

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

By Rev. Charles Tupper, D. D.

CHAPTER XV.

PASTORATE IN AYLESFORD AND WILMOT.

(No. 7.)

Another 8th day of June, 1855, our justly venerated father, Theodore Seth Harding, long the esteemed Pastor of the first Baptist Church of Horton, was called to rest from his labors. Not long before his decease it was my privilege to visit him. He evinced calm resignation to the Divine will, and steadfast reliance on his beloved Redeemer. He also expressed an ardent desire that his junior brethren in the ministry should continue to preach the same truths that he had taught, and which now cheered his spirit in the prospect of his approaching dissolution. Bro. H. was a man of brilliant native talent, and endowed with extraordinary powers of eloquence. He possessed a pacific spirit, which disposed and enabled him to "live peaceably with all men." His zealous labors were unquestionably blessed to the conversion and salvation of many precious souls.

As one Church under my pastoral care belonged to the Western Association, and one to the Central, it was incumbent on me to attend both. These Sessions were pleasant; and our hearts were cheered by favorable intelligence from a considerable number of our Churches.

In July of the same year my stated labors with the Baptist Church of Upper Aylesford were closed. As the Church of Lower Aylesford and Upper Wilmot was numerous, and spread over a large extent of country, it was justly considered indispensable that my labors should be limited to that extensive field. Moreover, that of Upper Aylesford manifestly needed much more of ministerial labor than that of one man a fourth part of the time. When duty thus required that our connection as Pastor and flock should be dissolved, it was highly consolatory and pleasing to know, that we separated with mutual good-will and Christian affection. Their engagements to me were fulfilled to my entire satisfaction; and they invariably evinced like satisfaction with the discharge of my various duties towards them, imperfectly as these unquestionably were performed. In the course of the three years of my pastoral labors with them a small portion of the time, there was some increase in the number of members, general harmony prevailed, and the Church was happily left by me in a pleasing state of Christian union.

Without presuming to dictate in any measure in such a case, I adventured to recommend my esteemed Brother, Abraham Stronach, to the people as my successor; and this suggestion was adopted.

July 28th. I travelled 10 miles to visit a man who was dangerously ill. His wife was so busily engaged in temporal affairs, that she could not be induced to spend time enough to come in while I read the Scriptures and prayed with him! Such indifference, however, was not allowed to deter me, as it never should any minister, from the discharge of my duty. It did, indeed, grieve me to witness such lamentable disregard of the concerns of eternity.

On the 5th day of August, Brethren Ebenezer Stronach, and S. T. Rand assisted me at the opening of a new place of worship, "Evergreen Baptist Meeting House," on Stronach Mountain. We had previously occupied, a dilapidated School-house in that section of the Church. Acceptable worship does, indeed, depend principally on the state of the mind; but it is obviously desirable to have comfortable and commodious places, in which people may assemble to wait upon God, without inconvenience to the body, or mental disquietude.

At our meeting of Convention, which was held in Liverpool, commencing September 15th, dissatisfaction was expressed by some persons on account of the unsate investment of a portion of the Endowment Fund for Acadia College. The transaction was not accordant with my views; but I was always satisfied that the Governors who were active in it were actuated by sincere motives, and ought not to be censured. Several of them evinced their sincerity by putting money of their own into the same investment. This I would not have done, had it been in my power to do so; and consequently, could not have done it with funds entrusted to my care. I was, however, absent from the meeting at the time when the transaction took place, being engaged in a revival of religion

and not aware that any special business would come before the Board. It has ever been a principle established in my mind, as it should be in that of every person, that parties having a voice in any meeting, if they do not attend, ought never to blame those who assemble, and do what according to their judgment is for the best. In such case indeed, no one has any sufficient reason for dissatisfaction.

For the Christian Messenger.

The Young Men's Christian Convention at Detroit.

Dear Editor,—

In my last I had just arrived at New York, I now give you some of my impressions of that great metropolis.

NEW YORK CITY.

Every one, it seems to me, should visit the Empire City of the Republic, at least once in a life-time.

New York is to the United States what London and Paris are to England and France,—the city immensely pre-eminent in population, and the great centre of commerce and diplomacy, of fashion and folly.

Having arrived in the city on Saturday, I left the following Monday, and had barely time to take a hasty glance at some of its most prominent external features, and to make an attempt at comprehending a few of its peculiarities.

This great Metropolis can boast of many splendid public buildings, about two hundred and fifty of which are churches, some of them the very ideals of magnificence and costliness.

