

For some time we had noticed a growing spirituality and heavenliness of temper about her; an indefinable something which occasionally precedes the death of a Christian, as though the feelings of heaven were already anticipated on earth. It was thus with her: there was a sweetness, a tranquil happiness, a deep and perfect peace about her which forced itself on the notice of the most unobservant. It therefore excited no surprise when the physician, whom I had met there on that mournful morning, said to me one day, that he had been called in to see Mrs. Gerard, and that he thought she would sink fast. So it proved. I had very shortly afterwards to stand by her dying bed. Across her peaceful countenance there would now and then pass an expression of pain almost amounting to agony. Her husband was rocking to and fro at the foot of the bed, convulsed with grief; the eldest girl, just old enough to understand the loss she was about to undergo, was sobbing as if her heart would break; the two younger ones were looking on with silent wonder at the scene. I had just offered prayer on her behalf, when she seemed suddenly endowed with supernatural strength; for slightly raising her head from the pillow, she beckoned her husband to her, and said with a firm, clear voice, though every word was tremulous with emotion, "Henry, love, we are about to part. Only one thought embitters my joy in the hope of speedily meeting our two dear ones in heaven. Perhaps our parting is a final and eternal one. Perhaps, too, you will fail to train up our children to follow me to immortal life. Promise me, before I die, that my Bible shall always lie on your dressing-table, and that every morning you will read a few verses. Promise me, too, that you will try to pray for help to seek salvation. And for these dear children, remember my dying prayer to you is that you will only entrust them into the hands of those who will make their salvation the first and principal thing." That these promises were given with intense feeling I need not say. I wish I could add that they sufficed to disipate the painful expression which still lingered upon her face. It was hard to leave an unconverted husband and three young children behind. She had prayed for them often and long, in hope, yet without confidence, of their salvation. She must now depart. And so she fell asleep in Jesus, her last words being prayer on their behalf. Since then, several years have passed. Already some of her supplications have born fruit. The two elder children have grown up in the fear of the Lord, and are now members of the Church. The youngest is a lovely girl of great promise. The husband, still a widower, cherishes most fondly the memory of his departed wife; mourns his own want of appreciation of her whilst she lived; and though I cannot speak of him as a converted man, I believe I shall do so before he dies. May her repeated prayers on his behalf find a speedy answer!

In this "ow'er true tale" I have so altered the names and circumstances as to prevent the recognition of the individuals; but I believe that I have accurately and truthfully delineated the experience of one who was "unequally yoked."

Agriculture, &c.

A NOVEL RAT TRAP.—Early this winter my wife discovered a hole in the papers which covered a four gallon stone butter crock about one-third full of strained honey. It stood on the ground adjoining some cabbages which were piled higher than the top of the crock. Upon uncovering it she discovered a rat quite dead, and I proceeded to remove the carcass, under which I found two more. Acting upon the suggestion, I replaced the trap to receive further patronage. The next morning I found two more. Repeated the operation of the preceding day, and on the third day I found but one. Since that time we have neither seen, heard, or been troubled with any more rats. They closed their career without acerbity, having retired from the busy scenes of their lives sweetly. Should any of your subscribers feel disposed to try the trap, I have no doubt that molasses would answer as well as honey.—*Rural New-Yorker.*

FARM BUILDINGS.—At a Farmer's Club lately held in West Springfield, Mass., after a consultation and debate, it was decided that a large barn was better than two or more small ones; that a tight barn was better, even for badly cured hay, than an open one; that a brick barn and slate roof were the best and cheapest for a man who has all his materials to buy; that a good connection between a house and barn is a covered walk, overhung with grape vines; that economy of roof and convenience for work were of the first importance in any building; that warm water and warm stables were essential to the comfort of animals; that the housing of manures was judicious; that liquid manures are largely lost, even by those who have cellars and sheds for storing them; and that the best absorbents of liquid manure are buckwheat hulls, leaf mould, saw-dust, fine sand, dried peat, turf and straw.

TREATMENT OF HENS.—Two flocks of hens were compared. One laid eggs almost all the time; the other laid scarcely any. On examining their treatment, the following differences were found to exist: the former had a warm-cellar to roost in during the winter; the latter roosted in a stable where the wind blew in. The former had a fine place in an open cellar for scratching in the ashes, lime and earth; the latter scratched in the manure heap, or in the stable when the cows were put out. The former had plenty of good water, with milk, etc., the other had no drink except what they could find.—*Prairie Farmer.*

SIMPLE CURE FOR DYSENTERY.—Take Indian corn, roasted and ground in the manner of coffee, (or coarse meal browned,) and boil in a sufficient quantity of water to produce a strong liquid like coffee, and drink a teacup full, warm, two or three times a day. One day's practice, it is said, will ordinarily effect a cure.

GALLS ON HORSES.—Take one quart of soft water, one table spoonful of gunpowder, one ounce of white vitriol, and half an ounce of copperas. Shake them well together, and it will soon be fit for use. Apply to fresh or old sores.

