

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

By Rev. Charles Tupper, D. D.

CHAPTER VI.

RESIDENCE AT RIVER PHILIP.

(No 3.)

On my way home from the Association in St. John, I spent a Sabbath in Salisbury, the place where the venerable Joseph Crandall resided. In illustration of the fact that our people in the country were then much more willing to travel a long distance in order to attend public worship, than they generally now appear to be, one circumstance may be noticed. On being urgently requested to tarry on Saturday night, after the day's travel, at the house of an esteemed brother, James Bleakney, eleven miles from the Meeting House, I suggested a fear that it would be too far for me to ride in the morning; but one of the young sisters remarked, "We are going to walk it." They were said to be accustomed to walk that distance before worship, and after it to return home in the same way. The instances are probably very rare in which such zeal and devotion are evinced by any of the Baptists in these days. Our houses for worship in these Provinces were then few and far between. While the multiplication of them affords accommodation for attendance, it is manifestly perverted in many instances to the indulgence of indolence; so that many persons now seem to think they can go only a short distance to unite in the worship of God, even with good horses and convenient waggons. In this particular a reform is greatly needed.

On the 4th day of August, just after I had been remarking to a Christian brother at River Philip, that "I thought a minister ought to be so devoted to his work that he would readily attend to every call," a messenger arrived from Amherst, with a request for me to go thither, a distance of twenty miles, to attend the funeral of a colored man. Of course, in accordance with the remark made by me just before, the compliance was prompt. The funeral occasion was one of deep solemnity. My ready attendance was appreciated by the people of color, of whom considerable numbers resided in Amherst; and it naturally tended to induce them to listen the more attentively to my instructions and admonitions, both in public and in private. I subsequently preached occasionally in some of their houses for their accommodation.

While in Amherst on the occasion already noticed, I went to visit a man of some note who was very sick; but his wife refused me admittance. There are, indeed, cases in which a minister can not be consistently admitted into the sick room. In this case, however, the refusal doubtless proceeded from denominational prejudice, coupled with the apprehension that my admonitions, intended for his spiritual welfare, would be detrimental to the recovery of his health. How common is that fatal delusion by which many are led to imagine that the time of sickness will be the most convenient season for attending to the interests of the soul! When it comes, they and their relatives in many instances deem it the most inconvenient. The ministers of Christ, however, are bound to improve all opportunities for promoting the spiritual welfare of their fellow men. In some instances those who would not hearken to their admonitions while in health, will regard them, and profit by them, in the time of bodily illness. If their services be declined, they will, as with me in this case, have the consoling reflection of having discharged their duty.

Some years subsequently I was surprised to see the same man and his wife at my meeting twenty miles from their home. It was ascertained that they were at the house of a friend of mine on the Sabbath; and he requested them to excuse his absence while he went to hear me. They complacently replied, "We will accompany you." While, therefore, they did not attend my meetings at all when held within half a mile of their house, with a good road and every convenience for travelling, they now walked about a mile in a foot path! Persons who stay at home, and neglect public worship on the Lord's day, on account of friends at their house, wrong their own souls, and those of their visitors. My visits to the same man in sickness afterwards were gratefully received, regarded as highly useful, and their frequent repetition earnestly requested.

In the month of September I again visited the people in some parts of Parrsborough and adjacent places. It grieved me much to learn,

that in one locality an unhappy contention had arisen among our people resident there with reference to the doctrine of Divine Sovereignty: and that on one occasion when they had assembled for prayer meeting, this subject was introduced in conversation, and those who seemed to be divided in their views became so much excited, that they all separated without prayer. Having called them together in conference, and expressed my regret at what had transpired, I stated my views on the subject with distinctness. Each party said, "these are exactly our views," and all became happily reconciled. Thus it frequently happens that, on a point wherein people are really agreed, they contend with great acrimony, in consequence of misapprehension, in many instances arising from a want of precision in the manner of stating their ideas, or the misunderstanding of some word or expression that is used. Great care should be exercised to avoid all such pernicious strife.

While on the same tour I travelled a distance in company with a man who gave free utterance to complaints against another. After listening to him for some time, I stated to him, with great plainness, that I was very much dissatisfied with his conversation. At first he fell behind, and rode alone, apparently in a sullen mood; but after a little time he came up again, and acknowledged frankly that he had been out of the way; and expressed sorrow for the spirit that he had indulged, and the words which he had uttered. The rebuke was evidently beneficial to him, as well as to the individual whom he was censuring. In many instances if like faithfulness and decision were exercised in rebuking those who are speaking evil of others, much good would be effected.

For the Christian Messenger.

New Brunswick Correspondence.