Trinity Church standing on Broadway at the head of Wall Street, and built throughout of sandstone, with a spire 283 feet in height, is a most splendid and capacious edifice; and the grand panoramic view to be obtained from its lofty tower, to which visitors almost constantly have access, render it an object of intense interest. Ascending the stairway, you reach a landing on a level with the church ceiling, from which there is a view of the elegant interior; a little higher is the belfry whence the chime of bells so frequently send forth their solemn peals; and on reaching the highest landing a most charming sight arrests your attention. The entire city lies at your feet spread out like a broad amphitheatre, pouring immense throngs, busy with life and animation through its every avenue; while, in every direction, in the distance, the country towns, rivers, and villages are scattered before you, arrayed in all the attractive beauty and loveliness with which Nature and Art have invested them.

This elevation commands an excellent view of the City Hall, Custom House, and Treasury Building, three of the finest public edifices of New York, constructed of Quincy granite and white marble, as also the numerous and beautiful public squares and parks of the city.

The grand Central Park covering an area of 776 acres and rendered beautiful and attractive at the expense of the corporation, is the institution of the city at this season of the year. Thousands of persons daily, of both rich and poor, and comprising a large share of the beauty and fashion of the city leave the business and dust of the heated city, and resort thither to enjoy pleasant recreation and pastime.

I had the pleasure, in common with hundreds, of enjoying the 3rd concert of the season at the Park, given under the auspices of the city by Dodworth's excellent band. The music was charming, but could not prevent the pleasure-seekers from indulging in the various other enjoyments which the occasion afforded. Numberless boats were skimming the lake, and small parties of the youth were scattered in every direction over the grassy slopes and promenades, while a steady stream of life passed to and fro from the zoological gardens adjacent.

A Sabbath in New York occasions no little surprise to a Provincialist. In many parts of the city there is an entire suspension of business; and the sanctity of the hallowed day is undisturbed; but in the vicinity of the "lager beer" Saloons where the German population is chiefly congregated, in some of the principal streets even, all the business of an ordinary day is transacted, apparently, without let or hindrance, until one almost imagines himself suddenly translated to some benighted region, where the "gospel trumpet" has never been sounded. There are, however, thousands of sincere and active worshippers in this good city. I listened to three stirring sermons on Sabbath and visited two Sabbath Schools. It was a day of sacred enjoyment. I have not space to speak at length of the various services.

Dr. Tyng, of St. George's (Episcopal) Church,

preached in the morning from the text, "The letter killeth but the Spirit giveth life." The sermon was an admirable illustration of evangelical teaching, and breathed throughout the true spirit of the Gospel.

Mr. Ralph Wells' Mission Sabbath School is considered the most successful one in New York. The peculiarities he chiefly exhibited are whole-souled earnestness and enthusiasm, and a remarkable sympathy with his pupils.

Yours, &c.,

E. D. K.

For the Christian Messenger.

Yankee Doings.—Visit to a Shaker Village, &c.

Dear Messenger,—

Thinking a few items from the State of Maine might be of some interest to some of your hearers, I send the following. Being about to remove from my field of labor, a Justice of the Peace was very anxious that I should spend a day with him before I left. He came for me in his carriage, and conveyed me about two miles off to his beautiful residence, situated on a hill, which has a commanding view of a large and fertile tract of country. After an excellent dinner, he very kindly, with his excellent wife, proposed a visit to the Shaker Settlement, located in Upper Gloucester, which was readily accepted. Accordingly proper preparations were made in fixing (a Yankee phrase) a conveyance which he laughingly called his chariot, which to describe, would occupy too much of your valuable space—sufficient to say it was an excellent four-wheeled conveyance with leathern springs, in which we had a very sprightly horse—off we started like a lot of children, highly elated with the prospect of enjoyment. After a smart ride (excuse my Yankynisms) down hills and up hills, and a skirmish with an outlying squad of blood-thirsty "sketeers," which we succeeded in discomfiting after the loss of some blood on our side and of life on the other, we reached the high road that stretches on to New Hampshire, and from thence to Canada. We turned sharp to the right and entered a beautiful road which we found very serpentine, and came to a large sheet of water, the average width a quarter of a mile, and one mile in length; the name of the peaceful-looking lake is, Sabbath Day Pond (called in common parlance Sabbath Pond) the origin of the former name is as follows: The Indians and Hunters formerly met on Sabbath days on the banks to fix up their business matters—by the way a strange perversion of the day of rest, and which has a large class of imitators who have assumed the sacred name of Christian. Passing this fine sheet of water where quite a number of persons have met with their death, some alas, through the deadly work of the Rum-fiend, we come to a small range of dilapidated buildings in which preparations for Flour and Pork barrel making was carried on quite extensively some time ago. Further on, on the right hand side is a large Saw and Grist Mill, where during one spring they sawed 1600 cords of oak wood. In this building very powerful machinery is in operation. To the left is a Blacksmith shop, in which they make and repair mowing machines, superintended by a very ingenious man, formerly a printer from New Brunswick. He is a very pleasant looking man with his peculiar garb which gives him an antiquated cut. He bids us welcome to inspect the village. Driving up to the village proper, we pass on the left shops, barns and stabling, nearly all painted yellow; on the right is the parsonage and the meeting house where they hold their dances and religious ceremonies. These buildings are painted white—we did not gain access to these latter buildings. Rode up to the Trustees' office in which we found a plain dressed Shakeress, the garb was a blue checked gown minus crinoline—a snowy white neckerchief carefully pinned on the bosom, the head covered with a plain, peculiar looking white cap. In one corner of the office in a glass case are fancy work baskets, &c. for sale. Our lady friends are very busy inspecting the same, occasionally exclaiming, How tasteful! How finely worked! What a beauty! and so on. I take down a framed list of rules for visitors in which I learn, that persons in any way related to the Shakers, who live at a distance, when on a visit to this place may remain a day or so with them, and those living near at hand are only allowed an hour or so's visit so as not to interrupt the industrial pursuits of any one of them. Also, if man and wife come as visitors and remain overnight, they must be separated and sleep in different apartments. If you partake of any of

