

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

By REV CHARLES TUPPER, D. D.

CHAPTER XI.

THIRD RESIDENCE IN AMHERST.

(No. 4.)

On the 23rd day of June, 1836, I crossed the Bay of Fundy, in order to attend the Association at Chester; but by reason of continuous heavy rain, and physical indisposition, my purpose was frustrated. My son who was studying at Horton Academy accompanied me on my return home, and we landed early on the morning of the 30th, and arrived at the house of my esteemed brother-in-law, Mr. John Lockhart, a little after break of day. On knocking at the door, we were bidden to 'walk in.' It appeared that the door was not fastened. This led me to remark to my son, that these people evidently considered themselves quite secure, and their effects safe, without fastening their doors: and that though we always locked or bolted ours, yet there was probably no necessity for this precaution. Indeed, my mind was nearly decided to discontinue the practice. In less than an hour, however, the painful tidings reached my ears, that a Mr. Clem—an industrious and honest man—resident at River Philip, had been barbarously murdered. It was reasonable to conclude, that the precautionary measure of fastening his outer door would have prevented this catastrophe. Mr. C. was a strong man, and he had a house keeper, with her daughter about fourteen years old, in the house with him. It is scarcely imaginable that the assassin would have attempted to murder them all, if he had known that he must first break into the house, and so give them the alarm; or that, even had he made the attempt, he could have succeeded. But as he undoubtedly had lived there before, and knew their custom, he evidently took an axe from the wood-pile, silently lifted the latch, killed the man with one stroke, proceeded to the room in which the two females were sleeping, and, as he supposed, murdered both of them, with the same weapon, and left them so stunned that neither of them knew anything till they were aroused, though both of them did survive. The intelligence of this sad event determined me to continue my former practice. This course I would strongly recommend to all that occupy houses. Our entire dependence on Providence should be always recognized; but it does not hence follow that we ought to neglect any lawful means adapted to preserve either our lives or our property. See Acts xxvii. 22—24, 31, 52.

A Mr. D. who fled from River Philip the night in which the murder was committed, was pursued, and arrested in Sussex Vale, about sixty miles from St. John, N. B., and lodged in Amherst jail. I visited him repeatedly. It seemed to me expedient to state to him at first, that I had nothing to say with regard to his case; but that it was my desire to promote his spiritual welfare, and to improve the present circumstances to that end. I carefully avoided all reference to any thing that might excite prejudice, and endeavored to lead him to a conviction that he was a perishing sinner, in urgent need of an almighty Redeemer, and that Jesus is such a Saviour as he needed. Perceiving that his fetters pressed on his ankles, and must give him pain, (Ps. cv. 18.) I remarked to the Sheriff, that undoubtedly the fetters were designed, not to inflict punishment, but to prevent escape; and, on his acquiescence, suggested that they might be so fastened up as to prevent the suffering; and this was accordingly done. The prisoner seemed to listen respectfully to my instructions and admonitions; but after his condemnation he chose to be attended by a Priest.

Attendance at his execution was revolting to my feelings; but the request of the Sheriff, who remarked, that the criminal might finally desire me to offer prayer on his behalf, induced me to be present. It was, of course, a lamentable spectacle to witness; but it was rendered increasingly so by the consideration, that the man undoubtedly entered eternity just after the utterance of a deliberate falsehood. He avowed himself to be innocent of the crime for which he suffered, and affirmed that "false witnesses had sworn his life away," while there was no reason to think that any one of them had uttered an untrue word, nor any room to doubt that he did actually commit the horrid murder. This scene led me to question the expediency

of public executions. To considerate persons it was apparent, that this fearful crime, with its doleful results, was traceable to the use of intoxicating drinks. This had made the man a drunkard; and his intemperate habits induced Mr. C. to dismiss him from his service; which filled him with wrath. Being poor through intemperance, he evidently wanted money to procure strong drink; for what he obtained—between 30 and 40 pounds—he was lavishly squandering for liquor while fleeing for his life. These facts were, in general, patent to the vast assemblage gathered at his execution; and yet many of them drank intoxicating liquors to great excess on that very day; so that such an amount of drunkenness had not come under my observation in the course of a long time before. To the vicious this fearful exhibition of the fruits of intemperance appeared to be worse than useless. Their assembling on the occasion tended greatly to increase rioting and drunkenness.

As my time was not wholly occupied in any stated field of labor, in the early part of the year 1858, at the request of the Baptist Church in Fredericton, I spent several weeks there. The invitation formerly given me to remove thither, and take charge of the Church, was renewed; but the people with whom I was laboring were so repugnant to my removal, that it did not seem to me consistent to accept the invitation.

In consequence, however, of the indisposition of my beloved Bro. Frederick W. Miles, who was Principal of the Baptist Seminary in Fredericton, it subsequently became very needful, and highly important, for me to take the charge of that Institution till he should be able to resume it, or another suitable Teacher could be obtained. Under these circumstances my friends in Cumberland agreed that, without dissolving my connection with them, I should go thither for a time, and afterwards return to them. With consent subsequently obtained, as emergency required, my absence from them was prolonged much beyond the length of time at first contemplated.