Mr. Editor,—

It is "long, long ago," since I have written anything for the *Christian Messenger*. I have read it, however, with interest and profit for many years, and ever since I have had a home, it has been a constant, and welcome visitor. It has brought with it many a cheering, and many a saddening tale. Its varied narratives have been perused with mingled emotions of sorrow and gladness, grief and joy. Though long absent from my native province, I still cherish, as I must ever do, a pleasing recollection of early associations. The accounts so faithfully communicated through the columns of the *Messenger*, of Associational gatherings, religious revivals, educational progress, and the struggles and triumphs of temperance, and missionary zeal, bring up from the dim vista of the past, a thousand reminiscences of days gone by, flashing on the mind with all the vivid distinctness of present reality. Thus old acquaintances are renewed, friendships consolidated, the bond of sympathy drawn more closely, and one feels that though widely separated in body from those we love, yet, still we are one in heart. Though we see them not, nor hear their voices, yet in the ecstasy of a bounding imagination, we seem to grasp again the hands of those who were friends long, long ago, and commune afresh with brethren and kindred, whose "kind words can never die," whose noble, generous deeds still live in grateful memory, and with whom, in days long past, "we took sweet counsel, and walked to the house of God in company." Yes, thank God,—

"There is a scene where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;  
Though sundered far, by faith they meet,  
Around one common mercy-seat."

The County of Albert, in which I am now settled, is not large, but rich in agricultural, mineral and other resources. The scenery is beautifully diversified with mountains, hills, valleys, marshes, rivers and lakes. Some portions of it are exceedingly romantic and picturesque, bearing a striking resemblance to some parts of Scotland through which I passed but little more than a year ago.

The Baptist Church in Hopewell, is one of the oldest—not the largest—in the province. It extends over a region twelve miles in extent, from the Cape to the Corner. There are four Meeting-houses within that space, the united ages of which amount to about 240 years. Each has reached its climacteric period, but the change has not come. However, the signs are favourable. A new and beautiful place of worship is to be erected at the "Hill" next summer. The arrangements have just been completed, and the work is to commence forthwith. The foundation is laid for another at the Cape, and we expect the house will be finished in less than a year from the present time. Meanwhile the old houses are occupied, and they seem to

answer our purpose in the immediate prospect of better accommodation.

Since the first of last May, the Sabbath congregations had been increasingly large, and very attentive. The Prayer-meetings at the Hill, and the Calkin's house are well attended; becoming more solemn and interesting, with strong and evident indications of good. May God hasten the time, and pour us out a blessing that there may not be room enough to receive it. O for more zeal to work, faith to pray, and patience to wait for the salvation of the Lord! We need more wisdom to guide us, more grace to strengthen us, more of the mind that was also in Christ Jesus to humble and purify us, O that He who is slow to anger, and of great kindness would subdue us, wholly to the obedience of faith, by creating in us clean hearts, and renewing right spirits within us; by restoring unto us the joy of His salvation, and upholding us with His free Spirit! Then, and only then shall we teach transgressors His ways, and sinners, through our instrumentality be converted to God. Then, and only then shall we continue to "walk in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost," and like the early Christians throughout Judea, Galilee and Samaria, be "edified and multiplied."

But I must not commit further trespass upon your valuable space, and should hardly have ventured to obtrude this scribble upon your columns at all, but from the desire to acknowledge my debt of gratitude to your deservedly esteemed and popular journal for the great pleasure and profit which I have derived from its perusal. But as words do not pay the printer, the accompanying will speak for the rest. Private matters, however, are not for the public, and may better remain,

ENTRE NOUS.

Hopewell 26th Oct., 1865.

For the Christian Messenger.

Dr. Edward Young

Was a justly celebrated and most excellent writer. He can never be lightly esteemed, whilst rich and glowing thought, heavenly truth and manly piety, shall have admirers in the world. No one can spend an occasional hour in the perusal of the writings of this author, without receiving deep and salutary impressions. Let him take up the *Night Thoughts* at almost any page, and he will find something there to enlarge and elevate the mind, something to purify and warm the heart. He will not only find ten, but ten hundred lines, that are worthy of being safely repositied in the storehouse of memory.

Such poems as the *Love of Fame*, or the *Universal Passion*, and the *Night Thoughts*, with others of the same writer, should never be thrown aside for later volumes, however well-written and interesting. Would I exaggerate in saying, that it would take a score of volumes of many of the later, and much admired poets, to supply the place of a single one, coming from the pen of Dr. Young. This writer was a Christian divine, and his heart was in his profession. His thoughts were usually of a solemn cast, and the topics of which he treats with the greatest frequency, are the ever momentous ones of fatuity; death, judgment and eternity.

His satire, the *Love of Fame*, or the *Universal Passion*, is regarded by those who are capable of judging as a truly great performance. The shafts of his wit are then nobly directed against the folly of being devoted to fashion, and of aiming to appear what we are not. "Here we meet with smoothness of style, pointed sentences, solid thoughts, and the sharpness of resistless truth." Those who have read the *Night Thoughts*, know, that they abound with exalted flights of fancy, and the largest range of human thought. It is this which stamps with highest excellence and lasting interest, the poems of Dr. Young.

