

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Autobiographical Sketch.

By REV. CHARLES TUPPER, D. D.

CHAPTER 2.

EVENTS OF YOUTH.

No. 2.

It is an inestimable blessing to be preserved in youth from prevalent vicious practices. By indulgence in these multitudes are ruined both for time and eternity. If persons who have been addicted to vice in early life, subsequently profess conversion, they are very liable to be drawn into it again; and so to bring reproach upon the cause of Christ, and distress upon themselves.

While, therefore, I have cause to deplore the sins and follies of my youthful days, as well as those of riper years, it becomes me gratefully to acknowledge the goodness of the Most High in preserving me from numerous evils to which I was exposed. In connexion with a recognition of the salutary influence of the prudent counsels and kind admonitions of pious parents, strengthened by their godly example, it may be useful to some of my youthful readers to notice certain providential circumstances that tended to put me on my guard.

From the age of about thirteen to that of sixteen, a critical portion of life, I lived in the vicinity of Kentville. It was then usually called "Horton Corner," but frequently, and not inappropriately, (though I do not like such names) denominated "The Devil's Half-Acre." When I speak of it as a place peculiarly hazardous to youth, it is not my intention to intimate, that the people resident there were in general remarkably addicted to vice. From its situation it became a place of common resort; and persons of intemperate and dissolute habits frequently congregated there. Such pernicious practices as horse-racing, card-playing, drunkenness, &c., were prevalent.

An event that occurred there in the days of my boyhood, caused me to regard horse-racing with horror. It was, as related to me, to this effect:—When a race had been run, those that lost their wagers alleged, that the horses did not start fairly. After much quarreling, cursing and swearing, &c., it was agreed to run it over again. The riders were two youths in the circle of my acquaintance, several years older than I was. While in the race one of them observed a hog in the road, and called to the other to hold up. He replied, "I'll win the race, if I go to hell for it." These were his last words. His horse ran over the hog, threw him, and killed him. Though he continued to breathe for some hours, yet he was evidently unconscious till he awoke in eternity.

This melancholy and awful scene made an abiding impression on my mind. Though I lived several years within sight of the usual race-ground, and sometimes saw horses start, yet never during that time, nor subsequently, did I attend a horse race. I was thus graciously preserved from this baleful practice, which is usually connected with cruelty to beasts, danger to human life, waste of precious time, loss of money—both parties commonly lose in reality—angry contention, profane swearing, drunkenness, and other evils almost innumerable, and quite incalculable.

A circumstance of a less disastrous nature, but of an instructive kind, taught me a valuable lesson with regard to card-playing. I was providentially in company with a number of young people where this was introduced. They urgently pressed me to take a part in the diversion. It was alleged that, as they were not going to play for money, it was a very innocent and pleasant amusement. It occurred to me, that my parents, who had affectionately charged me never to enter on such a course, might be too fastidious. I concluded, therefore, that I would now endeavor to form a judgment for myself, from my own observation. Accordingly I told the young people, that I could not play, as I was altogether unacquainted with cards; but I would look on and learn. I sat down with the determination to ascertain as fully as possible, how innocent this practice seemed to be, and how much pleasure it appeared to impart.

The party proceeded to shuffle the cards, cut, deal, and play. I observed them attentively. After a while I saw a youth, about my own age, and an intimate acquaintance of mine, slip a card slyly up one of his sleeves. Of course I was aware that this must be an act of deception and roguery. This did by no means relish with

me. Ere long there was a complaint made of a mis-deal, as it was called. The youth who had secreted the missing card, was charged with having done so. This he positively denied. As I had been effectually taught to abhor lying, this appeared to me a very unfavorable indication with reference to the innocency of card-playing. After search had been made, he was again challenged; and again he denied, with strong asseverations. On a farther fruitless search, the charge was reiterated. He then consigned himself to endless misery, if he had secreted it, or knew where it was. This was shocking to me in the extreme. One of the party, a young woman whom I had always regarded as remarkably modest and amiable, became so much enraged as to use profane language. The whole was an exceedingly unpleasant scene of strife and wretchedness.

The witnessing of this tended to convince me fully, that my parents were wiser than I, and that it would be wisdom in me to heed their judicious counsels. This was the only lesson that I ever took, or even needed, in the ruinous business of card-playing.

