

Original Sketch.

For the Christian Messenger.

Excelsior, or higher, still higher.

CHAPTER 3.

"The twilight hour, the twilight hour, it whispers of decay, It speaks of youth with a voice of power, but to tell how it flies away, It tells of Love's broken fount so sweet, in laughing days of yore, Of tongues that now, alas! shall greet our homeward steps no more, Of you, bright one, whose sunny gaze not always will be gay, For life too has her evening rays, to glimmer o'er your way, Then at that twilight's solemn hour, in trusting faith and love, Turn ye, as turns the opening flower, to the brighter world above."

The moon-beams came in through the open casement, their long silver lines falling to the floor, giving to the apartment an air of peacefulness that was grateful to Minnie Weston, for there was unrest in her heart that night. Memory was speaking in sad tones of by-gone days, of dreams that would never be realized, and hope veiled her radiant face in shadows. The bright glance which had so often run down through the long vista of years, now seemed dim, and gathered only uncertainty, instead of picturing bright scenes of joy and happiness, for doubt held sway over the future. She drew a chair to the window and sat down, listening to the murmuring of the breeze as it gently stirred the branches of the trees. It was sabbath eve. All was still save the ripple of the waves as the light breeze dances over them. That holy sabbath morn Minnie Weston had seen her dearest friend and cousin baptized and she almost envied the calm and trusting look which shone on her cousin's fair brow, as a ray of light from heaven shone upon her. She felt that now they were widely different, but could not free herself from the conviction that after all Annie's choice was the happiest one. She felt that if she went on as she had begun, seeking pleasure only in this world that on her death-bed she could not look back on her life, and say it had been well spent in glorifying God. Yet she was not quite ready to leave all and follow Christ. She had not had enough of the deceitful pleasures of this world. It still presented many allurements and when engaged in the busy whirl of fashion and society she wished for no other happiness. It was only when alone with thought she remembered that the pleasures of this world must soon pass away.

A gentle rap was heard at the door, and a light footstep crossed the floor and knelt down by Minnie's side. The cousins talked long and earnestly that night and it seemed almost the turning point in Minnie Weston's life.

"Could I always remain secluded from the world and from the many temptations and allurements which are spread out upon every side, I then might become a christian, but I could not resist them as you do dear cousin; I should only bring a reproach upon the cause of Christ."

Annie's voice was soft and low, sounding in strange contrast to Minnie's quick impassioned words. "As thy day so shall thy strength be." "When thou passest through the waters I shall be with thee and through the floods they shall not overflow thee." "Minnie have you forgotten who has promised that, and that his promises are sure and steadfast.

"His voice commands the tempest forth, And stills the stormy wave, And tho' his arm be strong to smite, 'Tis also strong to save." God will not try his people beyond their strength to bear and, oh Minnie, dearest cousin, accept the proffered salvation now. Jesus is standing with open arms to receive you, ready and willing to own you as his child." He has said "My presence will go with thee and I will give thee rest." "Is not that a sufficiently encouraging promise. Had we naught but our own weak strength on which to rely, we then might well fear, but let us not forget him who has declared, 'If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God, who giveth to all liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given.' His promises are all yea and amen in Christ Jesus, and those who trust in him are never put to shame. He has said 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart and ye shall find rest unto your soul. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light.' Who should be happy if the Christian is not, with so many golden promises of help in time of trial,—of comfort when all earthly com-

fort perish,—of support even in that dark valley of the shadow of death which our mortality shrinks from entering,—of the joy in that celestial city, towards which the eyes of the true believer are ever turned, and which beams upon him with its myriad shining battlements amid the heavenly mists and fogs that cloud his earthly vision? Believe me, Minnie dear, it is this which makes true happiness. Only be faithful to your God and he will be faithful to you. Give him the best of your time and the best of your strength, and when the hour comes that will summon you to your father's house, you will be able to receive the message with joy and to look from a death, full of hope, to an immortality full of glory. Think of the reward that awaits you when life is over; when the turmoil and strife of this life are hushed by that heavenly voice whispering "Peace be still;" and remember dear Minnie what is laid up in heaven for those that love him; and when earthly struggles and trials are over they shall sit down with him in that upper kingdom where combat and victory will be alike swallowed up in the glory of God's presence for ever, and songs of triumph shall melt away into songs of praise 'Unto him who sitteth upon the throne and to the lamb for ever and ever.'" And kneeling together in the dim twilight, Annie prayed for her cousin, prayed that she might find that Pearl of great price and enjoy that happiness which comes from a knowledge of sins forgiven; and that she might no longer go about 'seeking rest and finding none' in this vain world,—looking amid the polluted streams of earth, the broken cisterns of nature, for that which is only to be found at a far nobler Fountain.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Autobiographical Sketch.

By REV. CHARLES TUPPER, D. D.

