875 and 1876 he held some meetings at Lincoln, and a number were converted. I baptized for him.



REV. MERRITT L. GREGG, M. A.,
Pastor Free Baptist Church, Laconia, N. H.

CHAPTER XI.

AT this time I was engaged in selling books. In the spring of this year I was at Eastport, Maine, over the Sabbath. Rev. Mr. Harwood was pastor of the Baptist Church, to which I made my way on Sabbath morning. After the service and Sunday school were over, I went in with a friend to see Pastor Harwood.

In the course of our conversation, he told me of a young woman, a member of his school, whose conversion was after this wise:

“I believed her to be under conviction of sin. I said to Mrs. Harwood,

“‘You invite her home with you, and leave us alone together. I will seek to bring her to the point of decision. If I succeed, I will call you in and we will pray with her and dedicate her to the Lord.’

“On entering the room, after some words of introduction, I said to her,

“‘ I requested Mrs. Harwood to invite you here, that I might converse with you about your spiritual welfare. I will give you fifteen minutes to make up your mind what you will do. I do most seriously request you to bow on your knees and lift up your heart to God, asking Him to help you to a right decision.’

“This she did, and as she arose said,

“‘I have decided for God.’

“I called Mrs. Harwood, and we both prayed with her. She left the room with peace in her heart, has taken her place in meeting, confessing her newly found Saviour, and now plans to be baptized next Sunday.”

This experience was an inspiration to me, and helped me much in my work in after life.

In the month of March of this year I went to Grand Manan for a few weeks. My health had considerably improved, and I now found myself able to preach, occasionally. One of my ministerial brethren had for some months been at work at Seal Cove and Grand Harbour. At the former place he had seen a good work of grace. At the Harbour, however, the work was not so successful and he became discouraged.

The people pled with him to remain, but he would not. When I landed at North Head I found him there, with all his effects packed in readiness to sail for home. I tried to prevail upon him to stay, but he said most decidedly, "No."

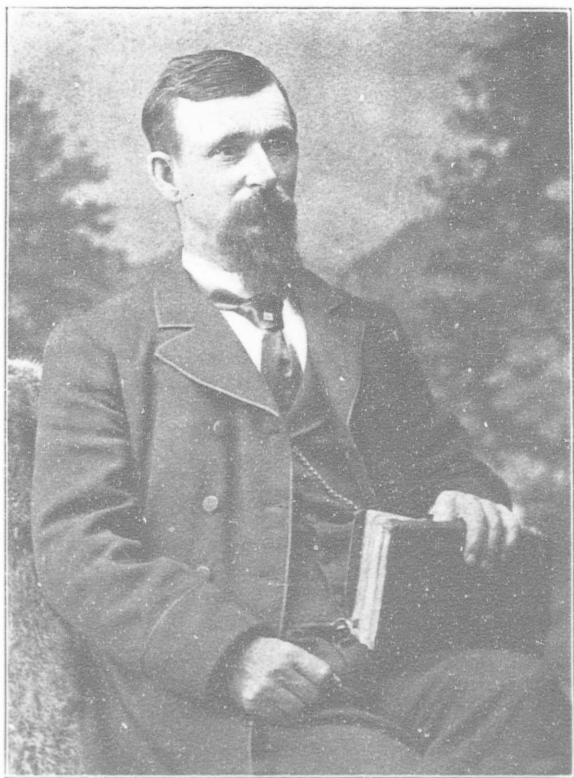
I went down to Grand Harbour in time to get out an appointment for Sabbath morning. The meeting was most graciously blessed with the Divine Presence. While speaking I felt as if I should like to live a thousand years to preach Christ, and I told this to the people. In the afternoon I left the Sabbath school and went out into the woods. Bowing down in the snow, I asked God to assist me to do two months' work in one meeting. I verily believe He enabled me to do just this.

For a long time there had been trouble and much misunderstanding among the people in this church. At that evening's service I was very much helped in speaking. After a number of good testimonies, one unsaved woman spoke for the first time, and a number arose for prayer, but the best of the meeting came after the benediction. Instead of leaving the church

the people began to confess their faults and their sins to each other, and at least no less than ten persons made peace with their neighbors that night, before they left the church.

Now that the King's highway was clear, the work went blessedly forward for about three weeks. Elder William Brown, who lived at the Harbour, but was, at this time temporarily at White Head, came to my assistance and helped me much. Brother Brown did the baptizing, twenty-two following their Lord and Master in His ordinance. One of these converts was dear old William Franklin, for whom ten years before I had spent a whole night in prayer. What an evidence of the faithfulness of our God to His promise, "When they call, I will answer!" God held me up in a most marvellous manner throughout the meetings. Bless His Name! I was still weak in body, but kept gaining a little all the time.

Still canvassing for my book, "Remarkable Answers to Prayer," I went to Cornhill. The pastor on the circuit took me to Deacon Dunfield's, and there I made my home and was well cared for.



REV. J. J. BARNES.

By Saturday I had about finished my canvass of the place. As I had a little time before starting for St. John, I decided to go to the monthly conference of the church, which convened at two o'clock. The good deacon had two daughters at home, one of them a teacher.

I said to her:

"Are you going to conference?"

"No."

I thought a moment, then said:

"Are you not a Christian?"

"No."

"Will you, with me, make your condition a matter of special prayer until I return six weeks hence?"

"Yes, I will."

On my return I found the pastor engaged in special work. A number had already been blessed. On inquiry, I learned that the sister of the teacher had found peace, but the teacher herself had made no move. We had a good meeting that evening, and another the next morning at ten o'clock. The teacher's mother was there, and at the close of the service invited me home to dinner. After the repast, the two

old people went out together, thus giving me a good opportunity to inquire into the state of my young friend's mind. She stated to me that at the beginning of the meetings she had some conviction of duty, but now she had none whatever. I decided that we would at once enter into a struggle about this matter, and see if victory could not be obtained. I lifted my heart to my Heavenly Father for help and direction. I then presented to her the word of God concerning the matter. After about an hour, having exhausted every argument, I said:

"Well teacher, what *is* the trouble?"

"I am not willing."

"Suppose we bow down here before God. Will you pray with me, and ask God to take that unwillingness out of your heart?"

"Will you ask me to go any further in this matter?"

"Whatever God will have you do, and that only, is all that I will require," I replied.

We knelt together, and as I closed my prayer, she began to pray. Such a prayer for forgiveness and peace!

Quickly her prayer was turned from suppli-

cation to praise. At length we arose and she said:

"There, that is what I should have done ten years ago. I knew what God desired of me, but I refused."

At the evening meeting she told of her new-found joy. God blessed it to the strength of the service, and the encouragement of others. On Saturday we had a conference meeting, and on the morning of the Sabbath this dear sister with three others was baptized.

She yet lives, having for many years been very active in all that pertains to Free Baptist mission work in New Brunswick.

The General Conference was held at Victoria Corner, Carleton County. At this session William De Ware was ordained. It was during this year that Rev. J. J. Barnes, one of my boys, began preaching.

Some time after this I attended the Sixth District Meeting at Taylor Village. The session was one of interest, but not largely attended.

As I came to the close of this year, I looked back with devout thankfulness of heart upon the wondrous care the Heavenly Father had

shown to me during that period. It had been a year of lights and shadows. In many ways had He given me heart cheer, while at other times, I had been so sad as to almost despair of better days. In worldly things I had been sorely tried. Having no salary, and but little profit from my book work, I got much behind financially during my sickness. Some of my creditors were very insistent, and I was put to it hard to know what to do many times, but my God heard my cry and did not forget me, raising up friends where I little expected them.

At one time I was in St. John to arrange about a note for fifty dollars, which I was to meet at the bank the next morning. I had not a dollar to my name. The day being Sunday I attended morning service at the Waterloo Street Free Baptist Church. One of the brethren invited me home to dinner. After the meal was over, we fell into conversation on some of the wonderful answers to prayer we had experienced. This brother told me that he had always made his business a matter of prayer, and God had never failed to hear and help him. I said:

"I have always done this myself, and there has always been a way provided. Sometimes it has looked dark, and it has required a great deal of faith, but the answer has always come. Just now it is especially dark, but there will be a way out."

My friend inquired as to the difficulty, and I told him about the note. Immediately he said:

"You come here to-morrow morning, and I will let you have the fifty dollars. You can pay me when it is convenient for you to do so."

This gave me great peace of mind. In this circumstance I saw another evidence of God's faithfulness.

I began the new year trusting in Him. In February, 1877, I went down to Kingston. In my mind's eye many years before, I had seen that the time would come when I should have a revival in this place, and organize a church. The time had now indeed arrived when God was to fulfill His word to me, His unworthy servant. Soon after the work began, sinners awoke to their great need of a Saviour, and a number were converted. With these

new converts, and some previously baptized, I organized a church, appointed officers, and after a few weeks left them in good working condition.

In the spring I went to St. Martins, N. B., and had some good meetings. I was there at the time of the great St. John fire, in June, 1877.

During this summer on the eleventh of August, Mrs. Barnes gave birth to a boy, our beloved son, Edwin Ninyon Chaloner Barnes.

In the fall, after the General Conference which was held at Penobsquis, Kings County, I went to Woodstock Road, near Vanceboro, and had a revival. This ended my work for the year 1877.



EDWIN N. C. BARNES.

Editing Author.

CHAPTER XII.

MRS. Barnes and I had been praying that some way might be opened, whereby I might be directed to some small field, as my health as yet would not allow me to take a large pastorate. I had no horse, and no money with which to buy one. My chief possession was my house at Oromocto.

One day, toward the very last of the year, Mrs. Barnes said,—

“I wish the people on White Head, Grand Manan, would send for us to go down there for a time.”

No such word, however, was spoken to any of the people of the Island, by either of us.

Wonderful to relate, in less than three weeks a letter was received from White Head, requesting me to take the pastorate. They very kindly said that they would not ask me to preach, but just to go to the meetings, lead the services, and do what I could among them. In return they said they would look after us.

In the early part of the month of January, 1878, we moved to the Island, and remained there about four years. During that period I was blessed in seeing souls converted, the Sabbath school strengthened, the church built up, my health restored and all my liabilities met.

J. Wesley Clarke, in whom I had been so greatly interested, was ordained at Hampstead, N. B., October 19th, 1878, at the General Conference.

My father lived with us a part of the time during our stay at White Head. He was an old man, being four score and two years of age. For a long time I had felt great anxiety about his salvation, as his time was now getting short. When I had a good opportunity I said to him,

“Father, have you ever known the blessedness of pardon for sin through the blood of Jesus?”

He looked into my face, and as the tears coursed down his cheeks he said,

“My son, I have.”

This was a great joy to me. Soon after this he went to live with my sister, Mrs. James McFarland, in Chelsea, Massachusetts, as he was now in poor health and had to be near a



REV. PERCY R. HAYWARD, B. A., B. D.,
Pastor North Baptist Church, Chester, Penn.

good doctor. He died there in his eighty-fifth year, and was buried at Beverly, Massachusetts.

The General Conference of 1879 was held at Southampton, N. B.

During the year 1880, J. J. Barnes was ordained to the gospel ministry at the General Conference at Middle Southampton, N. B.

In the summer of 1881 the health of the Rev. William Brown began to fail. The General Conference of this year was held at North Head, Grand Manan. A number of the brethren went down to the Harbour and visited Brother Brown. After the Conference he continued to fail until the first of November, when he passed peacefully away to his rest.

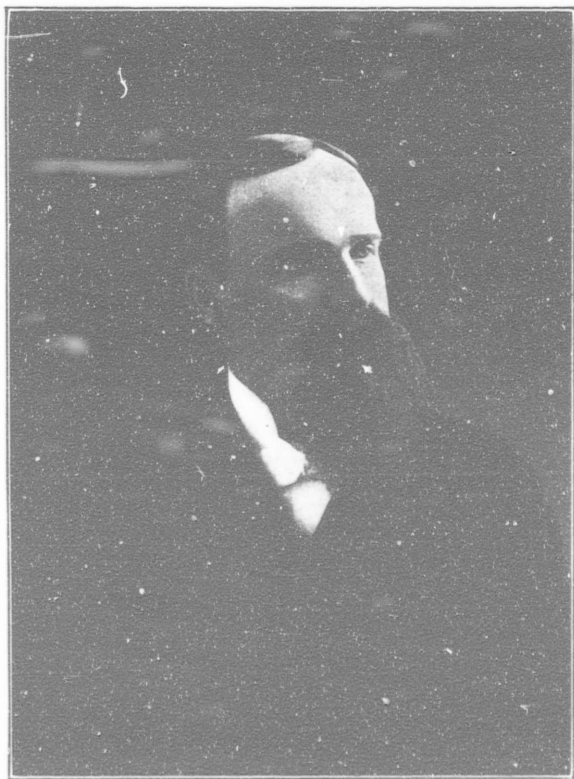
He was a good man, full of works and faith, and many people were added to the Lord through his labors. It was my privilege to conduct the last rites at his funeral at White Head Island. This I did at his request. It was a deeply solemn time for this little church, which only a few years before had been raised up through his instrumentality. As I stood weeping over his lifeless body, I thought of

what a glorious meeting awaited pastor and people in glory.

I now took my farewell of this little church. I have no words with which to express my appreciation of the kind acts and loving deeds of this people during our stay among them.

Up to this time I had spent thirteen years on the entire island, covering three pastorates. The first was at North Head, Grand Harbour and Seal Cove combined for three years; then Grand Harbour and Seal Cove three years, ending in 1868. I returned to Seal Cove and Grand Harbour in March, 1871, and remained three years, preaching part of the time during one year at White Head. Finally, in January, 1878, I took the White Head pastorate and remained nearly four years, preaching part of the time during one year at Seal Cove.

