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WHOLE SERIES.
Vol. XLV., No. 19.

Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.
When we get Home to Heaven.

When we get home to Heaven
Our trials all will cease;
And we shall know the sweetness
Of perfect rest and peace
Our griefs and painful crosses
To us on earth are given,
But we shall feel no sorrow
When we get home to Heaven.

From the rude assaults of Satan,
We shall find sweet release;
For we shall ne'er be tempted
In that land of perfect peace.
No more tests of faith and patience,
To us will e'er be given;
No power will sin have o'er us
When we get home to Heaven.

The pearly gates of Glory
Will be opened by our Guide;
And with gladness we shall enter
And evermore abide.
Our crowns of dazzling beauty,
Will then to us be given;
O what joy untold awaits us
When we get home to Heaven.

We shall bow in adoration,
Before the Great I AM;
And sing the song with rapture,
Of Moses and the Lamb.
Golden harps of perfect sweetness
Will then to us be given.
To His praise we'll gladly tune them,
When we get home to Heaven.

Fair robes of spotless whiteness,
In that happy land we'll wear;
And they'll never lose their beauty,
They'll be new for ever there.
All things our Lord hath promised
All things will there be given,
Yes, we'll live like Kings and Princes,
When we get home to Heaven.

Then let us travel onward,
With courage day by day;
And try to bear with patience,
The trials of the way;
Though griefs and painful crosses,
To us may now be given,
We know they'll cease for ever,
When we get home to Heaven.

H. COLLE.

Milton, Queen's Co.

Religious.

Although our readers have been fully informed of the departure of our friend and brother, the Rev. Dr. TUPPER, yet it will be a source of much satisfaction to them to have the closing one of his Autobiographical Letters, and thus have the series completed of what has for so many years—from time to time appeared in our pages.

His closing words are a touching tribute to the cause of Missions from one who was for so many years the efficient Secretary of our Foreign Missionary operations.

We may well say in connection with this closing Sketch, "He being dead, yet speaketh." May this departure of our brother and the contemplation of his character, be blessed to us all, so that the consideration of what the grace of God can effect in one may be reproduced in many, and result in more untiring devotedness to the work of our Lord and Saviour, in all who knew him.

For the Christian Messenger.

Autobiography of Rev. C. Tupper,
D. D.

APPENDIX No. 16.

Believers are sometimes required to do the preceptive will of God, and at others to suffer His providential will. Both should be done with alacrity. When a soldier enlists for life, it is incumbent on him to perform military duty as long, and as far, as he is able. So when I entered the Christian ministry, it was with the intention to discharge ministerial duties while physical and mental ability should be granted to me.

In accordance with this fixed and unchanged purpose, though in the eighty sixth year of my age, and of course enfeebled, at the commencement of the year 1880, I continued my efforts to afford some little aid, in the furtherance of the Redeemer's cause. Especially as my esteemed Brother E. O. Read, was unable to preach, or converse and pray with families, and hopes were still entertained that his voice might ere long be restored; I preached for him the more frequently, made religious visits to families, &c.

As the increasing deficiency of my sight put it out of my power to attend evening meetings, to read or write except in the day, and but little at a time even then, these privations required the exercise of submission to the allotment of Providence. I was aware, however, that, instead of repining, I had much cause of thankfulness for the favors still continued to me. Among them was the privilege of writing some communications for the CHRISTIAN MESSENGER, which might, by the Divine blessing be in a measure serviceable; and also that of corresponding with friends living at a distance. One instance of this may be noticed here:

Many years ago I formed a pleasing acquaintance with a valued Brother, Rev. Charles Miller, who labored usefully and resided for some time in St. John, N. B., and removed there, particularly on account of the enfeebled state of his health, in 1825, or 26. Not having seen any notice of him for a long time, I naturally concluded that he had been removed to the rest above. But near the close of the year 1879, I saw a very gratifying reference to him in the Baptist Missionary Magazine, stating that he had been accustomed to give ten dollars annually to the funds of the Baptist Missionary Union, but that in consequence of the diminution of funds in some quarters, he had that year sent twelve dollars. The cheering intelligence that my old friend was living, and was both able and disposed to contribute to this good cause, was gratifying to me. I therefore speedily addressed an affectionate letter to him, to renew our correspondence, after the lapse of above fifty years. A similar letter was soon received in return. In it he stated that he had been thinking of writing to me; but did not know the place of my residence.

On comparing notes it appeared that we were both one year's children, 1794, he being about two months my junior, born in Scotland, and I in Nova Scotia, that both of us were strongly inclined, in our youth, to devote our lives to foreign missionary labor, but physical infirmity prevented; and yet we had been spared to toil in America, in the public service of our beloved Master. And still we have retained alike our deep and lively interest in Foreign Missions.