Having been thus providentially kept back from entering on the vicious courses now named, I was also preserved from every species of gambling. The self-evident principle of justice, that no one should ever attempt to obtain any thing from another without giving an equivalent for it, was instilled into my mind by conscientious relatives. Acting on this principle, I never either gained or lost a penny in my life by a wager, a raffle, or any kind of lottery. No person wishes to lose his own property by any such means. People have an unquestionable right to give and to receive presents voluntarily made. But every one must be aware, that whatever he may gain by any species of gambling, is taken from another, or others, in a way in which he would not be willing to have the same amount taken from him. To obtain it thus is consequently a palpable violation of the Saviour's golden rule. I would, therefore, affectionately entreat my young reader to abstain through life, not only from the nefarious and vicious practices of horse-racing and card-playing, but likewise from every thing that savors of gambling. How many that have ended their days in the poor-house, the penitentiary, or on the scaffold, might—to say nothing of a future state—have passed through life respectably and comfortably, and left a fair reputation, as a legacy to surviving relatives, had the course now recommended been adopted by them!

For the Christian Messenger.

Sabbath School Statistics.

MR. EDITOR,—

The imperfect character of the Sabbath School Statistics furnished to our Associations, has been the subject of annual remark and regret. Some of the churches omit in their letters, all mention of Sabbath Schools; others give but scant information, and only a few supply all the facts which should be put upon record in our Minutes. Last year, reports of schools were obtained, from 22 out of 52 churches in the Western Association; from 18 churches out of 39 in the Central Association and from 15 out of 62 in the Eastern Association. That is to say 55 churches gave information respecting their Sabbath Schools, and 98 churches did not give it. Of the former 19 contented themselves with stating one fact each about their respective schools; 16 took the trouble to mention two particulars each, and only 5 churches out of 153 comprehended in our three Associations communicated all the few items of information respecting their Sabbath Schools which they were earnestly solicited to furnish.

If possible this state of things should be remedied, and as Secretary of the General Board of the Sabbath School Convention, it is perhaps my duty to take the initiative. At the last annual meeting of the Convention I made a suggestion which appeared to meet with general approbation. In consequence of this understanding I have drawn out and had printed a circular in the following form:

TO THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

Dear Brother, Will you please write in each of the blank spaces an answer to the question that precedes it, and then enclose this Circular to the Secretary of the Sabbath School Board for the (Western, Central or Eastern) Association of Baptist Churches in Nova Scotia!

I am yours in the fellowship of the Gospel,

A. H. MUNRO.

Halifax, May 1, 1863.

What is the number of male scholars on the books of your S. School?

What is the number of female scholars on the books of your S. School? What is the total average attendance? What is the number of male teachers? What is the number of female teachers? What is the number attending Bible Classes not included in the above number of Scholars? How many of the Scholars in the Sabbath School and pupils in the Bible Classes are members of the Church? What number of volumes have you in the S. School Library? What amount has been expended in your S. School during the past year? Can you mention any other interesting matter connected with your School?

A copy of this Circular has been sent to each Baptist Pastor in the three Association. In some few instances it has also been sent to churches without pastors, but in many cases this could not be done as I was unable to discover any one to whom the Circular might be addressed.

I add nothing to urge those to whom the Circular is committed to give it their careful attention and kind compliance in time for the Associations. The Pastors through whose hands it will in most cases pass will all be no doubt as anxious as I can be to give success to this attempt to improve our Sabbath School Statistics.

I am yours respectfully,

A. H. MUNRO.

Halifax, May 6, 1863.

For the Christian Messenger.

Beware of Dogs.

Mr. Editor,—

Don't be alarmed by the heading of this article. I am not going to preach a sermon from the above text, although it furnishes matter enough for a very long one. I know you like brevity and hope you will bear a little with me. Many ludicrous scenes I have witnessed in churches, by the admission of dogs. My object is to bring to notice the propriety of not admitting dogs into several places of worship. When a boy I was present at a meeting, in July I think, the weather was very warm and the heat oppressive, the house not being well ventilated with suitable windows, the door was left open for that purpose. Several young dogs entered, running about the house, under the benches, up and down the aisle, barking, and playing, as dogs will do if left alone. After a considerable time an elderly dwarfish man, who seemed to have the charge of the house, commenced chasing them having a huge stick in his hand, but never hitting them, but with some ludicrous remark accompanying each blow. An elderly gentleman who always, when in attendance, sat in front of the pulpit in a chair of his own, a very eccentric man, after seeing the fruitless chase of the pursuing old man, called out at the top of his voice and that not a weak one. "Turn out them dogs." This brought the old man to a dead halt, and catching his breath as well as he could so as to speak, said "I will not be dog-keeper for anybody," "now you may appoint my successor as soon as you please," donned his hat and made his exit. Now imagine the scene; I cannot describe it, a Shakespear would fail in doing it justice. The service was closed somewhat prematurely. Since then I have witnessed many ludicrous scenes of dogs in houses of worship. I have seen them on men shoulders, and in ladies' laps, soiling ladies' and gentlemen's dresses, and would advise all to "Beware of dogs," and keep them at home on Sundays.

A CORRESPONDENT.