In reviewing those years, I could only say "What hath God wrought!" With all my heart I thanked him and took courage.



THE LATE REV. J. WESLEY CLARKE.

CHAPTER XIII.

I N the spring of the year 1881, I went over to Beaver Harbor, Charlotte County, N. B., as I had a strong conviction that the Lord had some work for me to do in that place. When I arrived I found that most of the men had gone over the bay fishing.

Beaver Harbor was a fishing village of about thirty families. It now contains probably about fifty families. There is a neat Baptist Church, a good school, a number of stores, and a good hotel.

Notwithstanding the fact that many of the men were away, I began work. Soon there were good indications of a blessed work in this little village. At first some of the brethren had but little faith, and the powers of darkness seemed to operate against us. Very unexpectedly, however, as is usually the case, came the routing of these powers. God through His blest Spirit was almighty to save. To Him, the Captain of our salvation, we made our

prayer, and He led us on to certain victory. A number of strong men gave their lives into God's keeping.

One of these men, sixty-eight years of age, was most singularly blessed in the following manner. We had a meeting one afternoon at his son's house, and he was the only man present. There were, also, a goodly number of women. After they had left the room, I drew my chair up to his and began a conversation with him, inquiring into his spiritual condition. He plainly told me he was not a Christian. I gave him some instruction as to what I understood from the Divine Word to be the will of God. I then said:

"Will you bow down with me that I may pray with you?"

He did so. The following morning I went out into the woods to pray. It was a prayer of faith for that old man. I continued in prayer until two o'clock. At that hour I had the conviction strong upon me that my prayer had been heard, and would be answered in due time. I then and there prayed that this man might be so burdened under the conviction

of his sins, that he would flee to God immediately for deliverance.

I went into the village and to the meeting. After a little time he came in—the meeting moved on, a number taking part. Soon he arose from his seat, and his first words were an answer to my prayer in the woods. He confessed he could no longer carry the burden of his sins, and soon found peace. On the following Sunday he was baptized, and as he came out of the water he began shouting at the top of his voice:

“Glory to God!”

This dear man of God lived a number of years to prove to all that he was a changed man, and in a ripe old age he went home to God.

A young man, F. E., was in deep trouble, no light having come to him on spiritual things. I knew his condition and one day followed him to the woods. While in prayer for him, he was made free. He himself has been much blessed in his life, and has been a blessing to others.

The meetings continued until the time of the Seventh District Meeting which was held in the Harbor that year. At this meeting F. C.

Hartley, son of Rev. G. A. Hartley, of Carleton, St. John, made his first attempt to preach. His discourse was well received by the people. He has since given full proof of his ministry.

This church appears to be a much favored place for first attempts by young preachers, Revs. Sullivan of Nova Scotia, G. W. McDonald, Joseph McLeod, D. D., F. C. Hartley, and I do not know how many others, having preached their first sermons here.

In the fall of this year, I took the pastorate of this church, which had been organized for a number of years, but up to this time had not enjoyed the services of a resident pastor. Brothers Doucette, Taylor and Babcock had been much blessed in raising up this people, but they felt the time had now come when they needed a pastor who would live in their midst. I spent three years with them, and found in them faithful and true friends. Soon after taking this pastorate I organized a young people's Bible class, among the unconverted young men and women. This class proved a great blessing to the church.

In the spring of 1882, one of the brethren

at the Harbor gave me an acre of ground for a house-lot. On this I built a comfortable house.

The General Conference of 1882, was held at Victoria Corner, Carleton County, it being the fiftieth year since its organization in 1832. Elder A. Taylor was chosen to preach the anniversary sermon, which he did to the honor of God and the joy and satisfaction of all his brethren. The ministers walked in a body from Deacon George Boyer's house to the church. The Free Baptist Denomination up to this time, had, under God, done a good and far reaching work.

It was at this General Conference that the Reformed Baptist doctrine was first introduced among us as a people. It is not needful for me to attempt any description of this movement — it is far too well known for that.

The session of the Conference this year was very largely attended. Our missionary, Rev. J. L. Phillips, of British India, was present and gave us many words of good cheer. He was indeed a good and true man of God, one much blessed in the work on the mission field. He

has since entered the great missionary family in glory. We praise God for such holy men.

The Conference of 1883 convened at Tracy's Mills. I had attended every General Conference since 1859, when I had joined that body at Millstream; but I did not see how I could go this year. The church, however, said I must go, and the evening before I was to leave, a number of the people met at our home. The evening was spent very pleasantly, and when our friends left, I was forty-five dollars richer than when they came. Such occasions gave us many pleasant memories of this kind hearted people.

I must not forget to relate a very timely and thoughtful act by a very old lady, Mrs. Christopher Cross. Her son had said to her one Sunday evening on his return from church,

"Mr. Barnes is working too hard. I think the people should help him more than they do."

"Why don't you make an effort to do something for him?" his mother replied.

"I have not the time. Why don't you try?"

"I will if you will write me a paper."

In the morning the old lady, dressed in her

best, started upon her mission. People wondered what she could be about, for she had not been out of her house for a long time. Late that afternoon she came up to the house where I was at work, for I was at this time both preacher and builder, and chatted awhile with me. She was a bright little woman, and I enjoyed talking to her. Finally she said,

“Mr. Barnes, I have brought you a little money, collected from the people, to help you in getting the windows for your house.”

“I have no words,” I said, “to express my thankfulness to you and the good people of this village, for this loving token to Mrs. Barnes and myself.”

One day, some time after this, the husband of this old lady told me of a strange experience that befell him.

“One fall, quite late, I started in my boat, in company with some friends in another small sail-boat, for Eastport, Maine, some eighteen miles distant. On our return there came up a very heavy storm, and our boats became separated. Finally, I had to make a harbor on a little uninhabited island. The other boat

reached home in safety, but its occupants could give my people no definite information as to my whereabouts.

The storm continued for many days. At length my people, thinking me drowned, called a minister and had my funeral sermon preached. Just as they were leaving the church after the funeral service, I landed on the shore. Had I been a little sooner, I should have heard my own funeral sermon."

During most of the time at Beaver Harbor I also had the care of the Deer Island Free Baptist Church.

The General Conference of 1884 was held at Fredericton.

There had been trouble of many years' standing in the church at Beaver Harbor. I had sought in every possible way to settle the matter, but had failed. After this Conference, I became convinced that it would be best for me to resign my pastorate, as there was no real prospect of my being able to arrange a settlement. Accordingly I resigned and recommended the Rev. John Robinson to succeed me.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN November, 1884, I went up to Big Cove and the Narrows on the Washademoak Lake, and did some work with the churches there. Big Cove was a part of my first field of work. Here one woman, Mrs. James Morrill, found peace and was baptized, also my father's youngest brother, the father of the Rev. J. J. Barnes. I then started special meetings at the Narrows. These services were crowned with God's blessing in the salvation of four precious souls.

One of the converts was a young lady teacher who came of a Presbyterian family. Her conversion was the result of special private effort on my part. My acquaintance with her began upon a Saturday evening. On the morning of the Sabbath, on my way to service, I stopped at her boarding place a few moments, and inquired into her state of mind by asking her if she had a good hope of eternal life. She said she feared she had not. I then proposed

that she should read some texts of scripture that I should mark in her Bible. She readily consented, and brought her copy of the Holy Word to me.

After the morning service I asked of her the privilege of having a meeting at the school-house, on Monday afternoon, after school. She readily granted my request. I had meetings on Monday and Tuesday afternoons. At the close of one of these she said to me:

“Mr. Barnes, I am very thankful to you, a Free Baptist, for the interest you have taken in my spiritual welfare.”

“My dear young friend, you are of a Presbyterian family, while I am a Free Baptist. I am deeply anxious, not that you should become a Free Baptist, but a Christian. When that matter is settled, I want you to unite with the church where you can best honor God.”

I had been much in prayer for this girl ever since the Sabbath. Night after night I arose in the darkness and prayed for her. Friday morning I went into the dining room of Deacon James Akerly, and said:



REV. B. H. NOBLES,
Pastor Victoria Street United Baptist Church, St. John.

"James, I believe the teacher has been converted."

"Why do you think so.?"

"Because until last night I have had a great burden on my heart for her—now it is all gone."

After breakfast I went over to her boarding-place. She was at the organ singing, "Oh, I am so happy in Jesus, His blood hath redeemed me from sin, I weep and I sing in my gladness, I know He is dwelling within."

I said to her:

"You are happy this morning."

"Yes, my burden has gone and I am at peace."

We bowed together in a prayer of thanksgiving. I afterward heard that the children of the school said they did not know what had come over their teacher on Thursday, as she had walked the floor and read her Bible most of the day.

They found her a very different girl on Friday. She lived a number of years to honor God, and then went home to be with Him.

I remained with the Big Cove and Narrows Churches the most of the time until the summer of 1885.

CHAPTER XV.

IN the month of August of that year, I attended the Seventh District Meeting at Wilson's Beach, Campobello. It was a great meeting, the beginning of better days for that place. Among the preachers were the Revs. G. A. Hartley and J. T. Parsons. At the Sabbath evening meeting it was evident that God was about to wonderfully bless this church and people. At the close of the meeting, a large number of seeking souls found their way to the altar, and three were markedly blessed. Brother Hartley desired to know if any of the brethren were willing to stay for a season and assist him in some meetings. At length I decided to do so.

The first Sabbath after the District Meeting, Brother Hartley baptized eighteen, the next twenty-two, and the third, twenty, making in all, sixty in three weeks. On the Tuesday following he said to me,

"The people here are about to give you a call to the pastorate, and I am going home on Thursday. I think it best to leave you to finish up the work alone."

We had worked together in perfect harmony in all the meetings, and in the work of visitation. He had full charge of all the services, and did the baptizing. In regard to my staying I hardly knew what to do, as up to this time I had given the matter scarcely a thought. He insisted, however, and I decided to remain for a time.

At this time our young brother, J. E. Gosline, was teaching and preaching at a nearby settlement, Harbour de Lute. The good work at Wilson's Beach spread out to the Harbour, and Brother Gosline came over and asked if I would do some baptizing for him on the next Sabbath. This I gladly consented to do. After the morning service at Wilson's Beach I baptized seven; at three o'clock at the Harbour I baptized eleven. We continued the meetings another week, and on Sabbath morning I baptized three more, making in all eighty-one in five weeks.

We now started for the General Conference of 1885, at Sussex. I could see that a dark cloud of trouble was arising for us as a people. The session was a sad and stormy one, and division seemed certain.

I decided to accept the pastorate permanently. During the winter I had some more special meetings at Wilson's Beach, which resulted in the conversion of some souls. The new year proved to be one of blessing, but not to the extent of other years.

The General Conference of 1886 was held at Carleton, St. John, in the church of which Brother Hartley was pastor. The meeting was attended with some blessing, but there was much debating over matters of little profit. There were some things that came to my knowledge, concerning the brethren who differed from us, that opened my eyes.

Brother Boyer was ordained at this meeting, and he and his wife soon after left for India, where they proved a great blessing indeed. His body now sleeps in that far off land, but he rests with God, and his works do follow him. His death was a great blow to Baptist missions

in India. His beloved wife remained till the end of the term, faithfully going forward with the work so suddenly laid down by her husband.

After I moved to Wilson's Beach I found time to do some work at Deer Island, in which place I had been interested for some time past. Old Brother Fountain, the deacon of the Chocolate Cove Christian Church, had often discussed with me matters pertaining to the religious life of the Island. The Christian denomination had one small church on the Island, and the Free Baptists, one. The pastor of the Christian Church at Eastport, Maine, just across the river, thought, with us, that as they were so near alike in doctrine and practice it would be well for the two churches to unite.

A meeting house was partly completed so that meetings could be held in it. Every little while some one would be added to the church. I had much labor in my mind for one Mr. Bakeman Wentworth. One morning I went to see him, as I had often done previously, and after some earnest conversation, on the matter of an immediate decision, he said,

"I can trust Christ now," and immediately he was made free. Unto this day he is a living epistle of the saving power of our blessed Lord Jesus Christ. He, forthwith, followed the Lord in baptism, and united with the church.

Not long after this I was passing over the Island to my appointment when I heard that our old Brother Fountain was ill. I thought it my duty to go and see him. On my arrival I found him very sick and nigh unto death. After reading and praying with him we had some conversation. His was a clear and splendid faith—he was just waiting for his Saviour's coming. As I was leaving he said:

"There is a little matter I should like to discuss with you, that of the union of your church and ours. I wish you would go and see all our church members and tell them I very much desire this union. Will you also see Brother G. A. Hartley?"

I said:

"Would you like to see him?"

He replied in the affirmative. I at once wrote to Brother Hartley and then began visiting the members of the church. I went



REV. R. W. FERGUSON,
Pastor Free Baptist Church, Caribou, Maine.

over to Indian Island to see Deacon Cafee, and found no objection in any quarter to our aged brother's plan.

Brother Hartley did not get down from St. John until Monday, and by this time Brother Fountain had passed on, having died on the Sabbath. His funeral was held on Wednesday. That evening we had a meeting and arranged for a regular church business meeting the following afternoon. At that meeting the church voted for union, a deed was drawn by Brother Hartley and the trustees, and the property passed into possession of the Free Baptist General Conference of New Brunswick, the church, of course, becoming a Free Baptist body. All this was accomplished in a few hours.

