

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Autobiographical Sketch.

By REV. CHARLES TUPPER, D. D.

CHAPTER III.

CONVERSION, AND ENTRANCE ON THE MINISTRY.

(No. 4.)

On reaching my father's house at the close of the Lord's day, January 1, 1815, I made known to my parents the anxiety of my mind with reference to the salvation of my soul; and requested my father to pray for me. In former times he had frequently expressed a desire that I should read Rev. Joseph Alleine's Alarm to the Unconverted. To please him I would reluctantly read a few pages of it. But now I sincerely requested him to lend me the work, which I subsequently perused with interest and profit.

Though at this time I certainly had not the most distant thought of ever being "a Minister in reality," nor even in name, yet it appears that I presently commenced ministerial work. I took my two younger brothers, Nathan and Jeremiah, to the barn, earnestly exhorted them to seek the Lord without delay, and prayed fervently with them. It afterwards appeared that this labor was not in vain. I then went to the house of my brother Samuel, who had often been much exercised about spiritual things, solemnly addressed all present, and proposed to him to pray with us. This he declined to do; but he went with me to his barn, where we both engaged in prayer to God for mercy.

Two of my brothers, as I was subsequently informed, aware that my former religious impressions had passed away without any abiding effect, mutually agreed in the opinion, that these likewise would be evanescent. It was not strange that such should be their apprehension. My own fears of it were very great.

The next day I returned to Aylesford, with an exceedingly heavy heart. The thought of continuing to neglect the unspeakably important concerns of eternity, appeared to me utterly inadmissible. Endless misery must be the inevitable consequence. But in a remembrance of the horrid oaths uttered on one occasion, which had often produced deep despondency, now seemed almost entirely to preclude all hope of obtaining mercy. It was, indeed, known to many that I had expressed concern about my everlasting welfare; but as I deemed it nearly certain that I could never be a child of God, it still appeared to me advisable to conceal my emotions from all who were not apprized of them; and to endeavor, if possible, to become a Christian secretly. I therefore requested the young lady who accompanied me, to give no intimation to any one of what had transpired.

The course, however, thus resolved on was by no means satisfactory to my own mind. It would evidently be attended with great difficulty, and much danger; but no better way seemed to present itself to my mind. In the midst of these perplexing and despairing thoughts I came to a place where intoxicating liquors were sold. The thought suddenly rushed into my mind, with almost irresistible force, that as my present state of disquietude was intolerable, and as there was no ground of hope that spiritual consolation would ever be obtained, drunkenness presented the only course of relief. By this means I might at least forget my misery for a time; and, probably it would obliterate all serious thoughtfulness, and enable me to return to the world and enjoy myself as well as other worldlings did; and my condition would ultimately be no worse than theirs. This has always appeared to me to have been a bold and direct temptation from Satan, who "desired to have" me. It was diametrically opposed to my own inclinations. I had never been intoxicated, nor even called for liquor in a tavern; neither did I relish inebriating drinks, nor like the society of the intemperate; and yet it seemed that I must now procure rum and get drunk. I was led, however, to reflect on the indubitable facts, that this would subject me to deep and lasting disgrace, and that on becoming sober my despondency would be increased, as the little gleam of hope of pardon now cherished must be forever abandoned; and that I could never take even any momentary pleasure in the society with which I must then be ranked. I was thus enabled to resist this violent temptation, and to proceed to the place of my residence.

I went into no company; but the attempt to carry my design into effect obliged me to put on an air of cheerfulness among those with whom

I was boarding. Often did I find that saying of the wise man verified. "Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful; and the end of that mirth is heaviness." The mistress of the house, who was by nature an amiable and prudent woman, afterwards told me, that she used to think I was acting the hypocrite; for she frequently saw me appearing solemn, and retiring into a grove, as if for prayer; and yet at other times seeming quite cheerful. After some days she came across an unsealed letter of mine addressed to my sister Wealthy. Though not accustomed to indulge curiosity, in this case she yielded to a desire to know what the letter contained. In it was frankly stated how I was attempting to conceal the exercises of my mind, and what disquietude and perplexity I was enduring. She met with a remark to this effect:—"That the persons with whom I was boarding had never experienced religion; they knew nothing about it, and did not believe in it." From this letter she perceived, that my hypocrisy was of quite a different kind from what she had imagined. She took no umbrage at my statement; but felt that it was too true. It led her to serious reflections respecting the necessity of a Divine change, or new birth, and the lamentable state of those who knew nothing of it. From that time she said she had never any doubt as to the reality of my exercises. Happily both she and her husband were afterwards brought to understand this subject experimentally, to the saving of the soul. Her exercises were remarkably strong; and she became a bold and eminent Christian.

For the Christian Messenger.

European Correspondence.

Paris, August 28th, 1863.

