

train came rushing on, regardless of signal or cry—straight on through the dark, past the red light, over the bridge, bearing straight down on the ill-fated train that waited for the repair of a broken axle, crashing into the midst of trustful people waiting there. And there were others to tell how over all, in the midst of the crash, some one had heard a hoarse cry, "I did n't mean to, Jerry! I did n't mean to!" and a white, scared face flashed a moment in the great light of the engine, and was gone in the darkness. There was more than one lawsuit for damaged limbs and lost lives pending already; but at first no one spoke of the fatal cause that had unnerved the arm and closed the eyes of the trusted engineer.

Silas Boyd had been wounded, and could not yet come out from his unhappy home, whither he had been carried insensible. Charley, you may be sure, did not neglect his friend, though all the while there hung over him the terrible fact that he might be called to testify to the fatal liquor and its effects. His mother went to see Silas, and by gentle words and kindly acts won many a thankful word from the wounded man. Mrs. Boyd had self-command enough to refrain from her evil ways a few days, and Silas tried hard to recall her to the happy hours of their early married life. He even hoped, as he told Charley's mother, that she would keep straight now.

And then came an investigation into the cause of the disaster, and the waiter at Aiton told of the brandy sold to Charley for Silas; and the only link wanting was the testimony Charley could give that he had seen Silas drink enough to unfit him for his place.

So he sat by Silas' chair one evening, saying in a troubled voice, "I've got to tell the truth, Silas; I've got to do that."

"Why, Pop, you would n't turn round and swear me out of my livin', would you, Pop? Nobody but you knows about the two or three drinks I took, and my getting asleep with steam all on. I stood by you, Pop, when you had trouble, and I would n't think you would serve me that way."

"I know, Silas. I'll never, never forget how good you was to me; but I can't tell a lie even for you, if they asks me up and down, you know."

"And you'll just help turn me adrift on the world, eh? If I am marked that way, I'll never get a place in all the world again; do you know that?"

"Oh, n't there any other way to help you? Why, when you come to think of it, you would n't want me to, would you? If little Jerry had lived, you would n't have had him tell a lie for you." Silas turned his head away and said no more, and Charley went sorrowfully out of the room, for Silas gave no answer to his trembling "Good-by;" and the yellow-haired woman lying on the lounge rose up and went out, muttering all the way down stairs about "the obstinate little prig."

Beside his mother, Charley had but one confidant in his troubles; that was his Sunday-school teacher, Annie Lisle. Many a care had she lightened and many a fainting resolution strengthened in the days past; and as Charley took the very unusual step of going to seek her on a week-day, he felt as though somehow she could help him now. He put on his clean but shabby jacket and Sunday cap, and just at twilight found himself sitting very far on the edge of a chair in the reception room at Mr. Lisle's. He was a little awed by the grandeur all about him, until Miss Annie, with her sweet face and graceful little figure, came and sat down close beside him, and told him how glad she was to see him.—Through the open door he saw now and then the polished boot of some man sitting in a chair by the open gate, and felt afraid to speak, until quick-eyed Annie took in the trouble, and said softly:

"That's only pa taking a nap after dinner. He is sound asleep, no doubt. Now what is the trouble with my 'little merchant,' and how can I help him?"

The sweet face looked sad enough as she listened to the dilemma where duty must needs strike honest, kindly Friendship down. With her blue eyes tearful when he spoke of Silas' terrible trouble on his heart, and a quiver in her voice, at other times so merry, with soft, pitiful words, "Poor tempted man!" came now and then from her lips, she listened to the story through. If they had not been too much occupied to notice, they would have seen the polished boot going nervously up and down.

"O Charley, my little friend, I can tell you only one thing to do. My Sunday

scholar could not lie, and yet I am so sorry, so sorry for the poor engineer. If he would promise you never to drink again, do you think he would keep it?"

"Yes, Miss Annie, 'if' But he won't do it, I know." And so with added words of strength and comfort the teacher said "Good by" to her little friend, and going in found her father apparently asleep, as sound as usual.

There seemed to be no help for it: Silas must lose his place. He had failed to watch the lives committed to his care. After Charley left him, he had gone home and tried bravely to coax his wife within doors; but in one of her obstinate moods she refused utterly to obey him, and when train-time came he was obliged to leave her as he found her, on the door-step. He was sorely tempted then, and thinking only of the brief forgetfulness it should bring, he drank heavily. Somehow, as he did so, he shrank in the corner out of sight of the bright star shining above him, and muttered softly.

