

church we attended up-town, and we journeyed down the Bowery to be present. Nothing in this street indicated that it was the Sabbath except the evidences of unusual gaiety, which are the surest sign to a New Yorker that the six days of work are past. The lager-bier saloons, the cigar-shops, and the dancing-halls were in a blaze of light, while men and women were crowding into the "Volks Garten" to witness the performance of "The learned fleas." From underground dens painted and bedizened women emerged to offend our eyes with a sight of their merchantable charms. Past all these we went, through the slowly moving groups of pleasure seekers who occupied the side-walks; past the solitary policeman who lingered a moment upon the corner as he moved upon his beat—reflecting as we went upon a New York Sabbath, as compared with the quiet one we spent in the village church, no longer ago than the last summer.

We reached the "National." It wore its every day garb—the huge transparencies were there, bearing such devices as these, descriptive pictures for their illustration:

TREE OF DEATH.	GRAND ENTERTAINMENT.
THE GRAND PANTOMIME.	THE YOUNG TRAGEDIAN,
WILL AND THE WAY.	MR. J. B. H.
FISH WIFE.	THIRD WEEK OF THE
POVERTY AND WEALTH.	GREAT LOW COMEDIAN,
	MR. C. H.
	THE BEST COMPANY IN
	NEW YORK.
	OUR MOTTO,
	JUSTICE, LIBERTY AND
	ENERGY.

The largest of play-bills covered the bulletin-boards on each side of the entrance, advertising the appearance of new theatrical attractions while in a corner stood a modest announcement of the new performance, so out of keeping with these.

DIVINE SERVICE
THIS EVENING.
SEATS FREE.
PREACHING BY
REV. E. D. HISCOX, D. D.

The building we found comfortably filled, most of those present being evidently at home there, if not then. The pit was easily recognized, for no cellar was ever more roughly finished. It was furnished with the coarsest of benches, besmirched and blackened by the trampling of the muddy feet of the crowd of newsboys and street-sweepers who were gathered there. Policemen were stationed around to preserve order, and one stout man was standing on a bench in the centre of the throng, holding aloft a threatening looking rattle, which secured him the respect of the uncouth congregation.

Nearly all present in this part of this building were boys, and they were evidently wondering what sort of a Sunday performance they were to have at the National, and above all, why it was free. Rough looking and hard featured men occupied the parquette, with here and there a more respectable appearing person to give an air of contrast to the scene.

As the Rev. Dr. Hiscox made his appearance on the stage, in company with Dr. Vogel, of Rome, and members of the Stanton-street Baptist Church, he was received with tremendous applause. As soon as his voice could be heard, Dr. H. announced that he came in the name of Jesus Christ to speak of things which concerned all present. A hymn was sung by the choir, which was vehemently encored. One of the captains of police succeeded finally in making the boys comprehend that the occasion did not call for such expressions of approbation, and the sermon was delivered with only occasional interruptions.

Earnestly and faithfully did the preacher present Christ as the Saviour of sinners. In spite of the vacant looks of bewilderment with which his words were received, patiently did he tell the story of the Redeemer's love. May we not hope that a truth so new, so strange, so incomprehensible, to those accustomed only to the discords of life, may find a lodgment in some heart where it shall germinate and fructify?

No Sunday service in this city is more worthy of encouragement than this. Encouragement, not by the attendance of curious listeners who have no need of a special proclamation of truths familiar to them from childhood, but encouragement by the prayers of earnest Christians every where, that God would own and bless the work.

The Apostles' creed of the Episcopal service contains the confession "He descended into hell," and probably every Christian has a vague conception of that unwritten passage in the Divine Redeemer's history, to which the apostle Peter alludes in speaking of Christ's preaching to the spirits in prison. "He went and preached unto the spirits in prison!" To what marvellous conceptions of Infinite Compassion and love does that single sentence lead us! These occupied

our mind as we looked upon the singular scene at the National, and descended into the low and gloomy vaults of the pit—so suggestive of regions lower than earth. May those who here minister have so much of their Master's spirit that they may follow His example, and indeed preach to the spirits in prison. To those who seem as hopelessly enchained by vice and degradation as spirits whose probation is already past.—N. Y. Chronicle.

Agriculture, &c.

The close of the Year.

"STERN WINTER throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature round;
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
Late with gay verdure crowned!"

THE YEAR that is now about closing upon us has not been marked by any general fatality to the herds or crops of the farmer, nor has any sweeping scourge decimated his household and brought universal sorrow upon the land; but warm suns, fruitful showers, and healthful breezes, have invigorated himself and brought to perfection the crops which he had committed to the earth in confidence and hope. These crops have been abundant, and the season has favored the Harvest, so that his garners are full, and the means of comfort and comparative independence are secured through the more rigorous months of the year.

The year has been one of progress in nearly all the departments of the farm. There is a better appreciation, in the first place, of the advantages to be derived from the application of scientific principles to our labor, and a better disposition on the part of the farmer to avail himself of such helps. The stony walls of his prejudices have been modified, or broken down, by the introduction of new machines or new modes of culture, once considered as useless innovations, but upon trial, found to be important and profitable changes.