MR. EDITOR,—

I was well repaid for a visit to the *Jardin des Plantes*. Here the naturalist may study not only the acclimation of plants shrubs, and flowers brought from various parts of the globe, but can witness a large and varied collection of nearly every known animal; together with numerous rare and interesting specimens of the feathered tribe, I cannot stop to describe a collection so numerous and of such variety. Quadrupeds, from the tiny Squirrel to the ponderous Elephant, and the sluggish Hippopotamus, are here seen. The Polar Bear and the Indian Tiger, are here brought near together with the patient Camel of the desert and the other useful animals from distant shores. I spent part of a day in strolling through the Museum of the Louvre where is to be seen the finest collection of paintings probably in the world. One could spend a week examining and admiring these splendid productions of art by the old masters. The paintings are many of them very old, but for the art of coloring and the care taken of them, look as fresh as if but a month old. The collection must be seen to be at all appreciated. I do not profess to be a connoisseur but still I could not but admire the skill which so naturally represents the scenes intended to be set forth. The collection is large, numbering about 1400 different paintings, which are arranged in one of the finest galleries possible. They have been procured without reference to cost; one fine piece cost \$150,000, and one collection purchased by the present Emperor from the Pope cost \$875,000. "Napoleon" having a desire to cultivate the taste of the people, throws open this and other museums free, and they are largely visited. I saw many young artists at work copying some of the fine pieces; several of these were ladies, I presume they sell the copies at a fair price and make a living thereby:—No city can compare with this for its number of arches at conspicuous places, columns, and monuments, erected to commemorate some thrilling event or important conquest connected with the government of France, I mounded to the top of one, the column of Juillet (or July) erected on the sight of the old Bastille to commemorate the citizens who fell in July 1830, on the dethroning of the late King Louis Philippe. The column is 154 feet high with a figure of the genius of Liberty crowning its summit. From its top which is reached by 238 steps, a magnificent view of the city is obtained; as no smoke or fog hangs over it there is no difficulty in surveying its whole extent. Its long avenue-like streets with their borders of trees, the large number of open squares, (about 70 in all) the fine churches, palaces, public buildings, monuments, gardens and fountains, so thoroughly distributed, causes the view to be highly entertaining. There are, as your readers may well suppose, a large number of fine Cathedrals and Churches in Paris, several of which I visited, and was much struck with the size, the architectural skill and the fine taste displayed in their design, construction,

and rich ornamentation, probably the two finest are the Church of *Notre Dame*, and the *Madeleine*, the former a very old gothic structure, it is about 400 feet long. Its vaulted roof is over 100 feet high which is frescoed and gilded in a most magnificent manner. The latter church is more modern and of pure Grecian architecture, is 328 feet long by 138 feet broad. The roof rests upon double rows of columns, each 49 feet high. Within are numerous chapels and the paintings and lavish gildings are truly elegant. There are about a dozen places where Protestant service is held in the city; belonging to the Episcopal, Wesleyan,—Reformed and Presbyterian bodies, I could not learn of their being any Baptist Church here, but there may be one, my means of information on the subject are too limited to speak with certainty. There is a reading room in Paris where English and American resort, (*Galignani's*) where the latest English and American papers are kept, with a paper published daily by the proprietor containing extracts from the European journals. This can be visited and the papers used for half a frank consequently those who cannot read French can be kept well informed of all the passing events of the day. I visited, among other things, the hotel des Invalides, a large and fine establishment for old and decayed officers and soldiers. Every comfort is provided for them, together with a library of 30,000 volumes. There are four dining rooms 150 feet long, hung with paintings to commemorate battles and those who conducted them. The kitchen is arranged to cook and provide for 6000, but the average number in the establishment is between 3 and 4000. The memory of the first Napoleon is still enthusiastically cherished. His remains were brought from St. Helena in 1840, and deposited in the church of the Invalides in great state. The tomb or sarcophagus stands in the middle of a circular vault some ten feet below the floor. It is formed of red granite brought from Finland weighs 135,000 lbs., and is beautifully polished and looks like newly varnished mahogany. Around the tomb are hung many flags taken by him in battle, the sword and hat worn at Austerlitz, &c. &c. Over the door is the following extract from the Emperor's will,—"I desire that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of that people of France whom I have loved so much."