And so the magnates of the road were glad to force the story from Charley's unwilling lips of the unfaithful engineer, and thus relieve them of any responsibility further than his employment. Among the directors Charley saw a gray-haired man, whom they addressed as "Mr. Lisle," and while he was wondering if he could be the owner of the boat he had seen at Annie's house, he entered into an earnest conversation with the other officers. Charley was too far off to hear what he said, but the faces of those he addressed were full of interest and feeling. Then there was more discussion and consultation, and Charley fancied they turned and looked at him quite often.

Silas had so far recovered that he was out again, and his pale, haggard face made Charley's duty harder still. He seemed broken down and despirited, but not angry with Charley now.

"I don't blame you, lad. The sin was mine, and the punishment ought to be too; but I've had a hard road, Charley, a hard road, and I don't care how soon I get to the end," he said to him as they met outside the door.

And then came the dismissal from his place. Apparently some kindly and powerful friend had interposed to save him from other punishment, and he looked up bewildered when he found himself free to go to his happy home again. As he went out he heard a little voice say in a loud whisper, "Don't you be discouraged, Silas. You won't be, will you? and, Silas, you aint goin' to drink any more, are you?"

Then Silas, turning, said softly, "No; I've promised Jerry;" and Charley knew he would keep his word.

It was a relief to him to find his room empty when he reached it. "Mary had gone out," the woman living down stairs said, "an hour ago." The night came on, and she did not come. When two days went by, there came a story of a woman's corpse lying in the morgue, with yellow hair, and little hands clutched tightly in its meshes. Silas knew then that he was alone. After all her false and shameless life, there was a kind of tender sorrow for the woman he had loved when he came to lay her down at last; but there was the feeling of a great deliverance too. How she had fallen off the dock, in her drunken wanderings, he could only guess. What moments of mercy God had given to call on him, her husband never knew.

He sat thinking this the last night he should be in his rooms, for he had resolved to seek elsewhere for employment, however humble looking out of the dingy window-pane at the shining star that seemed to look pitifully back again, when the sound of quick young feet sounded close beside him, and a well-known voice shouted in his ear:

"Good news! good news for you and me! Wake up here, old chap. You've got to come along with me to see Mr. Lisle. He wants you to be engineer in the factory at Allendale, and I'm goin' to be errand-boy there; and mother's goin' too, to take some han's to board, and you're goin' to board with us; and Joe's goin' to paste labels on packages; and oh, I'm so happy I can't begin to tell!"

"And Mr. Lisle said I might come and bring the news. You see all the while I was tellin' Miss Annie about my troubles, and what a hard thing it was to do to stick to the truth about—you know what—and tellin' her what trials and troubles you had too, the old gentleman was sitting in the backroom listening, when I thought he was fast asleep; and he's got a real tender heart. Mr. Lisle has, though he seems so

stiff and solemn; and that's the way it came about. Goin' to the country! Think of it! Never got to say 'Pop-corn!' again, if I don't want to. Come along and settle things this minute with Mr. Lisle. I told him I knowed he could trust you on account of Jerry, if it wasn't anything else; and he can."

Silas had laid his arm across the lad's shoulder, and sat looking in his blue eyes earnestly. "I am going to try on a new plan, Charley. I thought I could do it all alone, but I guess I've got to have help and strength besides. I've asked Him now, and that will be a better way, won't it? And if your teacher wouldn't mind saying a word or two about me in her prayers, I feel as though it would help me on ever so much."

That was three years ago; and if you were to go to Allendale you would find Charley's bright dream had all come true, and Charley's self had come to be a valued hand for outdoor work, while Silas had kept steadfast in his new life.

Charley's mother had made his home so bright and cheery to Silas, that it seemed like a new world to him, full of hope and promise; and in the summer twilight the old-time friends held long and solemn talks about the time that "Pop Corn" fought so hard for Duty against Friendship, and how the steadfast truth had brought a blessing, after all.—*Christian Weekly.*

FELLOW'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES will not only supply the waste going on in the brain, but will enable the mind to endure a greater tax than before. It will impart vigor and promote clear conceptions to the intellect. It will strengthen the nerves and give power to all the involuntary as well as the voluntary muscles of the body.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY REV. CHARLES TUPPER, D. D.

APPENDIX, No. 6.