Rev. J. W. Halse, the pastor of the North End Church, St. John, came down and held a few weeks of meetings, eleven being baptized. This whole matter appeared to have the Divine approval. From that time this church, with what help has been received from Northern Harbor and Lambert's Cove Churches, both organized since, has been able to keep a pastor the greater part of the time. After the con-

summation of the union I gave my entire time to the church at Wilson's Beach.

During the time I had the pastoral care of the church at Deer Island I was called to the Island to attend a funeral. As we made our home at Wilson's Beach, Campobello, it was necessary for me to find some way to get across the Passamaquoddy River. The men all being busy, I borrowed a boat from one of my deacons, and rowed across, a distance of about two miles. When I came down to the shore after the funeral, preparatory to my return home I found a thick fog had set in. I had no compass, and could not see beyond an island called Pope's Folly, which lay between a quarter and a half a mile from shore. On my left I could hear the Head Harbour whistle on the north-eastern end of Campobello. In crossing I knew that I could tell whether I was going up or down river, by the nearness or remoteness of the whistle. On my right were some very bad whirl-pools, in which my boat would stand no more chance than a piece of kindling wood. After considerable debating in my own mind, I decided to row out to Pope's Folly, hoping

that the fog might lift, and I should be able to see my course home. When I got to the little island, however, the fog was as thick as a pocket. I knew that my family would be exceedingly anxious if I did not return that night, so with a prayer for direction I started, trying to row as evenly as possible. It seemed as if I should never reach the end, when suddenly I missed the sound of the fog whistle. This told me that I must be in the lee of the island. Shortly after this the fog lifted for a moment, and right in front of me I saw the roof of my own house, which sat upon a hill overlooking the village.

Nothing but the Providence of God could be responsible for the success of such a trip. My own special horror regarding the sea has ever been an abnormal fear of sharks. The next morning after my trip in the fog, an immense shark was discovered near the shore at Wilson's Beach. It is a well-known fact that man-eating sharks will rise upon the edge of a boat and upset it to get at the occupants. I, in my small boat, would have had little chance against such a monster.

While in conversation with one of my deacons* about the experience, he said:

"I have lived here a great many years, and had a great deal of experience in crossing the river, but I should never have dared to have taken such chances."

This only proved to me afresh that God's hand guided me.

The Conference of 1887 was held at Midland. At this session a basis of union of the Baptists and Free Baptists, drawn up by a joint committee of the two denominations, was presented to the Conference. This was one of the earlier moves toward such a union.

*Since writing the above chapter, this good deacon, Brother Charles Savage, has passed to his reward. He was one of God's men; a sincere Christian and a true friend. More than once I tested him in both these relations, and he always stood the test.

His death came early this fall (September, 1911). It so happened that I heard of it as I was passing the Island, and thus had the opportunity of stopping off and gazing upon his calm, peaceful face.

The body was indeed still visible, but the spirit, my real brother, had gone to be eternally at rest; enfolded within the everlasting arms.

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CHAPTER XVI.

IN the fall of 1887 I tendered my resignation to the church at Wilson's Beach, but the people declined to accept it, and voted that I should remain another year.

From the very start the year had been attended with trouble and sorrow, both in the denomination, and in our family.

In January, my eldest son, Frederick Barnes, died at St. John. He was a Christian, and went to be with Christ, which was far better. He left a wife and two sons.

In the fall of this year I went up to Bald Hill, in the Parish of Wickham, and held some meetings, baptizing seven happy converts. On my trip up I left the boat at Toole's Landing, and walked to Bald Hill, some miles distant. On the way, I passed the place where my mother was born, her father having been the school-master in that place

As I walked along, a great many thoughts

thronged my mind. I wondered if there were any of the older people who knew my mother, still living.

At Bald Hill I stopped at a Mr. London's for the night. The next morning there came into the room where I was seated a very old lady, certainly past the four-score mark. I entered into conversation with her, and some of the thoughts of the previous evening still lingering in my mind, I told her who I was, and asked her if she happened to know my mother. She said,—

“Why we were school children together!”

This was certainly most interesting to me.

After my work at Bald Hill, I went to Boston for a vacation. Mrs. Barnes and I enjoyed a most delightful visit with her sisters in Lynn, and mine in Chelsea.

Shortly after our return I had to go to St. John by the steamer Flushing. It was a very windy morning, but Captain Ingersoll thought best to put out, and we left Eastport about eleven o'clock. The wind, being northeast, made a very bad sea in the Bay. I had, in times past, known bad passages, but this was



REV. J. LEROY SLOAT,
Pastor Baptist Church, Fort William, Ont.

the very worst. There was not a woman on board, and it was most fortunate.

As the steamer passed Wilson's Beach some of the fishermen said to my son, Edwin,

"Ingersoll will never reach St. John. Just look at that boat now, she is standing on her beam ends!"

She indeed was, and no one knew it better than I. We did not reach St. John until 7.30 in the evening. This was the roughest twelfth of March I ever knew, and never was I more grateful to God for His care, than at this time. To add to my worries Mrs. Barnes was ill. On my return, however, when I enjoyed a pleasant passage, I found her much better.

I purchased a little home at Tennant's Cove, in the Parish of Kars, Kings County, N. B., and about the last of March Mrs. Barnes and the children went there. I remained on Campbell until June, when I moved our furniture up to our new home, and took the pastorate of the Shannon, Bald Hill and Tennant's Cove Churches. I did not sever my connection with the Wilson's Beach Church, however, until October, 1888.

In May of this year, our beloved Brother Rev. J. E. Reud passed away. I felt his loss most keenly. He was a strong man and was greatly missed, not only in his church, and in the temperance work, in which he had been so active, but among a very wide circle of friends.

CHAPTER XVII

THE General Conference of 1888 was held with the church at Blissville, Sunbury County. The Holiness Movement came to a crisis at this session, and eight of our ministers left us, namely, Revs. G. W. MacDonald, A. Kenney, B. Colpitts, W. Kinghorn, G. T. Hartley, B. Trafton, H. H. Cosman and W. B. Wiggins. Later on two more severed their connection, and joined the movement. The first named of this group was one of my own boys. I pled with him not to leave the denomination, but he felt that separation was the wiser thing at that time.

The Reformed Baptist Alliance was organized by these men. I have only this to say regarding the matter. It will be known at the great day of final accounting whether these men took the better and wiser course.

After the Conference was over I returned to my pastorate in Kars. Late in the fall I

had a deep impression that I should go down to Westfield and have some meetings. Just as the St. John River was closing I started on horseback, crossed at John O. Vanwart's, and travelled down to Lawson's Creek. I spent a few days there, had some meetings in dwellings and became satisfied the Lord had work for me to do there. A number of the men of the place succeeded in securing the Orange Hall, saying that if I would stop and have some special meetings, they would prepare some temporary seats. I decided to do so, but it would be necessary first for me to go home. In the meanwhile they could make things ready.

The next morning I left for St. John, as the river was now closed by ice and I could not cross. I rode to the city, about eighteen miles, then up the Kennebecasis River, twenty miles, crossed by bridge at Perry's Point and proceeded to the Mouth of Belleisle Bay, some seven miles. There I crossed the Bay, it being yet open, and at length reached home a very tired man.

I remained at home a few days. My son drove me to Norton, where I took the train



MR. WENDALL McL. CLARKE.

for Westfield by way of St. John. Some of the brethren met me at the station, and drove me to my destination. The first Sabbath was a good day, indeed. The meetings continued, with good results, some seven or eight being baptized. With a number of old Free Baptists who were residents there, a church of some fourteen or fifteen members was organized, and a Sabbath school established. Later a meeting house was started, which has since been completed. This little church has done good work in bringing men to God. I am pleased to say that quite a number of my ministerial brethren have given these people good care, and they in turn have not failed in caring for their ministers.

The General Conference of 1889 was held at Little River, Hampstead. Beginning after the Conference I preached at Wickham in the place of Shannon. In the spring of 1890, I held some special meetings at Wickham, baptizing two. There were also two or three baptized at Tenant's Cove.

While at Tenant's Cove I had two experiences which I wish to record here. I was called

upon to attend a funeral, some three miles from my home. Early in the morning I went to the house of mourning, and read and prayed with the family. I then followed the body to the church, about two miles distant. One of my ministerial brethren met me there. After I had preached we went to the grave, about a mile and a half. These people did not belong to my parish, and so I was under no obligation to attend. I supposed that after the burial they would at least thank me, but no thanks, and nothing substantial, either in money or dinner was offered. In order to get the latter, I had to drive home, passing the house of the deceased on my way. This may have been thoughtlessness or something worse, but I record it here for what it is worth. It certainly was a most unchristian proceeding.

My other experience was similar, and yet, in a way, very different. I was called upon to attend the funeral of the wife of one of my neighbors. I did so. He paid me one dollar. Shortly after I was called upon to marry him to his housekeeper. I did so. He paid me another dollar.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AT the General Conference of 1890, which was held at Millstream, Kings County, I was invited to take the pastorate of the Norton, Midland and Long Point Churches but declined. The way opened up for one of the best years I have ever had in the later years of my ministry. I received a call from the Cornhill and Lower Ridge Churches, for three-fourths of my time.

I accepted the call and began special work at Harper Settlement, a branch of the Cornhill Church. This work resulted in six conversions. I then held some meetings at the Cornhill Church. These went on for nearly three weeks before there was a move made by any one outside the church.

One night while thinking and praying, seeking to know what the Lord would have me to do, I received the conviction that I should not confine the meetings to the evenings, but hold

some during the day. Accordingly I went to the service that evening, decided in my own mind that I should hold a service the next morning.

At that service two young women arose for prayers. This gave me much encouragement. I announced a service for the next morning. Before the hour of the meeting I went to see one of the young women mentioned above, and asked her if she was going to the morning service. She looked into my face weeping, and said, "I am."

She was there, true to her word. There was a goodly number present. God was there too, and some three or four gave themselves up to Him. From this time the work went on most blessedly,—old troubles were healed, brothers became reconciled to each other, and sinners were converted.

Twelve happy converts were baptized, among them a boy now in the Christian ministry, Rev. W. O. Kierstead, M. A., pastor of the People's Baptist Church, Providence, R. I.

Some twenty-one years have passed, and as far as I know, all of these converts, with the

exception of one, have remained true. One of those baptized, a daughter of Brother and Sister John Keith, was so small that I took her in my arms and carried her into the water. She is now the wife of the Rev. E. H. Cochrane. To God be all the praise!

From Cornhill I went to Lower Ridge. Here I had a good work and baptized thirteen. After closing these meetings, I went to Canaan Forks and held meetings for two weeks. This work resulted in the conversion of seven souls, who, also, were obedient to the heavenly vision, and were added to the church. This made thirty-eight converted on this field during the year. The people on the circuit were most kind to me and mine. I believe I have many kind and true friends in all these places.

In the month of September, I attended the Free Baptist Conference of Nova Scotia, as the corresponding delegate of the New Brunswick Conference. The session was held at Beaver River. I was well received, and we had a very enjoyable and profitable session. I preached before the Conference on Sunday afternoon. Rev. Joseph McLeod, D. D., a

life-long friend, accompanied me on the trip. It was, taking it altogether, one of the bright spots in my history

Our General Conference this year, 1891, was held at Marysville, York County. I continued to hold the Cornhill pastorate for another year, and had some revival at Harper Settlement, also at Anagance Ridge, where I think seven were baptized. I held some special meetings at Cornhill. There was quite an interest, and a number started for a better life, but none came to the point of baptism.

In May, 1892, my son, Daniel, was married to Miss Jessie Jellison at Lynn, Massachusetts, by Rev. J. W. Twort of the Free Baptist Church.

The General Conference of that year, 1892, convened with the church at Cornhill. The visiting delegates were well provided for, even the children seeking to make it a pleasant occasion.

One morning, just before the time set for the first meeting of the day, as I was passing over the road, I saw two children, a boy and a girl, at work on the road. As I came up to them, I saw that one had a hoe and the other a rake. I said,—

"Children, what *are* you doing?"

They answered,

"We are taking the stones out of the road to make it smoother for the people who come to Conference."

I commended them very highly. As I turned away it came to me so forcibly; how much of life's pathway might be made smooth, if we only had the thoughtfulness and loving interest of these two children.

The Conference was well attended, and proved a blessing to all. Rev. William DeWare, one of my boys, was the preacher of the annual sermon, his text being taken from the eighth chapter of Romans. I think it was one of the best sermons to which I ever listened. Another of my boys, I. D. Harvey of Grand Manan, was ordained at this Conference.

I had resigned the pastorate, and the people had engaged Brother A. McNinch to take the field.

CHAPTER XIX.

AFTER Conference we moved up the St. John River to Andover, Victoria County, and I took charge of the Tobique River Churches, and one church at Fort Fairfield, Maine. This was a new field embracing four churches, Long Island, Arthurette and Rowena on the Tobique, and Fort Fairfield, just across the Maine line.

We lived at Andover, as that was about the center of the field, and the town had most excellent schools. The circuit was a hard one, covering about forty miles. The people were kind, but not able to pay very much for the work.

I had some revival at Long Island, baptizing three. I also did some special work at Arthurette. We were blessed to see a good work of grace there, and I baptized twenty. Later meetings were held at Rowena, resulting in considerable good, and the baptism of one



REVS. J. N. AND J. J. BARNES,

Photo Taken During the Fort Fairfield, Maine. Pastorate.

person. At Fort Fairfield I saw some good results from my work the first year. For two years I continued covering this field, with my residence in Andover.