I found that to visit all that was worth seeing in the city would require more time than I had to spare, still I wished to view some of the sights beyond the walls, I took railroad for Versailles, 20 miles from Paris. We passed St. Cloud—the summer residence of the Emperor and Empress, 8 miles from Paris. As they were then residing there, visitors were not admitted. We also passed Sevres where the celebrated porcelain china is manufactured but did not stop. An hour's ride with stoppages brought us to the pretty inland city of Versailles. It is tastefully ornamented with trees, walks, squares, &c., and is the residence of many English families. Its population is 30,000 but the object of my visit was to see the *paace*, the old residence of the Kings to the time of Louis 16th. The buildings, are 1400 feet in extent and form three sides of a square. The open space in front is well paved and could accommodate 25000 troops at drill, the inside is now devoted to works of art. The paintings and statuary are very numerous and very elegant. The former extend from room to room and to do any kind of justice to their examination would require as many days as I have spent hours. The paintings are large chiefly representing battle scenes, extending from the time of the first crusades to the victories at Sabastopol and Magenta. But although I observed them minutely, I saw no painting in any of the collections representing Waterloo. This is only to be seen on the other side of the channel. I measured one picture, I think it represented the taking of Algiers and judged it to be 80 feet long and 30 feet high. It filled up one side of a large gallery, the grounds are extensive and tastefully laid out and abound in walks, drives, shrubbery carefully arranged with flowers every where, with fountains playing in fancy jets, cooling the air and delighting the eye.

I had heard much of the celebrated rural cemetery of Paris called *Pere La Chaise*; and made it a visit. It contains 200 acres of ground, and since 1804 when the first burial took place more than 200,000 have been interred in it and more than twenty-five million dollars have been expended on it. But I was much disappointed in its appearance. It will by no means compare with Mount Auburn near Boston and some other American Cemeteries. Its walks are narrow and poorly kept, its graves are buddled together with unvarying crosses at their head. The tombs of the wealthier classes are built in similar style

like a stone-porch to a dwelling. Within is seen an image of some saint with candles either burning before it or ready to be lighted. The tombs in every direction are hung with chaplets of flowers. There are numerous shops which sell these on the road to the place, they look well when fresh, but soon fade, and have a very sombre appearance. I visited many other places worthy of note, but I fear your readers already wish your correspondent out of Paris, so I will gratify them by quitting it to morrow.

J. W. B.

For the Christian Messenger.

More about Dalhousie College.

DEAR EDITOR,

Since the publication of the article in the *Christian Messenger* of the 7th inst., throwing light upon the relation of Dalhousie College to our public funds, I have "felt my fingers tingle to do something" as John B. Gough said his did when he saw an exhibition of the iniquity of human slavery. But the field is nearly cleared, and would be quite, only for that incorrigible Editor with the double head. Editors, Doctors, and anonymous writers never undertook a more hopeless task than the enlightenment of that man on the subject of Dalhousie College. Why, Sir, he has railed and blustered at his superiors, using wrath for argument, and impudence and arrogance for importance. His condition is not very unlike that of a certain community in a neighboring country as described by a celebrated lecturer, "To reform them," he said "was a demonstrated impossibility. Send them preachers, and they tar and feather them; send them schoolmasters and they harg them; send them newspapers and they cannot read them."

We would hope, that although perfectly sealed against argument in general, a small crevice may yet be found in that head through which a little of the logic of pounds, shillings and pence and their just distribution may be forced. Over the names of A. S. Hunt, Chairman, and S. W. De Blois, Secretary of the Board of Governors of Acadia College, it is stated that £5000 were loaned to the Governors of Dalhousie College in 1823 to be paid whenever required by the House after the expiration of five years. At six per cent, this would amount to the very respectable sum of £17,000. Dalhousie College according to this is now indebted to the province £17,000, besides the £3000 granted for the erection of the buildings. Let the Editor of the *Witness* and his associates in this undertaking open the College according to the announcement lately made by him, and the dust which it will raise; will be more oppressive to them than ever the dust of the streets of Halifax was found to be, as it drifted through the classic halls of that splendid failure which graces the Parade.

Yours truly,
COUNTRYMAN.

For the Christian Messenger.

It appears that part of the Presbyterians are anxious to repair the dismantled tower of Dalhousie College. This must be an up-hill motion, for the dust of 50 years has rolled over it. But great effects may be produced by importing a brilliant staff of Professors from Britain or America. Men unknown to fame and unconnected with the Republic of letters, cannot succeed. It is to have no religious tests. Its chairs shall be open to men of all creeds and no creeds, and it shall contain no instruction to dispel the gloom of the grave and point out the path to immortality. Students who attend Colleges of this kind generally leave them worse men than when they entered them. Professors in Colleges should unite the deepest devotion with the highest attainments in science. Unsanctified learning has been a great curse to the world. Piety is not a single virtue, it is a combination of virtues. Its obligations are indispensable, its beauty is supreme, and its utility is universally acknowledged. The want of religion, or the profession of a false one, always degrades men but the profession of the truth and the cultivation of piety refines and elevates them. Both Judaism and Christianity corrupted the truth by their foolish traditions. The sons of Halifax merchants may learn Chemistry, Botany and Political economy at Dalhousie College. A heathen classical learning poisons the mind of boys at College. There must surely be a shorter road to the temple of sound education than travelling over the wilderness of Paganism with its terrible abominations. It is a sad drudgery for a boy to spend so many years in learning dead languages which he never uses. I have known a drone boast of his Greek and Latin, who had not half the power in the pulp