

soul. He teaches us our need of Christ, awakens in us the desire for Christ, unveils before us the beauty, glory, and adaptation of Christ, applies to us his precious blood, and introduces us into liberty, peace, and joy. Blessed Spirit, author of our regeneration, giver of spiritual life and light, but for thee we had never sighed for salvation, sought the Saviour, or enjoyed the blessing of redemption!

These, then, are the three great R's. Reader, are you acquainted with them? Do you know what it is to be totally ruined by sin, and unable to do anything towards your own deliverance? Have you found redemption in the blood of Jesus, even a deliverance from the law and its condemnation, from the present evil world in its terrors and fascinations? Have you experienced the regenerating power of Holy Spirit? Are you a new creature? Are you born of the Spirit, taught of the Spirit, and led by the Spirit? If so, all hail! blessed art thou. To know the three great R's experimentally is to be truly wise, really holy and eternally safe. But they must all be known. To know our ruin and not our redemption, will only make us wretched and miserable; and to know that there is redemption in Christ Jesus, and not enjoy it, will leave us exposed to all the terrors of the law of God; and this redemption can only be enjoyed as the result of the regenerating power and work of the Holy Spirit. The Father's love in providing a Redeemer for us when ruined; the Son's love in becoming the Redeemer of lost and ruined sinners; and the Spirit's love in revealing the Redeemer and applying the blessings of his redemption constitute our salvation.

### Temperance.

#### General Sir C. Napier and the Celbridge Soldier.

"Sir Charles Napier's Life" contains the following characteristic epistle from that distinguished general to a man in the ranks who had solicited his patronage:—"Private James N—y, —I have your letter. You tell me you give satisfaction to your officers, which is just what you ought to do; and I am very glad to hear it, because of my regard for every one reared at Castletown, for I was reared there myself. However, as I and all belonging to me have left that part of the country for more than twenty years, I neither know who Mr. Tom Kelly is, nor who your father is; but I would go far any day in the year to serve a Celbridge man, or any man from the Barony of Salt in which Celbridge stands; that is to say, if such a man behaves himself like a good soldier, and not a drunken vagabond like James J—e, whom you knew very well if you are a Castletown man. Now, Mr. James N—y, as I am sure you are and must be a remarkably sober man, as I am myself, or I should not have got on so well in the world as I have done—I say, as you are a remarkably sober man, I desire you to take this letter to your captain, and ask him to show it to your lieutenant-colonel, and ask the lieutenant-colonel, with my best compliments, to have you in his memory; and if you are a remarkably sober man—mind that, James N—y—a remarkably sober man, like I am, and in all ways fit to be a lance-corporal, I will be obliged to him for promoting you now and hereafter. But if you are like James J—e, then I sincerely hope he will give you a double allowance of punishment, as you will deserve, for taking up my time, which I am always ready to spare for a good soldier, but not for a bad one. Now, if you behave well, this letter will give you a fair start in life; and if you do behave well, I hope soon to hear of your being a corporal. Mind what you are about, and believe me your well-wisher, CHARLES NAPIER, Major-General, and Governor of Scinde, because I have always been a remarkably sober man."

### Methuselah.

Did Methuselah live on the earth nine hundred and sixty-nine years? Were the years, in the days of Moses, and the prophets, as long as they are now? Were days and years, in Bible times, literal or figurative? These questions are frequently discussed, but not always satisfactorily solved.

To the present short-lived race it seems to be inconceivable that, in the earlier history of the world, men should have lived so long. But no one has ever given us a sound reason why they should not. We have never yet heard a scientific reason to the contrary.

Was Methuselah an old man at fifty or sixty? Was he gray-headed and superannuated at sixty-nine? Was he known among men as an old man for nine hundred years? No. He was a young man at three hundred. At one hundred years he was but a boy, and not an "old boy" either, but a well-grown, firmly-developed, and wholesome youth.