MILK FOR COWS.—Is it beneficial to give cows their milk after the cream is taken off? T.

REMARKS.—Skimmed milk is excellent for cows.—*N. E. Farmer.*

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

LETTER FROM BURMAH.

HENTHADAH, BRITISH BURMAH, April 26th, 1858.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Although a pretty long interval has elapsed since I last wrote you directly, yet as I have had occasion to write, more than once, to Rev. Dr. Tupper, on matters connected with our mission, and have judged it probable that those letters, or parts of them, would find their way into your paper, and thus the same purpose would be answered, as if I had written directly to you.

This has been a year of almost unbroken gloom to the missions in Burmah. When the great mutiny broke out in Bengal, with flame and blood, and horror inconceivable, we were made to feel that at any moment we might have to flee for our lives, with but a weak and uncertain hope of deliverance, and a sure knowledge that our mission would be swept away, and the disciples be persecuted to death. Soon, however, as everything about us continued to move on in the usual quiet routine, we regained a feeling of comparative security, and addressed ourselves anew to our work. Then came the great financial crash—and the cry to "retrench" from home. The missionaries, we were told, must expect nothing beyond their bare support, nothing for native assistants, nothing for travelling among the villages to carry the news of salvation. As regards travelling and assistants, the order to retrench affected but slightly the Karen missions. The Karen preachers are maintained almost entirely by the people; and almost everywhere the missionary travels he finds Christians who pay all his expenses. But to the Burman missions the order was equivalent to requiring them to remain at home, and leave the people for whom they had come to labor, for months, to their ignorance and delusion. But, thanks to the donation from the churches in the Provinces, instead of a neglected field, and retrogression in all the interests of our mission, I am able to report that there are three good assistants at work. The whole travelling season was legitimately employed and five have been baptized since that aid was announced to me. But I have been diverted, from an enumeration of adverse circumstances, to record mercies!

Death has again been among the reapers. Two excellent missionaries, both abundant in labors, neither of them aged, have gone to their rest. Mr. Whitaker, of Toungoo, under whom in one year, more than a thousand Karens were converted, fell a victim to the jungle fever, which is so fatal to Europeans. His place is still unoccupied. Mr. Vinton, who had lived more than a quarter of a century for the Karens, died in February last. So widely was he known, so universally loved and admired that there can scarcely be a Karen hamlet throughout the whole Province where the intelligence of his death has not been received with deep sorrow.

The Ava Mission.—Mr. Kincaid and Dr. Dawson have recently paid another visit to "The golden feet." As the bearers of a letter from the President of the United States, they were received with great pomp. You will doubtless soon see all the details in the "Magazine." As the Ambassadors of Christ, of course they were not noticed. The King asked no questions

about Christianity, and made no allusions to their relations as missionaries, and this of course, designedly, for he can not be ignorant of their motives.

There are a variety of political rumors afloat, respecting the designs of the Indian Government towards the King of Burmah. Dark hints are thrown out of an expedition to the Capital as soon as the river rises. Meantime the King has once more removed his Capital,—to be out of reach, say those who wish to hasten the inevitable progress of the Anglo-Saxon towards China, of British cannon. His Majesty is generally reported to be a rare King for a Burman—kind, peace loving, and generous to foreigners. It is ominous for only evil, however, that there is a Jesuit Mission established at Ava, and whatever may be the Royal virtues, people do not seem inclined to forget the class of motives which generally actuate semi-barbarian princes. Accordingly, his recent donation to the Indian Relief Fund of ten thousand rupees, did not elicit that sort of remark which it may have deserved.

We have already had the first instalment of our long long dreary South-west Monsoon. It is always introduced with terrific storms of wind and rain, accompanied with thunder and lightning. During the first months of the Monsoon, when the network of channels, with which the country is covered, are rendered navigable, by the rising of the river, I hope to spend some time in going from village to village with my boat. In the Karen department of the mission, this mode of labor is impracticable. It is impossible to go into the jungles during the rains—and the Karens are no where else to be found. They never have their villages on the banks of the creeks and streams, but leave these more eligible places for their ancient oppressors, the Burmese.

The Church here continue to cheer us by their uniformly consistent Christian walk. You can scarcely imagine the inquisitiveness of a mind let loose from the thralldom of heathenism, and at the same time it is difficult for those in Christian lands to understand how laborious the process is, of instilling right ideas of natural philosophy and of scientific subjects generally into such a mind. I feel constantly the need of apparatus to assist my endeavors. A fine globe and planetarium presented to our mission by the Sabbath School connected with Dr. Pryor's Church in Old Cambridge has done more to give the native Christians correct ideas of the form of the Earth and of the motions of the Heavenly bodies than all the talking and painstaking in illustration which I had hitherto employed. If these lines should meet the eye of any who feel able and willing to contribute to the enlightenment of their brethren here, whose yearning for knowledge is most intense, I would say, you need not hesitate because you do not know what would be suitable to give. In the first place, we need all manner and descriptions of books illustrative of the Bible, and explanatory of its meaning. The disciples study their Bibles with an interest and persistency which is rapidly making them familiar with all its obscure and difficult passages. My library is very small. A missionary's salary will not allow of its being increased, and the Missionary Union is now so embarrassed for funds that, though accustomed to appropriate a certain sum for books, yet no aid from that quarter can now be expected. Again,—good, practical, scientific books, divested as much as possible of technical phrases, so as to be easily rendered into Burmese, would be most gratefully received, and so of any articles of scientific apparatus, Astronomic, Geographic, Pneumatic, Electric, etc. If scientific books are given they should be as simple as possible, for the Christians here are of course practically children, and must learn now for the first time the veriest rudiments of science.