"In his *Night Thoughts*," says a great critic, "he has exhibited a very wide display of original poetry, variegated with deep reflections and striking allusions, a wilderness of thought, in which the fertility of fancy scatters flowers of every odor and of every hue." His fine thoughts are indeed overcast with much of gloom and melancholy. If this be a vice, it approaches most nearly to a virtue; for the great want of these times as of all times, is, a deep and affecting view of the vanity of all sublunary things, of all the fleeting honors and pleasures of earth. O, for such a view of the false and the transient, as shall turn us to the true and abiding.

The unreflecting and the unrenewed, may speak slightly of the author now before us, but those who have a sympathy with the noble and sublime, those whose minds are open to large

thought, and whose hearts have been touched with the finger of divine love, they will ever come as to a rich banquet, to the writings of such men. The Rev. Wm. Jay, after quoting some beautiful lines from this poet, says: "So sings with his accustomed energy and excellence, our admired Young." Dr. Blair, whilst admitting his imperfections, speaks in the most unmeasured terms of his high qualities. "The merit of this writer," says Blair, "is great and deserves to be remarked. No writer, ancient or modern, had a stronger imagination than he, or one more fertile in figures of every kind. Dr. Young though a writer of real genius, was too fond of antithesis. Among moral and didactic poets, continues Blair, he is of too great eminence to be passed over without notice. In all his works, the marks of strong genius appear. His universal passion possesses the full merit of that animated conciseness of style, and lively description of characters, which I mentioned as particularly requisite in satirical and didactic compositions. Though his wit may often be thought too sparkling, and his sentences too pointed, yet the vivacity of his fancy is so great as to entertain every reader."

The reading of the Address of the Rev. Mr. Munro to the Associated Alumni of Acadia College, has induced the writer to make these remarks. In the closing part of that address, Mr. Munro says, "Cowley is forgotten, Gray remembered for a single elegy, Young for a dozen lines or so."

This remark was doubtless, inadvertently made. Fearing lest the needed correction might be forgotten, and an injurious impression might be produced on the minds of some young persons, I feel it a duty to trouble you with these lines. There are but few authors who can be read by the young, with more profit, than the author before us. All imperfections of style are more than overborne by noble, solid thought. If the casket be not the most exquisite, the jewel is most precious.

Far hence be the day when such poets as Dr. Young shall be cast aside or neglected for those rapid and sickly works, which are now found on a most every centre table. Alas for the piety or morals of those who can relish alone the latter, and throw aside with indifference or contempt, the former.

ORBD CHUTE.

OBITUARY NOTICE.

Mrs. LAVINIA BEARDSLY,

Widow of the late Samuel C. Beardsly, and daughter of Mr. G. Margeson, departed this life Sept. 1st, 1865, aged 70 years, leaving one daughter and three sons to mourn their loss. Sister B. was converted to God in youth, united with the Methodist Society, and walked with that people until her mind became disturbed respecting their faith and practice, and after a diligent and prayerful study of God's word, she united with the Baptist Church in 1833, under the pastoral care of the Rev. I. E. Bill. Her house was open for public worship. And there ministers and Christians always found a welcome home, and God more than rewarded her in the conversion of all her children. In March 1839 she with her family removed from Mount Hanley, Co. of Annapolis, to Long Point, Cornwallis, when she was received into the Church in that place, in which she continued a faithful and worthy member until her death. Sister B. was beloved in the community in which she lived, for her heart was ever full of sympathy and love, and her hands ready for every good work. As a mother she was greatly beloved by her children, for her deep interest in their temporal and spiritual welfare. As a Christian she was very highly esteemed. She possessed deep humility, strong love to God, and abiding faith in Christ Jesus. Her place was always filled in God's House, comforting the heart of her minister, and speaking cheering words to the weak ones of the flock, and expressing her strong attachment to the cause of God, so that it might be said of her: "An Israelite indeed in whom there is no guile." Her sickness was somewhat protracted, which she bore with fortitude and resignation to the will of her Saviour, she felt Christ to be very precious and left the world with a bright hope of a blissful immortality. A large concourse of people followed her remains to their resting place, and the occasion improved by a sermon from her pastor. The text selected was from Matt. xxv. 34.

Bellmont, Aylesford.

J. L. READ.

Religious Intelligence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Cumberland County.

Amherst, Oct. 30th, 1865.

MR. EDITOR,

Many of your readers are aware that in years past, there was a Baptist Church of some strength and importance at River Philip. The faithful labors of Fathers McCully and David Harris, and Rev. C. Tupper were blessed, and there the late Rev. J. Cogswell died pastor of that church.