

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF REV. C. TUPPER.

APPENDIX, NO. 7.

As the Church of Lower Aylesford and South Wilnot had obtained a Pastor, though I continued to labor a portion of the time there, yet, as the northern part of my former field was otherwise destitute, it seemed to me desirable to spend the Week of Prayer, in 1873, on Strong Mountain. This was accordingly done, with the assistance of a young brother De Wolfe from Acadia College. There did not, indeed, any special beneficial results immediately appear; but such meetings, when judiciously conducted, must unquestionably be useful. Believing, earnest prayer will doubtless be answered sooner or later.

As the small pox made its appearance in Greenwood Square early in January, religious meetings were suspended there for a considerable space of time; and for a shorter period in Tremont. Through mercy the extent of this disease was quite limited. When it subsided, the brethren agreed to hold 'a week of prayer' in Tremont. It was, therefore, my privilege to attend two Weeks of prayer in January, 1873. Some refreshing seasons we enjoyed in these exercises.

Much of the winter was very stormy, but through Divine goodness, my health was so much improved that I was able to attend all my appointments, when the roads were not actually impassable. On one Sabbath I travelled seven miles, to fulfil two appointments, when it was so stormy that no other person attended at either place. It was somewhat remarkable, also, that it was always in my power to be at the stations on the Mountains, the most distant part of my field of labor, and where the roads are usually the most obstructed by snow. Twice I spent a whole Sabbath at each of the two preaching places, because the road between them was impassable.

Though Bro. Bool, the Pastor of the South Church, would undoubtedly have readily discharged the duty, yet, as the people were more intimately acquainted with me, I was usually requested to attend funerals. It seemed also to devolve on me to perform much labor in visiting the sick. Through these toils, however, I was mercifully preserved from sustaining any sensible injury to my health.

On the 6th and 7th days of May it was my privilege to attend a Ministerial Conference and Domestic Missionary Meetings in Niataux. The exercises were interesting and, I trust, profitable.

On the 11th of the same month it afforded me sincere pleasure to lead forward even one candidate for baptism, and to receive her into the fellowship of the Upper Wilnot Church.

June 5th, I availed myself of an opportunity to be present at the Exhibition at Acadia College. It was gratifying to hear the students acquit themselves well in their Essays. It was especially pleasing to me to know, that a number of them were about to devote their lives to the important work of the gospel ministry; in which work my labors now continued above 57 years—must soon close. May these dear young men live long, and labour faithfully and successfully!

From the 21st to the 24th of the same month, by the favor of Providence I was permitted to attend the Western Association in Bridgetown. The additions to the Churches had been few; but the Session was harmonious, and, of course, pleasant.

As some persons in the vicinity had recently professed faith, my discourse on the Lord's day was specially designed to stimulate them to perseverance in the ways of piety.

The accustomed annual visit of Mrs. T. and myself to Cumberland was attended with some degree of sadness by reason of the deaths of beloved friends. Especially was this the case with reference to the family of Mr. Calb Pipes, in whose society we were wont to enjoy much comfort. One of his sons, his wife, and himself were suddenly called away within the space of a few weeks. I spent one Sabbath in Amherst; and the next, July 13th, on Amherst Shore. Here I had labored considerably many years before; and, by God's blessing, succeeded in gathering a small Church. Of late they have enjoyed very little pastoral aid, and fallen into a low state. Previously to preaching to them on the Lord's day, I delivered a discourse on Friday evening, and held a conference on Saturday.

As it was evident to me that some erroneous sentiments had been disseminated among the people of late, and in respect to practices introduced. I regarded it as incumbent on me, wildly, but faithfully, to bear witness against these wrongs. It did not surpris me to learn, that subsequently so me bitter and wrathful expressions were uttered against me. These however, as might be reasonably expected, recoiled upon the man who evinced such an unchristian spirit. It was found advisable for him to quit the field. My visit appears, by the Divine blessing, to have been useful.

On my return home, it was required of me, as had been intimated, to preach the first sermon at the Dedication of our new Meeting House in Tremont. It has not been my custom to need persuasion to preach when requested; but in this case I felt and expressed some reluctance, as this duty seemed rather to devolve on the Pastor. As, however he presided, and appeared agreeable to the arrangement, while many expressed earnest desire, I complied with the request. The meetings on the occasion were numerously attended, and were, it is hoped, profitable.

