

ling hearts. Will you hold us back, mother?" tenderly putting an arm about her.

With this gesture of love Mrs. Stevens sank into a chair with a groan, which rose to a shriek as she exclaimed:

"We cannot let you have our Mary; oh, we cannot let her go to India!" "Dear mother," said Mary, flinging her arms about her neck, "did you not give me to Jesus long ago? and would you hold me back from his call? Mother, let me go!"

"Child, you know not what you ask. Have I reared you for such a sacrifice as this? I cannot, cannot give you up!"

"This is so sudden you are overwhelmed by it, mother," said Mr. Hammond. "You will feel differently in a day or two."

"Never, sir," said the stern voice of the father. "At least, I shall not. If you will persist in carrying out this fanatical idea of duty, you must give up our daughter. There is work enough to do at home, and to turn from it to run into dangers and difficulties abroad is absurd, not to say wicked."

After hours of converse, heated and positive on one side and solemnly earnest on the other, Mr. Hammond arose to leave. Wearied and saddened with the profitless discussion, he said to Mary:

"I am going to see my mother tomorrow; you will hear from me in a few days," he added, seeing her troubled look.

Drawing him one side, and placing her hand in his, she replied, "Edward, you will not leave me? Thy people shall be my people."

With a quiver in his voice, but a grateful look in his eye, Mr. Hammond answered: "I do not know, Mary; I cannot see my way plain to-night. Pray!" and turning to her parents, he said, with much emotion: "God grant that you may never repent this hour!"

Ah! who shall dare hold back a child from God's call, lest he thus subvert God's intent for that child, and pierce his own heart through with many sorrows?

The Great Fountain.

An aged gentleman at a watering place said to a lady, a stranger to him, as she came up to take her usual draught of water, "Have you ever drunk at the Great Fountain?"

The lady colored, and turned away without replying.

The following winter, in another place, he was asked to visit a lady who was dying. As he entered her room, she said with a smile, "Do you not know me?—do you not recollect asking a woman at the spring last year, 'Have you ever drunk at the Great Fountain?'"

"Yes," said he, "I do remember."

"Well, sir, I am that person. I thought at that time you were very rude; but your words kept ringing in my ears. I was without peace or rest till I found Christ. I now expect shortly to die, and you under God, have been the means of my salvation. Be as faithful to others as you have been to me. Never be afraid to talk to strangers on the subject of religion."

The secretaries of the Baptist Missionary Society, in issuing their annual appeal in behalf of the funds for the support of native preachers in the field, state "that the missionaries are all of opinion that under the Divine blessing the native helpers have proved the most useful agents in turning the poor, ignorant, and idolatrous heathen to the Lord Jesus Christ; and it has become increasingly evident that it is to the native agency we must look for an extensive enlargement of the mission churches—an enlargement we are warranted to expect from the success already vouchsafed by God in connection with the labours of these helpers. The committee are now making an effort to increase the native agency to the fullest extent possible. The stations at present occupied are over 360, each working in conjunction with some European missionary.—London Baptist.

The remarkable statement is made that three carloads of cats recently passed over the Canada Southern Railroad "for the granaries of the West," and all collected (to fill an order) in a single town of the Queen's dominions, "where the supply is still unlimited."

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.  
"Rock of Ages."

Dear Brother Selden,—  
Enclosed you will find a corrected copy of Mr. Gladstone's beautiful translation, or, rather, imitation, of the popular hymn, commencing: "Rock of Ages cleft for me."

My attention having recently been called to the fact that the Latin of Mr. Gladstone entirely leaves out the Rock, and is in a measure that differs from that of the English hymn, and, moreover, that sweet and beautiful as his poetry is, several lines differ very widely in sense from the original, I was induced to try if a more literal translation could not be made and the same metre retained, so that both the Latin and English could be sung to the same tune. The result of my efforts I also send you.

Unfortunately, I neglected the advice of Horace and Quintilian, not to publish for a year at least, and my attempt, through the kindness of a friend and my own weakness, (one may as well own up, hard as it may be,) has slipped into print in an unfinished state. As you may fairly be supposed to have among your numerous readers a good many who can enjoy a little Latin, I will request you to publish the hymn as it now stands.