Here the Autobiography closes, and Mrs. Tupper writes the remainder from the Dr's. Diary. She says:

"You will see at once that Appendix, No. 16, is in his own hand writing, his pen dropped when he was writing the words 'Foreign Missions,' and he never wrote afterwards! You would know without my telling you, that thus far he wrote himself. He then said his work was done."

The next thing worthy of note in his diary is March 2nd, attended the Ministerial Conference in Tremont, my essay on Conformity to the world, was read, approved and voted to be sent to the Christian Messenger for publication. June 3rd, Mrs. T. and I attended the anniversary of Acadia College, the Major General of the British troops of the Dominion, and the Admiral of the fleet on the station, attended and addressed the meeting. 26th, attended the Central Association. Owing to infirmity declined preaching on Sabbath. Monday evening spoke on the subject of Missions. Being appointed a delegate to the N. S. Eastern Asso-

ciation, Mr. T. and I crossed the Bay to Parrsboro, and on Lord's Day, July 4, preached at Parrsboro Village. Our old friends were evidently glad to see us once more; and the gratification was reciprocal. A brother in Christ attended my meeting on Sabbath, aged 94 years, whom I had baptized there about 64 years ago. Another person was there who heard me preach my first sermon in Parrsboro. It was indeed gratifying to meet with old friends and find them still persevering in their Christian course. July 6th, set out for Advocate. Had pleasing interviews with friends and old acquaintances on the way. On Saturday, the 10th, I attended two pleasing sessions of the Association. On Lord's Day I preached in the Baptist Meeting-house from 2 Cor. xiii. 11, "Finally brethren, Farewell."

In a few introductory remarks, I informed the congregation that 64 years ago I began my ministerial labours there at Advocate Harbour, and there I first administered the ordinance of Christian Baptism. It was then 32 years since my last visit amongst them, and I had then come with the anticipation that it would be the last time I should appear amongst the children and grandchildren of those to whom I formerly administered. At my advanced age, I had no expectation of again visiting Advocate, but was cheered with the hope that by and by we should meet in that better land, "Where congregations ne'er break up, And sabbaths have no end."

The session of this Association was pleasant and the renewal of acquaintances with old and esteemed friends was indeed gratifying. After taking leave of kind friends there, Mrs. Tupper and I started for Amherst. Brother Hance Mills and his wife came with us and assisted in driving us over the rough parts of the road which, I considered a great kindness. On the 16th we arrived safely at my son's—Dr. Nathan Tupper. Although feeble in body I consented to preach for Bro. Steele in Amherst, and had the privilege of hearing him in the afternoon. We arrived home safely on the 7th of August. On the 29th I became suddenly attacked with paralysis, so that I could not walk without assistance. On Sept. 19th I walked a little in the house without help but very feeble. Being a little revived, and feeling desirous to do some good, I commenced writing brief notices for the Christian Messenger, of the Southern Baptist Foreign Mission—a kind of review of Rev. H. A. Tupper's valuable work on that subject. On the 29th, we received a pleasing visit from my dear son Dr. Nathan Tupper, who kindly accompanied me to visit a few families. On 25th of October, I preached a funeral sermon at Greenwood Square from John iii. 15. December 4, have been some time confined to my bed. Have just received a telegram from my son Sir Charles Tupper, alarmed by a report of my illness. Sent a despatch back, and wrote a letter. December 13th, removed to S. G. Baker's (his son-in-law).

This is the last he wrote in his diary. Mrs. Tupper adds: On Christmas day he was very comfortable, and thought he would be able to attend meeting the next day. In the morning however he was not so well, and it was quite evident that he was drawing near the close of his earthly pilgrimage. He was however calm and peaceful. Spoke of his own unworthiness, and of rest and security on the Rock of Ages.

Death to him had no terrors, and for the last few months he had been conversant with death, and had long been expecting his change to come. He always had humbling views of himself and exalted views of Jesus. "Come," he would say "and talk of the love of the blessed Saviour." He did not seem to suffer pain, but gradually sank under the disease, and on the 19th of January he breathed his life gently away.

It might well be said Mark, the perfect man and behold the upright for the end of that man is peace.

The resumé of his labors during the year 1880: traveled 1176 miles, preached 35 sermons, attended 61 other meetings, and made 234 religious family visits.

The Religious Newspaper.

1. This is an age of reading; and that family that does not receive a religious paper is behind the age and spirit of the times. It loses acquaintance with the channel of the best thought of the day.

2. A religious paper is an educator in the family, which unconsciously, silently, but ceaselessly, moulds the thought, heart, and life of members of the family.

3. A religious paper is a comforter and friend in the family home, such as cannot be denied without sad loss.

4. It encourages habits of reading and study in the family, and comes with a freshness every week, which wins to reading, where books are powerless.

5. The religious paper brings tidings of the work of God in all parts of the Church. It tells what God is doing. Every family ought to know what the progress of God's work is.

6. The religious and church paper furnishes the largest amount of valuable and worthy reading matter that can be secured for the same amount of money. Preserve your paper, which costs but two dollars per year, and see what an amount of cheery, healthful, helpful blessing has come to your home.—*Tele-scope.*

Robert Hall.