REMINISCENCES OF CHILDHOOD.

No. 5.

Undoubtedly there were some good teachers of common schools in the rural districts of Nova Scotia at the commencement of the present century. There were many, however, that were either incompetent or immoral; and not a few were both. I recollect an instance in which a teacher slipped at the door of a house, and nearly fell. A lady asked the mistress of the house, if he was drunk. She said he was not; he was a sober man. The lady replied, "It is so common for schoolmasters to be drunk, that I expected he was."

The teachers to whom I was sent in my childhood were females. I do not doubt that they were moral. It may be presumed that they intended to discharge their duties faithfully. But there was much deficiency. I can not remember an instance in which an explanation was ever given me of a word, a sentence, or any subject, or a question was asked me on either of these points. One of my teachers professedly taught me English Grammar. In all probability she knew no more about it than I did. She simply gave me tasks in Dilworth's Grammar to commit to memory. It was never suggested to me, nor did it occur to my mind, that any thing was requisite beyond a correct recital of the words. Of course no knowledge of the subject was obtained.

I was quite thoroughly drilled in spelling. Being ambitious to keep at the head of my class, I made good proficiency in this necessary and important branch of learning. This has been highly useful to me, especially as I have frequently written for the press, and for a time I was called to occupy an editorial chair. All my education while under ten years of age consisted in being simply taught to spell and to read. At the age of nine years I had, if memory serves me, read the Bible through. I had, however, read very little in other books.

In closing this Chapter, which embraces the first decade of my life, it may be proper to notice my early instructions and thoughts with reference to religion. At the time of my birth my parents were Presbyterians. When I was about five years old my mother was baptized by the late Rev. Edward Manning, and became a member of the Baptist Church under his care; and my father likewise when I was fourteen years of age. With pious instructions and admonitions from them, as I was frequently at my father's house, I was taught the Assembly's Shorter Catechism. This had been serviceable to me.

At the close of the last century and the beginning of the present, there was an extensive re-

vival of religion in King's County, and adjacent places. My eldest brother and two sisters professed faith in Christ, and were baptized by the late Rev. Theodore S. Harding, of Horton. Though I was then only six years old, my attention was seriously called to the subject of vital godliness. The religious instructions imparted to me, and the effects of grace noticed by me, tended to impress my mind with a conviction of the reality and importance of experimental religion. I frequently felt much anxiety about getting to heaven. For the attainment of this various grounds of hope, and different plans, occurred to my mind.

The piety of my parents encouraged me to hope for salvation. Taking a carnal view of the subject, I thought it must be a source of great sorrow to them if I were lost; and as the Lord loved them, He would not suffer them to be thus afflicted, of course I must be taken to heaven with them. I was not aware that this was the error into which many of Abraham's children according to the flesh fell, and against which John the Baptist warned them; nor of the solemn declaration that "Noah, Daniel, and Job" could "deliver neither son nor daughter." (See Matth. iii. 9, 10. Jno. viii. 33-36, Rom. ix. 6-8. Ezek. xv. 20.)

Prayer was also a ladder by which I hoped to reach heaven. I often pacified my conscience by repeating the Lord's prayer, with the verse at night. "Now I lay me down to sleep," &c. But when any admonition, or alarming event, aroused me to more concern than usual, I would offer prayer in my own words. For a length of time I slept alone, and used to pray constantly morning and evening. While pursuing this course, I hoped for a time that I was in a state of grace.

It is unquestionable that prayer is an important duty, as well as a great privilege; and that none who do not pray with constancy can reasonably regard themselves as Christians. There is, however, no room to doubt, that multitudes deceive themselves to their everlasting ruin by placing their hope of salvation in it. When not associated with faith, self-denial, and obedience, prayer is mere hypocrisy. (See Ps. lxxvi. 18. Prov. xxviii. 9. Matth. viii. 21. 2 Tim. ii. 22.)

Another scheme by which I hoped to secure the salvation of my soul, was the exercise of my beneficence. The brothers with whom I lived were accumulating property by honest industry and economy. In the same way I intended to obtain wealth. Expecting to live to old age, and to be apprized of my approaching dissolution, I purposed finally to bequeath all my property to religious and benevolent objects. By this means I hoped to secure the Divine favor, and so be saved.

When a pious man contributes liberally to such objects in his life-time, and leaves property to aid them after his decease, it is well. But there is reason to fear, that men have sometimes vainly hoped, as I did in childhood, to purchase heaven by charitable bequests.

In the early part of this century thunder storms were much more frequent and violent in this country than they have been of late years. During one of these terrific scenes in a dismal night, I was greatly alarmed. I then firmly resolved, that if I were spared till morning, I would immediately begin to commit the Bible to memory, and steadily persevere in the work till I could repeat the whole. It seemed to me that this would certainly bring me into a state of favor with God. When, however, the morning came, and the storm was over, the herculean task on which I had resolved, appeared too arduous, and was, like many other more consistent resolutions, abandoned.