It may not be amiss to remind our literary friends that neither the right hon. gentleman referred to, nor our humble self have attempted classical verse. The style is mediæval and modern, not ancient. The Latin poets of old did not use rhyme, and they measured their "feet," not as English poets do, by accented and unaccented syllables, but by long and short syllables, the same terms being still used, to some extent at least, to express the different kinds of measure as were used of old. Thus the measure of Toplady's "Rock of Ages," is "Trochaic Dimeter Catalectic," consisting of seven syllables, three trochees and a caesura, named according to the ancient method. My performance is in the same measure. Mr. G's is, on the other hand, Trochaic Dimeter Acatalectic, a very common measure in the Mediæval hymns, consisting of eight syllables in four complete trochees. It cannot be sung to the same tune as the English hymn, and I have not been able as yet to find any English hymn or tune of that measure, though such may exist.

I may be allowed to add that Mr. Gladstone, in reply to a letter to him enclosing a copy of my translation and criticising his somewhat, but particularly requesting a corrected copy, as the one I had in hand had been evidently fearfully mangled, he sent me a very kind and courteous reply, freely admitting that I had made a more literal translation than he had, but stating that he had not aimed at being very literal. I may also just say that, as suggested by a friend, it may be fairly questioned whether Mr. Gladstone's hymn, addressing as it does the blessed Redeemer, not as a Rock, but by the name Jesus, so dear to all his followers, is not an improvement rather than otherwise. Still it must ever be remembered that a paraphrase is one thing, a translation quite another.

Yours truly,  
SILAS T. RAND.

Hantsport, N. S.

THE ROCK OF AGES.  
(Isaiah xxvi. 4, margin.)  
RUPES SECLORUM.

1. Rupes Seculor, in Te,  
Pro me fissa, condam me.  
Aque flumen, sanguinis,  
Scissi tui lateris,  
Scelerum purgatio  
Sit, et expiatio.
2. Nunquam queo consequi,  
Tua Lex que mandat mi:  
Quamvis acer semper sim;  
Atque semper flevit,—  
Hoc nil expiaverit;  
In Te solo salus sit.
3. Nil in manu tulero;  
Tua cruce inhero:  
Nudo vestes, ore, des;  
Destitutum siveles;  
Fenti fœdus ad volo;  
Nisi laves, peribo.
4. Dum vitalem haurio vim,  
Et cum moribundus sim;  
Quum per stellas evolam—  
Ante tuum thronum stem—  
Rupes Seculorum, Te,  
Pro me fissa, condam me.

BY RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

1. Jesus, pro me perforatus,  
Condar intra tuum latus.  
Tu per lympham profluentem,  
Tu per sanguinem tepentem,  
In peccata mi redunda,  
Tolle culpam, sordes munda.
2. Coram te nec justus forem,  
Quamvis tota vi laborem,  
Nec si fide numquam cesso,  
Fletu stillans indefesso,  
Tibi soli tantum munus,—  
Salva me, Salvator unus.
3. Nil in manu mecum fero,  
Sed me versus cruceo gero,  
Vestimenta nudus oro,  
Opem debilis imploro,  
Fontem Christi quaero immundus;  
Nisi laves, moribundus.
4. Dum hos artus vita regit;  
Quando nox sepulchro tegit,  
Mortuos cum stare jubes,  
Sedens Judex inter nubes,—  
Jesus, pro me perforatus,  
Condar intra tuum latus.

For the Christian Messenger.  
Autobiography of Rev. C. Tupper,  
D. D.

APPENDIX NO. 14.

In the early part of the year 1878, as in those of several preceding, I endeavored to assist my brethren, Read and Hall, in their labors, especially during the Week of Prayer.

