

Agriculture.

Culture of Roots.

In the spring of 1855, I manured well one acre and five-eighths of ground, and planted the same with corn; at my last hoeing, I sowed my turnip seed broad-cast, after having plowed lightly between my corn rows. The time of sowing was some time during the first week in July. In the fall I harvested from the field one hundred and nine bushels of the soundest corn which I have seen for many years; and quite late just before the ground froze, I gathered in my turnip crop from the one and five-eighths acres, which measured, as I stored them away in cellar, two hundred and twenty-six bushels. I had, also, two cart-loads of extra pumpkins on the same land. I had another small spot of ground measuring seventy-one square rods, which I sowed to with wheat; that I harvested some time in the fore part of August, which when threshed, measured ten bushels of good wheat. Immediately after the wheat was cut I turned under the stubble, and after smoothing the ground, I mixed turnip seed with my grass seed, and sowed broad-cast I sowed this small field on the 15th of August. I gave this piece of land a sprinkling of ashes at the time of sowing my last seed, and harvested from it seventy-four bushels of turnips, of the best quality that ever I saw, and they have been so considered by others who have used them for table use. My kind of turnip is the flat English. The principal use I have made of my turnip crop, has been feed for my cattle; I think much of the crop for that purpose. I consider it a great saving of fodder, and have had some very fine stock which I have exhibited in various fairs, and nearly all the extra keeping of the same has been turnips, which I cut with a root cutter. The grass seed sown with the turnips came up very even, and was, when small, just shaded enough to preserve the roots in a vigorous state, and when I last saw the grass before the snow fell, I thought it looked the best, and bid the fairest for a good crop the next season, of any which I ever have had. I think land seeded in this way, far better than to stock down in the spring with oats, which I find a very exhausting crop.

In the season of 1854, I found, towards the last of June, that I had a small portion of mowing land, which was so bound out, that there was no promise of a crop of hay; not even to be worth mowing. I plowed up ninety-two square rods of this land, and spread on it twelve loads of compost manure, about the 12th day of July. On the 25th day of July, "wet or dry," I sowed my turnip seed; and harvested from that field three hundred bushels of turnips. I mixed my grass seed with the turnip seed as above stated. Last haying season, I cut the finest crop of herds grass, on the same land which I have ever had from any other method of stocking down. The quantity of turnip seed sown by me is at the rate of one pound to an acre.

JOSIAH BENNETT.

New Way of starting Melons.

Some one, we know not who, says:—"Fill wicker baskets (old champagne baskets are very suitable) with garden mould, and plant the seeds, and keep the baskets in a warm room until the weather is warm, and then set the baskets in holes dug for the purpose. The roots then will extend themselves through the baskets and grow as well as though originally planted where they stand. In this way various plants may be brought forward much earlier than when planted in open ground."

Young Colts.

One pint of buckwheat a day, given to each colt for two months to come, other things being equal, will secure his safe arrival to the green pastures of a coming spring. Don't forget it, one pint good measure a little running over if you please. It will do more for the colt than anything else you can give him in the way of grain.

Horses.

Fill their mangers half full of ashes made from hard wood, and feed them their grain on the same, keeping a good supply of salt at one end of the manger. Throw it into the ashes, and let the horse eat what he will of the salt and ashes together. It is a season of year when he needs it, for reasons which we need not name.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Revival in West Cornwallis.

The readers of the Christian Messenger are generally interested in intelligence relative to the advancement of the kingdom of Christ. Those who love the Saviour and the souls of men, will be delighted to learn that the Lord is again pouring out His Spirit upon the Church and people of West Cornwallis. The venerable pastor, the Rev. W. Chipman, has long mourned over the dearth and darkness that prevailed; but his sorrow is turned into joy. His earnest prayers have been heard and answered. The Rev. J. Chase has kindly, and with much acceptance assisted the pastor in holding a series of meetings—and powerful results have already attended their efforts. Valuable aid was also afforded by the teachers and pious pupils of the Female Seminary at Berwick. It was here that the power of the truth was first felt and manifested. But the flame soon spread. Now there appears to be a general awakening. The people have become convinced that the salvation of the soul, is not a matter of trifling importance. There have been many powerful meetings, fervent prayers, and telling appeals. The conference of the church, last Saturday, the 3rd inst. was a deeply solemn and interesting meeting. It continued from two o'clock till six—and then the people appeared to leave with reluctance. The following Sunday was a day long to be remembered. I hope the impressions made that day upon my own mind, may never be effaced. Oh! there was such a manifestation of the power, the subduing, softening, power of religion! Scepticism was silenced, and one could not but feel that there is a superhuman power in the religion of the cross of Christ.