Another gain is in the opinion which has taken strong hold of our people, that we have heretofore cultivated too much and have not done it well enough—that there is great loss in working over two acres to get sixty bushels of corn, when we might have got it from one.

More attention has also been paid to our cattle, in obtaining breeds adapted to our climate, and means of feeding them; and to the manner of managing them as regards health and comfort, so as to obtain the largest possible product from a given cost.

New devices in plows, mowing and reaping machines, hoes, seed-sowers and draining tools, promise to mitigate human toil, while they will increase the profits of the farm.

Another improvement, which promises happier results than any, or all of these combined, is the belief which is rapidly gaining ground, that it is as advantageous, and as important, that a farmer be educated for the business which he is to follow, as for the merchant, lawyer or physician. That unless he understands something of the laws of chemical action, of the physiology of animals and plants, of the effects of heat and cold, and moisture in his soils, and of the cost and comparative value of his various crops, he cannot reap those benefits from his efforts, that he might if his labours were directed by a greater degree of intelligence and skill. The domestic labors of the farm, those of the house, are almost materially relieved by various devices, thus giving both sexes more frequent opportunities for leisure, recreation and study, than before, and consequently of adding essentially to the sum of human happiness.

It has been a year of general prosperity to most of us in an avocation surrounded with more charms, we believe, than most others possess—we hope it has in that higher advancement, without which our worldly effects are of little account. For if our labors and aspirations are rightly directed,

"We cannot tell in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist and dry
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky."

Let our hearts rise to Heaven with profound gratitude and thanksgiving, for the blessing that we enjoy in the occupation of the soil, for abundant harvests, for association and opportunities of improvement, and for that general advancement in education and the arts of peace which tend to elevate and adorn our race.

And now, while the last sands of the Year are ebbing, we can only pause to say to the tiller of the soil that our earnest sympathies are with him and his household in all the departments of his labor; that his interests are our care, and that the sympathy and good fellowship which has existed through so many years between reader and writer, shall be sustained on our part by a sincere devotion to the cause in which we are mutually engaged.—N. E. Farmer.

The Flail.

BY ANNA L. ANGIER.

A song for the flail! the smooth handled flail,
As stroke after stroke it comes down;
While the golden grains fly, wheat barley or rye,
The toil of the farmer to crown.

The useful and useless he thus will divide:
And gathering each in its turn,
The former with care, for the garner prepare,
The latter he'll scatter or burn.

And what is earth more than a great thrashing floor—
With the wrong and the right thickly strewn?
But Truth's iron flail, them both shall assail;
To the winds then shall falsehood be thrown.

Boston Recorder.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Jottings by the Way.

[No. 3.]

In continuing these observations, the writer sometimes fears that too much space is occupied by them in the columns of the Messenger; but knowing well by experience that any thing coming from another country is interesting, more especially relating to the religious character and Institutions of New England, as seen in the chief city of the State, or gathered from all those sources of information which are so abundant. He is therefore induced to continue his jottings on men and things.

Dr Hovey is Professor of Theology at Newton, though not an old man, yet he enjoys a well-earned reputation for solidity of character and the wide range of his Theological lectures. His class is small—only numbering six Middlers. With all its facilities, Newton does not seem to attract many students to its halls,—the entire number now in attendance being only twenty-seven. Many ministers have graduated here, who are settled in different parts of the Union, and though Rochester and Hamilton are now more popular, yet it remains to be proved whether they will turn out men with minds better disciplined. There is at the present day a strong desire for that which is flashy. Ministers must be brilliant, able to lecture on all topics, and pastoral qualifications are too much overlooked. Hence originates the love of novelty, and frequent changes which are so common in this country. But, to return to the Faculty. The lectures on Theology are most thorough. The members of the class are required to commit to memory each recitation, a minute analysis is required, connected with enquiry, and discussion on the several points of doctrine brought out. It is not a formal exercise, where the students sit and take down in notes the lecture, and then all is done; but there must a strict research into all works bearing on the subject. Turretine's Divinity is a text-book here, as well as other well-known authors. Every book required by the students can be obtained from the library, which is extensive.

To Dr. Cushman belongs the duty of teaching Sacred Rhetoric and Skeleton Sermon making. He is Pastor of Charleston Baptist Church, and has for many years been engaged in teaching Female Institutions.—(Bowdoin Church had his pastoral superintendence for six years.) He is remarkable for the elegance of his diction, the propriety of his enunciation, and fastidious regard for the graces of oratory. Though not remarkable as a successful minister in winning souls to Christ, yet he has a high character as a polished preacher.

Dr. Stowe, Pastor of Rowe Street Church, is acting as Professor of Pastoral Duties. No minister in New England stands higher than he does, as a preacher of the Gospel and a Christian pastor. He has maintained a lofty position in Boston, on account of his usefulness and talents, and though not having the mental calibre of Wayland or Sears, yet his name will be perpetuated by the many souls brought to Christ by his instrumentality. His style of preaching is plain, yet elegant, and though one hears hursts of oratory, which mesmerize an audience, yet a good sermon is sure to be read.