As I set out for Fredericton on the 14th day of July, 1858, this period may be regarded as the close of my "Third Residence in Amherst."

For the Christian Messenger.

London Correspondence.

EXTRACTS OF LETTERS FROM PROF. C. E. GATES.

British Museum.—This is one of the most interesting and useful Institutions of London. Here are gathered in great variety, many relics of by-gone days; which on examination, almost carries the beholder far back through the long line of ages to the times when such things were living realities, for instance the Egyptian Department, containing the mummies and Egyptian relics impress the history of ancient Egypt upon the mind. In the Greek Department you see earthen ware made 700 B. C. down to 120, and it is not inferior in quality or beauty to those of the present day. In the Ancient British Department are many relics of old Britain which it would not be interesting to enumerate, but by these one may notice the wonderful improvement and change which have taken place in our beloved mother Country. Here you will also see letters in the hand writing of many of the great men of the past. What most deeply affected me was letters written by Lady Lane Grey—also the identical prayer book she used on the scaffold. Here are letters also from Charles I., Mary Queen of Scots, (whose garden I visited during my tour in Scotland some years since), also of many of those noble martyrs who suffered for the faith. These relics are all that remain of those who acted a prominent part on the stage of life in former times. Where are they now? I answer, they are gone, as we all soon must be. Here are many old books and manuscripts of ancient dates, shewing the book-binding, writing, and printing in its many improvements, from its first introduction up to the present time. Here, too, may be seen paintings from the first rude sketch to its present perfection. In this department are the likenesses of the Kings and Queens of England, from the time of our great Magna Charta, down to that of our beloved Queen Victoria. Among the mineral deposits may be found precious stones, and other useful and curious relics from all parts of the world. I looked in vain for some Nova Scotia gold, I could discover nothing to represent my native country, save two small pieces of copper. Surely your wise heads should see after this matter. Thousands daily visit this Museum, and gain much useful knowledge of different

countries by means of the many articles deposited here. Surely Nova Scotia, a country which abounds in Gold, Coal, Copper, Pearls, &c., should have a few of those articles deposited here, to show the visitor what she is capable of producing. Great ignorance prevails among many, even educated people, in London, respecting the position and resources of Nova Scotia.

Hyde Park.—This is certainly a delightful retreat from the bustle and noise of crowded streets—a place of general resort, and in summer, I imagine, must be all the eye could desire. Just opposite this Park, on Constitution Hill, stands the brave and noble Duke of Wellington—in life size—on his spiritless steed. [This monument is much larger than life-size, probably three or four times as large. Its elevation gives it an appearance less than it is. Ed.] On my first entre to St. James Park, as I passed under the great arch-way, upon which the Duke is placed, I thought how many had been compelled to succumb to his power. He stands a noble monument, composed of the cannon he took in battle, erected by the thousands who love his memory. Near this Park stands Buckingham Palace, the residence of our beloved Queen Victoria. Surely Art has done much to beautify this world of ours. O how many such pleasing scenes are there in this great city. And on beholding the grandeur of these public parks one is almost led to admire the works of Art more than those of Nature—still Nature has the preference. I have to contrast these scenes with some I have beheld in Scotland, the United States, New Brunswick, and my own native country, of hills and valleys, lakes and harbours. The LaHave and Annapolis Rivers of Nova Scotia winding their serpentine course toward old ocean; the Chester and Ragged Islands, in their peculiar location. The expansive Mahone Bay, with sloping hills on either side, with the high-lands of old Scotland, and the rivers and canals, &c., hurrying those streams on their hasty mission, are more to be admired, being purely the work of nature, as they come forth from Nature's God, than all the works of Art.

London in Winter.—The first snow and frost of any consequence, came on the 1st of January. Snow fell in London 6 to 7 inches; in the country it fell near 2 feet. No sleighs are used here. The snow made great confusion. It was, however, soon cleared away, so that the living mass could move on. The days in mid-winter are about 8 hours long, but they are made up at night, as people do not think of retiring before 12 o'clock.

London Church Music.—I shall not here enter into particulars. I like the style and mode of singing almost universally practised in the churches. I have attended almost every place of worship of note, to gain information on this, to me, most interesting subject. I have listened to 700 performers at one time. Church music is performed in its purity. The congregations join in the important and soul-stirring part of worship, led by a well-trained Choir and Organ (except where organs are not used). I fear it will be some time ere our Nova Scotia Churches adopt a similar course. O how delightful to listen to, or join with, a Christian congregation in raising a song of praise to Jehovah. Music is, indeed, a fit emblem of the joys of heaven. Nothing will so completely lift the mind above surrounding objects to heavenly scenes as the language of praise in connection with good music. Nothing has a greater tendency to elevate the feelings and fit the unregenerate profitably to listen to divine truth. Singing is a part of worship, and should a few performers, perhaps ungodly persons, be the only individuals to engage in this delightful service? I answer emphatically, No! but let Hymn books be provided, let the ministers urge upon all who can sing to join, and very soon such a united song of praise will ascend, as shall deeply impress the congregation with the fact that singing is, in deed and truth, a most important part of Divine Worship.