their meals, you are requested not to leave anything on the plate for fashion's sake, for they have a strong dislike to waste. Before and after meals they kneel in silent prayer (which I think a preferable mode to the thankless one in vogue in too many professed christian families.) Whilst in the office, their former School teacher came in and was introduced; I must confess notwithstanding her dress that she was one of the most winning and intelligent young women it has been my lot to meet; no affected airs, and no attempt at fine talking. In conversation with her I learned that the branches taught among them are all the useful sciences, those that will prove profitable to them. Besides the elements of Reading, Writing, &c., Botany is studied and they seem to have great success in the cultivation of herbs, &c. This same young Shakeress expressed great admiration for the character of the noble Queen Victoria, and seemed very much pleased with my account of seeing the Queen. I rambled over a portion of their extensive garden and was charmed with the neatness and order in which it was kept. When we returned to the office, we were kindly urged to remain to supper (you call it tea) with which we readily complied; we proceeded to a very neat building and in one of the coolest and cleanest rooms you ever saw, off of a well polished table we partook of our evening meal, of a plain and nutritious character. We ate and drank with great zest, almost disturbing the calm quietude of the place with our jokes and laughter at the proposed plan of our turning Shakers. We were almost converts to their ways in consequence of the appearance of things, but afterwards declined to act at present preferring like cautious persons, to think over it. When we rose from the table, my friend the magistrate remarking, that at death and in the future we all shall be equal, an elderly Shakeress objected and gave us quite an eloquent, pointed, brief discourse on the higher plane she occupied now, and her striving to live near to the Saviour, and her hope of occupying a higher still in the future. (The justice meant with regard to worldly possessions.) The simplicity, thrift, neatness of the settlement, and the earnest faith of the people does not fail to make a very favourable impression upon visitors. We returned from our visit highly delighted with it. This settlement has been in existence between 70 and 80 years. We did not visit the upper settlement where they have a large granite house, from the top of which you have a very commanding and extensive view of the surrounding country. They have reclaimed much soil from waste, and seem to be in that locality what Monks were in olden times, with the exception of some of the vices of the latter.

The first Sabbath I spent in my new field of labour, after preaching twice and holding two prayer meetings, about 8 o'clock in the evening, at the call of the congregational bell I attended that church to see and hear what was going on. A Free Will Baptist Minister (who had been supplying the pulpit for the last two Sabbaths) was to lecture on a cave somewhere in the state of New York, which he had visited. After some prefatory remarks on some of the wonders of Nature, as exhibiting the power and wisdom of God, he delivered in a prosy manner, a lecture abounding with conjunctions. He told us of the Bridal chamber where many (Yankee like) go to be married—it is a very large cave but not so large a one as the Mammoth cave in Kentucky which is 90 feet high, 90 feet wide and 3 miles long. The Music Hall—a large cave where a large stalactite extends from the ceiling to the floor, translucent, beautifully fluted, and is called a harp; if one takes a hammer he can produce every note of the keyboard. There is a very large cave called the Congress Hall—not a solitary pillar supports the roof, there are stalactites and stalagmites of different shapes and colours. Within, there is the bottomless pit—the depths of which have never been fathomed—also a lake of pure water which they cross in a boat, &c.

Such are some of the items furnished us for the evening. I am so old-fashioned as to think the Lecture would have done very well on a week evening, but I question the desirableness of such being delivered on the Sabbath. Paul, Peter, James and John would not have done so, they would rather have preached Jesus at every opportunity they had.

A MINISTER.

For the Christian Messenger.

IN MEMORIAM.

Died, of Consumption near Bridgetown, April 14th, Mr. Bennett Chute, in the 27th year of his age. Bro. Chute was a member of a Baptist Church in Cornwallis,—professed faith in Christ when quite young, and honored that