On the 12th day of June, 1872, my beloved and only surviving sister, Wealthy Tupper, was removed by death. Though she had been spared to the advanced age of 82 years, had been eminently pious from her youth, and was joyfully sustained in her last sickness and departure, yet, having now only one brother—aged 86 years—remaining, I could not suppress a feeling of loneliness and sadness. I endeavoured, however, to draw consolation from the assurance of her blessedness, and from the cheering hope of admission, through rich grace, to the same blissful rest.

On several accounts it appeared needful for me to attend the Western Association. I therefore met with my brethren at Brookfield, Queen's Co., June 15. As the journey was tedious, my health quite feeble, and a meeting attended by me on Saturday evening kept me up late, I became quite ill that night. Indisposed as I was, however, as my brethren had appointed for me to preach on Lord's day morning in the Baptist Meeting House in Brookfield, I delivered a brief discourse in favor of Foreign and Home Missions, founded on Luke xxiv. 47. My illness so increased by Monday noon, that, though much pleased with the proceedings, and with the spirit of harmony evinced, it became evidently the part of prudence, and of duty, to obtain leave, and commence my journey homeward, by the longest route, but the best road, and with fewest instances in which there was any great distance between houses.

This indisposition continued for some months. By the Divine favor, however, my home was reached, and my ordinary labors on the Sabbaths continued, though in much bodily infirmity.

It may be remarked here, that, while many aged persons become accustomed to lie down for a while in the middle of each day, I have sedulously guarded against contracting this habit. It would tend to unfit me for the duties of the Sabbath, on which it is my practice to preach in two places, at such distances apart as would not allow me time to take the customary rest, when most needed. But physical debility now compelled me to lie down almost invariably, when opportunity was afforded. During this season of bodily weakness it became necessary for me to omit attendance at

prayer-meetings, and especially such meetings as were held in the evenings; but my regular services on the Sabbaths were constantly maintained. In one instance (Sept. 1st.) after a night of distressing illness, my sermon in the morning occupied only 30 minutes, and in the afternoon but 25.

While seriously indisposed a request was sent me from a widow to attend the funeral of her husband, at a distance of about twelve miles from my residence. Being then principally confined to my bed, compliance was out of my power. This was painful to me; as it had ever been my practice to visit the afflicted, including the bereaved, and to endeavor to minister to their consolation and spiritual welfare. Some good men regard it as unnecessary and inexpedient to preach on the occasion of a death and burial. In certain places it may be so; but it has always seemed to me desirable to improve the opportunities thus afforded for preaching the gospel of Christ to the people who assemble on such solemn and impressive occasions, of whom some rarely heard at any other time. On the death of a child David went into the house of the Lord, and worshiped." (2 Samuel xxi. 20.) Such a course is obviously natural and right. Ministers should not for the comfort of surviving relatives, speak of such deceased persons as have given no evidence of piety in terms adapted to encourage the ungenerate to hope for future happiness without holiness. Neither is it proper to extol the departed, but if they had been decidedly pious, this fact, with the happy result, unquestionably may be noticed, as has been done by the Apostle Paul. (1 Thes. iv. 13-18.) Entertaining these views, I have preached 28 sermons on funeral occasions in the course of the year 1872.

For many years past I have invariably attended the Meetings of Convention; but this year it was not in my power. Happily, however, there was not the same necessity for this as when I held the important office of Secretary of the Foreign Missionary Board.

After between three and four months of unusual infirmity, my health began to improve; and, by the blessing of God, it continues in a favorable state. During the season of special indisposition, I was not at all disposed to repine; but desired, in general, to enjoy a more lively sense of divine things. May the little span of prolonged life be diligently and usefully employed, under an abiding sense of the gracious presence of the Most High!

While thankfully recognizing His goodness still exercised toward me, I would gratefully acknowledge the kindness of my numerous friends in making me generous Donation Visits in the six sections of my field of labor.

Notwithstanding my indisposition, and the unusual number of days in 1872, in which storms have prevented attendance on public worship, my labors have not fallen materially below those of former years, excepting in the distances travelled, and the number of prayer meetings, &c., attended. They have been as follows:—Travelled 2368 miles, preached 124 sermons, attended 38 conferences, and 46 other meetings—altogether 206—and made 581 family visits. May a Divine and lasting blessing attend these feeble efforts to promote the present and everlasting welfare of those for whom they have been made!

For the Christian Messenger.

LETTER FROM ITALY.

Rome, Dec 13th, 1872.

