

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Autobiographical Sketch.

By Rev. Charles Tupper, D. D.

CHAPTER III.

CONVERSION, AND ENTRANCE ON THE MINISTRY.

(No. 8.)

The seventeenth day of February, 1815, was a joyful day to me. My soul exulted in the riches of Divine Grace. My heart overflowed with love, gratitude, and praise. Happily there was no room for making restitution, repairing injury done to any person, adjusting disagreement, or forgiving enemies. Had occasion required the performance of any of these acts, it would unquestionably have been done with alacrity. Most ardently did I desire the present and future welfare of my fellow men without exception.

Aware that nature required sustenance, I went to one of the nearest houses, that of Mr. Lawrence Van Buskirk, for breakfast. When we came to the table, Mrs. Van B. who was a Presbyterian, perceiving that my mind was strongly exercised, said to me, "Mr. Tupper, perhaps you would ask a blessing: do so." A practice to which I had been accustomed at my father's house from childhood, was thus commenced by me personally, which has been continued to the present. At the same time religious conversation was introduced to our mutual benefit; and a Christian friendship formed, which was never interrupted or diminished (Several years before her decease she said to me, "Visit me while I live; and when I die, bury me." These requests were fulfilled.)

So different were my feelings from those of the preceding day, that, instead of shunning society, I was desirous to see many persons, in order to tell them of the marvellous kindness exercised toward me by the Most High. I did not, indeed, think that I was actually born again; but there appeared to be such an infiniteness in Christ, and such ability and willingness to save, that all my fears of being lost were dissipated. When my school was closed for the day, I went to see a professor of religion who was in a state of backsliding. While walking on the way I read the seventeenth chapter of John. The sacred word presented to my mind such beauty and excellency as I had never discerned in it before. This chapter had formerly been peculiarly offensive to me, on account of its plain references to the sovereignty of God the Father in giving His people to Christ; but now every part of it appeared precious and lovely. It was delightful food to my soul. On meeting my friend, I immediately asked him, "Do you not think there is going to be a reformation?" He was evidently much affected; tears started in his eyes. After a little pause, he replied, "Sometimes I hope there is." "I think," said I, "there will be a reformation soon; and that I shall be the first that will be converted." After some farther conversation on religious subjects, he requested me to pray with the family. I read again the chapter which had imparted special pleasure to me on the way, and engaged in prayer with great freedom and comfort.

I then went to the house of the late Mr. Nathan Randall, father of Rev. Charles Randall, who was at that time one of my pupils. While walking back and forth across the room, and extolling the goodness and mercy of God, I noticed that Mrs. Randall appeared dejected and sorrowful. On my subsequently inquiring of her the cause of this, she stated that the thought of my exercises tended to deprive her of the feeble hope which she entertained. As she had not been brought thus clearly into liberty, it struck her forcibly that she must be a stranger to the new birth and vital godliness. There was no reason to doubt, however, that she was a truly pious woman. The interest which she evinced in the cause of the Redeemer, her ardent attachment to the people of God, her conscientious regard of duty toward her Maker and her fellow creatures, and her daily Christian demeanor, afforded more satisfactory evidence of genuine piety than do the most rapturous joys, when not accompanied with corresponding fruits.

Having gladdened the heart of the venerable Deacon David Randall by informing him of the relief obtained, I tarried the night at his house. When I awoke about break of day the next morning, I began to think of myself, and to inquire respecting my state. The thought presently occurred me, that my convictions were

gone; but I was not converted. The distress of mind and dread of future woe formerly experienced, could not now be recalled. My condition seemed dismal in the extreme. Deep anguish of spirit, under the burden of sin, would have afforded me encouragement. A strange kind of infatuation seemed to have seized me, and led me to rejoice without knowing that my heart was renewed, and my sins forgiven. With a heavy heart I retired into a grove for prayer. A gleam of hope revived; but disquietude and fears prevailed to such a degree that I could take no breakfast. On the way to my school, however, the cloud broke, and my soul again triumphed in the riches of God's grace. It appeared to me surprising that I should have yielded to unbelief, or entertained any doubt as to the love and faithfulness of the blessed Redeemer, who had so graciously manifested himself to me. I then thought I could never doubt again.

Some fiery darts assailed me in the course of the day; but grace enabled me to repel them. In the evening doubts arose occasionally; but in general my faith remained unwavering, and my soul was joyful in the Rock of my salvation.

The thought of sleeping again excited fear that my mind would become depressed, as on the preceding night. Aware, however, that sleep was indispensable, with continued earnest prayer that God would strengthen my confidence in Him, and keep me in His love, I committed myself to the arms of Divine mercy, and composedly "laid me down and slept, for the Lord sustained me."

ERRATUM.—In C. M. Dec. 2, p. 381, No. 6, par. 3rd, for "incontrovertible part," read *incontrovertible fact*.

For the Christian Messenger.