The General Conference of 1893 was held at the Waterloo St. Free Baptist Church, St. John.

The third year I moved my family to Fort Fairfield, and took the pastorate also, of the Limestone, Maine, Free Baptist Church. That year I was blessed in seeing quite a number of sinners converted. I had a revival at Centreville, three miles from the Fort, on the same side of the Aroostook River, baptized eleven and organized a Free Christian Baptist Church. This church later became a Free Will Baptist Church, and a member of the Maine State Association of that body. At Barnesville I baptized six, at California five, and at Limestone three, a total of fifty-eight in the three years.

Our son Edwin spent one year at the Union Baptist Seminary, St. Martins, N. B., during the time of our being on this circuit. Dr. Austin K. deBlois, the genial and talented pastor of the First Baptist Church, Boston, was the principal.

The General Conference of 1894 was held at Tracey's Mills, N. B.

In the summer of 1895 I received an unanimous call to the Hartland-Brighton, N. B., pastorate. I accepted, and we moved there in October. This was, at that time, a large circuit, having six churches. The work was most trying, but the people were very kind to us. God was pleased to bless my labors very much, and the result of these two years' work will never be known until the great Judgment Day.

The General Conference of 1895 was held at Woodstock, N. B.

The first year I had some meetings at Riverbank, and baptized one. I also baptized one at Upper Brighton, one at Hartland, and one at Lower Brighton. The convert I baptized at Hartland was the seven hundredth I had led into the water during the years of my ministry, my first having been baptized, in 1860, at Big Cove, Washademoak Lake.

In the spring of 1896 I had some meetings at Havelock, in the parish of Brighton, and six were converted.

At Lower Brighton there were sixteen happy converts. This was indeed a blessed work.

The Conference of 1896 was held at the Victoria Street Free Baptist Church, North End, St. John.

After entering upon the work of my second year, I saw some revival at Pembroke, baptizing three. Later, meetings were continued at Havelock, three more confessed Christ, and a branch church of thirteen was organized.

Near the end of the work on this pastorate, I went to Newburgh and held some meetings. As a result six were baptized.

The General Conference of 1897 was held at Fredericton, N. B.

I resigned the Hartland Church to accept a call to Stanley, N. B. The two years spent at Hartland and Brighton were blessed years, never to be forgotten, although I experienced much deep heartfelt sorrow that none but God and myself knew. I shall never forget the marked kindness the good people showed to us in our troubles. I must here relate one incident which will illustrate that statement.

Mrs. Barnes came to me one day saying:

"The flour is nearly gone; it will be necessary to get some more soon." I replied:

"Well, I have but little money now, but hope to have some before long, and I will get a barrel."

I went to my room and made our need a matter of prayer. Toward the close of that week, a ring came at the bell one evening about tea-time. Upon going to the door, I found Brother G. B. there with his team. Said he:

"I thought you might be in need of some things."

He then brought in a barrel of flour, a bag of potatoes, a bag of turnips, a bag of oatmeal, a bag of apples, fifty cents' worth of sugar and a shoulder of fresh meat. Mr. B. actually knew nothing of our need, he simply wanted to be helpful, as he had been before, having already given me nearly a ton of hay. God certainly answered my prayer abundantly. May God ever reward them all!



REV. J. CLEMENT WILSON, B.A., B.D.,
Pastor Chelmsford Street Free Baptist Church, Lowell, Mass.

CHAPTER XX

THE Stanley and Bloomfield circuit covered a great deal of ground. We had only two churches, but five preaching stations, making in all a circuit of about forty miles. I remained with this people three years. At Bloomfield, I saw the church finished and dedicated. I visited about twenty-five lumber camps and held services in them. At Stanley, I had a goodly number of meetings, baptizing four, but did not see such a work as I hoped. I had some meetings at Bloomfield in the spring of 1898. There was quite an interest, and, as a result, six converts were united to the church.

In the summer of 1898, at Stanley, on July 4th, our daughter May was united in marriage to Mr. Arthur Carrington Cowles of Wallingford, Connecticut.

The General Conference of 1898 was held at Sussex, N. B.

During the winter of 1898-1899 I held special meetings at Pleasant Ridge. The interest there was built up spiritually, but there were no additions. I found the people in all parts of the circuit most kind. This is a large and growing field, and the right man should be able to do a great work here.

In the fall of 1899 I had some meetings at Bloomfield, being assisted by the Rev. M. L. Gregg, M. A., now pastor of the Free Baptist Church at Laconia, New Hampshire. Mr. Gregg is a convert of the late Rev. William DeWare, one of my boys. These meetings resulted in an awakening of the church, and the baptism of five converts.

The General Conference of 1899 was held at St. John (West), and that of 1900 at Hampstead, N. B.

In 1900 I accepted a call to the Oromocto Church, and moved there, beginning my third pastorate with that people. The circuit included the Oromocto, Rusiagornish, Lincoln, Waasis and French Lake Churches.

I began meetings at Rusiagornish, which



REV. J. N. BARNES
At Age of Seventy.

resulted in three additions. In May of 1901 I began special work at Oromocto. During this work my heart gave out, and I had to resign my pastorate.

The General Conference of 1901 convened at Marysville, York County. Before the Conference I took a trip to Windsor, Nova Scotia, to see my brother, Benjamin Barnes. Together we went to Halifax for a visit. It was a very pleasant trip indeed, and helped me much.

On arriving at the Conference, I learned with deep regret that Brother J. Wesley Clarke, one of my boys, then pastor at Woodstock, was ill at his home, and not expected to live. Many prayers were offered for his recovery, but his Heavenly Father had need of him in the Kingdom on high.

For some weeks before the Conference things had looked exceedingly dark. My Father, however, had always cared for me, and I believed He would unto the end.

This belief was so strong in our home, that our children, also, came to know the joy of dependence on the great Father. It is this

assurance of care, that breathes through a little poem, by my son, Edwin, entitled,—

“THE FATHER’S CARE”

“In the mad swift rush of living,
In the ever thickening fray,
When the conquering light of battle
From my eyes is fading ’way;
Then to Thee, thou great Eternal,
Do I lift my spirit, lo!
Writ in lines of love, the message,
I am with thee, fear no foe.

In the quiet twilight stillness
When the night is drawing nigh,
And the robin seeks the shadow
Of his nest in tree top high;
Then my heart, to Thee e’er grateful,
Turns with longing, to that rest
Which the Holy Writ describeth
As remaining for the blest

In the midst of glare and glitter
Where the silver tinsel sways,
Where the pleasures of an evening
Mean the parting of the ways;
Even here, my heart is turning
To Thy radiant face, sublime,
Seeking Thy supreme direction
That the best of ways be mine.

In the silent midnight watches
When the day’s turmoil is o’er,
Lust of gold and glare of tinsel
Do not call me as of yore.
Nearer, in this hour, O Father,
Dost Thou seem than e’er before,
Underneath me, everlasting
Are Thine arms—I need no more.”

CHAPTER XXI.

THE Free Baptist Women's Mission Board proposed that I should travel for them on the home field, organizing Mission Societies and Mission Bands. It seemed to be the leading of God, and I accepted their proposition.

In this work, Mrs. Barnes and I went from place to place doing what we could as the time passed on. For five long years we travelled from Tobique River on the north, to Grand Manan on the south; from Moncton on the east, to Kings County on the west. We tried to do our work for the Master, faithfully and well.

The Conference Sessions of three of these years were as follows—1902, Waterville, Carleton County; 1903, Lower Millstream, Kings County; 1904, Tracy Station, Sunbury County.

While in the mission work I visited White Head, Grand Manan, and found the church in a very low and dispirited condition. A division had been made among them by a member of another denomination. Some members of the church desired me to come down and try to make peace. To that end I went for a short visit, and looked matters over. After consultation with the sisters of the Mission Board, it was decided that it would be wise for me to go and remain until the matter was settled. I spent nine weeks there, weeks that were filled with the most difficult labor I ever undertook. By the leading of God, peace was restored and the church saved from division.

I will here give one year's work, the fourth, on the Mission field, as reported by the Rev. Joseph McLeod, D. D., editor of the "Religious Intelligencer."

"Rev. J. N. Barnes has spent the year in general missionary work under the direction of the Women's Home Mission Society, and has had a busy year. He reports that he has travelled from the first home on the Tobique to White Head, Grand Manan, and from



REV. WILLIAM O. KEIRSTEAD, M. A.,
Pastor People's Baptist Church, Providence, R. I.

Petitcodiac, to the west side of the St. John River, in all 2,202 miles. He has visited 85 churches and preaching stations, held 198 meetings, visited 438 families, praying with 351 of them, besides all the other work. He says he has received the utmost kindness and hospitality from all the people and that it has been one of his best years on the Mission field."

Here follows my annual report for the fourth year's work on the Mission field, as printed in the Free Baptist Year Book of 1905. This report was presented to the Women's Home Missionary Society of the Free Baptist Conference at its last session, October, 1905.

"In presenting my fourth annual report, I would express, first of all, my thankfulness to our Heavenly Father for His loving care over us all during the year just closed. Directly after the Conference last year Mrs. Barnes and I went to the Tobique River, and began work; visited all the families for miles along the river, and did much organizing—three societies, four bands and three cradle rolls. Rev. T. D. Bell and his wife helped us much. We also visited Perth, Upper Kent and Bath, and did what

work we could in those places. We spent about three weeks in the Second District, held some special meetings at Charlestown, we trust with good results. After spending a few days at home for rest, we started for Grand Manan. We spent a week in the Third District on our way down, and arrived at North Head, December thirtieth. Went to White Head, where we spent a little over nine weeks, and about two weeks on the Main Island.

“We then turned homeward. April and part of May were given to the Second District; after which we went to the Fifth and Sixth Districts for seven weeks. Assisted Brother Abram Perry in two weeks of special work. Visited nearly all the churches from Petitcodiac to Midland and then returned home for two weeks' vacation. Assisted Rev. H. Hartt in special meetings at Newburg during this time.

“We spent August and part of September in the Third and Fourth Districts. We regret very much that the work this year has not prospered as well as in other years, in some districts. The First District, however, did much better than in other years. We organized a

very flourishing Mission Band at Fredericton, soon after Conference. It is doing a good work.

“At White Head we found the church much discouraged because of the low and troubled state of things. In the forty-seven years of my ministry I never undertook such a difficult task, but after long weeks of hard work, by God’s blessing, peace was restored and the people united as they had not been for five years. This church has a flourishing Women’s Society, a large and active Mission Band, and also a Cradle Roll. The amount raised this year by the three organizations is large, \$49.30; by collections, \$51.45; a total of \$100.75. This shows what can be done where there is a mind to work. My house to house visitation this year has been much blessed. Your missionaries have been blessed in making peace in other churches, as well as at White Head. We also have had the joy of winning four souls to Jesus in this way. To God be all the praise!

“Summary of work done: Churches and stations visited, 85; Families visited, 438; Families prayed with, 351; Meetings held, 198;

Pages of literature and tracts distributed, 2,333; Miles travelled, 2,202; Women's Societies organized, 4; Persons brought to Jesus, 4; Cash collected for Missions, \$206.66; Collected for 'Religious Intelligencer' and other denominational work, \$75.; Total, \$281.66.—J. N. BARNES, October 9th, 1905."

I want to bear tribute to the splendid work done by Mrs. Barnes on the Mission field. These five years would have been barren indeed, without her help.

On February 15th, 1903, my beloved brother, Rev. G. A. Hartley, D. D., of St. John (West) passed on to his reward. He was a strong man, equally strong as preacher, pastor or evangelist. His was a unique place in Free Baptist history in New Brunswick — one no other would even attempt to fill. By his death many suffered a deep personal loss.

In 1903, we moved to Jacksontown, Carleton County, where we lived for seven years.

In December 1904, Rev. George W. Macdonald, one of my Grand Manan boys, and a former member of our General Conference, died in St. John.

A basis of union was adopted by the Baptist Convention of New Brunswick, and the New Brunswick Free Baptist Conference in 1904. The matter then went to the churches and received a hearty ratification.

The last Conference of the Free Baptists was held with the Waterloo Street Free Baptist Church, St. John, October 7th to 9th, 1905, Rev. Joseph McLeod, D. D., being the Moderator.

On the evening of October 10th, in the Main Street Baptist Church, St. John, the marriage of the two denominations took place, the new body to be known as the United Baptists.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN the fall of 1905 I took the pastorate of the Cloverdale and East Brighton Churches, in Carleton County, still continuing, as I had opportunity, to labor for the Women's Mission Board of the United Baptists. As the result of meetings at East Brighton, six were added to the church.

One afternoon during the summer of this year, I became convinced that it was my duty to go out to East Brighton and see a man some fifty years of age, who was yet in his sins. Accordingly, I left my home in Jacksontown and drove some fifteen miles to his home, only to find him sick in bed. I remained until night, talked, read and prayed with him. He also prayed with me, and found peace. He soon recovered, started a family altar, lived about eighteen months, and then went home to be with God. I was called upon to attend his funeral. His wife was as yet unsaved. I

sought many times to lead her to Christ, but unsuccessfully.

After a time, she, with two daughters and two sons, moved into a new home, the elder son and family remaining at the old home. After they had been settled a short time, I went to spend a night with them. I had some good tracts with me, a number of which I gave her. She appeared to be much interested in them. We had tea, and as the hour arrived for retiring, she brought the Bible to me. I read a portion of the Word, and then said,

"Mrs. S., I have sought a number of times to get you to pray, but have failed. I want you to pray with me to-night."

