

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

By REV. CHARLES TUPPER, D. D.

CHAPTER XV.

PASTORATE IN AYLESFORD AND WILMOT.

(No. 9.)

In the spring of the year 1857 the *diphtheria* became prevalent in a part of the field of my labor; and it was very mortal. Though aware of my liability to take it, and to die with it, yet I deemed it incumbent on me to visit the sick and the dying, for their spiritual good; and therefore, regardless of the consequences that might ensue, I went among them freely. Some people were afraid to have me go into their houses after making such visits; but, as care was exercised by me to avoid coming in contact with infected garments, &c. there proved to be no real cause for this alarm. Divine goodness ever preserved me safely in the midst of my numerous exposures to this deadly malady, in its most malignant forms, while great devastation was made, then and subsequently, in nearly all the sections of my extensive field of ministerial labors.

On the 5th day of June I met the Governors of Acadia College, in Wolfville. Quite unexpectedly my brethren unanimously proposed to confer on me the honorary degree of *Doctor in Divinity*. It was, indeed, with some measure of diffidence that I acceded to this proposal; but, as I had no religious scruples with reference to the title, it did not seem to me consistent to refuse the acceptance of this expression of approval of diligence in the acquisition of useful knowledge under circumstances of great disadvantage. Accordingly it was accepted, conferred, and announced at the College Exhibition on the same day. On it I also met the Foreign Missionary Board, to aid in devising and forwarding means for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom abroad.

On the 15th day of the same month, by appointment I preached the Introductory Sermon at the Western Association, held in Hebron, from 1 Cor. xv. 58. My beloved Bro. Richard Cunningham, whose approval was of value, expressed himself much gratified with the discourse; and, at the same time indicated a full persuasion, from the enfeebled state of his constitution, that he would never again meet his Brethren in an Association on earth. His apprehension was realized.

In August another long journey to Yarmouth was performed, to attend the Convention, which met there. In connection with assisting in the discharge of important public duties, much pleasure was enjoyed in the renewal of Christian acquaintance previously formed, and in the formation of new acquaintance with estimable Brethren. Among these may be noticed Rev. D. C. Haynes, Agent of the American Baptist Publication Society.

At this time the plan of supporting those native preachers in Burmah whom our Brethren of the Union were unable to sustain, which had been arranged between Rev. A. R. R. Crawley and myself, was fully and unanimously adopted by our Foreign Missionary Board, with the cordial approbation of the Convention. While it has been a source of grief to us that we have been unable to secure the services of a man, in these Provinces, possessing the necessary qualifications spiritually, mentally, and physically, it is cheering to reflect, that, by sustaining these faithful, zealous, and useful men, raised up in that country, and divinely prompted to proclaim salvation through Christ to their perishing fellow men, we have been permitted to aid in diffusing the light of the Gospel among the benighted heathen, and in winning souls to the dear Redeemer.

It had been agreed at the commencement of my labors in Lower Aylesford and Upper Wilmot, that two weeks should be allowed me annually to visit my relatives and friends in Cumberland. Ordinarily this privilege has been enjoyed. On the 24th of September, 1857, Mrs. Tupper and I set out on our customary journey, intending at this time to go by the way of Truro. At an early stage of it, however, my horse became lame, and it was necessary to change the arrangement, and attempt to cross the Bay to Parrsborough. But Mrs. Tupper was attacked with illness, which presented a serious obstacle; and no sooner was her health slightly improved than severe indisposition rendered me unable to proceed. Under these circumstances the undertaking necessarily had to

be abandoned. The considerations, however, that Providence thus evidently hedged up the way, and prevented me from fulfilling my purpose, and that by a gracious and wise arrangement "all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose," tended to reconcile me to the disappointment, and to enable me to bear it with cheerfulness. The fact that "The Lord reigneth" affords abundant cause of rejoicing amidst all the trials of life.

For the Christian Messenger.

Letter from Miss Dewolfe in Burmah.

We have much pleasure in publishing the following from Miss Dewolfe, and the introductory note from her mother:

Dear Bro. Selden,—

Having repeatedly heard that there is an anxious wish on the part of brothers and sisters in the country to hear more of their Missionary than they do, I have been induced to make large extracts from her last letters. Of course they were not intended for the public eye, but I do not think she would object to their being printed, if the friends will be pleased to hear from her.

Yours truly,
S. C. DEWOLFE.

Monday 26th October.

"SCOTLAND" BASSEIN, July 31st, 1868.

