

TIAN MESSENGER; and was always a liberal contributor to the pages of both these journals. He advocated their interests in extended and self-sacrificing travels.

The last thirty years of his life were spent in Lower Aylesford and Upper Wilmot, doing pastoral work over a large section of country.

During the period of this good man's ministry, how many great enterprises have been put into operation? When the churches of these Provinces came under the influence of the great missionary spirits in the East—Carey, Marshman, Ward, and Judson—the heart and hand of the young evangelist were ready to respond. Our father was engaged in active labours when the new-born zeal for Foreign Missions was kindled by the Holy Spirit in the heart of our churches. His record in sympathy, prayer, perseverance, and labour in that cause can be openly read to-day, and no one will blush; but all will raise their hearts to God in gratitude for the work, in this department of Christian enterprise, accomplished by this industrious saint.

Higher education, too, took its rise among us about ten years after he embarked in public life. From the first it had in him a warm friend and an able and faithful advocate. His large and generous heart always had a place for the Baptist Institutions at Horton. Many persons will not soon forget how he gave completeness to his life-long prayers and labours for those schools of learning, by attending their Anniversaries, and pouring out his heart over them in benedictions and blessings.

In his day the great temperance reform commenced. Any one can see, by glancing over his Autobiography, and noting the reflections he had on witnessing drinking and drunkenness previous to the temperance movement, how well his heart was prepared to welcome a proposal and a plan for work in this field. In the temperance campaign the REV. CHARLES TUPPER has been a courageous leader and a prayerful labourer.

It is needless to say that Home Missions have had in him a supporter, whose zeal never abated, and whose prayers and toils never ceased till they closed in death. For many years a Home Missionary himself, he was always warm in his love for the cause, and for all who were engaged in it.

Some of his intellectual powers were of a high order. He had what may be called a well-balanced judgment, a capacious and remarkably retentive memory. For language his genius was of high order. This appears in a matter for which he reproaches himself. In reading one verse at a time for public worship, as was the custom at the time, he caught himself translating each verse, as it was being sung, into Latin, a language of which he was very fond. Twenty-two years ago, he had read the entire Bible in eight languages and the New Testament in ten. This proves, not only special ability to acquire languages, but it proves his great industry and tireless application as well; for he was altogether self-taught.

The desire to shine before men, seemed altogether unknown to him. There was the absence of the gift to embellish language and to practice the devices of the typical orator, in arousing and controlling his audience. His command and ready utterance of language was remarkable. The precision and sincerity, characterizing both his private and public utterances, gave great weight to his words and opinions; and left behind him results far better, in all respects, than are left by those who shine more by practising the arts of eloquence and oratory. The hundreds who refer to the death of this father in the gospel, and stop to think of his life and character, will unite in saying: "Dr. Tupper was a very plain, humble, peace-making Christian, a learned and devoted minister of Jesus Christ." Envy and jealousy found no home in his heart. He wept with those who wept. He rejoiced with those who rejoiced. I have seen him giving consolation to the bereaved of his own flock with faltering voice and streaming eyes. He mingled with familiarity among the lowly; and he sat with meekness and dignity among the distinguished. He rejoiced in labours and talents that eclipsed his own. He was every where an equal among believers, but never a superior. His last visits to our Associations, Conventions, and Anniversaries, remind us of the story told by Eusebius, a Christian father, of the Apostle John. When he was old and too infirm to preach, the Christians would carry him into the midst of the assembled saints; and, when there he would stretch forth

his feeble hands and say, "Little children love one another;" and then retire. Again and again we have seen father Tupper, during the last years of his life, when, at our annual gatherings, any thing occurred, likely to disturb the peace, rise and with gentle voice, entreat the brethren to bear with each other and live in peace. He combined in a high degree the wisdom of the serpent, and the harmlessness of the dove.