Methuselah did not live in a densely-populated city; nor was the country in his time filled with the poisonous miasms of slaughter-houses, distilleries, cow-stables, pig-pens and grave-yards. Nor were the people continually poisoning themselves with fiery stimulants and palsyng narcotics. Nor was the food in those times adulterated and vitiated in all possible ways to suit the purposes of commerce, and insure the profits of dealers. Nor did doctors then poison the people through and through with powerful drugs, if perchance they became sick. Nor did learned men in those days teach us that lager-beer and alcohol were useful and nutritious foods and beverages. Nor were men permitted, as now, to walk abroad and puff the poison of tobacco-smoke into the whole atmosphere. Men lived in purity; purity insured health; health gave strength; strength secured long life. "O, for the good old days of Adam and of Eve," and of Methuselah

### Agriculture.

#### Dust.

From whence does it all come? You may sweep your room twice every day, and you will find that a cloud of dust arises every time the broom and the floor make acquaintance. You may dust every article of furniture, every book, every picture; you may take care to shake your duster out of the window, and your own clothes out in the yard; you may wipe all about the book-shelves and the floor with a damp cloth; and yet after all your labor, there will be dust. Dust flying in the air; dust settling on the books and tables; dust on the pictures, on the flowers—dust, dust everywhere. It is discouraging.

You think, perhaps, 'tis because the room in which you sit is so large; you think that if you were in snigger quarters, there would not be much of this annoyance; you, therefore, move into a smaller apartment, but you are worse off now than you were before. You can't turn around quick, nor even heave a sigh, without setting in motion ten thousand particles of dust. You may sweep till your broom fails, and dust till your arms fall off, and the story will be always the same. It is for ever flying and settling wherever there is any solid substance on which it can alight. Where it comes from is no mystery, when we remember what sort of things we are.

"Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return," is written on clothing, on wood, and iron, and steel just as truly as it is on frail, perishing flesh; and the changing and sifting back to its despised original, is going on before our very eyes, in each thing that we look upon. Constantly—some rapidly, others with a slower waste, but certainly all things are returning whence they came. 'Tis enough to make one fear the dust, to make one feel a horror at the atoms falling on one's garments, and one's limbs, to read and understand their language. That language is all of decay and death; of earth, decay, and worms; of darkness, forgetfulness, and despair. This, if one cannot look beyond the dust, and see, and take hold upon, the eternal life.

How carefully, and purely, should we step through the world, did we but read, as we walk, all that is written for our admonition and warning. But we go hastily, with careless eye and dumb heart, taking little heed when we should be most studious. Many there be who have deep skill to read the dark sayings written on ancient rocks, who yet have never understood the plain language of the gathering dust.

### Blasting Stumps.

The Ohio Cultivator relates the experience of W. A. Gill, of Columbus, Ohio, in clearing a field of stumps by gunpowder, which really appears to be a most powerful "stump extractor." He cleared a stumpy field of twenty acres cheaply and expeditiously, the following plan being pursued for each stump:

"Select a solid place in a large root, near the ground, and with an inch and a quarter augur bore in, slanting downward, to as near the heart of the base of the tap-root as you can judge; then put in a charge of one or two ounces of powder, with a safety fuse, and tamp in dry clay or ordinary tamping material, to fill the hole, some six inches above the charge; then touch fire to the fuse and get out of the way. The blast will usually split the stump into three pieces, and make it hop right out of the ground. If the charge is put in too high up, the blast will only split the top of the stump, without lifting it."

REMEDY FOR LEAKS.—A correspondent of the Lynn News says:

Some years ago I had a leaking "L." Every northeast storm drove its waters in. I made a composition of four pounds of rosin, one pint linseed oil, and one ounce red lead, applied it hot with a brush to the part where the "L" joined the main house. It has never leaked since. I then recommended the composition to my neighbor, who had a lutheran window which leaked badly. He applied it, and the leak stopped. I made my water cask tight by this composition, and have recommended it for chimneys, windows, &c., and it has always proved a cure for a leak.

### HOW TO MAKE A GOOD SHINGLE ROOF.

In order to prepare the shingles for laying, take a cistern or long tub, put in about half a bushel of unslacked lime, slack it with warm water, reduce it to the consistency of whitewash, immerse your shingles in the liquid, let them lay about two hours, take them out and cast them promiscuously into a pile, let them remain two or three days, and they will be fit for laying. When the shingles are laid, whitewash the whole roof over anew, and you will have a roof that will do good service.