Notes of a Visit to St. John, N. B.

One cannot help forming an idea of the place he designs to visit for the first time, but almost invariably finds his conceptions the very opposite of the reality. This has always been my own experience, and my first visit to the city of St. John is no exception to the general rule. The hills that I supposed sloped in a certain direction, incline every other way. The streets that I fancied were lined with trees, are quite devoid of that ornament, and around the city where I expected to find cultivated fields and orchards, are rocky hills and ledges, either without vegetation or scantily covered. Even here however we see the results of the transforming hand of art. Beautiful cottages crown these rocky heights, and in the distance appear in the midst of stunted foliage, forming a delightful contrast with the wild scenery around.

The formation of this locality is of the Silurian age, which is decidedly better for the foundation of a city than for the purposes of agriculture. The sewers are conducted through the rock, and in many instances the roads are cut through the same solid material. Where this is done, sites for buildings must be prepared by removing the superincumbent mass, until the basement is brought to a level with the streets.

The city has various objects of interest. The Hospital in course of completion, is a creditable building. The Lunatic Asylum near the falls, is under judicious management. We observed a number of the inmates at work, upon the highway, under the charge of a superintendent. They are thus afforded healthful exercise in the open air. We were not permitted a view of the Falls, as the current formed by the rising tide was in the opposite direction. The stream at this point is spanned by the Suspension Bridge. Ten iron cables, passing over towers strongly built of stone, support the whole. The extremities of these cables are each fastened to an iron bar, and this secured by two iron bolts, eight feet long driven into the rock. This city with her facilities for ship building, with her foreign trade, and situated at the mouth of a river whose waters flow from the far interior, bearing to her mills and her warehouses the produce of a country, hundreds of miles in extent, is likely, as she already does, to take an important position among the cities of this western world. Business here is brisk, at present unusually so. The docks are filled with vessels discharging their cargoes of produce, while merchantment of no mean dimension lay at the wharves in some places two and three abreast.

I accompanied a friend to the Museum, the contents of which are chiefly, as we understood, the gift of Dr. Geener, and consists of a respectable variety of natural curiosities. They are however, poorly arranged, while many are injured, apparently since they were deposited in the Museum. The specimens belonging to the Zoological department are in a sad state of pre-

servation. A portion of the same room is given up to the use of the N. B. Natural History Society. Here we found neat cases, containing native and foreign minerals, fossils &c., so arranged as to please the curious eye, but to exclude the too meddlesome hand. On account of a previous engagement, I could not accept an invitation to attend a meeting of the Society, when the first opening paper of the season's course was read by Dr. Hamilton on Methods of study in Natural History. The lecture was highly eulogized. The next paper on Batrachians and Reptiles was to be read the following week by Mr. C. F. Hartt of the Museum of comparative Geology, Cambridge, Mass.

It was my privilege to attend and participate in services with the brethren of Germain, Brussels, and Leinster Street Churches, and, on sabbath afternoon, to give an address in the "Home for the fallen." This is a building procured and fitted up for the accommodation of a class that has hitherto been regarded, as quite beyond the bounds of christian effort. The institution has already accomplished a good work. The four leading denominations of the city, each in turn for a month, conduct religious services at "the home." There are at present about twenty persons in the establishment. The example of the benevolent in St. John, is worthy of imitation elsewhere.

Would that the whole Church of Christ were awake, and like her Master ever going about doing good.

VIATOR.

St. John, Nov. 21st, 1863.

For the Christian Messenger.

European Correspondence.

France, September, 1863.

MR. EDITOR,—

My last ended with the sabbath at Naples. The next morning we were awake early, and upon looking out, saw in various directions, the city wearing the indications of a holiday. Flags in untold numbers, were floating from the castle, public offices, ships in the harbor, and dwellings. Every one who could borrow or buy a flag, displayed it on this occasion, the streets were thronged with busy pedestrians, in their best attire, with happy smiling countenances. The day to the Neapolitans was commemorative of deliverance from the tyranny of a despot, and the transfer of their allegiance to a mild and parental sovereign. It was the anniversary of Garibaldi's triumph, and therefore all classes entered upon it with true enthusiasm. The largest square in the city was early crowded by the national guard, a fine looking set of men, mostly young, and appearing, like our volunteers, intelligent and dignified in their bearing. Numbers of other military young men were being paraded, in their white pants and red shirts, the true uniform of their venerated general. I felt much interested in the scene, and hoped—as it was first announced—that the general himself would be there, but this was a mistake, he was in another part of Italy, attending some demonstrative fête. Garibaldi is the idol of the Italians. To speak of him, is to enkindle afresh the spark of enthusiasm in each breast, and one only wonders that the great power he possessed over the people, did not lead him to seek his own elevation. But true patriotism burned in his bosom, he sought deliverance for a down-trodden people, and not personal advancement. His patriotism led him to forget himself in the people's good. His zeal was tempered with peculiar judgment. It was not a difficult matter to stir up a revolution among an oppressed people, but nothing but great foresight and skillful management, could guide it to a successful issue. To overthrow the King of Naples was a step to liberty. To restrain those unused to act constitutionally, from extreme democracy was a more difficult matter. But the skillful general, feeling that the masses were not prepared for republican institutions, and admiring the beneficent rule of Victor Emmanuel, adroitly handed over his conquered kingdom—with its nine millions of subjects—to that benign sovereign. Being wise enough to see that revolutions in France, had only resulted, in putting down despotism in one form, to raise it up again more powerful under the name of liberty, he avoided this error by seeking for the people the stable and constitutional government of sovereignty. Unlike the French revolutionists he did not attempt to overthrow religion, and exalt the goddess of reason in its stead. But with a true respect for pure christianity, he denounced unsparingly the superstition of the priests, and their burthensome exactions on the people, consequently no churches were sacked, and no violence was done to the religious feelings of the

