

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Autobiographical Sketch.

By REV. CHARLES TUPPER, D. D.

REMINISCENCES OF CHILDHOOD.

No. 4.

How little soever may have been accomplished, my life has been in general a busy one. Hence time has usually seemed to me to flit by with rapidity. I recollect one instance, however, in which it appeared to me to move so sluggishly—rather to stand still—that I was exceedingly anxious to have its pace quickened.

My eldest brother's wife left me at home one day alone; and promised to return by sunset. I was quite young, and had nothing to do. Though our house was considerably remote from any other, yet I did not suffer from timidity; but about the middle of the afternoon I became extremely lonesome, and very earnestly desired the return of my sister-in-law. It was always hard work for me to do nothing; and I had at that time no heart to engage in any childish diversion. Hours seemed to me longer than months in ordinary times. Hardly could a shipwrecked mariner wait more impatiently for the dawn of day, than I did for the going down of the sun. We had no clock by which I could ascertain the progress of time. It did not occur to me to notice any shadow; but I looked frequently at the sun. His position, however, seemed to be perfectly stationary. It appeared as if night would never come. In this state of disquietude and dejection I had recourse to an expedient for the purpose of killing time. Having been told that it would require a minute to count sixty deliberately, I undertook thus to count that number thirty times, and so pass away half an hour. I commenced counting moderately, and with pauses. "One, two, three, four," &c. But as I could not exercise the patience requisite to proceed with moderation, I concluded to go on rapidly—"One two three four," &c.—and to count sixty twice for a minute. But when according to my reckoning a half hour was passed, the sun did not appear to be any lower. O how disconsolate were my sensations! Despair seemed to seize upon my soul. At length, however, nature became exhausted by intense anxiety and disquietude, and, "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," kindly came to my relief. When I awoke my friends were around me, and the tedious scene of sorrow had passed.

The reflection naturally arises, if under such circumstances a few hours were so tedious—almost intolerable—what must an eternity of woe be to the sinner beyond the reach of hope, to whom no relief can ever come.

Another event of a trying nature may be noticed here. At the commencement of the present century the number of inhabitants in this country was small, much land that is now cleared was in a wilderness state, and bears were numerous. I recollect an instance in which one of the soldiers who kept a Telegraph Station on a summit of the South Mountain, a few miles from the house of my brothers, was passing when a swine was evidently being killed by a bear. Guided by the sound, he hastened to the scene; but bruin perceived his approach, and escaped.

Being sent on an errand to the nearest neighbor to the westward, a distance of two miles through woods, I returned by a foot path, which was a shorter way. In this lonely situation one of these voracious beasts met me. It was not remote from the place whence I had heard the piteous cries of the swine that was being devoured. As may be reasonably imagined, I felt very solemn. I called to mind, however, the instructions which had been given me with reference to such an event. The bear was in my path, coming toward me, with his nose near the ground, apparently unaware of my approach. I walked forward silently and slowly; but with an unflinching step. We were only a few paces apart when he looked me in the face. No sooner did my eyes meet his with firmness; than he snorted, and fled through the woods. But I was still apprehensive that he would presently stop and watch me, and if he saw me run, or give any indications of fear, pursue me and kill me. I therefore did not quicken my pace, but proceeded moderately in a manner as much dignified as possible. But when I came within sight of the house, I ran to it with all my might, glad, if not thankful, for deliverance from so great danger.

While, however, I could thus face a bear with

composure and fortitude, I suffered no little alarm and terror from a silly report, circulated about that time, and believed by many, concerning a "wild man of the woods." This creature of imagination was called "Yo-ho," from the pretence or fancy that he made this sound to decoy people, as if he were a person in distress calling for help, and then to destroy them. Frequently when going alone through woods, I was filled with the utmost consternation from the apprehension that this frightful monster, with "one eye in his forehead," would pounce upon me, and tear me limb from limb.

Every person ought to be careful never to infuse ideas of terrific beings, or ghosts, into the minds of children. If unhappily they have been imbibed, pains should be taken to dispel them immediately. Such groundless fears have done much harm to multitudes; and many have been utterly ruined by them, as well as by frights given to the timid in cruel sport.

Though I was graciously so preserved from some of the snares of vice, that I am not conscious of having ever done an act in my life for the sake of doing mischief, yet it seems the part of candor to acknowledge a mischievous deed of childhood. My object was to make a philosophical experiment. This, however, did by no means justify the action.

Coming to the nest of a hen that was sitting on duck's and hen's eggs, in her absence, I felt a desire to ascertain which kind of eggs was more hardy than the other. For this purpose I shook them all as equally as I could. I have no recollection of thinking at the time of the harm likely to result from this. But when the time came for the hen to hatch, she had no chickens, and only two young ducks. It was, of course, a matter of wonder what could be the cause of this. But as no suspicion rested on me, I was under no temptation to tell a falsehood about it. Had I been questioned, I presume a frank acknowledgment would have been made. Though this misdeed was not discovered by any mortal, yet it must not be imagined that I escaped with impunity. My conscience chastised me severely. Ever and anon when the hen would appear before me with only her two little ducks, my heart would be filled with grief and shame at the consciousness of the fact, that the indulgence of my vain curiosity had prevented her from having a full brood. To some this may appear a very trivial matter; but it gave me a great amount of trouble. By it was verified in my painful experience the truth of the divine declaration, "The way of transgressors is hard."