SOAP SUDS.—Take care of them. Do not throw them away. Apply them to grave vines, inside and outside the vinery, if you have them. If not, water the rose bushes with them, or any similar shrub. Do not apply hot; put in a barrel. Save the suds.

### Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Mr. EDITOR,  
Being lately in a Country Store, I observed an old number of the *Provincial Wesleyan*, which some customer, having a just appreciation of its merits and sphere of usefulness, had used as a cover for a basket of eggs. Having some literary curiosity, I thought I would examine its contents, and the first thing which caught my eye was a communication from the Rev. F. Smallwood, dated Horton, May 26, 1856. The letter in the first place spoke of a state of Revival in the Circuit, some accounts of which had already appeared in the *Provincial Wesleyan*. Mr. S. goes on to say that he did not at that time write for the purpose of giving any particular account of this, nor, to use his own language, "merely to state that each of the twenty persons baptized on one occasion by the writer were baptized in our place of worship in that part of Cornwallis, and not dipped into some neighboring brook, &c. &c. He goes on still further to glorify the Wesleyan Society or Church and the Rev. F. Smallwood in particular, for the apparently prosperous state of the cause in that part of the Province.

Now, I have often heard one of my Methodist neighbors speak in the highest terms of the eloquence of this Rev. gentleman, and although I was somewhat aware of a tendency in my neighbor to clothe his thoughts in grandiloquent language, and, in consequence, was inclined to take his statements with a discount, yet I had no doubt but that Mr. S. was a head and shoulders taller than his brethren. It is perhaps on account of this very superiority that he differs so much from some of them in his views of the ordinance of baptism, and its administration. According to his ideas of it, the ordinance should be administered within the walls of the Church, or rather peculiar merit attaches to this mode, and something very low and vulgar to the idea of dipping the candidate in some neighboring brook. So also another Rev. brother of the same Church or Society, indeed no less than a District Chairman, who believes that dipping the candidate is very vulgar, and much behind the fashions of the time, besides being indecent in appearance. Still he cannot altogether get clear of the idea that he must get into the brook in some shape. Accordingly, on Sabbath last, in the neighborhood, the Rev. gentleman takes a young person into a neighboring brook, ankle deep in the water, and having obtained the loan of a large yellow pitcher, pours the contents on his head. He has no regard for the peculiar sanctity attached to the walls of the Church by the Rev. Mr. Smallwood, nor on the other hand, has he the absolute horror of brooks and purling streams manifested by that gentleman.

Now, Mr. Editor, when Doctors disagree so much, what are their followers to understand or believe? For my own part, I have now seen our Methodist friends administer the ordinance in as many as five different modes, and have heard it declared that even more have been observed, and as I cannot believe our Saviour was baptized in all these forms, I think that it would redound very much to their honor if they would settle the matter among themselves in some way, and not act a part so inconsistent and so much savoring of popery. Indeed, if the *Provincial Wesleyan* would devote some of its room to a fair and honorable discussion of this question, and endeavour to have such a stain cleansed away from the denomination, it would be more in accordance with the recommendation of our Saviour, and do more for the healthy and vigorous growth of a Society which has done much good in its day, than all that they can do by attempting to take away the mote from their neighbors' eyes.

Yours,  
OBSERVER.

Colchester, June 3, 1858.

For the Christian Messenger.

### Obituary Notices.

#### MISS SARAH ECCLES.

Died, at Upper Economy, May 10th, Miss Sarah Eccles, the fourth daughter of Mr. James Eccles, in her 24th year.

This young woman died of a rapid consumption, much regretted by all that knew her. Amiable in disposition and comely in person, she was much esteemed, both by relatives and friends. But the Lord, in his unsearchable Providence, frequently calls away those who are most beloved. When first aware that she would not recover she felt much distressed in mind, not being assured of an interest in the Saviour. Though she loved the Lord and his people she was not satisfied with her hope. She was afraid to die and appear before the righteous Jehovah. She had an intense desire for an interest in the precious blood and

righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, and much of her time was spent in earnest prayer. At length the Lord heard her petitions, removed all her fears, and enabled her to trust and rejoice in the Divine Redeemer, and so strong was her faith in Christ that she felt assured that for his sake all her sins were forgiven. About five minutes before she died she uttered those memorable words, "O Death where is thy sting, O grave where is thy victory," then, as we sincerely believe, in a very peaceful manner, she fell asleep in the Lord.