people. He sought a better way, that of enlightening the masses through the press, and removing obstacles to the circulation of the bible; these means faithfully promoted will eventually more advance the spiritual welfare of the Italians, than a violent overthrow of priestly dominion. The true patriot having conquered a kingdom and annexed it to the dominions of his favourite sovereign, quietly retired to his island home, (the small island of Caprera,) a few miles from the Sardinian coast. Like Washington, Garibaldi, after gaining liberty for those he attempted to aid, refused all honors for himself, and now on his small farm quietly watches the progress of events, and hopes yet to be instrumental in adding Venetia to the Italian kingdom.

We left Naples for Genoa, in the steamer *Galileo*, one of an Italian line of boats, which leaves daily for the northern parts of the Mediterranean, the fare was 125 francs, (£6 5s) for 300 miles and the accommodation none of the best; the passage out of the Bay was very fine, and the city from the water appeared to the best advantage; islands on the right and left with their cottages and villages amidst orange groves, and vineyards, had a most picturesque appearance. But the steamer moved rapidly on and soon a last look is taken of the city, its palaces, convents, and churches. Vesuvius' cloud-created peak—with the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii beneath; and various other interesting scenes around the bay are left, and we soon find ourselves at sea, tossed by a strong head wind. The name of our boat shewed that scientific *Galileo* is still remembered; 250 years have worked a revolution in men's minds. His assertion that the earth revolved around the sun, was contrary to the preconceived opinion of the Romish hierarchy, and by them judged contrary to the teachings of the Bible. For maintaining firmly his opinions he was imprisoned and banished; what an advance has since then been made in discoveries, respecting Nature's laws; and the investigations of science. Whilst these come in contact with the teachings of the Koran and the Shasters, and overturn the false fabrics of religion; they in no case contradict the statements of the Bible.

After a passage of twenty-five hours, we anchored in the afternoon in the port of Leghorne, which is a fine port, the chief of the state of Tuscany—now annexed to the kingdom of Italy. Its water is shallow, admitting no vessels, drawing over 18 feet. But it is well protected from the sea by a circular wall, half a mile long, which breaks off the south west wind. The city is well situated along the face of the bay. It is well and regularly built, its streets wide, well paved and clean, its houses indicate refinement and wealth, and no continental city with 95,000 inhabitants bears greater marks of prosperity and advancement. We drove around its chief squares, streets and promenades, saw a large number of the finest of carriages and horses—conveying the nobility of the place to their evening recreations—which in style and appearance, indicated wealth and refinement. In fact we noticed that the people in northern Italy presented—in intelligence and independent bearing,—a marked contrast to those in the south. Still there is a dark cloud of superstition and ignorance, hovering over them; in the evening we saw a grand illumination, in honor of the nativity of the Virgin Mary. It was a gala day here, and the people seemed about as wild with enjoyment on the occasion as did those we left at Naples, celebrating the triumphs of Garibaldi.

Embarking again in the evening, we proceeded on our voyage and landed next morning at Genoa, this is another fine port on the Mediterranean, and a great mart of commerce. Its central position in regard to Piedmont, and Central Italy, with which it is connected by railroads, makes it at once important and prosperous, it contains 140,000 inhabitants, and is rapidly increasing. Its buildings are fine marble structures. This is the only stone of the place used for building purposes. Here is the birth place of Columbus, to whose intrepidity and skill, we owe the discovery of the new world—the American Continent.

Leaving Genoa, we proceed north 103 miles, to Turin, the capital of the kingdom of Italy, and residence of the King and his Court, we passed through Alexandria where a few years since were gathered the French and Italian troops, to march to Magenta, a short distance eastward, where they gained an important victory. On the left of this, about two miles distance in a plain lies Marengo, where one of Napoleon's most sanguinary battles was fought with the Austrians in 1800. How changed have things become since then. A journey of a month, formerly over the Alps, can now be accomplished from Paris here in three days, by steamer