In conclusion I would affectionately and earnestly entreat my youthful reader, not only to abstain invariably from all acts of designed mischief, but also constantly to avoid all such indulgence of curiosity as may prove in any degree injurious. Should any one be disposed to boast that his conscience would not upbraid or trouble him for such a deed, he may be assured that this is a fearful symptom of a state of obdurate impiety, dangerous in the extreme. He who can do a wrong action without compunction or remorse, is evidently in the high road to endless perdition.

For the Christian Messenger.

Our Foreign Mission.

Aylesford, March 4, 1863.

MR. EDITOR,—I forward the subjoined letter for insertion in your columns. Whether the field proposed by brother Crawley is preferable to that named by Rev. Dr. Warren, or not, is unknown to me. The fact that our native preachers are either in it, or adjacent to it, is a consideration in its favor. One thing, however, is evident, namely—that there will be no difficulty in finding an inviting field of labor, if we can secure the services of a suitable man to occupy it. Who will go for us? The generous bequest of £500, made by our late valued brother Jacobs, of Liverpool, N. S., obviates all objection with reference to the funds requisite for the establishment of an independent Foreign Mission. This noble donation, far from inducing remissness on the part of the friends of the mission, should encourage and stimulate all to increased activity and enlarged liberality.

Ever yours in Christ,
C. TUPPER, Secretary.

Henthada, Dec. 5, 1863.

My Dear Dr. Tupper,—Your favor of Sept. 8th, conveying a draft on London for £20 sterling; and 2nd, of exchange of draft for £80 sterling, previously received, came to hand on the 29th ult. Many thanks. On the 4th ult. I wrote you, enclosing a copy of my account with your Board for the year, which closed 30th September, 1862. Hope it has been safely received. We are much relieved by the receipt of the \$50 for school; from your Board, \$30; and from the Church at Amherst, \$20; for we

shall be able now in truth to carry the school on without interruption.

I visited a short time ago Donabew, the large town where Ko Choke, supported by the Truro Church, is stationed. It has hitherto been one of the least encouraging places in my district, but there are now signs of awakening among the people. While there, I baptized a native of India, who has been inquiring for several years.

You ask me if I can "name specifically an inviting field where we might establish a mission, with the concurrence of our brethren of the Union." It gives me much pleasure to comply with your request. My own field consists of two large districts—the Henthada and the Tharrawaddi. The former is more than large enough for one mission; the latter is a most desirable field for missionary labor. The town of Minguee, in that district, would be the head quarters of a mission. For myself, nothing would gratify me more, than to see that district occupied by a missionary from Nova Scotia; and I can't suppose but that the Union, too, would be well pleased with such an arrangement. May you be speedily successful in obtaining a man well suited to the work. We are rejoiced to hear that Mrs. Tupper was somewhat improved in health when you wrote, and hope it may prove permanent. Mrs. Crawley unites with me in kindest regards to yourself and Mrs. Tupper.

I remain, faithfully,

ARTHUR R. R. CRAWLEY.

For the Christian Messenger.

Death.

Death has been appropriately termed by an eminent Divine "a tremendous necessity." It is as such alone that the child of nature can regard it. Separation forever in this life from loved ones—from societies, enjoyments, and pursuits in which the mind can indulge with ever increasing pleasure—from this world so full of the goodness of God—from its fair scenes, so fitted to afford genuine and innocent happiness—the termination of all earthly hopes—of projects of usefulness and ambition, must be indeed painful to the mind. And oh! how nature recoils from the agonies of death—from the conflict that must take place before soul and body are separated—from the gloomy grave, with its darkness and corruption—from the thought of meeting an offended God in judgment—and from the felt assurance that death knocks at the door of the soul summoning it to receive according to the deeds done in the body. All these thoughts, and many more which rush into the mind at the approach of death, render it indeed "a tremendous necessity."

But to the child of God, death does not present itself under this terrible aspect. To him the Saviour has divested it of its sting. He comes to him with a message of peace—to declare that he is to be put in possession of an inheritance, incorruptible, and undefiled, and which fadeth not away. If he is to be separated forever from loved ones here, it is that he may live forever with the Saviour,—with angels and with those who have gone to heaven before him, and of whom the world was not worthy. He can part with the pleasures of this world without regret, knowing that his soul is to drink eternally of those pleasures that are at God's right hand—pleasures that are unalloyed by the griefs and troubles of earth. On looking back indeed to the past, he may regret that he has not done more for his Saviour, and for his fellow creatures; but the fact that the Saviour forgave all these his shortcomings, makes him love him the more, and rejoice the more at the near prospect of being forever with him. Who would not wish to possess such a glorious hope, at the hour of death. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my latter end be like his."