On the 3rd day of August my youngest daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Baker, was called home. As she was the only child of mine that lived near me, and was very dear to me and to Mrs. Tupper, and left a bereaved husband and six sons, her removal was painful and trying to us. Our assurance, however, that for her 'to die was gain,' with the knowledge of the composure and steadfastness with which she passed away, afforded us strong consolation.

The next special service in which I was called to engage was the Ordination of Bro. Rufus Sanford, Aug. 20th. My brethren requested me to preach; and no urging was needed. Our Foreign Mission had long lain near my heart; and it gave me pleasure to take an active part, now in the eightieth year of my age, in any measure adapted to aid in the furtherance of this momentous work. The season was one of deep and thrilling interest.

The Convention at Windsor followed soon after, commencing on the 23rd day of August. The Session was pleasant; and the Lectures at the Ministers' Institute instructive; but what interested me peculiarly was that which concerned our Foreign Mission. Our sisters of the Woman's Missionary Aid Societies held pleasant and useful meetings in the vestry. Though all sympathized with our beloved sister M. B. De Wolfe, and were grieved on account of her being compelled to leave her loved work, and to return through ill health, yet it was pleasing to see her again, to hear her sing in Karen with Bro. Carpenter, and to learn that her health was somewhat improved, affording hope of her recovery, and further useful labors among the perishing heathen. Bro. Carpenter's valuable services were highly appreciated by us all.

The Designation of our Missionaries to their work in Siam—three men and four women—was a transaction of great moment. It had long been my earnest desire to witness such a scene; and kind Providence had graciously prolonged my life, and allowed me to be present, and to participate in the delightful exercises. Being requested to offer prayer on the solemn and important occasion, most sincerely and earnestly did I endeavor to commend these dearly beloved brethren and sisters to the Divine guidance, protection, and blessing. May God render their labors abundantly useful, to the glory of His great name, and the everlasting good of many precious souls!

On the 15th and 16th days of October I attended in Canard a Ministerial Conference, and a Sabbath School Convention. The Essays were excellent; and able and impressive addresses were delivered at both. I endeavored to aid in the exercises. The seriousness apparent led me to hope that a revival would follow ere long.

In the course of the year 1873 it was not needful, nor was it convenient, for me to attend conferences as formerly. In other respects my labors were nearly as usual. I traveled 2754 miles, almost all in a wagon or sleigh, preached 118 sermons, attended 96 other meetings—together 214—and made 535 family visits.

May a rich and lasting blessing attend these feeble efforts for the advancement of the Redeemer's cause, and the present and everlasting welfare of my fellow men!

The London Missionary Society has increased its force of English missionaries in Madagascar from twelve to thirty; and four others are shortly to be sent out. The secretary, Dr. Mullens, states that there is no doubt that the whole people are longing to be taught in a new and better way than the idolatry which has been abandoned.

For the Christian Messenger.

BRIEF WORD FROM VIRGINIA.

Last Sabbath it was my privilege to commune with the First African Baptist Church in this city; and if my account of it is one-tenth as interesting to others, as the occasion itself was to me, I shall be abundantly satisfied.

Formerly, this was called the First Baptist Church of Richmond. Both master and slave worshipped here. In order that both classes might be accommodated at once, a railing was erected in the centre of the building, which, in common parlance, was called dividing the sheep from the goats.

The rapid growth of the denomination, in due time, made it necessary to erect other houses of worship in the city. The old building was then left to the slaves, who, having no further need of the railing, allowed it to be taken down. And here, not as a Church, but as a Society, with a lawful sprinkling of "whites" they were allowed to assemble upon the Sabbath and listen to a white preacher, chosen by their masters and others.

Thus they continued until the close of the war, when, with Freedom, came another change. The old building passed entirely into the hands of the freedmen; the church received the name of the First African Baptist Church of Richmond, and a colored man became pastor.

A few years ago this church contained a membership of about five thousand. Hundreds have since been dismissed to form other churches in the vicinity and still it is conceded to be the largest church in the world. Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, London, and Mr. Clough's church in Ongole, India, both register a smaller number of names.

In this connection, it may be interesting to know, that up to the time of the war, six hundred were sold annually from the membership of this church, which fact becomes better understood, when we remember that the entire traffic throughout the South amounted to eleven millions of slaves annually.