We bowed together, the mother, her daughter who was a Christian, and I. After I had prayed, the daughter followed; and then the mother, deeply moved, began to pray. As she arose from her knees she said,

"There, the hardest part is over," and she rejoiced aloud in the Lord.

The following Sabbath was my regular appointment there, and this dear woman was among the first to be present, arriving even

before the church doors were opened. She had not been to the house of prayer for some time. As the meeting moved forward, she arose and testified to what the Lord had done for her. Later, she stated to her sister-in-law, that before her conversion she was so hardened that she did not want to see me come to the house. Now, however, all was changed. She wanted me to live long to help others into the Kingdom. The last time I saw her she was firm in the faith, although she had been sorely tried and afflicted.

During the year 1906 I had some more meetings at East Brighton. These meetings resulted in a quickening of the church, restoration of a wanderer, and one conversion. Meetings were held at Cloverdale, with the result that the church was helped, but there were no conversions.

The Association of the United Baptists held their first session in July, 1906, in the Brussels Street United Baptist Church, St. John, N. B., Rev. Joseph McLeod, D. D., Moderator.

The first session of the Maritime Convention of United Baptist Churches, including New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island,



REV. CLARENCE L. WHEATON.

was held in the United Baptist Church, Liverpool, N. S., in August of this year. Rev. Dr. McLeod was the President.

At the time of the Association I severed my connection with the Women's Mission Board, as I did not feel able to carry the work on longer.

At the time of the union of the two denominations in 1905, the Baptist paper, "The Messenger and Visitor," and the Free Baptist paper, "The Religious Intelligencer," were merged into one denominational organ, "The Maritime Baptist," under the joint editorship of Dr. S. McC. Black and Dr. Joseph McLeod.

At the Liverpool Convention it was reported that the new paper was giving almost universal satisfaction. At the present writing, Dr. McLeod is the editor, Dr. Black having passed away in the meantime. It is small praise to say that the present editor has achieved the success of putting the paper into the foremost ranks of denominational organs.

In the fall of 1906 Mrs. Barnes and I made an extended visit to relatives in Massachusetts. We were met at the boat-landing in Boston, by our son Edwin, and with him journeyed to the

home of our daughter, Mrs. Cowles, in Woburn.

During our stay in the Bay State we visited a number of towns in which relatives resided.

Through friends we were enabled to inspect one of the Cunard liners, the "Ivernia," and had lunch on board. It was very interesting to see and have explained all the workings, inside and out, of so great a ship.

In company with my son, I enjoyed a call upon Charles H. McIntyre, Commissioner for New Brunswick, and President of the Canadian Club, of Boston. Mr. McIntyre is a brother of our beloved Dr. W. E. McIntyre, of St. John.

I visited Newton Theological Institution, and spent a very pleasant hour with President N. E. Wood. I found a number of our provincial boys there, including Rev. J. Clement Wilson, formerly of Grand Manan.

The Young Men's Baptist Social Union of Boston, very kindly invited me to be their guest at their monthly banquet, and speak on the newly formed union of Baptists and Free Baptists. I was pleased to accept the invitation.

On this visit I had the pleasure of hearing and meeting my son's pastor, one of our Nova

Scotia boys, Rev. J. Stanley Durkee, Ph.D., of the First Free Baptist Church, of Boston. Dr. Durkee is an eloquent preacher, and has that rare gift of presenting the truth in a forceful and effective gospel sermon, which is, at the same time, a literary gem.

At Dr. Durkee's church it was my privilege to meet Hon. George F. Mosher, LL.D., editor of "The Morning Star," the denominational organ of the Free Baptists in the United States; a former President of Hillsdale College, and at one time Ambassador to Turkey.

My son, for some years, under Pastor Durkee, had charge of the young men's work in this church.

On November 27th, 1906, Rev. William H. DeWare, whom I baptized and sent into the ministry many years before, died at Waterville, Carleton County, N. B. At Brother DeWare's request I preached the funeral sermon. In the sketch by Rev. C. T. Phillips, D. D., at the back of this volume, a tribute, greater than any I could pen, is paid to our brother's worth and genius. To me he was a dear personal friend, and his passing an irreparable loss.

CHAPTER XXIII.

In the summer of 1907 I took the pastorate of the little church at Newburg, Carleton County. The story of the special work there can best be told by quoting a letter to the Maritime Baptist.

"NEWBURG, CARLETON COUNTY.—Four weeks ago I began special meetings here. This is a small settlement in the Parish of Northampton, about four miles from the St. John River, at Pembroke. It consists of about eighteen Protestant families.

About thirteen years ago our aged Father Noble and Rev. C. T. Phillips organized a small Free Baptist church here. So far as I know there is but one male member of that organization left, and he has been confined to his house since last winter, and it is feared he will never go out again. From various causes the church was in a very low and scattered state.

I held a few meetings in the first of the winter of 1906, but the roads became so bad,

and I had so far to drive to my appointments, that I concluded to discontinue the meetings until spring. I began again in May of this year and had an appointment every two weeks. We had only one member of the church, a good sister, to take any part in the meetings, until about the middle of August, when we organized quite a large Sabbath school. A little later I began special meetings, which have been continued until now.

“The revival began in a very personal way; three of the first converts (mothers) started in their own homes before making any move in the meetings. I went in to read and pray and preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified to them, and they all prayed with me. That was the beginning of this blessed work of grace, and before the first week was ended it was evident that God was near to bless.

“We have been blessed in having a number of visits from Rev. A. F. Baker, of Hartland and Rev. H. Hartt of Jacksontown, and they helped us much.

“Last Sabbath a large congregation met at the Pembroke United Baptist Church for

baptism, as there is no place to baptize at Newburg. Brethren Baker and Hartt were present. Brother Baker preached an excellent sermon from Romans 5 : 20, followed in exhortation by Brother Hartt and others. I did not feel it safe for me to baptize the candidates, so Brother Baker kindly consented to do it for me. He baptized ten happy converts, in the presence of a large and interested congregation. It was a most happy event, which will not be soon forgotten. All the converts are heads of families. 'Not unto us, O Lord, but unto Thy name be glory.' I am very glad that my dear Saviour has some little work for me to do at my advanced age of seventy-seven years.

"This evening we were blest to have the Rev. C. T. Phillips to assist us in organizing a United Baptist Church of eighteen members. He gave us a fine discourse from Acts 11: 23. Thus the new church is started on its heavenly mission. May it be much blessed in its God appointe d work.—JOSHUA N. BARNES.

"North Newburg, N. B., Sept. 26th, '07."

The Association of 1907 was held at Woodstock, N. B.

CHAPTER XXIV.

EARLY in the summer of 1908 I made a visit to Grand Manan, accompanied by Brother William Margeson of Jacksontown. We remained two weeks. Brother Margeson had never before been on the Island. He was much pleased with the trip, and the people were much benefited by his Christlike spirit, and will long remember his visit. He fell in love with the good people of the Island, and certainly appreciated all their kindness and hospitality. It was good indeed to have such a companion as he. The Island itself has much improved in these later years.

This summer, on August sixth, we celebrated the fortieth anniversary of our marriage, and the fiftieth of my ministry, in our home at Jacksontown. We shall never forget the kindness of the good people of Jacksontown at that time. Indeed, during our entire residence there, we found all the people the best of

neighbors. The account of the anniversary may perhaps be best told, by quoting from the St. John Sun of August fifteenth.

“WOODSROCK, AUGUST 14th.—An event of considerable interest took place on Thursday afternoon, August 6th, at the home of Rev. Joshua N. and Mrs. Barnes, Jacksontown, it being the fortieth anniversary of their marriage, and the fiftieth of Mr. Barnes' ministry. The ceremony which made Joshua N. Barnes and Charlotte Matilda Sprague husband and wife, was performed at St. John (West) on August 6th, 1868, by the late Rev. George A. Hartley.

At Thursday's celebration the guests were received by Rev. and Mrs. Barnes, assisted by their daughter, Mrs. A. Carrington Cowles of Worcester, Mass., and their son Edwin N. C. Barnes of Boston.

About sixty friends were present from Fredericton, Woodstock, Hartland, Brighton, Pembroke, Jacksonville, Lindsay, Jacksontown, Rockland, Newburg, Havelock, N. B., and Houlton, Maine.

Rev. C. T. Phillips, D. D., of Jacksonville, in an address tender and appreciative of the

happy union and long service of Mr. and Mrs. Barnes, presented them, on behalf of their friends, with a purse of one hundred dollars. Mr. Barnes responded in a feeling manner, after which other gentlemen present spoke in appreciation of Mr. Barnes' work, and in eulogistic terms of his long and useful life.

A social hour was pleasantly spent, after which the guests sat down to a bountiful repast. The gathering broke up in the early evening.

Mr. Barnes has held nineteen pastorates, which included fifty-two churches, in the fifty years of his ministry. The pastorates are as follows;—Shannon Settlement, N. B., Bridgewater, Me., Southampton-Queensbury, Grand Manan, Kingston-Kars, Oromocto, Grand Manan, Oromocto, White Head-Grand Manan, Beaver Harbor, Wilson's Beach-Deer Island, Tennant's Cove, Cornhill, Tobique River, N. B.-Fort Fairfield, Me., Fort Fairfield-Limestone, Me., Hartland, Stanley, Oromocto, Cloverdale-Havelock-Newburg, N. B.

From 1901 to 1906, Mr. and Mrs. Barnes were the missionaries of the Women's Missionary Society of the Free Baptists and United Baptists

of New Brunswick. In this work they covered practically the entire province, visiting weak churches, organizing mission bands and Sunday schools, travelling thousands of miles, visiting many families and giving hundreds of addresses. Mr. Barnes has, in his fifty years of ministry, baptized into the church about eight hundred people, nine of whom, Revs. J. W. Clarke, William DeWare, John E. Reud, George W. MacDonald, J. J. Barnes, I. D. Harvey, William O. Keirstead, brother of Rev. Dr. W. C. Keirstead (Woodstock), Mr. G. N. Clark and a Methodist clergyman whose name has been lost, he led into the ministry.

Of the nine, the first four and Mr. G. N. Clark, have passed on to their eternal reward. These nine, and their converts, have led fourteen others into the ministry, so that, so far as is known, twenty-three ministers have, up to the present, come from Mr. Barnes' fifty years of service.

Mr. Barnes is still active, at the advanced age of seventy-eight, driving many miles every week. He was born June 7th, 1830, at Long Reach, N. B. His father, of old Loyalist

stock, was for many years jailer at Kingston, N. B., and his maternal grandfather, Ninyon Chaloner, the Recorder for the County of Kings. He is the patriarch of his family, being the oldest man in the whole connection, which is a very large one. Mrs. Barnes was born at Carleton, N. B., July 30th, 1843. She is Mr. Barnes' third wife. Their many friends hope that they may live to celebrate their golden wedding, and thus round out sixty years in the service of the church."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE Association of 1908 was held at Hillsboro, N. B.

In December of this year Mrs. Barnes and I visited Worcester, Boston, and Lynn, Massachusetts. I made a side trip to Providence, R. I., and spent one day and night with Rev. M. L. Gregg, who was pastor in that city at that time. I found him in a comfortable home and prospering in his church work. I was pleased to form the acquaintance of his beloved companion. They made me feel much at home. Brother Gregg, in his invitation, asked me to spend the Sabbath with him, but I did not get the message in time, so went over on Monday.

Mrs. Barnes and I spent one month with our daughter May and husband, Arthur C. Cowles, at Worcester, Massachusetts. It was a most enjoyable visit. They did all in their power to make us happy.

From there we went to Gardner, Massachusetts, to visit an old friend and his good wife, Mr. and Mrs. John Wormell, formerly of White Head, Grand Manan. We had a good visit of six days.

We then went to Boston, to visit our son Edwin, at Symphony Chambers. At that time he was teaching singing in the public schools, having charge of the work in fifty-three schools, all these receiving a visit each week. He gave me an invitation to go with him and observe his work. It was deeply interesting to me for more than one reason. He was doing a good work. Later years he has been giving private lessons in singing, and doing splendid work as a choir and chorus conductor.

Dr. Chapman and Charles Alexander were conducting an evangelistic campaign in Boston. We attended a number of the meetings with much profit. God is blessing them in a most wonderful manner, in the saving of souls and the strengthening of His children's faith.

Our next move was to Lynn and Swampscott, where we made visits to Mrs. Barnes' sisters, Mrs. Frederick Lamoreaux and Mrs. Joseph

Rhodes. This afforded us the opportunity of attending the evangelistic meetings in Lynn, held by Dr. Gray and others. In March we journeyed homeward.

On reaching McAdam Junction we learned of the death of the Rev. Joseph Noble, and that he was to be buried on the following day. That dear Saint of God! I first formed acquaintance with him in July, 1859, at the General Conference at Lower Millstream, N. B., more than fifty years ago. I can truthfully say I ever found him a true man of God. There never was a break in our friendship. He always sought to help me in every way. His life and work were one great benediction to the world. For him to live was Christ, to die was gain. He rests from his labors of over seventy years, passing to be with Jesus, at the great age of ninety-three years. Father Noble was, at the time of his death, the oldest Baptist minister in America.

"In October, 1832," says the United Baptist Year Book of 1909, "Brother Noble was present at the organization of the Free Baptist Conference at Wakefield, Victoria Corner, Carleton

County, N. B. He attended every session of that body, except one, until its final session on 1905. He did his full share of the work of that body during all that time. He loved strongly the people of his own denomination, but mind and heart were ever open toward all who love the Lord The proposal to unite the two Baptist bodies of these provinces found in him a warm advocate. None who were present at the Free Baptist Conference in 1904, when the vote on union was announced, will ever forget the appearance of this venerable man of God, nor the thrill that went through the assembly, as, with uplifted hands, he exultantly exclaimed:

“Glory to God! Glory to God! !”