Newton requires certain elements of popularity, which it does not now possess, and a desideratum would be obtained if a strong man could be found who might be Pastor of the Church, and, likewise, Professor of Pastoral Theology, a bond of sympathy would exist between him and the members of the Institution, and he could afford a practical illustration of his office by his pastorate.

We can not pass over the Institution without making a brief remark concerning the library. It contains Ten Thousand Volumes, including Dr. Sharp's collection of books. The bust of this departed minister is a prominent object in it.

The Baptist Denomination in New England expends a large sum on Ministerial Education. Three Thousand Five Hundred Dollars were expended last-year for this object, and Nova Scotia is largely indebted to the Northern Baptist Education Society.

A knowledge of Greek is desirable; but a young man coming here could soon acquire it. At the present day, when there is such a desire for knowledge, and when the pressure comes stronger upon those who may not have enjoyed those advantages in early life which can now be more easily obtained, how necessary is it for the rising ministry to seek for that thorough mental training which, by the grace of God, will insure success.

Much good has been done by many who, combining piety with fine natural gifts, have been honored of God in the conversion of souls. But this is an age of progress, mind is ever active, and it is impossible for one, after entering upon an active and toilsome ministerial career, to keep pace with the expansive elements of thought at the present day without laying a broad basis, upon which a superstructure to last a life-time may be reared. The mind of the writer reverts to some now in both Provinces. What a career of extensive influence would be before them if they turned aside, and even now availed themselves of a Theological course! Receiving a small remuneration for their labors, so that they cannot furnish themselves with books, and actively engaged in promoting the cause of God. They can not do justice to those fine natural abilities which mark the character of Nova Scotians. Let them be trained equally with the people of older countries, they would occupy a lofty position, and even now in every department, whether at the Bar or in the Senate, whether in the Pulpit or on the tented field, for Classical Literature or for other branches of knowledge, Nova Scotians will bear comparison with the natives of the United States—taking their respective advantages into consideration.

In the immediate vicinity of the Institution is Newton Church, of which the Rev. O. S. Stearnes is Pastor, numbering one hundred and sixty-four members. Newton seems to be a favourite residence for ministers, no less than seven with their families, exclusive of the Faculty and Pastor, reside in this beautiful New England village.—Dr. Warren, Secretary of the Missionary Union; Dr. Parker, Pastor of Brighton Church; Dr. Smith, the author of some beautiful hymns in the Psalmist, and Pastor of Newton Upper-Falls Church; Rev. Mr. Haynes, Agent for the Publication Society, and author of a work known in the Provinces as *Haynes' on Baptist Principles*; Rev. Mr. Jennings, Agent for the Tract Society; Rev. Mr. Parkhurst, Agent for Domestic Missionary Society; and Rev. Mr. Carlton, travelling preacher, who lives on a very fine farm.

It may well be imagined that the minister the Church must be no ordinary man to preach from time to time to so many grave and Rev'd. Drs., and to young preachers keen and critical with faculties whetted by a weeks' study, and who go to the house of God not merely to receive instruction, but with the ability to dissect and analyze a sermon of any intellectual stamp, and he is equal to the task. Week after week thoughts fresh and vigorous are brought out, striking enough to keep Professors and Students wide awake to listen. It is true, there is no Spurgeonizing element in them, and many of the illustrations are like "orient pearls at random strung," having no necessary connection with the subject matter, yet, for profound thought, for lofty intellectuality of style, and close and pointed application, the Pastor of Newton can maintain his position with any of the strong men around him, and his labours are owned of God.

It strikes a Nova Scotian as a peculiar habit, to hear sermons so closely read by the ministry of New England; but after a short time the mind gets accustomed to it, and is better satisfied with the concentrated thought, the systematic and instructive method, than that which marks the mere *verbiage* characteristic of much extemporaneous preaching. The former mode is calculated to make thoughtful and well-informed Christians, the latter may produce an impulsive religion based on feeling, unless it be of a very high order. Both methods have their advantages and disadvantages, and if the written and extemporaneous were cultivated alike, preaching would have much more power. Every public speaker well knows that when his mind is highly animated by his subject, thoughts will pour in which will form the *salient points* of his oratory, and he will ascertain that the most effective part of his discourse will be that which was delivered on the spur of the moment. To speak well, we must write much. To write well and vigorously, we must accustom ourselves to extempore speaking.

Although the preaching is all read, yet there is a great contrast in the mode in which they conduct their social meetings. There is the greatest freedom in Prayer-meetings and Church-meetings. Unlike that formal manner which mark the meetings of a similar character in our churches in the Provinces. The Pastor first opens the services by singing, giving liberty to all to improve. Every moment is occupied,—one prays, another speaks, a third sings a verse of a hymn, so that there is much life and religious freedom. The female members in some churches speak at their social gatherings.

But I must close this long letter. The readers of the Messenger will excuse its *prosaic* character. In my next, I will give them something about Old Harvard and other Institutions.

H.