The Pastor, Rev. J. Holmes, who, a little before the close of the war, paid fifteen hundred dollars for his freedom, is a powerfully built man, and, as Southerners say, "right smart" and seems well qualified to endure the strain that such a ponderous church would have upon both mind and muscle. Under his judicious ministrations, aided by his thirty deacons, this church has become second to few that I have seen anywhere, either in point of true moral worth or ability to manage its own financial concerns. This spectacle of progress becomes indeed, extremely interesting, when we remember that but a few years ago both pastor and people were slaves.

On our arrival at the place, most of the congregation had assembled, and, as is their custom, were regaling themselves with palms and spiritual songs, tuning their hearts to the occasion. Their style of singing is somewhat peculiar. In some of the hymns each syllable is made to glide up and down the scale in such an odd sort of way that it often requires the most delicate ear to detect the real tune. Others are executed in a rolling, undulatory, chant-like style which is really charming.

For a while we were entertained with this kind of music; after which the pastor gave out a hymn and the whole congregation, to the number of about two thousand, arose to the tune of old Dundee. I do not believe there was a score of persons in that audience who could not sing that tune. And such music! I could but contrast it with some of those high priced quartets to which I have been compelled to listen in some churches. It was so full of spirit, earnestness, honesty and good sense that I thought I had never heard so much praise in my life before.

There was no sermon. The church is so large, and duty in regard to the Sacrament so well understood, that it becomes necessary to set apart one Sabbath afternoon in each month, specifically for its observance. A chapter in the New Testament was read, accompanied by a few appropriate remarks from the pastor and then followed the distribution of the bread and wine.

The expression of countenance with which they partook of the "elements" I at first regarded as indicating a lack of seriousness befitting the ordinance, but which I now believe was produced by a remembrance not only of their Saviour's death but also of his Resurrection and Ascension which made the occasion to them one of joy and hope and which called forth their profoundest gratitude. An idea of the number of communicants may be formed from the fact that about five gallons of

wine with a corresponding quantity of bread were consumed.

"Supper being ended," a collection was taken for the poor members of the church. Then followed the closing hymn, accompanied by a general shaking of hands, and I tell you, this was one of the prettiest sights I ever saw. It impressed me much. Two thousand hands clasped in token of brotherly affection; two thousand voices in praise of a Father's love, was what before my eyes had never seen, my ears had never heard; and I came away feeling that I had learned a lesson in regard to this sacred ordinance, which I never should forget.

I have learned from private sources that there is considerable excitement in Nova Scotia, concerning the coming elections for political honors. This reminds me of an interesting incident which came under my observation since coming here, and which goes a good way in illustrating the freedman's confidence in the purity of the Federal government. The State election was to come off in a few days. It became evident from the spirited canvass that both Republicans and Democrats considered the contest a hard one. Caucus meetings were being held in every available place.

At one of these, composed mostly of colored men, one good brother arose and inquired whether they would "commence this yere meetin with a little chune." The chairman ruled him out of order, and called on Bro H. Page (colored) to pray. Clapping his fat hands, he said: "Lord come down. We don't ax ye to come down fur nuthin bad; we ax ye to come down to show de people dat de 'publican flatfom am de right flatfom. Lord, dou has done promise to be wid two or three to tend on um; ob be wid us and tend on us. I see heah to night some ob de ole sheep and some ob de young lams—Lord, take em and teach um how to vote. We's done been strugglin' in bondage for eight long years, but now de time is neah when we's gwine to get out. Lord, show us de right men, and meet us on 'lection day to put em through. Amen."

I am yours truly,
S. J. NEILY.

Richmond, January 19th 1874.

FROM ROME.

BY REV. C. M. BIRRELL.

On the first morning of my present visit to this old city I found myself where I have generally found it best to be—at the highest part of the house. On throwing open the large door-windows of the room, I perceived a way to the roof, on which I proceeded to take my morning walk beside tropical plants rejoicing in the early yet hot November suns. From this aerial garden a ladder conducted to a slender and somewhat precarious tower, on ascending which I discern, not more than a hundred feet distant, the great circular wall of the Pantheon, stripped of its original marble, and exhibiting its inner structure of countless bricks arranged in a succession of arches, supporting, standing upon, and filled up with horizontal courses of the same materials. My position was on a level with the point where the perpendicular wall gives place to the cupola which, though Michael Angelo boasted he would hang it up in the air when he constructed St. Peter's, remains, I believe, to this hour, the largest cupola in the world. It is the only covered building of ancient Rome which is still put to daily use; though covered it can scarcely be called, as the central part of the dome remains, as it originally did, open to the sky, so that, standing on the grave of Raphael, whose dust lies under its pavement, one can see the clouds coursing over the blue heavens, and letting a ray dart, at intervals, through the expanse of the sombre and rather sad temple.