Nothing peculiar occurred with reference to me till the 10th day of February, which was a Sabbath. On it I had an appointment to preach in Melvern Square. As the snow had been principally taken off by rain on the day before, and the weather had become cold, the roads being slippery, were in an unfavorable state for traveling. Under these circumstances it doubtless would have been the part of prudence in me to relinquish the idea of fulfilling my appointment. This, however, would have been a deviation from my constant practice; and I determined to undertake the journey. Having harnessed my beast, and run my waggon out of the barn, I felt an unusual sense of exhaustion; but succeeded in shutting the doors. It is not a new thing with me to faint; but I am not aware of ever before becoming wholly unconscious while awake. In this case, however, took place between shutting the barn doors and entering my house is utterly unknown to me. But the circumstances seem to indicate that I must have fallen across the shafts of my waggon, as my right side was seriously hurt, and a gash cut on the right side of my head, which probably struck the iron on one of the shafts. As soon as I entered my house I came so far to myself as to remark to Mrs. Tupper, "I am very badly hurt," and to inquire, "Where have I been? Was I not going to preach somewhere to day?" She replied, "Yes, at Melvern." "Well," said I, "David was not allowed to build a temple for the Lord; but he was commended for having it in his heart: so, though it is out of my power to serve the Lord at this time by preaching His gospel, yet I trust my intention to do so is approved.

After being laid by about three weeks, I was so far restored as to be enabled in a small measure to resume my feeble labors.

In the latter part of the month of May Mrs. Tupper and I went to Newport and visited a number of her relatives, among whom death had recently made inroads, and we endeavored to console the bereaved. Through Divine grace these had not to 'sorrow as those who have no hope.' On this tour I preached in several places. At Avondale it afforded me sincere pleasure to aid others in forwarding the cause of Temperance by delivering an address to a Reform Club recently formed.

On our return I attended a Ministerial Conference in Windsor, and by request preached there in the evening. Several of our ministering brethren were present, and took part in the exercises. It was an interesting season.

On my way home the opportunity was improved to attend the Jubilee of our literary Institutions in Wolfville. Being the only survivor of the Baptist ministers previously ordained who were present at the inception of these Institutions in June, 1828, I was requested to address the meeting at this time: In doing so I remarked that the burden of my address fifty years before was *Union*. This is now as needful and important as ever.

In every society, or combination of persons in any undertaking, a diversity of judgment, or opinion, is liable to arise. In such case my practice has been, as it still is, if it be a matter in which *conscience* is concerned, to remain steadfast, even if alone; but in other cases to acquiesce in the view of the majority, and to aid cordially in carrying it into effect. May *Union* be thus constantly preserved; and, as in the past, abundant blessings attend these useful Institutions!

It was my privilege this year to attend three pleasant Associations. At the Western, held in Pine Grove, Wilnot, June 15-18, as the brother appointed to preach the Associational Sermon and his alternate were both absent, at the request of my brethren I endeavored to discharge that duty. The Association expressed a desire that the sermon should be published in our periodicals. As I have always greatly preferred preaching to reading sermons, no part of this was written, excepting the statistics, prior to the delivery of it. The substance of it was subsequently written out for the press.

The Central Association was held in Canard, Cornwallis, June 22-25. Nineteen years before, I had, by appointment, preached in the Presbyterian Meeting House in Canard; and now, by particular request, I preached in the same House on Sabbath morning.

By Divine favor Mrs. T. and I crossed the Bay comfortably and reached Amherst on Saturday, June 29th.

On Lord's Day, 30th, going to an out-station to preach, I was greatly oppressed by the extreme heat. Attendance at evening meetings subsequently tended to impair my health. It afforded me much pleasure, however, though in a feeble state, to meet with the Beulah Church, under the pastoral care of Bro. Miles, recently formed in Warren. This was formerly one of the out-stations in my field of labor. I had often been assailed with fears that my efforts in that section were almost wholly in vain. But now in a delightful conference, numbers referred to benefits received, by the Divine blessing, from my labors, either by sermons or visits at the houses of their parents. Such facts may well encourage preachers to toil on in hope, even when they do not discern immediate benefits resulting from their labors.

At the Eastern Association, held in Amherst, July 13-16, the request was kindly made for me to preach in the Baptist Meeting House on Lord's day morning. It has never been my practice to decline any service to which my brethren may have called me; but in this case physical infirmity seemed to me to render it inexpedient for me to attempt the task. I was, however, enabled to assist in some small measure during the pleasant session. Taking an affectionate leave of relatives and friends in Cumberland—probably for the last time—through Divine favor we reached home in safety on the 19th day of July.