His son, now Sir Charles Tupper, has been, as we all know, for more than a score of years, a leading and distinguished statesman in our country. The father has felt natural complacency in the great abilities and eminent success of his son. During this time party spirit has oftentimes run high: partisan feelings have been bitter and violent. Even previous to this, party politics made many a sore rent in our household of faith. But through it all, the departed, the man of prudence, has so kept himself, that he has served all parties in the gospel, and has been beloved by all.

As a denomination, we can dwell with humble gratitude on both the character and life-work of this beloved father in Israel. We look back on sixty-four years of labour for God; and we cannot well see how he could have done more. The value he set on time is a rebuke to many of his survivors. His constant and heroic devotion to his ministerial duties have never been equalled within the bounds of the speaker's observation. It baffles thought to gather up the details of his manifold and devoted labours. We think of the sermons preached, the number of sick and afflicted visited and consoled, the words of advice, warning and instruction given, in private and public, the miles travelled, the dangers met and overcome, the souls led to Christ, and the souls instructed in the gospel, the prayers offered and the labours performed; and we say, Praise the Lord for the life and ministry of this eminent servant of God. "He rests from his labours and his works do follow him."

Another vital link, connecting us with the sacred and eventful past, is broken. The stars which shone then, have, during the last quarter of a century, been disappearing one after another. One of the finest brilliancy—one of the first magnitude—has vanished from our earthly sky, to be set, for adornment, in the dazzling crown of our exalted Saviour.

Death has been among us, and is still among us. Light after light is extinguished by the blast of his fatal breath. His cold foot however was not permitted to cross the threshold of the departed till after all the strength and all the days, allotted to man here below, had been expended in the Lord's vineyard. We thank God for that. Again and again was the Lord's hand stretched out, in early and later life, to deliver our father from threatening sickness and extreme dangers.

To God we leave the matter of knowing the full labours and prayers of the departed; for He alone can gather them up and tell their results. We feel as our brother Selden expressed himself in our prayer meeting on Wednesday evening: "Earth is the poorer and heaven is the richer by the death of Dr. TUPPER."

The secret of this character and these labours.

In the review there come up the difficulties and discouragements, incident to the life of a good man; the weaknesses to be overcome, the temptations and the tempters, opposed to all who would live to God and to his glory. Out of this, the question arises, How is it, that one Christian is distinguished above another? By the use of what means are these excellencies of moral and religious character cultivated? and these many successful labours in life accomplished? In the case of the departed, as it must be in all instances of eminent piety, the secret is not far to seek. A glimpse at that part of his diary, written soon after he began his life of faith, opens to us a door, through which we see the privacy of that life which presents so excellent a public aspect. In substance it is this:—

"Each morning I thank God for protecting me through the night; and ask for divine protection through the day; Retire to the woods, repeat a chapter, learned by heart, and then pray. Study the Scripture or some good book before school. Then read and pray. Once in the school time retire to seek divine mercy: Begin and close the school with prayer. Return God thanks for the mercies of the day, and beg his pardon for faults. Entreat him to lift on me the light of his

countenance. On returning home, I spend some time in heavenly meditation. In the evening, I pray with the family, spend a part of the evening in conversation; part in religious reading and part in studying Latin. I recite some passages of Scripture, learned through the day; close the day with prayer; reflect on the days' experience. Resolve to amend what is amiss; commit myself to God with solemn reflection on death, and drop into the arms of sleep."

From a life, thus begun, and continued through more than three score years, should we not look for the saintly character and devoted labours, now before our eyes? Here he gained the power to rule a naturally impetuous temper; here he gained the humility, the meekness, the wisdom and harmlessness which adorned his character. His life in private, is the exact counterpart of his life in public. All knew and took knowledge of him that he had been with Jesus.

He has gone to his rest, he leaves a name embalmed in many hearts.

Our thoughts of him suggest from God's Word such passages as these:—"The lips of the righteousness feed many." "The memory of the just is blessed." "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" "My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof."

Lesson First.