To the Editor of Christian Messenger:

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I have received three numbers of your excellent paper. Accept our heartfelt thanks for the deep interest you feel in the great enterprise we have undertaken of erecting a Baptist Chapel in this city, the metropolis of the Catholic world, and the seat of the Man of sin. We would also express our gratitude to the dear brethren and sisters who are so nobly coming to our help against the mighty. God bless you all, and reward you a thousand fold. Before this letter reaches you we shall have secured, in all probability a building in the very centre of the city. We will need ten thousand dollars in order to make the necessary alterations, so as to render it suitable for the twofold purpose of a chapel and a school. This building will be the headquarters of our Missionary operations in Rome and Italy. May I venture to ask our dear brethren of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick to present this subject to their churches, and thus afford to every Baptist the opportunity of taking part in what may

be termed one of the grandest enterprises of the age. We owe it to our allegiance to Christ and to the honor of our denomination, to have in Rome, the city of the Antichrist, a suitable chapel and Mission House in which the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, shall be preached in its primitive simplicity.—Brethren of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, we beseech you in the name of Jesus, come to our help.

The doom of monachism in this city is sealed. The Bill for the suppression of the Religious Corporations is now being discussed in Parliament. Its adoption will result in the abolition of 250 Monasteries, and 165 Convents. It cannot be denied that the Religious Orders, generally speaking, have, for some time past, declined from their olden ascendancy, in Italy as in other lands, though exception may be made for the Jesuits, who, however hated, proscribed, and opposed by liberalism and the spirit of progress, and by almost all the intelligence and patriotism of Italy, continue, especially in Rome, to maintain a dominion over the moral life, over the mind and the conscience of the people, perhaps scarcely surpassed in any previous age.—Splendor of ritual, eloquence in the pulpit, exhaustless activity, consummate skill in the confessional, have secured them a distinctive superiority. With this exception, the religious orders have for a long time past been in a state of decay. The churches and residences in this metropolis are vast, costly and majestic, but for the most part they present an air of cold desertion, with their dilapidated cloisters, their long, silent corridors, a sluggish stealing of decay amid magnificence. The great Benedictine Monastery of San Calisto has an average of only 20 fathers, and during the French occupation, their vast premises were more than half shared with a regiment of soldiers; the Santi Apostoli Convent of Franciscans, possessing buildings capable of containing more than 200, has only an average of 40, priests and novices. The Cistercians at S. Croce, and Camaldulense at S. Gregorio, comparatively numerous, are but a small modicum relatively to the vastness of those buildings, the Carthusians are almost disappearing, and the present occupation, more or less partial, of almost every Monastery and Convent in Rome by the French, and afterwards by the Italian troops, is a speaking comment on the modern condition of the Religious Orders. The Mendicant Orders are still numerically strong. Franciscans and Capuchin Convents have large communities in the principal towns of the Roman provinces, while in the country, embosomed among the woods of the remotest glen, or crowning the steep rocky height of the Apennines, the Sabine, Volscian or Tusculan hills, will be descried the grey convent of the Mendicant friars with its white church-front, high square bell tower, and the way of the cross painted on the walls between which the steep road ascends to its lowly porch. The position of the Mendicant Orders has become an anachronism, exposed to constantly increasing unpopularity. In Rome the term "frate" (monk) is used as a by word of reproach, and is almost always pronounced with sarcasm and antipathy. The people have got tired of great religious establishments maintained entirely by alms without the obligation of labour. Able bodied friars, wallet on shoulder, may be seen every morning in our streets, on their rounds among the shops and markets, and levying contributions in kind or specie, mostly the former. By ridding society of these lazy, dirty, and good-for-nothing Monks, the Italian Government is rendering it great service. The people, especially the poorer classes, need the lessons of industry and also to realize the dignity of labor. The hours of the monial system are counted. Truth is mighty and will prevail.

Mr. Van Meter's schools, I am sorry to say have been closed by order of the Government. The reasons assigned are that he had neglected to apply for permission, and that the rooms in which the schools were held are damp and unhealthy. The Government professes to be neutral on religious questions, a proof which is shown by the closing of a Roman Catholic School some time since for the same reasons; but it is determined upon requiring of all strict obedience to the regulations on the schools. This does not interfere in the least with liberty of worship, which is guaranteed by the constitution.

Yours very truly,

W. N. COTE.

A good man is kinder to his enemy than bad men are to their friends.—*Bushy Hall.*