A PEN PICTURE.

We need no more hesitate to refer again and again to Robert Hall, than the admirers of classical times refer again and again to Demosthenes. The descriptions of the potency of the sceptre he wielded are amazing. Let us take one: "The services preliminary to the sermon had been nearly gone through, and the last verse of a hymn was being sung, when Mr. Hall ascended slowly, and as I thought, wearily, the pulpit stairs. No one looking at his somewhat unyielding and rather ungraceful figure, would have been predisposed in his favour; and as he sat down in the pulpit and looked languidly around on the congregation, I experienced, I know not why, a feeling of disappointment. He rose and read his text, 'The Father of Lights.' At first his voice was scarcely audible, and there appeared some slight hesitation; but this soon wore off, and as he warmed with his subject, he poured forth such a continuous stream of eloquence, that it seemed as if it flowed from some inexhaustible source. His tones were, although low, beautifully modulated; but, owing to some affection in his throat, his speech was, at short intervals, interrupted by a short spasmodic cough. During the delivery of his brilliant paragraphs, the most breathless silence reigned throughout the vast assemblage; but his momentary cessation was the signal for general relaxation from an attention so intense that it became almost painful. It was curious to observe how every neck was stretched out, so that not a word that fell from those eloquent lips should be lost, and the suspended breathings of those around me evinced to me how intently all were hanging on his charmed words. Mr. Hall's fluency was wonderful; and his command of language unsurpassed. I will not mar the beauty of his discourse by attempting to describe it; but as I followed him whilst, by his vivid imagination, he conveyed his hearers through the starry skies, and reasoned from those lights of the universe, what the Father of Lights must be, I became lost in wonder and admiration. But the crowning glory of his sermon was his allusion to the heavenly world, whose beatific glories he expatiated on, with almost the eloquence of an angel. He seemed like one inspired, and as he guided us by living streams, and led us

over the celestial fields, he seemed carried away by his subject, and his face beamed as if it reflected heaven's own light; and this was the man who, but an hour before, had lain down on the ground in the excess of his agony, and who, from his earliest years, had constantly endured the most excruciating torture which man can be called on to bear. I have myself heard him say that he had never known one waking hour free from extreme pain." Mr. Hall used very little action in the pulpit. His favourite—or rather his usual action was to stand, and lean his chest against the cushion, his left arm leaning on the Bible, and his left hand slightly raised with the palm towards the audience. His tones were almost uniformly low; and he rarely raised them. Ideas seemed so to accumulate, whilst he was preaching, that they flowed forth without effort on his part. Never did he hesitate; and so pure were his oral compositions, that the most elaborate efforts of the pen would rather have impaired than improved their structure.—*E. P. Hood.*

A Beautiful Incident.

The noble missionary, Moffat, tells a beautiful story. He says: "In one of my early journeys I came, with my companions, to a heathen village on the banks of the Orange River. We had travelled far, and were hungry, thirsty, and fatigued; but the people of the village rather roughly directed us to halt at a distance. We asked for water, but they would not supply it. I offered the three or four buttons left on my jacket for a drink of milk, but was refused. We had the prospect of another hungry night, at a distance from water, though within sight of the river. When twilight grew on, a woman approached from the height beyond which the village lay. She bore on her head a bundle of wood, and had a vessel of milk in her hand. The latter, without opening her lips, she handed to us, laid down the wood and returned to the village. A second time she approached, with a cooking-vessel on her head, a leg of mutton in one hand and water in the other. She sat down, without saying a word prepared the fire and put on the meat. We asked her again and again who she was. She remained silent, until we affectionately entreated her to give a reason for such unlooked-for kindness to strangers. Then the tears rolled down her sable cheeks, and she replied: 'I love Him whose you are; and surely it is my duty to give you a cup of cold water in his name. My heart is full, therefore I can't speak the joy I feel at seeing you in this out-of-the-world place.' On learning a little of her history, and that she was a solitary light burning in a dark place, I asked her how she kept up the light of God in the entire absence of the communion of saints. She drew from her bosom a copy of the Dutch New Testament, which she had received from Mr. Helm when in his school some years before. 'This,' said she, 'is the fountain whence I drink; this is the oil that makes my lamp burn.' I looked on the precious relic, printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the reader may conceive my joy while we mingled our prayers and sympathies together at the throne of the Heavenly Father."—*N. Y. Witness.*

In a hot dry valley in New South Wales, the bees suffered from a long-continued drought. Next year, it is reported by an observer, that the little creatures had made provisions against a similar trial, by filling a large number of external cells with pure water instead of honey.

The last expedition sent out by the London Missionary Society to East Central Africa, under Mr. Wookey, arrived at Urambo, the capital of King Mirambo in Unyamwezi, in September; and a telegram has been received announcing that they reached Lake Fanganjika in October.