In consequence of indisposition, the pastor was obliged to procure aid, and the delightful task of baptizing 17 happy converts in Jordan's waters, devolved upon the Rev. J. Chase. There was a universal grandeur and solemnity connected with the occasion. A host of mute spectators gathered around—and heavenly joy was depicted on many a countenance,—on some there rested inexpressible sadness. Varied emotions sought and found varied utterance, in silent prayer, in tears and smothered sobs. Involuntarily, I ejaculated, "immersion is the mode of baptism," for such emotions never attended it when performed in any other way. A portion of a very appropriate discourse, after the baptism, was devoted to the establishing of this point. Powerfully convincing as were the arguments, I am not sure but that evidence, quite as convincing, was given at the baptismal waters.

I fear I shall weary you, else I should like to dwell a moment on the closing exercise of the morning's service—the presenting the right-hand of fellowship to the candidates. The very warm and hearty welcome of the pastor, varied in some instances, by a delicate and tender allusion to personal afflictions, or recent bereavements, death, called forth the interest and warmest sympathies of all. Some unused to weep, hurriedly brushed away the falling tear; but it was of no use, emotions must find vent.

The glorious work is still advancing. Many are enquiring,—“What shall I do to be saved?” May God continue the work till this all important question shall rest with deep weight on every mind, is the humble prayer of a deeply interested.

SPECTATOR.

For the Christian Messenger.

Reorganization of Church at Locke's Island.

LOCKE'S ISLAND, May 8, '56.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I have some very good news to tell you from this beautiful little Isle of the sea, which is like an oasis in the desert.

Last Saturday, and the following Sabbath-day, were days not soon to be forgotten in time nor eternity. The former church had by neglect, by death, and the want of ministerial aid become extinct—each going his own way, and to purify and revive it, seemed an endless work. So it was deemed expedient to organize a new church. And Saturday last was the day appointed for the purpose. Thirty or upwards came forward and subscribed to the Covenant, and promised to walk together as brethren in Christ. The necessary officers were chosen by ballot.

Brother John Locke and Joshua Chadsey were

appointed to the office of Deacons, and Xerxes Chipman, Clerk. After which the door was opened, when a number came forward. Some young converts who had been awakened a year before, under the faithful preaching of brother S. N. Bentley, were received for baptism, and others by letter. On the Sabbath, Baptism and the Lord's Supper, were administered—and my dear brother I can tell you that the spring time in spiritual matters is come in reality. At some of our meetings as many as 20 of both sexes have come forward for prayers. New converts and enquirers are seen at every meeting—the aged, the middle aged, and even little boys, are subjects of divine grace, and speak with the boldness and fluency of those of riper years. So that—"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God has ordained praise." This was one peculiar feature in the revival now at Liverpool. Some entire classes in the Sabbath School, I believe, were converted to God. So let not Sabbath School teachers be faint or discouraged in their work and labour of love—but sow beside all waters.

Brother Bentley has an army of reserve in his church for extending the hallowed crusade against the empire of darkness—all marshalled into a Juvenile Missionary Society with collectors, meetings and speakers of their own selecting—just as it should be in all our churches.

These shores are white to the harvest—but alas, the labourers are few. But one minister of our denomination from Liverpool to Yarmouth. Surely the Western Association ought to supply this shore, which is all open to receive baptist preaching.

The friends here deserve a great deal of credit. They have in course of erection a splendid chapel large and commodious, in the Gothic style, with a tall and beautiful spire pointing heavenwards where it is intended to lead. This is a step in the right direction. I hope it may be the birth-place of many souls, that in that day it may be said, that "this man and that man was born there."

Brother John Locke, who for many years has preached to the people, is now enfeebled by age, but rejoices in the work, and can say with Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

WILLIAM HOBBS.

P. S.—I am happy to see by your last issue that we are shortly to have some papers on Baptist History from your worthy correspondent, Menno. No doubt it will be a rich treat to your readers. Our denomination are badly off for Baptist literature. I hope the time is not far distant when a Baptist book concern will be opened. Are Baptists afraid to propagate their principles? There are several little works which would be of immense value to our young folks. I hope we shall soon wake up on this important subject.

W. H.

For the Christian Messenger.

Congregational versus Choir Singing.