In this young woman's experience we see how precious is the Lord Jesus Christ in the solemn hour of death. No person can die happily without an interest in the adorable Redeemer. May her beloved relatives and acquaintances consider their latter end, and seek the same Saviour, ere it be too late. Our time is short. Her death was improved by the writer, from 1 Thes. iv. 14.—"For if Jesus died and rose again, even so also them who sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."—Communicated by Rev. James Reid.

Portauptique, June 8th, 1858.

#### MRS. JANE FREEMAN.

The subject of this brief Memoir was the eldest daughter of Mr. Samuel Hunt and the beloved wife of Mr. Nathaniel Freeman. The mind of our departed sister was early impressed with a sense of sin and the necessity of having an interest in Jesus. After passing through a severe mental struggle she came into the "glorious liberty" of the children of God. In the year 1830 she publicly professed Christ in baptism, and in the year 1835 united with the Greenfield Church, of which she remained a consistent member to the time of her death, which occurred on the 4th of the present month, in the 42nd year of her age. She died suddenly. In the morning she was as well as usual, before twelve at night her spirit had taken its departure.

Her career has been short, but there were crowded into its brief space the virtues of a long life. During her short sojourn on earth it was her privilege to exemplify the duties of every character, and to exhibit the perfections of a friend, a daughter, a mother, and a wife. She has slept the sleep of death, but she sleeps in Jesus. She has left a husband to lament the most amiable of wives and ten children the most endeared of mothers.

On Lord's-day morning, June the 6th, her remains were followed to the grave by a large number of mourners, and the solemn occasion improved by a sermon from the pastor.—Communicated by Rev. R. R. Philp.

#### MR. EDWARD FOSTER.

The Church at Port Medway has been called to mourn the loss of one of its members, Brother Edward Foster, in the 69th year of his age.

Our departed Brother was baptized by the Rev. David Harris, in Feb., 1842. He had been in a delicate state of health for some years, but still attended to his business until this last winter, when he was confined to the house. He was perfectly resigned to the will of heaven. Death to him had no sting and the judgment no terror. He calmly and peacefully sunk to rest on the morning of May the 13th.

The funeral services were conducted by the pastor of the Baptist Church, assisted by Elders Gaskill and Sullivan.—*Id.*

Port Medway, June 9th, 1858.

#### MR. F. G. BOUTILLIER.

Mr. Boutillier had been somewhat indisposed all the past winter, but his health had so improved that during the spring he was able to go out and engage in his domestic affairs until May 19th, when, after sitting down to the dinner-table with his family, seemingly in good health, he was seized with a paralytic stroke, which rendered one side of his body entirely lifeless. On May 25th, at the age of 58, the spirit which never dies was severed from the much shattered tabernacle to be with its God until he shall repair again its clay tenement at the great resurrection day. On the 28th Mr. B.'s remains were conveyed to the silent grave, on which occasion the writer addressed a large and exceedingly solemn congregation, from the language of the Psalmist,— "Into thine hand I commit my spirit."

Mr. B. had never made a public profession of religion, but he was a man who had lived a very moral life, and in his last hours he gave evidence that he had experienced that change which the Divine Redeemer declared unto Nicodemus man must undergo before he can see the Kingdom of God. He left behind him an aged widow and a large family, who deeply mourn their bereavement. May the Lord bless this dispensation of his providence, not only to the bereaved family and mourning relatives but by it may the whole community see the great necessity of obeying the solemn declaration of the prophet Amos,— "Prepare to meet thy God."—Communicated by Rev. S. Bell.

Margaret's Bay, June 8th, 1858.

### Religion.

Religion is the chief concern,  
Of mortals here below,  
May I its great importance learn,  
Its sovereign virtue know.

Religion should our thoughts engage,  
While in our youthful bloom,  
'Twill fit us for