For the Christian Messenger.

Education.

BROOKFIELD ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

Our revolted world is a wilderness, girt with woods and peopled with savages. To transform savages into saints and sages, to make the wilderness glad, and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose is the sublime mission of civilization and Christianity. And no less so is the human soul a wilderness of brambles and briars, peopled with rude feelings and instincts all undeveloped for good. To burn up the brambles, to break up and enrich the fallow soil, plant good seed, refine the feelings, and work the rude materials of the inner life into things of truth, beauty and loveliness is education's true mission. Real education draws out the latent powers of the soul, tempers the intellect, enables the learner to resurrect and commune with the past, to shine in the present, to wield a Herculean influence, and sit upon the throne of dignified self-possession, the monarch of a noble manhood. In a word, right education develops the whole man both physical and mental, and never—as is too often the case in false systems—sacrifices the

body on the altar of the intellect. It strengthens the memory and instructs it to gather the gems of thought from heaven and earth, and sea and sky, and men and books and deposit them in systematic order for future use in the ivory casket of the mind. It draws out the imagination and directs its creative energies in transforming the treasures of memory into the ideal spirits of the true, the beautiful and the good. It opens the eye of the intellect; creates a microscope for the perceptive faculties, and in the sunlight of science, where all before was blank, it now sees

"books in running brooks,

Sermons in stones and good in every thing."

And to the reflective faculties it gives life and energy, teaches them to reason rightly, and economize the executive forces of head, hands and heart, in all the duties of life. It develops language into the power of an easy and accurate expression of thought, and trains the ear to the happy choice of words. It divorces the finer sensibilities from the coarse utilitarianism of life, and weds them to whatever is beautiful, or sublime in nature, art or literature; it moulds the youthful feelings and impules into kindness, courtesy and generosity, and ever labors to direct the learner from nature up to nature's God.

Any community enjoying the services of a teacher capable of imparting such an education possesses a source of income more desirable, and contributing more real wealth to the world than the cattle on a thousand hills or inexhaustible mines of gold. And such a teacher (Mr. Augustus Freeman) we claim for our new made Academy.

While many ignorantly look upon this whole Northern district of Queen's Co., as a ten acre lot in the wilderness, it may partly serve to remove the delusion to know that here in almost one extreme corner of it our local educational interests are now developed into a full grown Academy, where the higher branches of a classical education may be successfully pursued. And instead of being a cold unfriendly and unfruitful land of rocks and wildwood, to the lover of nature it presents a landscape inspiringly beautiful, and bountifully rewards the hand of the diligent. Here are gracefully sweeping hills, groves and romantic dells, and springs, and rivers, and scores of lakes all joined hand in hand and in endless concert celebrating their Maker's goodness. It was here the late McPherson

"roved through Tempe's glades,
And with Pierus' sacred maids,
To Thespia's springs retired,
He sipped Beotia's sacred fount,
And slept on Phocis' hallowed mount,
And came away inspired."

The first Exhibition was held last evening in the Baptist Meeting house in the presence of an overflowing audience. The exercises consisted of vocal and instrumental music, dialogues, concert reading, declamation and original essays. The exhibition was a success, reflecting much credit upon both teacher and students. The salutatory was pronounced by Ambrose Burke and original essays were read by Charlotte Morine, Henry A. Freeman, Adelaide Crooker, and Charles Waterman. "Marmion's leave of Douglass," was declaimed by Wm. H. Harlow, and "The World for Sale," by Joseph Freeman. A number of dialogues were performed in which many took part.

Several resident gentlemen spoke in terms of the highest praise, of both teacher and the proficiency of the scholars. Honor to Brookfield and lasting success to her school.

D. O. PARKER.

Brookfield, May 2nd, 1853.

For the Christian Messenger.

Obituary Notice.

MRS. MARY PARKER,

aged 82 years, died at Granville Ferry, Nov. 2, 1862. The deceased was baptised by the late Rev. Thos. Hanley Chipman, more than a half a century ago, and during that lengthened period was enabled through grace to adorn her profession. During her last illness which was painful and protracted, she manifested the utmost resignation to the Divine Will. Her end was peaceful and triumphant. Her daughter remarked to her shortly before her death, "you are almost home mother," to which she responded "Amen, Amen." Her funeral was attended by a large number of sympathizing friends and a sermon was delivered on the occasion by the Rev. I. Wallace, from Matth. xiii. 43.

The husband of our departed Sister, the late Mr. Timothy Parker, of Wilmot, died about two years ago at the same advanced age of 82 years, in hope of a glorious immortality. May God graciously sustain the children thus bereft of their beloved parents.—Com.

The higher a bird flies, the more out of danger he is: and the higher a Christian soars above the world, the safer are his comforts.