We are preparing in this age materials for history. The importance of snatching every thing that is valuable from the jaws of oblivion, is now universally acknowledged to be of the highest importance. This is felt to be true and applicable to every department of life. But high above all the records of material, social and intellectual changes, stand those of God's servants who have done a good work, and left the results, not only on the perishable things of time, but also on the hearts and characters of their fellow men, results to be seen before the throne forever and ever. We then mark the perfect man and behold the upright, that we may save from forgetfulness our admiring estimate of a pious minister and his valued labours.

In this we follow the Scriptures. Noah, Daniel, and Job are a triumvirate of distinguished saints. Barnabas was a good man; Timothy was commended. John was the disciple whom Jesus loved. And the divine approval rests upon a host of names of men and women. David was a man after God's own heart.

Lesson Second.

Do we praise this father in Israel? We praise him not. No superstitious reverence can, with an open Bible, take possession of our hearts.

But we do admire the grace of God, displayed in his conversion; in his saintly life; in his Christian character; in his various and abundant labours, and in the peaceful and triumphant close of his earthly pilgrimage.

"Grace first contrived the way,
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days,
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise."

Lesson Third.

Admiration associates with itself imitation. We are so constituted, that, by instinct, we copy the character and ways of those upon whom we look as models in any of the walks of life. Slavish following in the steps of others in external and artificial habits and manners is neither manly nor commendable; yet the imitating of the virtues of the good and holy is both praiseworthy and profitable. "Wherefore I beseech you, be ye followers of me," said Paul to the Corinthians. "Be ye followers of me, even as I am of Christ," he said again. To the Philippians, he said, "Brethren, be ye followers of me." To the Thessalonians he wrote, "Ye became followers of us and of the Lord." "Be not slothful," we hear in the Hebrews, "but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises." Imitate our departed father so far as he imitated Christ.

Lesson Fourth.

Strange indeed are the attractions and inspirations that come from the triumphant and peaceful death of a good man. The scene is dark; and yet it is light. It is sad and it is joyous. It casts the victim down, and it raises him up. Hopes are laid in the dust, and hopes are raised high as the heavens. It is the end of one journey; it is the beginning of another. It is leaving home; it is going home. It is being conquered, and it is conquering.

"Come," said the soldier Havelock, in his last moments, "and I will show you how a Christian can die." Others had said it before him. It is a death that is coveted, even by the wicked. As the Eastern Seer, Balaam, walked on the heights of Moab, sacrificing and prophesying in the services of Balak, he saw the wide plains around dotted over with the tents of Israel. In these tabernacles there was one sight that attracted his attention and captivated his soul. By revelation he beheld the death-beds of the righteous. It was glorious, it was grand. While his soul was in the bondage of the lust of gain he exclaimed, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

The wicked despise the life, but covet the death of the good man. Here we are taught that a peaceful death is preceded by a life, holy and upright. Mark this man. Follow him; attain to his death.

Closing Thoughts.

It has been well said that the wheels of time always move forward. They never turn backwards. Many have gone; we are all going. Our fathers, where are they? Thank God, we know! They are with each other and with Christ their Lord.

The gatherings from these Provinces in the last fourscore years have not been small. Our father has met them. He is with them. What rapture! what praise! Many he led to Christ were there before him. Many buried with Christ in baptism by his hands here, were there to give him the hand of holy, hearty welcome. Soldiers of the cross, who fought and fell at his side, were there to receive him. Their names are in our minds and their forms float on our imaginations, even while we speak. They remember their conflicts and their victories.

But above and beyond all the sainted spirits known to him on earth, and the untold numbers uncounted and unknown, there is the blessed Saviour, at whose feet they all bow in reverent, joyful service. "Unto him that washed us," they sing, "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be exalted thus!" "Worthy the Lamb" our lips reply, "For he was slain for us."