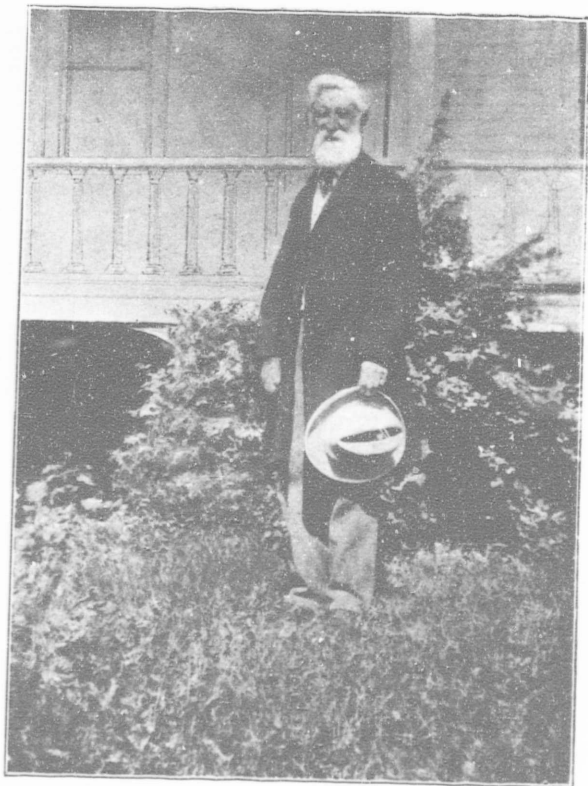
“He was present at the meeting consummating the union in 1905, and offered prayer therein. The consummation of this union had been devoutly desired by our venerable brother, and it probably gave him the greatest joy of his life.”

My first visit to the upper part of the province was in company with Brother Noble, in the summer of 1859. Now, after fifty years, many

of them spent in Victoria, Carleton and York Counties, I believe it to be the will of God that I should spend the remainder of my days in the lower part of the province.

Late in the year 1909 I resigned the pastorate of the Havelock-Newburg Churches with feelings of deep regret. I had baptized, and my brethren had baptized for me because of sickness and old age, eighteen converts, while on this pastorate.

On the morning of June 28th, 1909, our son Edwin N. C. Barnes, was united in marriage to Miss Mabel Monroe Crocker, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Crocker, of Braintree, Massachusetts, and a descendent of Dr. Samuel Fuller, physician of the Mayflower. After the ceremony, which was performed by my son's pastor, Dr. J. Stanley Durkee, my son and daughter came to New Brunswick and visited us at our home in Jacksontown, N. B. From there they went to Quebec, and thence to London, England, where my son took a musical course.



MR. BARNES

In Front of His Home, "Cedarhurst," 1910.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE Association of 1909 was held at Gibson, N. B.

In the early part of the winter of 1909 and 1910, I bought a home at Oak Point, Kings County, N. B., on the banks of the St. John River, only a few miles from the place of my birth, and about three miles from the old grave-yard on Oak Point, in which lie my great-grandfather and grandmother. At no place on the entire river is there a more beautiful spot than Oak Point and vicinity. We moved to our new home in February, 1910.

That spring I did some work under the Home Mission Board at Fairhaven, Deer Island, N. B. During the summer I preached for the Oak Point and Hamilton Mountain Churches, some three months, until they could secure a pastor. There were three conversions, two at Oak Point and one at Hamilton Mountain.

The Association of this year, 1910, was held at Sussex.

At the beginning of the present year, 1911, I went to White Head, Grand Manan, under the direction of the Home Mission Board. I spent two months there, held some meetings which strengthened the church, and had the privilege of baptizing one convert. Later, in June, I spent another month there, during which time I passed my eighty-first birthday. I do not know of any place where I would rather have spent the day than on Grand Manan.

Returning home, early in July, I found my children home from Massachusetts, and have spent the summer quietly with my family, preaching as opportunity offered.

I attended the Association at Hartland this Summer and enjoyed the meetings, although the oppressive heat finally made me ill.

We like our new home in which we expect to pass the remainder of our days. We have found many kind friends and neighbors. When there has been need, there have always been loving hands to minister to us.

During my long ministry of over fifty years, God has many times in a most wonderful way provided for me. In all that period, however,

I have never experienced a more remarkable provision in direct answer to prayer, than the one I am about to relate.

This summer I was particularly in need of the sum of fifty dollars, and made the matter a subject of prayer. I asked that it might be put into the heart of someone who wished to be of help to those in need, to send me that amount. Still praying to that end I went to the New Brunswick United Baptist Association held at Hartland. One morning while in conversation with one of my ministerial brethren, I spoke of my need of help, *but did not tell him I had been praying for fifty dollars.* He thought a moment, and then said,

"Only a few days ago I was talking with a friend in Fredericton, who asked me if I knew any worthy minister who was in need of help. I told him I would think it over. Now I think you are the man and I shall tell my friend so."

In less than a week after my return from the Association, I received from the gentleman of whom my friend had spoken, *a check for fifty dollars, just the amount for which I had been praying.*

I relate this to the glory of our wonderful prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God.

I have just received word of the death at Jacksonville, N. B., of my loved friend of many years, Dr. C. T. Phillips. Another of the old Free Baptist ministers, a man strong and winning, has passed on. Few are left in active service. Brother Phillips' work as preacher, pastor, and writer was a blessing to many; his personality was a benediction to all with whom he came in contact.

My heart is made glad by the good news from our Baptist brethren, in the neighboring republic. Recently the missionary work of the Baptists and Free Baptists has been united; and now the Free Baptist organ, "The Morning Star," and the Baptist organ "The Watchman," have united to do a broader work.

Thus the day of a splendid united church draws near, and Christians are joining hands to prepare the way for the coming of the King.

The day is not far distant, when, in holy bonds of closer union and with a new note of

aggressive consecration, the great Christian church will sing:

“Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
’Gainst that Church prevail,
We have Christ’s own promise,
Which can never fail.

Onward then, ye people!
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song.
Glory, laud and honor,
Unto Christ our King.
Through the countless ages,
Men and angels sing,
Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.”

I am now the oldest minister, in point of age and service, of the old Free Baptist connec-

tion. Of the three hundred clergymen of the Maritime Baptist Convention, embracing New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, there are only some three or four men who have enjoyed a longer ministry.

In looking back upon my life, my great regret is that I did not have the educational equipment so valuable to every minister, Although I have been painfully conscious of this lack, still, having been an earnest student of the Bible and other good books, I have been enabled by the aid of the Holy Spirit, to do the work herein recorded.

As the days go by Christ becomes more real to me and my heart continually sings:

“In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Tow’ring o’er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.”

In conclusion, I wish humbly to acknowledge all God’s tender mercies and loving watch-care over me and mine, and to pray that this

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record of a faulty but earnest life may be of help to other struggling souls.

The love of Christ is all in all to me, and has been for sixty years. I cannot better express the feelings of my heart than in the language of the sainted Wesley:

"Thou, O Christ! art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.

"Just and holy is Thy Name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

"Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.

"Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity."

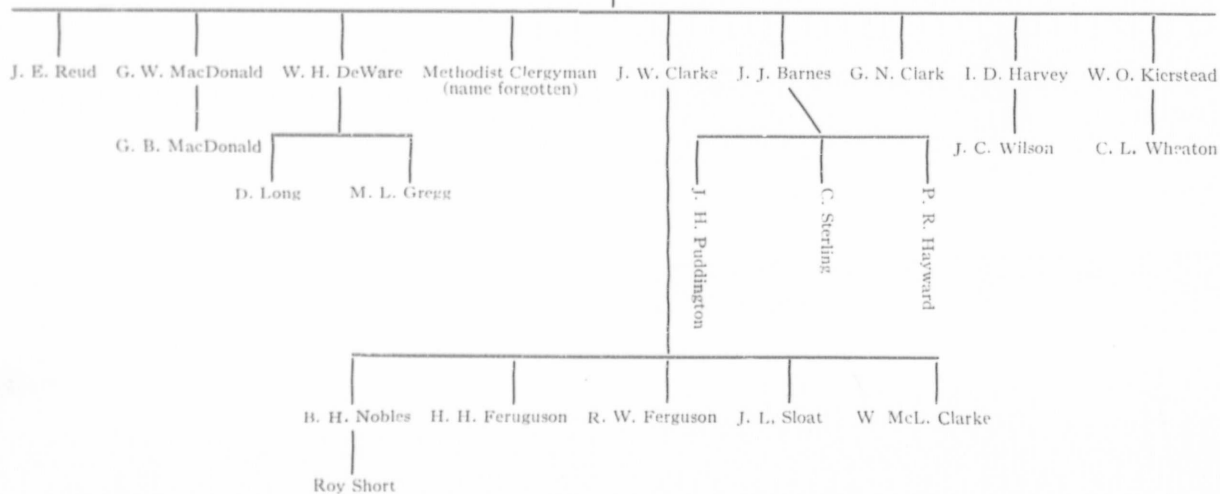
Psalms 103; 1-14.

MINISTERIAL CONVERTS

OF

REV. J. N. BARNES

and
THEIR CONVERTS



SHORT BIOGRAPHIES OF MINISTERIAL
CONVERTS.

In the letters from many of these men, there have been numerous expressions of praise, of high esteem and warmest friendship for my father. While he has fully appreciated these kind words and the loving thought that prompted them, still it has been his wish that they should not appear in this volume, otherwise they would have found a place here.

EDWIN N. C. BARNES.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS,
October 2, 1911.



REV. JOHN E. REUD.

Rev. John Edward Reud was born in Lubec, Maine, February 12, 1838. He was converted under the ministry of the Rev. J. N. Barnes in August, 1862, at Seal Cove, Grand Manan. In the spring of 1864 he assisted Mr. Barnes in evangelistic work and was licensed to preach by the North Head, Grand Manan, Free Baptist Church, in May of that year.

He preached his first sermon in June, and in the same month, in the absence of Pastor Barnes, preached the funeral sermon of a young girl. Mr. Barnes sent him up to St. John (West) to consult with Rev. G. A. Hartley, who prevailed on him to preach for him, and was delighted with his effort. From St. John he went to French's Meeting House, Long Reach, N. B., and enjoyed a revival there, a number starting on the road to better living.

In July, 1864, he was made a licensed preacher of the Free Baptist General Conference. On July 29, 1866, he was ordained in the Free Baptist Church at Holderville, N. B.

In September, 1865, he married Sarah Jane Holder, at Holderville. Mr. Reud's college training was secured in New Hampshire.

From the time Mr. Reud was licensed to preach he was always a pastor, having served the following churches: Holderville, Jones Creek and Jerusalem, three years; Hampstead churches, three years; Upper Gagetown churches, three years; Keswick, fifteen years. During

his pastorate at Keswick, which began in 1873, Mr. Reud at different times cared for the following churches in conjunction with Keswick: Lower Queensbury, Bear Island, Douglas, Penniac and Marysville, all in New Brunswick.

In 1887 he became pastor of the Portland (St. John, North End) Free Christian Baptist Church, and remained there until his death, May 18th, 1888, at the age of fifty.

Mr. Reud had large gatherings on all his fields, and was counted among the strong Christian workers of New Brunswick. While successful in pastoral work, he was also broadly known as a platform orator of exceptional ability. He was an enthusiastic and able temperance speaker, and was recognized as such by the press of the Province.

An earnest and godly man, he was most sincerely mourned by many, who deplored his early death in the prime of his manhood, and the fullness of his powers.

REV. GEORGE W. MACDONALD.

Rev. George W. MacDonald was born at Seal Cove, Grand Manan, N. B., in 1837. He was by occupation a fisherman. He was converted and baptized by Rev. J. N. Barnes, August 9th, 1862. Mr. MacDonald preached his first sermon at Beaver Harbor. His ordination took place at the Mouth of the Oromocto, N. B., July 22nd, 1866.

For twenty-two years, he did most acceptable work as a minister of the Free Christian Baptist Conference of New Brunswick, having enjoyed successful pastorates in

Oromocto, Tracy's Mills, Woodstock and Sussex, N. B.

In 1888, he, with a number of others, left the Free Baptists and formed the Reformed Baptist Alliance. For many years he was very prominent in the work of this denomination.

His ministry was productive of one ministerial convert, his son, Rev. George B. MacDonald, Pastor of the United Baptist Church, Andover, N. B.

He died at St. John in December, 1904.

REV. GEORGE B. MACDONALD.

Rev. George B. MacDonald, B. S., son of Rev. George W. MacDonald, was born in 1876. His early education was obtained in the schools of Woodstock and Sussex and the St. John High School. Later he took a B. S. degree from Ashbury College, Wilmore, Kentucky.

He was ordained to the ministry of the Reformed Baptist Church on September 20, 1893. Mr. MacDonald was a member of that body for almost eleven years, during which time he was pastor of the following churches: Reformed Baptist: North Head, Grand Manan; Yarmouth, N. S.; Meductic, N. B. He supplied the Free Baptist Churches at Mars Hill, Blaine and Danforth, Maine. He was the evangelist of the Reformed Baptist denomination for two or three years.

In July, 1910, Mr. MacDonald was received into the United Baptist Association of New Brunswick, as an ordained minister of that body, in charge of the church at Andover, N. B.