MR. EDITOR,

In reading the remarks over the signature "Hint" in relation to "church music" I had my mind carried back to the days, when "Dundee's wild warbling measure" or "Plaintive Martyr's, worthy of the name," with kindred tunes were among the noble strains in which enraptured and lofty praise was poured forth from such as sang with the "spirit and with the understanding." Nor was the character of the music, as it regards its spirituality or its melody, materially changed when aided by a choir, the congregation all joining, in this delightful part of the worship of God; and I do not see any justifiable reason for a select few to monopolize the singing in the worship. As well may they monopolize the praying or any other part of the services of the sanctuary in which all are alike bound to engage in the duty or allowed to enjoy the privilege.

There are difficulties connected with congregational singing, but these would be reduced to a decimal if singing were as generally cultivated as it should be.

I presume no one would object to hear an entire congregation, or even a moderate share thereof, singing together, in time, tune, harmony and spirit, merely because they were not gathered to some particular place in the church.

To choir singing there are even more difficulties. It does not so well agree with the social character of our worship. To be acceptable for

time, tune, and harmony it must be more perfect, is oftener, and perhaps more, an object of attraction for its musical qualities than for the spirit of its worship. And then how often has it been the subject of most destructive quarrels in the churches. It is more theatrical. See the curtained choir!

What would be said if Baptist ministers should stand behind a curtain to preach? or if the brethren should hide themselves to pray?

Whatever may be the difference of opinion as to the real merits of the two modes of singing in our churches, there can be but one feeling in reference to the character of those who take the lead therein, or even join in that part of the duties of the sanctuary. "They should from moral blot be free."

I do not wonder at the strictures of your correspondent "Hint." Without perhaps half his opportunity of knowing the associations of our choirs. I firmly believe that characters even worse than he has alluded to, are sometimes not wanting in conspicuousness among our singers. In country places, choristers have been found drunk in the streets, and that the comic songsters of some villages have been the leading singers, even gamblers have occasionally held the dignified post of chorister to the church. Surely we should pause in a course that allows the un-sanctified in heart, in lip, in life, to be the leaders in our devotional music. Let those who join in the praises of God remember that in singing as in praying, or as in any other part of public worship, "They that worship God must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

OBSERVER.

April 4th, 1856.

For the Christian Messenger.

Obituary Notice.

ALEXANDER McDONALD, BELFAST, P. E. I.

Brother Alexander McDonald of Big Belfast, son of Deacon John McDonald, Finnetta—departed this life on the 11th inst. of Pulmonary Consumption, aged 33 years, leaving a widow and six children, with a numerous circle of relatives to mourn their loss. He had from infancy the great privilege of the instruction, example, and earnest prayers of pious parents together with an opportunity of hearing the gospel—all which seemed for a length of time to produce no other effect than a moral life. However it pleased the Lord in mercy to use the aid of affliction, and for two years the fatal disease has been insidiously praying on his vitals. He was brought so low that all hopes of recovery were given up. He then began to speak to his friends with composure and without reserve,—that he believed a misconception about wherein conversion consists, kept him long in suspense. Often from his youth serious thoughts of his lost state, led him to pray in secret, but finding that his conduct did not agree with the word of truth, he concluded himself to be of the number of the wicked whose prayers are an abomination to the Lord, and discontinued it for some time,—but of late his lost condition overwhelmed him for some time, till the Lord led him to see the adaptation of the gospel to his ruined state—so that he rejoiced in Christ as his Saviour, expressing his wonder at the superabounding grace of God in Christ Jesus, in the forgiveness of his aggravated sins. His conversation, with his submission under his affliction, and his earnest supplications in broken accents were so consoling to his pious relatives before his death, that they would not wish him back, even to occupy an earthly throne. His friends feel thankful to the Rev. Alexander McKay, Minister of the established church of Scotland, at Belfast, for his christian kindness in often visiting him in his illness.

He lamented being so reserved, that he did not relate his experience to the church and apply for baptism, while it was in his power to attend to that ordinance, and enjoy fellowship with the church. Let others having like reserve and timidity of mind, be warned by his example—

Communicated by Mr. John McDonald.

P. E. Island, Belfast, April 26, '56.

[Pres. Witness please copy.]

The World.

As you love your soul, beware of the world; it has slain its thousands and tens of thousands. What ruined Lot's wife? The world. What ruined Judas? The world. What ruined Simon Magus? The world. And "what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"—Mason's Remains.