The doors are all open. Christ is among us. The offers are not withdrawn. What our father was and more we should be. His death may be ours. The meeting and joys above experienced by him are all within our reach. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Rev. C. M. Birrell, who recently died at Blackheath, London, was formerly pastor at Liverpool Pembroke Place Church, not the Myrtle Street Church as stated in a previous issue. He was greatly beloved by the church of which he had been pastor. Some of the members went from Liverpool to London to be present at his funeral. Others, who regretted being unable to pay their tribute of affection at the graveside of their revered and beloved pastor, were anxious to share in spirit in the solemnities of the day. They therefore resolved to meet for prayer in Pembroke schoolroom, from twelve to one o'clock, the hour being simultaneous with that of the interment at London. A deep feeling of sympathy with the mourners in London was realized. Hymns were sung and prayers ascended thanking God that for upwards of thirty years such a pastor had lived and laboured in Liverpool, and imploring heaven's richest consolations for the bereaved family and heaven's gracious interposition on behalf of the church the departed loved so well, and which is still seeking a pastor.

We deeply sympathize with our brother, Rev. W. P. Everett, of St. John, N. B., in the loss of his wife. We learn from our St. John contemporary that Mrs. Everett fell asleep in Jesus on Saturday morning, 15th inst. She was born in Balston, near Saratoga, New York State, in 1829. In early life she removed with her father to Pennfield, near Rochester, N. Y., and there she professed religion, was baptized by Rev. David Besard, and united with the Baptist church in that place. Her father, who has preceded her to the glory land, was an efficient deacon of the church for about 50 years. Mr. and Mrs. Everett were married in 1859, and began their married life in Brooklyn, N. Y. She was an active helper to our brother in the ministry, until her health began to give way under the malarious climate of the West. In order to restore her health, Bro. Everett removed, by the advice of

physicians, to this more northern and eastern climate. For a time the change seemed to work beneficially, but latterly she has been a great sufferer. She leaves an only son, a widowed mother, three sisters and four brothers, besides her husband, who, though they have for some time anticipated her death, will yet keenly feel the loss they sustain when one so dear in life has ended the pilgrimage and reached the goal of her hopes—thence that remains the people of God."

We had but a slight acquaintance with Mrs. E., having met her on two or three occasions. From these we are fully prepared to believe all that her friends say of the many excellencies of her character and life.

It is generally understood that the Revised New Testament will be out shortly, but the Revised Old Testament will not be ready for publication for two or three years. It is likely that many who have been looking for a new translation will be surprised to find so little change from the authorized version. When that version was first made 200 years ago, it found the Geneva Bible, as it was then called, the version in the hands of the people, and the latter continued to be used in preference for many years, until that version was withdrawn. The authorized version has since been growing in public estimation up to the present time. The discovery of earlier manuscripts since that was made, has given much light on some of the more difficult readings. The obsolete words required rendering into words of modern use, and, we doubt not, there will be quite enough of change to satisfy the critical, and aid the general reader to a better acquaintance with the Word of Life.

We much regret to hear that Bro. Isaiah Wallace has had a severe sickness at Perea, where he was laboring. Our correspondent's letter on another page intimates that he is partially recovered. A P. C. and from Bro. D. Freeman confirms the first report, and concludes with the prayer, "May the Lord spare his useful life."

Rev. James A. Stubbart has our sincere sympathy in the loss of his son, and severe illness of Mrs. Stubbart.

Professor McGregor in his five letters seems to have fully developed his ideas on legislation in relation to Higher Education. Our compositor last week misplaced two or three words in our brief paragraph on the subject, and so destroyed the sense, or perhaps we should not now have referred again to the matter. We hope the friends of Kings, the oldest College in the Province, will properly appreciate the kind attentions of the young professor. He seems to be acting on the principle "Faint heart never won fair lady," and without so much as waiting for the formality of courting or making proposals, displays his plan of capturing Kings, with all its valuable library, its history and surroundings, and making it part of a State University, which shall have the exclusive degree-conferring power for the Province! Cool, very!

Let Acadia be thankful that the Province does not hanker after her. Her Faculty may labor on in peace, having the cold shoulder for their portion, whilst the professor and his friends are enjoying the prospect of comfortable State quarters, and of living on the fat of the land!

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