At this writing Mr. MacDonald is in Europe on a well-earned vacation.

REV. WILLIAM DEWARE.

From the Maritime Baptist.

Rev. William H. DeWare, whose death, on the twenty-seventh of November, has been announced in these columns, was born at Eastport, Maine, in 1850. His father was a Roman Catholic and intended his son for the priesthood, but he died when his son was a little boy, and his mother, with the family, moved to Grand Manan. His mother was a Baptist and a devoted Christian, and her prayer was that her gifted boy might enter the ministry.

Under the labors of Rev. J. N. Barnes, who was the only pastor on the Island at that time, he was converted and baptized and united with the Free Baptist Church at Seal Cove, in 1864. In the summer of 1872 he told his pastor that he believed God wanted him to preach. The pastor advised him to make it a matter of prayer for two weeks, and he would do the same, and then they would meet and compare their impressions. Brother Barnes says: "Before a week of that time had passed I felt convinced that Brother DeWare's convictions were from God." In the winter of 1873 he preached his first sermon at Seal Cove, from Proverbs, 6:23. Brother Barnes says: "The sermon was well received and the church gave him a license to preach."

In the same year the Seventh District Meeting gave him a license and in 1876 he was ordained at Victoria, Carleton County, by the Free Baptist General Conference.

The most of Brother DeWare's ministerial life was spent in Carleton County. His pastorates were: Jack-sonville, Tracy's Mills, Waterville, Pembroke, Moncton, Midland, Millstream, Apohaqui and the Mountain

churches. Perhaps his greatest success was in Kings county, for he baptized and brought into the church two young men who have been very successful ministers, Rev. D. Long, so long the loved pastor of Victoria Street Church, St. John, now of Calgary, Alberta, and Rev. M. L. Gregg, of Rhode Island.

Brother DeWare was an orator. Those who heard him in his prime and were competent judges, were unanimous in their verdict. As a word painter he had few equals; his descriptive powers were of the highest order. Those who have heard him describe a storm at sea, could almost see the ship as the waves pounded it against the rocks; they could almost see and hear the doomed sailors as they went shrieking into the depths. And then, with the power and ease of the orator, he would close by saying:

"They had no refuge when the storm came. You have a refuge. It is yonder at the cross. Other refuge have you none." He would picture the crucifixion so vividly, so realistically, that one could almost see the gathering darkness and hear the cry:

"Crucify him! Crucify him!"

One could see the two thieves, and the central figure, the Christ, and hear the agonized cry:

"My God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

And all the time none saw the painter; he was behind the cross; he only wanted you to see the picture, so free from self-consciousness was he. I can imagine some one saying, "This must be overdrawn. Why did we never hear of this eloquent preacher before?" The explanation is easily given. For many years Brother DeWare was an invalid. He has not occupied the pulpit since 1900,

and for years before that he was in such feeble health that he could not have got through his work if he had not loved it so well. Had he been strong as other men he would have been more widely known and his reputation as a preacher, instead of being local, would have been general. Like all genuises, Brother DeWare was eccentric and misunderstood. He would rather listen than talk, and those who did not know him well, thought him unsocial. As Brother Vanwart said in his address at the funeral,

"But it was poor talk cut of which Brother DeWare's quick brain did not get something to store away for further use."

As was fitting, Brother J. N. Barnes preached the funeral sermon, taking a text of his own selection, "The Lord is my light and my salvation, of whom shall I be afraid?" The Lord helped our brother to preach, and we all enjoyed his sermon. Brother DeWare requested that Rev. T. Vanwart and I should speak after Brother Barnes had spoken, and we did so. Brother Vanwart was a neighbor and frequently assisted him, and he could tell us about his illness and his hope as no other could.

Among the last messages our brother left was,

"Tell Dr. McLeod, I have great peace of mind."

Perhaps I have written at too great length, but we do not very often chronicle the death of such a man as our departed brother.—C. T. PHILLIPS.

December, 1906.

REV. DAVID LONG.

Rev. David Long, now pastor in Vancouver, B. C., is a native of Kings County, N. B. He was reared an Episcopalian, but becoming convinced of the correctness

of Baptist views, became a Free Baptist. He was converted under the ministry of the late Rev. William H. DeWare, and was baptized by him.

Mr. Long was educated at the Union Baptist Seminary, St. Martins, N. B. After his ordination in 1891, he served the following New Brunswick fields as pastor;—Norton and Springfield, Sussex, and Victoria Street Free Baptist Church, St. John. This last pastorate was a long one. He was indeed well beloved by his people.

For some time past he has been pastor in the west, at Calgary, Alberta, and at present at Vancouver, B. C. He still has many friends here in the east who remember his earnest work in New Brunswick, and wish for him abundant success in his western field.

REV. MERRITT L. GREGG.

Rev. Merritt Lodge Gregg, M. A., was born at Mountain Dale, Kings County, N. B., on November 9, 1877. His grandparents came to New Brunswick many years ago from Cornwall, England. They were enthusiastic and devoted members of the Church of Christ until their death. Mr. Gregg's parents, George L. and Eliza C. Gregg, are still living and reside on the Gregg homestead, where the subject of this sketch spent his boyhood days. On his mother's side Mr. Gregg is a descendent of the Loyalists.

After leaving the public schools he attended the Provincial Normal School at Fredericton, and acquired in 1896 the second class license, and the next year the first class license for teaching in the public schools. After teaching one term he felt called of God to preach the glorious Gospel.

For the purpose of preparation for that high calling he continued his studies at Ricker Classical Institute, Houlton, Maine; University of New Brunswick, Fredericton, N. B.; Harvard Summer School of Theology, Cambridge, Mass.; Bates College and Cobb Divinity School, Lewiston, Maine; Brown University, Providence, R. I.; and Newton Theological Institution at Newton, Mass. In 1906 Mr. Gregg had the degree of B. A. conferred upon him by Bates College, and in 1908 the degree of M. A. by Brown University.

At the age of fifteen he was baptized by the late Rev. William H. DeWare, under whose ministry he was converted. In the twentieth year of his age he began to exercise his gifts, and, after acquiring the three licenses of his denomination, was publicly set apart and ordained to the work of the Christian ministry by the Free Baptist Conference of New Brunswick, at their annual meeting at Hampstead, 1900.

Mr. Gregg has held pastorates at the following places and in the following order:—Deer Island, N. B., Littleton, Maine; Gibson, N. B.; Bath, N. B.; Tracy's Mills, N. B.; Houlton, Maine; Lewiston, Maine, and Auburn, R. I. Several of these pastorates were held while pursuing his studies.

His present pastorate is at Laconia, N. H. God has graciously blessed his labors, and he has added nearly five hundred new members to the churches.

Mr. Gregg was married on October 30, 1907, to Miss Mabel M. White of Providence, R. I.

REV. J. WESLEY CLARKE,

Rev. J. Wesley Clarke was born at Hampstead, Queens County, N. B., July 16th, 1855. He was educated in

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the common schools, the Methodist Seminary at Sackville and the Provincial Normal School. He was converted under the labors of Rev. J. N. Barnes and baptized by him at Oromocto, N. B., in 1874, at which time he was master of the school there. He was ordained at Hampstead, October 9th, 1878.

His pastorates were,—St. John (North) three years; Norton, Kings County, five years; Tracy's Mills, Carleton County, six years; Waterloo Street Church, St. John, eight years; Woodstock, N. B., two years.

Among Mr. Clarke's converts were Revs. B. H. Nobles, Victoria Street United Baptist Church, St. John; Harry H. Ferguson, Free Baptist Church, Fort Fairfield, Maine; Royal W. Ferguson, Free Baptist Church, Caribou, Maine; J. Leroy Sloat, First Baptist Church, Fort William, Ont., and his son, Mr. Wendall McLeod Clarke, now preparing for the ministry.

Mr. Clarke married Emma A. Vanwart January 29th, 1879, the ceremony being performed by Rev. G. A. Hartley at St. John (West). Mr. Clarke passed away in the midst of his work at Woodstock, October 12th, 1901.

He was a most genial gentleman and his friends were legion. He was a successful Christian worker, being a strong preacher and an excellent pastor.

"Never," said Rev. J. N. Barnes, in speaking of Mr. Clarke's conversion, "had he had such a burden for the conversion of any man; the whole afternoon, before his final decision, being spent in prayer for him."

REV. BENJAMIN H. NOBLES.

Rev. Benjamin H. Nobles was baptized by the late Rev. J. Wesley Clarke during the winter of 1882. His

ordination took place at St. John (West) in October 1886. He married Miss Anita Vanwart, daughter of Deacon L. S. Vanwart, of Wickham, Queens County, N. B., in September, 1888.

While a student Mr. Nobles preached at the following places: Millstream and Kingston, Kings County, and Shannon, Queens County, N. B.

Mr. Nobles' pastorates since ordination have been as follows: Wickham, Kars and Hampstead Churches, two years; Victoria Street Church, St. John, four years; Sussex, fourteen years; Campbellton, one year; Victoria Street Church, St. John, second term, four years, now on the fifth year.

At all of these churches Mr. Nobles had large ingatherings, having baptized during his ministry about one thousand persons. One of his converts, Mr. Roy Short, is in preparation for the work of the ministry.

During Mr. Nobles' terms in these different churches, large amounts have been spent in improving church property. These amounts total about \$13,000.

In addition to regular pastoral work, Mr. Nobles has done considerable evangelistic work. He assisted Rev. J. Wesley Clarke in a revival at the Waterloo Street Free Baptist Church, St. John, when Harry H. and Royal W. Ferguson, now clergymen, made their start in the Christian life. He also did evangelistic work at North Head, Grand Manan; Wilson's Beach, Campobello, McAdam Junction and Moncton.

Mr. Nobles has at different times been entrusted with the highest offices in the gift of his brethren. He was a member of the executive of the Free Baptist Conference for about a dozen years, and has been of the United

Baptist Association since its organization. In addition to this Mr. Nobles has preached several annual sermons at Conferences and Associations.

Mr. Nobles is a good preacher and pastor. That he is very popular with his people, is evinced by the length of his pastorates, especially the one in Sussex, where he remained fourteen years.

The Editing Author regrets that neither sketch nor portrait of Mr. Roy Short, a ministerial convert of Mr. Nobles', were procurable.

REV. HARRY H. FERGUSON.

Rev. Harry H. Ferguson was converted in March 1899, under the preaching of Revs. J. W. Clarke and B. H. Nobles, in the Waterloo Street Free Baptist Church, St. John, N. B., and was baptized by Mr. Clarke.

The church of his spiritual birth licensed Mr. Ferguson to preach, and he was ordained at Marysville, N. B., October 8th, 1901. His first pastorate was at Millstream, N. B. From there he went to Marysville, N. B., where, under his labors, a new church was erected and he was blessed with one of the greatest revivals of his life.

Mr. Ferguson's next pastorate was at Salisbury, N. B., where he spent two and one-half years, resigning to accept a call to Fort Fairfield, Maine, where he has been nearly two years.

REV. ROYAL W. FERGUSON.

Rev. Royal W. Ferguson, a brother of Rev. Harry H. Ferguson, was born at Gagetown, N. B., July 24th, 1868.

His education was secured at the Gagetown Grammar School and the New Brunswick Normal School, from which he graduated in 1885.

Mr. Ferguson was converted under the labors of the late Rev. J. Wesley Clarke at the Waterloo Street Free Baptist Church, St. John, and was baptized by him in 1899.

Mr. Ferguson's first pastorate was over the Petitcodiac-Cornhill Churches, where he remained two years, 1900-1902. He was ordained at Waterville, Carleton County, N. B., in 1902. The fall of that year saw him installed as pastor of the St. John (West) Free Baptist Church, where Rev. G. A. Hartley, D. D., had been the successful pastor so many years.

With this church Mr. Ferguson remained four years, going at the end of that period, in 1906, to River Glade, N. B., where he remained two years. From River Glade he moved, in 1908, to Centreville, Carleton County, N. B., and was pastor of the United Baptist Church there for nearly two years, giving up that work to accept a call to Caribou, Maine, where he is now (1911) pastor.

Mr. Ferguson loves his pulpit, loves to proclaim the truth of the gospel of Jesus, but it is as a pastor that he excels.

REV. J. LEROY SLOAT.

Rev. James Leroy Sloat, B. A., B. Th., is a native of Tracy's Mills, N. B., having been born there January 28th, 1880, the son of James N. Sloat.

His parents were members of the Free Baptist Church, and into its membership he was baptized by the late Rev. J. Wesley Clarke, when about thirteen years of age.

Two women, his mother and Mrs. E. L. West, of Centreville, and three men, his father, Rev. J. Wesley Clarke, and Prof. I. G. Matthews, have mightily influenced Mr. Sloat's life.

He left home when very young, going west and settling in Vancouver. In that city, at the Jackson Avenue Baptist Church, of which Rev. I. G. Matthews (now of McMaster University) was pastor, he preached his first sermon.

In January, 1911, Mr. Sloat took charge of the Baptist Church at Chilliwack, B. C., remaining there until July, when he entered Brandon College, Man., where he was a student until the spring of 1904.

During his summer vacations, Mr. Sloat supplied at Kamloops, B. C., in 1902, and at Prince Albert, Sask., in 1903. In the latter place he organized a Baptist Church. In the spring of 1904 he became pastor at Cranbrook, F. C., remaining there until he entered McMaster in the fall of 1905.

On going to McMaster, Mr. Sloat became pastor at Sherbrooke, Ont., where he remained until 1907, when he took charge of the church at Weston, near Toronto, which interest he served until the spring of 1911.