The writer was led to reflect much on this subject of late, by being called in the Providence of God to witness the deathbed of MARY, beloved wife of MR. W. PEPPEY, who entered her eternal rest on the morning of the 5th inst., aged 26 years. Sister P. experienced the power of Divine grace in her soul during a revival that took place in the Baptist Church at North Sydney, in 1856—She continued in fellowship with that Church until called to join the Church of the first born above. Her life was in full accordance with the profession she had made—She was a diligent attendant upon the means of grace, and in her walk and conversation exhibited the benign and hallowed influence of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Naturally of a mild and retiring disposition she was never attracted by the noise and pomp attendant on mere worldly enjoyments; but her hand was ever ready to minister to the wants of the distressed and needy, particularly those of the household of faith. Several years since she endured much bodily weakness and sickness, and on two or three occasions was brought to the very verge of the grave, but she bore all with exemplary patience, and by being thus purified in the furnace of

affliction was enabled day by day to reflect more clearly the image of the Divine Saviour. The disease that proved fatal to her was inflammation of the lungs. Her father the Rev. Hugh Ross was much with her in her last illness—praying with her, and bringing before her mind the precious promises of the gospel. The evening before her death she complained much of the hardness of her heart, and that she was not enabled to realize the goodness of the Lord to her as she ought; but latterly these dark clouds removed, and she was enabled to rejoice in the near prospect of death and of being soon with her Redeemer. To her husband who was standing by her bedside, and who was always greatly attached to her, she said—Oh, William you know that I love you much and that I love your society; but I love my Saviour more, and I long to depart that I may be with him,—And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me yea blessed are the dead that die in the Lord yea henceforth said the Spirit that they may rest from their labours and their works do follow them. Be ye also ready for in such an hour as ye think not the son of man cometh.—Communicated by a friend.

North Sydney, March 19.

For the Christian Messenger.

Obituary Notices.

MR. ATWOOD SNOW

Departed this life, after a short sickness of ten days, on the 17th inst., at the advanced age of 72 years. His widow and family have sustained an irreparable loss; for in him were blended the gentleness and love, the purity and devotedness that should characterise every father.

Our Church feels the hand of the Lord, in his bereavement too; for Bro. Snow had been for many years, one of her most prominent and useful members, whose prayers mingled with hers in the vestry meetings, but a few evenings before his demise. In the recent burial of Brethren Davis, Jacobs, and Snow, Zion mourns. But their places the Lord can fill.

Bro. Snow's funeral sermon was preached by the subscriber yesterday, (Text 1 Cor. xv. 57.) to a large gathering of the community, with several ministers, all of whom feel that a good man has left us for the upper temple; where, with many of our fathers, we believe he is happy, in the presence of his Redeemer.

E. N. H.

Liverpool, March 23rd, 1863.

MR. NELSON WILNEFF

Died at Tancock, Feb. 15th, 1863, in the 29th year of his age. Bro. Wilneff professed faith in Christ during the revival of religion at Tancock in Feb. 1861, and was baptized by the Rev. D. G. Shaw. From the time of his conversion, until his death he lived a life of prayer and christian usefulness. His love and zeal for God were manifest in his attachment to his cause, and regard for his servants, his prayers and exhortations were characteristic of a heart filled with the love of Christ. He was "an epistle known and read of all men," a devoted and sincere follower of Christ. After he obtained justifying faith and was enabled to rejoice in the salvation of the Lord, the lost state of the sinner was brought so vividly to his view that he was led to go from house to house to plead with his neighbours to turn to the Lord.—He often labored with them whole nights. He was made very useful in the hand of the Lord during the latter part of the revival in 1861.

For some time prior to his death he was confined to his room. His sickness was of a very painful nature; yet he bore it with christian patience. Often would he speak of the rest which was prepared for him; and would rejoice in the prospect of soon obtaining it. He possessed a calm and unshaken confidence in God. Well may the poet sing,—

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileged beyond the common walk,
Of virtuous life."

On Sunday evening Feb. 15th, he "fell asleep in Jesus." Bro. W. has left a widow and four children to mourn the loss of a kind husband and parent, and the Church has lost by his death one of her most worthy members, but in their loss is his gain.

"Brother, thou art gone to rest,
We will not weep for thee;
For thou art now where oft, on earth,
Thy spirit longed to be."

P. R. FOSTER.

For the Christian Messenger.

"There's not a cloud between me and my Saviour."

These were the last words of a soldier, as he lay dying on the battle field. He had fought bravely for his country, but in the last great battle, he had received a fatal wound from the hand of the enemy, and now he lay bleeding and dying among thousands of others who like him had gone forth to fight and die for their country. Many of his fellow soldiers had noticed while he was with them in the army, how constantly he had attended to his religious duties, and how little he seemed to fear death.