"My general health is good, though for the last few weeks I have suffered from Neuralgia, bringing with it a little fever, but it has not kept me from my duties. I am now beginning Corinthians and have been reading two months. I am gradually getting along, but it is slow work. They all tell me I get the sounds well, and also the peculiar tone the natives give to their language; but I do not begin to put sentences together; the idiom of their language differs so from ours, I feel in hopes before long to begin to talk with them in their own language, I can now converse with the scholars in English, they have been in the English school six and seven years, and yet they cannot write correctly the most simple little story, and the more I see the less I think of teaching them English. It is my opinion they will always be simple minded people and only those who are to teach, or preach should have the English, to enable them to acquire information upon the subjects of which they have no books translated. This is becoming more and more the opinion of the Missionaries.

I will write on a slip of paper the names of my girls, Nan To Po, Nan Mah Moo, Nan Su Tha, Nan Sa Tha, Nan Sah An, Nan Tha Tha, Nan A Tha, Nan Ma Co, Nan Dom Ba, Nan Cu Ma. Tha Tha, and Sa An, are the two brightest ones, but they are all good and kind. They are very anxious to have me come up here and live. I have grown to be very fond of them, and love to see their dusky faces around me, I wish you could see us as we sit together in our classes, they all sit on the floor around the room, I in a chair near them.

I must tell you what pleasant Prayer meetings I have with the girls on Saturday afternoon; they sing in both English and Karen and pray in their own language, I enjoy them very much and feel that my spiritual strength is renewed, and oh! how much we need that here. I feel I do not live as near a throne of Grace as I ought to, there seems to be so many things to take up the time and occupy the mind; ever pray your child may have a close walk with God.

August, 9th. To-day I received the long looked for letters from home, and my heart has been made glad.

10th. To-day has been stormy but it lulled long enough to give me a chance to go up to my school and have the classes, I have become very much attached to them, and they seem to be fond of me. They all tell me I take up the language very quickly, I am now at the 15th chap. of 1 Corinthians, and have gone through the spelling book several times, also the Catechism; and yet I can hardly talk one sentence. By and by I hope to know something and am looking forward to the time, when the rains will be over to going into the jungle and staying two or three weeks at a time to hear the people talk, and teach them to sing.

A good many of the missionaries have been obliged to go home, the past year in search of health, among them Mr. and Mrs. Crawley. I hope you will see them. They can tell you so much about us all, and about our work. Rangoon and the people there, how kind they are in welcoming and entertaining the missionaries. We staid

with Mrs. Carpenter she seemed to us to be near perfection as a missionary's wife, so very cheerful, such good judgement, earnest in all she does, and such an help-meet to her husband, dresses right, in short is a model of a true woman.

Living near or on the same compound is Dr. Binney, the President of the Theological School, not far from them lives Mr. Bennet, Superintendent of the mission Press, little more than a mile and-a-half, at Klemendene live the 'Braytons,' 'Roses,' 'Luthers,' and 'Vintons,' the two latter, belong to the Free mission. We liked them all exceedingly and I cannot tell you half their kindness, hospitality and love to the "household of faith."

Sunday afternoon. I have just returned from the other compound where they have had a baptism and Communion season. Part of the services were conducted in Burmese, part in English. We ended by singing that beautiful hymn "O thou my soul forget no more," written by "Kishna Pal" how much we owe that convert of Dr. Carey's for that one production, I felt that my soul was refreshed by the exercises, while a deep sense of gratitude filled my heart, that I was permitted to come around the table of the Lord with a company of christians converted from heathenism. I had such a pleasant visit with the girls, they are very fine girls—they have been there some time under Mrs. Beecher; she has taught them to play on the organ and instructed them in other branches of knowledge.

Mrs. Van Meter is very busy now building a school house and chapel under one roof; together with the school and many other duties; her hands are full. This evening we had the organ moved out; the Karens assembled, and I played while they sang, "I want to be an angel," "Marlowe," "O do not be discouraged," "Say Brothers will you meet us," "Come to Jesus." All appeared to enjoy the music and other exercises. We then had family worship and retired for the night.

20th. I am up here in "Scotland," surrounded by my English dictation class, all writing an English letter. From my seat in this room I have an excellent view of the cultivation of "Paddy," (or Rice). They plow in the most rude manner, up to their knees in mud and water; sometimes with oxen and sometimes with buffaloes. Just as it seemed to me to be growing nicely and putting on that beautiful garment of green, grain so often assumes, they plow it down, and in that stage they leave it until it further develops itself. You ask 'if we have butter here.' Yes we do from the native cows. They churn it every morning in a bottle, and the mode is this: they pound or roll the bottle on a cushion, and get from four quarts of milk, about a quarter pound of butter—sweet and fresh. I wish you could see the many, many, strange things and customs around us; there is hardly any thing we do—in dressing, or living, like our home customs.

I must close my long letter, with much love to all the dear friends. May the God of Grace ever be with you all.

Your own, &c., &c.

MINNIE.

Ministerial Support.