In the event of sickening and dying in youth, my principal dependence was placed on Rev. Edward Manning. He was very diligent and faithful in visiting families, and admonishing both old and young. I frequently heard him pray, and received admonitions from him. It appeared to me that he was so good a man, and his prayers were so fervent, that I could only get him to pray for me at the close of life, the Lord assuredly would hear him, and save me.

From these statements it will be readily perceived, that, though the instructions given were evangelical, and I was plainly taught, in accordance with Scripture, that salvation can be obtained only by grace, through faith in Christ, yet the legal bias of my mind led me, as the same influence does the unregenerate in general, to "go about to establish my own righteousness." I would gratefully acknowledge the riches of Divine grace, that I was brought, as I humbly trust, eventually to relinquish all such dependences, and to build upon the "sure Foundation."

Tremont, Aylesford, April 6, 1863. ERRATA.—In No. 3. C. M., March 25th, p. 93 col. 1, line 33rd from the bottom, for "clear him," read cheer him: l. 4th, do. for "levity," read lenity: col. 2nd, l. 4th, do. for "adopted," read adapted.

For the Christian Messenger:

Prince Edward Island.

REVIVALS—TEMPERANCE, &c.

Dear Brother,

Your issue of the 25th ult., contains a few lines from brother Maynard Freeman, in regard to the commencement of a good work at Uigg, in our Island.

It was my privilege to spend a few days at Uigg, from the 13th to the 18th ult. Meetings continued to be diligently held, solemn and earnest. Nineteen were led to decide for Christ and his people, in addition to the five previously baptized by brother Ross, many of these having long since been converted, although until now they had not followed their Lord in baptism. On the 19th brother Freeman and myself took our departure, leaving brother Shaw, behind us, who laboured until the 24th. I learn, that brother McLeod kept up the meetings after brother Shaw had left; with some falling off in numbers, but with scarcely diminished interest. The whole presents a case of religious revival, with the usual accompaniments and consequences of revival.

Brother Freeman describes this work, at its commencement, as "an awakening; but not such," he proceeds, "as some that I have witnessed. There is no excitement; but a deep seriousness rests over the community." That was just the state of things I found at Uigg, and left behind me on my departure. Moreover, the movement was not confined to the young, though they largely participated in it. It embraced some far advanced in life, and one who had passed his three-score years and ten. Parents with their children "put on Christ in baptism." Three of brother McLeod's family were among the baptized. The movement has also been eminently Scriptural. It has resulted from an apprehension of Bible truth brought home to the heart by the energy of the Holy Spirit:—truth sown through many a weary year in the ministry of brother McLeod, to be now at length suddenly ripened into activity. Many of the newly converted have tasted of the first comforts of the Gospel while engaged with the Word of God. Much also has been made of Christ in connection with this movement. Christ, Christ the only foundation for a sinner's hope, has been constantly preached. Inquirers have been taught to look within for conviction, but to look to Christ for comfort. Candidates for baptism have been told to see that Christ was indeed found in their hearts, and warned by no means to put the ordinance in the place of Christ. Professors have been exhorted to look to Christ, and live upon Christ to the end of their course. "CHRIST IS ALL," has been the motto of the whole; and doubtless it will so continue under brother McLeod's administration.

All this, permit me to add, is vastly different from some things that I have witnessed, not in the provinces, but in the States, in what have been there regarded as revival movements. I have heard candidates for baptism there, telling, one after another, almost in the same words, much about their feelings, without one syllable about sin, or Christ, or repentance, or faith, while every attempt to extract something definite has been met with the remark, "Oh! you can't expect theology from young converts. I have reason to know, that in large sections of America this is the prevailing style of profession. The after-life of many who have made such a profession has been as Christless as the profession itself. And the whole has resulted in a superficial style of religion, eminently suited to produce the weeds of hypocrisy, but miserably barren of "the fruits of the Spirit." The Lord mercifully preserve the provinces from the contagion of such a religion as this; and in as far as it may have infected us, may he speedily purge it out!

One or two things more, not unimportant, though not of paramount weight. Our legislature, now in session is taking measures to make our colony thoroughly British and Protestant. You may think, perhaps, that we are troubled with a "No Popery" mania, such a mania, however, so long as it does not trench upon the rights of conscience, seems to some here both legitimate and sober. And really, when you have to do with a population, seven-sixteenths of whom are Romanist, under the guidance of an intensely Romanized priesthood, you can scarcely be too watchful, too sparing in your concessions, nor even too vigorous in revoking concessions unwisely made. Possibly our example may not be without its value to our neighbours.

In matters of temperance, alas! we are by no means a model people. Yet lately there is