Mr. Sloat graduated from McMaster with a B. A. in 1909, and a B. Th. in 1911. He was married in August, 1909, to Miss Blanche Shields, M. A., of Brockville, Ont.

On the 5th of May, 1911, Mr. Sloat was ordained at the Walmer Road Baptist Church, Toronto, the ordaining prayer being offered by Prof. I. G. Matthews, M. A., the charge given by Dr. Sowerby and the hand of fellowship to the Christian ministry by Dr. E. M. Kierstead.

Mr. Sloat is now pastor of the First Baptist Church, Fort William, Ont., a growing city of considerable importance.

The Canadian Baptist speaks in the warmest terms of his work at the University, and at Weston, where he formed a church, erected a church building and gathered a large congregation. The same organ comments favorably upon his call to the Fort William parish, hoping "that the pastorate may continue for many years."

The graduating number of the McMaster University Monthly, class of 1909, said:

"He will *fill* a Baptist pulpit, pursue post-graduate work in domestic economy, and make people's lives brighter with his cheery smile."

Mr. Sloat is a strong preacher and loves his people and his work. Quoting his own words, "Sorrowing and rejoicing with my people, entering into the needs of men, and leading the religious life of my church, is the work in which my soul delights."

WENDALL McLEOD CLARKE.

Wendall McLeod Clarke was born at St. John, April 24th, 1892. He received his primary education at the Sussex, N. B., Grammar School, and the Ottawa Collegiate Institute. At the latter school he won three medals, two in 1910 for English and History, and one in 1911 for Classics. He also won two prizes for debating.

In 1911 he won the Duke of Wellington Scholarship in Classics at Toronto University, and the Sixth Edward Blake Scholarship in general proficiency at the same

Institution. He entered Toronto University in the fall of 1911, and plans to take his divinity course at McMaster University.

He was converted under the labors of his father, the late Rev. J. Wesley Clarke, and was baptized by him. It is a matter for general rejoicing that he plans to follow his worthy and lamented father in the work of the Christian ministry.

REV. J. J. BARNES.

Rev. J. J. Barnes, son of Jarvis Barnes and cousin of Rev. J. N. Barnes, was born in New Brunswick, of old Loyalist stock. He was baptized at Big Cove, Washdemoak Lake, by Rev. J. N. Barnes, in April, 1862.

He began his ministry in 1876, and hence has been preaching thirty-five years. He was ordained in 1880.

He has held six pastorates in New Brunswick. Each pastorate, except White Head, contained a number of churches beside the one named. The New Brunswick pastorates were: White Head, Charlotte County; Bath, Carleton County; Tobique, Victoria County; Rockland, Carleton County; Blissville, Sunbury County; Millville, York County. Mr. Barnes enjoyed one pastorate of two years in Nova Scotia.

He has done a great deal of church and parsonage building and repairing.

The following ministers were baptized by Mr. Barnes, Revs. Charles Sterling, McAdam Junction, N. B., J. Harry Puddington, Bath, N. B.; Percy R. Hayward, B. A., B. D., pastor North Baptist Church, Chester, Penn.

Besides this fruitage, Mr. Barnes has seen a great

many men and women won to better living, in all his pastorates.

"My ministry," he wrote, "has been brim full of practical hard work."

He is an able preacher and a most energetic worker. His gifts are strongly evangelistic, but he has been successful as a pastor. In later years he has suffered from impaired health, but hopes, at a not far distant date, to be in active work.

REV. J. HARRY PUDDINGTON.

Rev. J. Harry Puddington was born at Hampstead, N. B., March 6th, 1870.

He was converted under the preaching of Rev. J. J. Barnes, and baptized by him, in April, 1896. He began preaching in 1898, and was ordained by the United Baptist Association of New Brunswick at Gibson, N. B., in 1909.

Mr. Puddington took a correspondence course preparatory to his ministerial work.

He has held the following pastorates: Tobique River, Victoria County; Brown's Flat, Kings County; Gagetown, Queens County, N. B.; Jackson Avenue Baptist Church, Vancouver, B. C.; Second and Third Elgin Churches, Albert County; First and Second Grand Lake, Queens County; Millville, York County; and Bath, Carleton County, N. B.

Mr. Puddington has made somewhat of a reputation as a builder, having built two churches, Riley Brook, Tobique River, and Centreville, Sunbury County, N. B. He has also built or bought three parsonages: Grand Lake, Queens County; Millville, York County; and Bath, Carleton County, N. B.

REV. CHARLES STERLING.

Rev. Charles Sterling, now pastor of the Union Church, McAdam Junction, N. B., is a convert of the Rev. J. J. Barnes.

Mr. Sterling was one of the pioneer Christian workers on the upper part of the Tobique River, having preached the first sermon and organized the Baptist Church at Plaster Rock.

Mr. Sterling was ordained in 1901, and has served with acceptance the following churches, all in New Brunswick; Tobique River, Victoria County; Mineral, Carleton County; Oak Bay, Charlotte County; and his present field, McAdam Junction.

REV. PERCY R. HAYWARD.

Rev. Percy R. Hayward, B. A., B. D., was born at Ashland, Carleton County, N. B., November 20th, 1884.

He was converted under the ministry of Rev. J. J. Barnes, and baptized by him in March, 1897, at the age of thirteen years. Mr. Hayward received his preparatory education in the schools of Ashland, the Grand Falls, N. B., Superior school and the New Brunswick Normal School, receiving in 1903, from the latter school both first class and superior licenses.

He taught in East Florenceville and Woodstock; one year in each place.

In the summer of 1905 Mr. Hayward entered the ministry, preaching for the summer at Upper Gagetown, N. B. That fall he entered the sophomore class at the University of New Brunswick, and graduated in 1908 with a B. A. degree.

During his college course he was a member of two debating teams, president of the College Y. M. C. A. and Student Association, editor of the University Monthly and valedictorian of his class.

Mr. Hayward did student supply work with the Tobique River Churches one summer, and at the close of his junior year became pastor of the Marysville, N. B., Free Baptist Church. Mr. Hayward was ordained at Woodstock, N. B., during this first summer in the Marysville pastorate, and when in the fall the Baptist and Free Baptist Churches united, he was asked to remain as pastor of the United Church during his stay at the University.

In September, 1908, Mr. Hayward married Miss Myrtle Harmon and entered Crozer Theological Seminary at Chester, Penn., graduating in June, 1911, with the degree of B. D.

During his course at Crozer, he spent one summer in special work at the University of Chicago, and also did two years' work at the University of Pennsylvania, in conjunction with his work at the Seminary.

Since January, 1911, he has been pastor of the North Baptist Church, Chester, Penn., and is continuing work at the University toward the degree of Ph. D.

Mr. Hayward has made somewhat of a name as a magazine writer.

GEORGE N. CLARK.

Mr. George N. Clark was born, lived and died in the vicinity of Big Cove, Washademoak Lake. He was baptized by Rev. J. N. Barnes, and later became a local

preacher of some repute. To the best of the writer's knowledge Mr. Clark was never ordained. He passed on many years ago.

The story of his life is best told in the words of one of his family, who kindly furnished us the following:

"As far back as my memory goes, George N. Clark appeared on the horizon of my life as a professor of religion. He exercised his gifts in prayer, testimony and song, and was rather inclined to be eloquent in testimony and conversation.

There were times when his voice would not be heard for weeks, and then he would return seemingly imbued with a new fire of consecration and zeal.

Later, he felt it to be his duty to preach the gospel. Like Paul he was not disobedient to the heavenly vision, but began forthwith to preach with much acceptance. He continued to do so, at stated intervals, during the remaining years of his life.

I do not know that Mr. Clark was ever ordained. He was an emotional speaker and made powerful personal appeals which generally took effect. No doubt lasting impressions were made, which will never be known until that Great Day when every man will be rewarded according to his works.

He had many friends and few, if any, enemies, and when he departed this life he was most sincerely mourned by many.

The cause of his death was consumption. This disease interfered with his clerical work during the last five years of his life, but when unable to go to church, he would conduct services in private houses. I wish a fuller sketch might be given, but as his brothers and

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sisters have all gone over to the silent majority, details are difficult to obtain.

His record is written above, and God only is the final judge of what he accomplished."

REV. IRVINE D. HARVEY.

Rev. Irvine D. Harvey is a native of Seal Cove, Grand Manan. He was converted in 1872 under the ministry of the Rev. J. N. Barnes. Mr. Harvey was ordained by the Free Baptist General Conference at Cornhill, N. B., in 1892. A strange coincidence was that Mr. Barnes, who baptized him twenty years before, was pastor of the entertaining church at the time of his ordination.

For many years Mr. Harvey did excellent work as pastor of the Free Baptist Church at White Head, Grand Manan. His ministerial work has been confined very largely to Grand Manan, although there have been occasional trips to Beaver Harbor, N. B.; Cutler, Maine, and points in Nova Scotia.

Mr. Harvey has one convert in the ministry, Rev. J. Clement Wilson, B. A., B. D., the popular and well beloved pastor of the Chelmsford Street Free Baptist Church, Lowell, Massachusetts.

REV. J. CLEMENT WILSON.

Rev. J. Clement Wilson, B. A., B. D., is a native of Grand Manan, N. B., having been born at White Head, April 27th, 1879.

He was converted under the labors of Rev. I. D. Harvey in January, 1898, and was licensed to preach by his home church in June of the same year. Mr. Wilson was ordained by the Free Baptist General Conference of New Brunswick, at Tracy Station, September 20th, 1904.

Mr. Wilson did college preparatory work at the Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield, Maine. He received his B. A. degree from the University of New Brunswick in 1905, and his B. D. from Newton Theological Institution in 1909. He is now doing graduate work along with his pastoral duties.

Mr. Wilson's father died when he was but five years of age, and so he had to rely practically altogether upon his own resources, throughout his entire student period.

He spent a number of summer vacations in pastoral work, in the following places,—Beaver Harbor, Deer Island and White Head, Grand Manan.

He has been preaching for nine consecutive years, most of the time, except the last two years, as a student pastor. His appointments have been as follows:—Blissville-Patterson Settlement, N. B., one year; Victoria Corner, N. B., one year; Gibson, N. B., three years; Randall Memorial Free Baptist Church, Somerville, Mass., two years; Chelmsford Street Free Baptist Church, Lowell, Mass., two years.

Mr. Wilson is still pastor at the Lowell Church where he has a splendid opportunity, and is doing a constructive work of merit. Since he has been there, he has received fifty-seven members into the church, twenty-four by baptism, has married thirty-one couples and attended fifty-four funerals. A heavy indebtedness has been removed, extensive and expensive improvements have

been made and paid for. The current finances have been put on a paying basis, and plans are developing, by which the whole plant will be enlarged and made more efficient.

During his few years of ministry Mr. Wilson has been honored with a number of important offices, among them the Presidency of the Free Baptist Young People's Provincial League of New Brunswick. He is now President of the Ministers' Conference of the Massachusetts Association of Free Baptist Churches, Secretary of the Lowell Ministers' Union, and representative of the Free Baptist Churches of Lowell, on the executive committee of the Lowell Federation of Churches.

Mr. Wilson is a strong, convincing preacher and a par excellent pastor. It has been the privilege of the Editing Author to come into touch with his work in Lowell, and the quality of that work has commanded his highest admiration.

It is Mr. Wilson's intention, as soon as certain educational work is completed, and the way opens, to return to the land of his birth and spend his years there, ministering to his own people.

REV. WILLIAM O. KEIRSTEAD.

Rev. William O. Keirstead, M. A., was born December 1st, 1879, at Cornhill, N. B.

He professed religion, and was baptized by Rev. J. N. Barnes in 1891, and was ordained to the Christian ministry by the Maine Free Baptist Conference at the Union Church, East Wilton, Maine, July 28, 1904.

Mr. Keirstead prepared for college at the New Hampton Literary Institute, New Hampton, N. H., and graduated

in 1906 with a B. A. degree from Bates College, Lewiston, Maine.

During the summer of 1906, Mr. Keirstead travelled in England, studying social conditions there.

He graduated from Yale, B. A. in 1907, M. A. in 1908. He has since done one more year's work at the same University.

Mr. Keirstead supplied churches in different places during his college work. While at Yale he was pastor of the Union Baptist Church, Montomese, Conn. During his stay there the church was repaired and painted.

Mr. Keirstead's present pastorate is at the People's Church, Providence, R. I., where the Rev. Arthur Given, D. D., was pastor, and is now pastor emeritus.

Mr. Keirstead has been in his present church less than two years, but they have been years of progress, and seventy-five members have been added to the membership roll.

The subject of this sketch has one convert in the ministry, Rev. Clarence Wheaton, now a student at Newton Theological School, Newton Centre, Massachusetts.

REV. CLARENCE L. WHEATON.

Rev. Clarence L. Wheaton was born at St. John, March 23rd, 1885, and received his primary education in the public schools of his native city.

Mr. Wheaton was converted under the ministry of Rev. W. O. Keirstead, M. A., and baptized by him in May, 1902.

In the fall of 1904, Mr. Wheaton entered Bates College, Lewiston, Maine. During his college course he supplied churches in various places in Maine, including Weld, Orr's Island, Sebago and Clifton.

Mr. Wheaton taught Latin in Wilson Memorial Academy, New York, 1908-1909. He was pastor of the Boothbay, Maine, Free Baptist Church 1909-1910.

He was ordained there, June 9th, 1910.

In September, 1910, he resigned the Boothbay pastorate to enter Newton Theological Seminary, where he is now a student.

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