Mr. Editor,—

You have said Write, and again and again have I thought to do so and have been deterred by the, "To what purpose?" inquiry of my own heart. I may write. You may publish. And some may read. But what of it? "Waters wear the stones away." Truths reiterated produce effects. And, "Speaking the truth in love" we "may grow up into Him in all things, which is the Head even Christ." The pen of Christians should be used only to benefit each other and advance the cause of Christ.

In one of our Circular letters, the question is asked: Why more of our pious young men do not devote themselves to the work of the Christian ministry? 'Tis true, that vital godliness is most requisite to impel them into this work. A burning love for souls would make them willing to endure a *to home* life of self denying poverty. And none should enter the ranks, who has not first counted the cost, and standing between the plough and altar can say "Ready for either" for service or for sacrifice. But are our ministers, at this time, receiving from our churches all that tangible expression of esteem and sympathy which God and His cause demand?

The cry of hard times is now well nigh universal. Dear brethren and sisters, have you thought how much your pastor might feel the pressure of worldly care and anxiety, if for any cause the stipulated quarterly allowance were not handed in at the proper time? Does your pastor

know just what amount of salary he will receive from his people? And does he know it will be sufficient to meet his daily wants? to keep the larder supplied—the house warm—the little ones with shoes, and the wife and mother with what she needs? "Our minister and his family," you may involuntarily exclaim, "know nothing of want in these particulars. They seem comfortable and make a respectable appearance. And he ought to live on what we pay him." All this may be true. At least, all but the last clause. A minister's wife is much like other wives. With womanly pride and tact, she may manage to conceal much of real want and corroding care, even from her husband; and by self-denying industry and rigid economy, render her home comfortable and attractive to her friends. But in many, or shall I only say some cases, the salary upon which "he ought to live" is less than would be offered to teachers of common schools; and can barely be made sufficient to meet the daily wants. Were it invariably paid as promised, it might, small as it is, be used to much greater advantage. But too frequently it is the last bill paid; or those articles which can best be spared are thought to be just what is needed in the minister's family, and are accordingly sent in thus, at the highest market price squaring the troublesome subscription. "He ought to live upon what we pay him." How much is it, my brother? Have you ever compared it with the remuneration received in other professions? Has your pastor become your servant for Christ's sake bringing to your service all the discipline of mind and ability to labor for you acquired by years of preparatory mental training, and are you willing to let him barely live while he can labor for you, and, when he can no longer work, give him to understand that he has outlived his usefulness and his support? Brethren, let us faithfully question ourselves in this matter. It may be that we are "withholding more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty."

SCIENS.

For the Christian Messenger.

Letter from Rev. A. W. Barss.

LEAVING YARMOUTH AND COMING TO CANSO.

Dear Editor,—

Will you please allow me a little space in your columns for a brief account of our leaving Yarmouth, our passage to and reception in Canso, for the satisfaction of our many friends along the coast.

Our leaving Yarmouth was quite unexpected, but all things considered it appeared to be the order of Providence. I wished very much to have a few days to spare before leaving, to make a farewell visit amongst the people, but no time was allowed for it. We had to leave when the vessel was ready and that was as soon as we could get ready for her. We assure our friends, whom we could not see before leaving, that we regretted it very much, and felt very sad in having to leave Yarmouth. Perhaps sometime the Master will grant us the privilege of visiting Yarmouth again. It was hard leaving the dear young people. May God provide for their spiritual necessities.

On the 1st of October we embarked in the *Mary E. Banks*, Capt. McKinnon, and sailed from Yarmouth with a fair wind out of the Bay. The children soon yielded to the common sickness of those unaccustomed to the sea, and paid due homage to Neptune. After passing the Cape Sable the wind came ahead and on the morning of the 2nd we put in to Ragged Islands. Here we got on shore amongst our old friends and enjoyed a good time, the wind continuing ahead for three days. We had the privilege of spending part of the Sabbath here. In the morning we enjoyed a very earnest and impressive sermon from Brother Porter, who succeeded me in the pastorate here. In the afternoon I delivered my farewell address to a crowded assembly. It was a very solemn season, it yet appears mysterious that we had to be separated from this dear people.

On coming out of meeting we found the wind fair, and amidst hasty farewell greetings, we embarked and put to sea. On the 5th a storm arose which turned us into Owl's Head for a harbour. On the 6th we put to sea again and reached Canso about midnight feeling thankful for our Heavenly Father's protection through a rough and stormy passage and the privilege of seeing our friends in Ragged Islands.

On the 8th, we commenced living in our new home, and, whilst all in a bustle settling, friends began to collect and crowd our dwelling, thus taking us completely by surprise and spending a social evening with us, furnishing a sumptuous Tea and leaving behind them on their departure