After having descended to the interior of this place, and mused a while over some of the events which happened to Roman Christians when it was yet in its prime, I pursued my path to what helped me to a yet more vivid picture of those times. Following the line of the old Flaminian Way, I turned very short into a narrow street. It is a cheerless place, which the sun's direct rays—an indispensable condition to health in this climate—never strike, and the foundation of which are so low that a very moderate rise of the Tiber serves to put it under water. As I groped my way up the narrow and not fragrant staircase, I tried in vain to think of a good reason why a man who was not a prisoner under military detention like the first apostle, but the messenger of easy English Christians to a civilized, sensitive, and high-minded people, should find it necessary to remain in

such desolate head-quarters. This course of reflection, though resumed afterwards, was interrupted when, on pulling a piece of string attached to a bell, I was ushered into an apartment upon which the door bluntly opened. It was a small room, though with the encaustic tiles and frescoed ceiling which mark some of the rudest Roman houses, and served a great many purposes, domestic and public, in the course of every day. At this moment four men sat in it, round a small table, with books open before them, which proved to be copies of the Scriptures in the original language, and in two or three modern versions. My entrance necessarily broke up the conference for a few moments, but the sudden flash upon the eye of a group so employed, on such a spot, striking in with my previous meditations, made me feel strangely near to one who, probably, only a few streets further off, "dwelt two whole years in his own hired house, and received all that came in unto him, preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things that concerned the Lord Jesus Christ with all confidence, no man forbidding him" (Acts xxviii. 30, 31).

Father Paul Grassi—The men before me might easily have passed for some of those whom he names in his affectionate greetings, and the next time the door opened it would hardly have surprised me to have seen Epaphroditus come in with feeble step after his illness, or what would have made the great teacher leap to his feet, his "son Timothy," with the parchment in his hand, and the cloak over his arm, which he had done his "diligence" to "bring before winter." One of this company I may venture to name, as he is already an object of interest in England, the late Canon and Incumbent of Santa Maria Maggiore in this city, Paul Grassi. He seized my hand and pressed it to his heart with great emotion, as if he had caught hold of all his English brethren in one, expressing, through Mr. Wall, the peace which he had found in Christ after his long struggles with the powers of darkness, and his trust that he should be kept faithful unto death. He looks a little under fifty years of age, with a finely-formed head and countenance, indicative perhaps of taste and gentleness, rather than of force. His secession, and especially his courage in obeying the citation of the Court of the Inquisition, after the Government had declined to guarantee his safety, have produced a deep impression among all classes, and not least amongst the clergy themselves. The confession which he witnessed before those formidable witnesses, though hastily prepared, was clear and manly, and went to the heart of the people, who bought it up at once when it came to be cried about the streets of Rome. The impassioned conclusion which I have seen in some English papers does not give a fair representation of the definite character of the whole—as, for instance, when he says, "I see that in the citation delivered to me I am designated an apostate from the Roman Apostolic Catholic Church. I tell you frankly that I am not; but that with the greatest grief I must consider you as apostates from that Church. For what is the meaning of Apostolicity? That the Church has no need of any other foundation of Christ and his Apostles; that there is no name needed but that of Christian; that there is no baptism but that of believers; that there are no laws but those in the Scriptures; that there is no Vicar of Christ but the Holy Ghost; and no priesthood but that of Christ Himself, and all the faithful." To this distinct assertion of principles, he added—"I, who am a Roman, have desired to search and find out what was the true Church of my ancestors. The first Romans who accepted Christianity were those who, at the Pentecost, accepted Christ's word; and though without masses and without a Pope, they were imbued with a faith so strong that it was known and published in all the world." From this point it was that he seemed to catch sight of the mass of perdition which he had abandoned forever, and pouring upon it the fire of the uttermost moral indignation, he bowed to a court shorn of the power which once made short work of such witnesses, and walked forth to such service and suffering as his Divine Master might require of him.

The Change.—He takes the change in his condition with great artlessness, and when some judicious people have referred to it in rapturous tones, he has looked puzzled, as if he had not known that he had done anything but what was natural and inevitable. I confess that, when I have seen him sitting on the same benches with the humble brotherhood, listening to instruction, and have recalled the external