The 6th day of August completed the 84th year of my age. On the Sabbath following—the 11th day—I travelled about 7 miles, preached two sermons and heard another in the evening. In my enfeebled state this was too much labor for me.

On the 15th of August serious illness compelled me to retire to my bed, and to keep it very constantly for two months. This seemed very likely to be my last sickness. Through Divine goodness I was enabled, as in the case above two years before, to be quite content either to die or to live a little longer, as God might see fit to order.

About the middle of October my sickness was so far abated as to enable me to sit up a little and, with help, to walk across the floor. By the Divine blessing the assiduous attentions of an affectionate wife—a skillful nurse—tended greatly to console me in suffering and to accelerate my recovery.

After an unavoidable absence from public worship of three months and nine days, I delivered a short discourse in Tremont from Psalm lxxiii. 6, 7, "When I remember Thee upon my bed, and meditate on Thee in the night-watches, because Thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice."

My ministerial labors may now be considered as ended. While, however, it shall please my gracious Master to

prolong my life, and afford me ability, I am quite willing to preach a short sermon, as occasion may require, and to visit families, especially in cases of affliction.

Various hindrances had reduced my labors in the year 1878 to traveling by team 1,237 miles; preaching 42 sermons; attendance at other meetings, 84; and family visits, 285.

As this may probably be my last report, in conclusion I may remark, that, imperfect as have been my services, it has pleased my gracious Lord to enable me, between Mar. 24, 1816, and Dec. 31, 1878—62 years and 9 months—to travel 176,457 miles, to preach 8,191 sermons, attend 7,482 other meetings, and to make 16,585 family visits, "Blessed be the Lord for His great goodness."

Tremont, Dec. 24, 1878.

For the Christian Messenger.  
United States Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 24, 1878.

Congress having adjourned from last Friday till a week after New Year's, the Capitol is quiet and deserted. The Christmas season prevents any dullness or inactivity in the city, however, which would be apparent at any other time from the absence of so many whom Congress brings here. A review of the work done by Congress previous to the holidays presents a favorable showing as compared with former Congresses in the same time. Both sides are animated with a desire to get through all the work they can so as not to necessitate an extra session next Spring. Several important topics, which it was predicted would be disposed of before this, still remain for consideration. Among those are the Texas Pacific Railroad bill, the Edmunds electoral bill, and the Geneva Award bill. This bill still hangs fire in the House, and will provoke further controversy between the friends of the insurance companies and the direct individual losers. It looks as though this is one of the subjects that would have to be remanded to the succeeding Congress.

There are few people in the country who know how much of their money the Government has expended in unworthy works of art to beautify (?) the capital city and the Government buildings. It is given in the report of the Treasury Department called for by Congress last June as \$602,259.18 exclusive of the statuary and paintings in and about the Capitol building. It is very well known, though little is said concerning it, that there are several execrable pieces of statuary in public places here for which the Government has paid all the way from \$10,000 to \$25,000. The ungainly marble figure of Lincoln which stands on a high marble shaft front of City Hall cost the people \$15,000, and Clark Mills' statue of Jackson was bought for \$28,442. The best piece of its kind in the city is perhaps the equestrian statue of Scott, which stands in the square opposite the White House, and which cost the sum of \$77,000, and Greenough's half-nude, sitting statue of Washington, most un-beautiful, cost \$42,170.71. In nearly all cases extravagant prices have been paid for works of art purchased by the Government, whether good or bad, and strange inconsistencies are apparent. For instance, the Frenchman who planned the city of Washington in 1792, was paid but \$1,394 for his services, while the architect who designed the Capitol building got \$20,000 for it. It cost \$48,338.88 to remove the seat Government to Washington in 1800.

MERRILL.

For the Christian Messenger.  
Reading in Westminster Abbey.

On the 25th of last August I went to Westminster Abbey to hear Cannon Farrar preach. The lesson for the day was read by a fine looking man who evidently seemed desirous of letting the people know how well he could do it. All readers of the Bible are aware that the words in italics are written, not for the sake of emphasis, as in other books, but to indicate that the words are not in the original. The lesson contained the 27th verse of the 11th chapter of 1st Kings. With no small flourish and gesticulation the reader said, "Saddle me the ass." But, shades of the mighty dead!! what was our as-