A word with regard to the donation from your Convention. As intimated in my letter to Dr. Tupper, though I have received notice from Boston of the money having been received there, yet it has not reached me up to this time. This I fear will prove very unsatisfactory intelligence to the donors, when they understand that from want of the certainty which the possession of the fund would have given me, I have been considerably embarrassed, and have had to borrow at a very heavy per centage.

With kindest Christian regards to your family, believe me, yours faithfully,

ARTHUR R. R. CRAWLEY.

For the Christian Messenger.

TEMPERANCE.

THE PROHIBITORY LAW.

Dear Brother.—I perceive that the columns of the Messenger are open for the discussion of the Temperance question; and occasionally I find an article there on that subject, all, of course, from the friends of the cause. But it is possible

for even the friends of this righteous cause to take such a view of the case as to place weapons in the hands of the enemy, and thereby effectually prevent the speedy accomplishment of the object which we have in contemplation.

The object to which I refer is a Prohibitory Liquor Law, and nothing short of this will satisfy the Temperance community. When this law was first spoken about, the enemy cried out—"Tyranny, oppression; you have no right to dictate to us what we shall drink!—If you pass such a law as that it will cause a rebellion! It can never be carried out. When you used Moral Suasion you were in your place, and were accomplishing a great work." And to hear them talk one would almost come to the conclusion that they had changed their sentiments, and were the warm advocates of Temperance,—while the fact was they had only changed their mode of attack, and were still the inveterate enemies of this noble cause.

I was much surprised to read from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Tupper, the former unflinching advocate of the Prohibitory policy, that the time has not come for such a law in the British Provinces, and that forsooth because we are unable to carry it out. Thus using the very arguments of our enemies. How strange. And then to prove this remarkable statement he refers to the failure of the law in New Brunswick. Is it a fact that the Maine Law in N. B. was repealed because it was not being generally carried out? No. It is a mistake. It is a fact that the rum party, and many of them were men in authority, made every effort to render the law inoperative; but despite all their opposition it was being worked by its friends. In several parishes to my knowledge, when under the License System, drunken men could be seen staggering about the streets almost every day in the week, the Sabbath in particular. When the Maine Law had been in force only a few weeks not one could be seen. It is probable that some liquor was sold and drunk, but if so, it was done in a corner. No drunkards were seen on the streets. It was not so effectually carried out in every part of the Province. Still drunkenness, and consequently crime, were very much diminished in all parts. It is well known that it is a very difficult thing to make a law so perfect that it cannot in some instances be evaded.

The Temperance people in N. B. did not expect that the enactment of the Maine Law would entirely banish ardent spirits from their Province the first year. They well knew that it would take time to carry it out in every county and parish. But it was meeting their most sanguine expectations defective as it was acknowledged to be, and would very soon have been universally observed; and that the friends of Bacchus knew right well. Hence the unjustifiable and unpardonable act of the brandy-loving Governor in dissolving the House of Parliament at the instigation of his rum friends in opposition to the counsel and wish of his constitutional advisers. The reason that the English official gave for the exercise of this stretch of power was the necessity of repealing the law in question. Now if the law had been inoperative, as he said, would it not have been the most effectual way to accomplish its lasting repeal to let it stand at least until the next regular sitting of the legislature, in order that all might see its failure and unitedly and for ever obliterate it from the Statute Book. No, it was working too well,—"their craft was in danger." They knew full well that if it continued the law of the land any length of time, its benign influence would be so generally felt and acknowledged that a repeal would be doubtful if not impossible. They saw that the present was their only chance and they took advantage of it.

The Temperance people thinking that their cause was safe did not make the necessary effort to return sound Temperance men, and hence the repeal. Maine has had her Prohibitory Law, and its repeal, and after having a fair trial of the working of both, has returned to Prohibition with an overwhelming majority. Such will undoubtedly be the result of the present reaction in New Brunswick. But is it really the case that the Temperance people at Nova Scotia have come to the conclusion that from the want of ability to carry out the Maine Law, the time has not come for its passage? "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, lest the uncircumcised triumph."

Ability, yes, we have all that is requisite. Let us go up at once, and possess the land. There is no way that they can at the present so effectually use Moral Suasion as to keep before the minds of the Legislature and the Province generally the absolute necessity and firm determination of the temperance people to have a Prohibitory Law.

Yours truly,

E. F. FOSHAY.

Pugwash, August 3, 1858.