I have heard some of the best music of London, and perhaps in the world. Am much interested in my musical studies, and lectures on this science. I trust yet to be able to do something for my native country to raise the standard of its music. The sons and daughters of Nova Scotia possess superior musical talents, and when properly cultivated, they will not be inferior to even London voices.

RELIGION will always make the bitter waters of Marah wholesome and palatable, but we must not think it will continually turn water into wine because it once did.

He who will not serve the Lord alone, must be the slave of many masters.

For the Christian Messenger.

Immortality.

Tupper's Poem on the above subject contains the following; speaking of the duration of eternity; he says "Man's faltering tongue cannot express the vast idea 'tis almost impossible for our finite minds to comprehend in any degree that word Eternity." He proceeds to illustrate its duration by directing attention to the "primeval woods of Australia" and says—"Count their autumn leaves, millions multiplied by millions, then look up to a moonless sky from a sleeping Isle of the Egean; add to those leaves you starry host; then traverse an Arabian desert, gather each grain of the continent of eddying sand; then gaze upon the world of waters, take drop by drop, add to their sum the desert sands, the leaves and stars innumerable. Allow each particle to an age of time, and even then we have but a faint idea of the duration of Eternity."

A few more years and your readers, both old and young, will have entered upon this endless immortality. Our fathers where are they? Gone! gone! Ourselves, where will we soon be? Far—far away. 'Tis well that we consider whether ours will be a blest immortality or one of increasing misery. In that immortal-unchanging state we will have no choice. While on earth we may choose the "better part" or continue in a state of condemnation—awaiting the pleasure of a justly-angered God to pronounce the word "depart."

Reader! reader!! beware. Continue no longer in sin and say to that kind Spirit, "Go thy way for this time, &c." You may say it just once too often. O flee to Jesus, he alone can save. His blood cleanseth from all sin." "He is willing, He is able—doubt no more." Cast yourselves on his mercy, if you have not done so already, and he will save you, for "his promises are sure." The practical mariner sees the approaching hurricane—shortens sail and makes every possible preparation—so that his ship may ride out the storm and the precious lives on board be saved. Likewise the far-sighted man of business discovers the approach of commercial embarrassment and curtails his business so as to save himself from impending ruin. Even our government in time of peace takes the precautionary measures of acquainting her people with military tactics—so as to be prepared to defend herself should an enemy invade the country. And is it less incumbent on immortal beings to make preparation to meet an all powerful enemy which may soon invade our "earthly house." O then seek, when in health, the favor of your Creator. Then yours will be a happy immortality. That such may be your portion is the wish of your friend

ONWARD.

Bridgewater, April, 1867.

Religious Intelligence.

SIAM.—An interesting baptismal occasion occurred early in December, in connection with the Chinese mission of Bangkok. Three promising Chinese men were the subjects. At the invitation of one of these, Dr. Dean, a few days afterwards, visited Bangplaso, to preach the gospel in that region. There are some encouraging cases there, and the people desire that a chapel may be erected, so that they may enjoy the stated preaching of the gospel. Mrs. Dean does much good by daily visits among the people for conversation and reading in the Scriptures. The people listen respectfully, and make interesting inquiries concerning the doctrine. Some attend the prayer-meetings, going some distance out of their way expressly for the purpose of going to worship the true God. This is more encouraging than when they only step into the chapel on the great thoroughfare to hear preaching. Dr. Dean says, "O for more reapers, to enter these ripened fields, and gather fruit unto eternal life, and receive their wages. Wages? they are received before the work is done. A hundred fold now, and then—who can tell what? Eye hath not seen it, and the heart of man hath not conceived it."

LATEST FROM THE NEW HEBRIDES.—Letters have been received from our Foreign Missionaries by the last English Mail. Rev. Wm. McCullagh has been under the painful necessity of resigning his connection with the Mission on account of Mrs. McCullagh's health. Mrs. M. has had frequent almost fatal attacks of fever and ague. Dr. Geddie and all the Missionaries concur in the opinion that it was necessary for Mr. McCullagh to leave the field. He is now Australia.

Mr. and Mrs. McNair have gone to Aneiteum for a month or two, and Mr. Gordon is again alone. He says that some of the chiefs on the south side of Erromanga having been cut down by disease, the Missionaries are blamed for it and plots are laid for their murder. Still Mr. Gordon stands with unflinching courage at the post of duty. Influenza prevailed extensively among the natives of Erromanga. The Lord's Supper was celebrated on the first Sabbath of December, when twelve natives partook of the emblems of the Saviour's body and blood.—Witness.