

Agriculture.

September.

September is called a full month, but it seems more properly to be a connecting link between summer and fall.—Its first days are as warm and calm as those of June—not to speak of the month of June, eighteen hundred and fifty-nine, when it rained, and rained, till mankind almost feared a second deluge—but of June, such as it should be—such as it was in our memories, and on the page of the poet. It is true, we miss the long, sweet twilights of early summer—and a few yellow leaves gleam from among the abundant foliage, like the first grey hairs that tell of departing youth. We can see, too, that the sun sets a little further to the south, but his beams are as ardent as ever, and as yet we have no need to put by our light garments, or to close our windows and doors against the outer world.

But presently comes the "equinoctial storm"—and the bright, brief vision of a northern summer is over! How the wind wrestles with the trees, and strips off the leaves, still green, in showers! Now we are glad to gather about the fire again, and to beguile our evenings with books and work in winter fashion. When the storm has spent its fury, it will pass by, but not again shall we look out upon a landscape having the semblance of summer. Decay is everywhere visible. Even the birds have heard a mysterious voice telling them that winter is coming, and warning them to seek a warmer climate. Man, however, is not nomadic. It seems strange that, when "the world is all before them," human beings should voluntarily subject themselves to the inconveniences of extreme heat and cold. But such is man's attachment to home, that he will endure almost anything rather than cut loose from old associations, and wander over the world, seeking a place of rest. If necessity compel him to this, he presently takes root in his new abode—and gathers his household goods about him. As one by one his friends pass away, here he buries his dead, and more than one harsh wind will blow over him, before he will voluntarily surrender the comforts and delights of a permanent home. One would think, too, that the dwellers in the most beautiful lands would have the strongest attachment to home and country,—but such is not the case. The Frenchman loves his "vine-clad" France, and the Italian his sunny Italy, but the Switzer on duty in a foreign country, must not even hear his *Ranz des Vaches*, or he can no longer be restrained from returning to the hills and glaciers of his own native land. Even the Esquimaux and Iclander, were they transported to the orange-groves of the South, would sigh for the huts where they had burrowed with wife and children, and perhaps said wife and children are just as beautiful in their eyes, clad in robes of bear-skin, as those of their more luxurious neighbors in their silks and muslins. Well, "every man to his taste." Let us be thankful that we are born at least among the appliances of civilization—that if it is our destiny, in a general way, to put out our branches very near the spot where we first took root, let us rejoice that this spot did not happen to be the summit of an iceberg. Yet in this curious ordering of nature, we see a wise purpose. Were it otherwise, the tendency would undoubtedly be toward the temperate portions of the globe, giving them an undue population, while the rest of the world would be thinned of its inhabitants. One sees at a glance how the arts and sciences would suffer, and how many comforts we should be deprived of, which flow directly from an intercourse with people of different climates, habits and customs.—*N. E. Farmer.*

STUMP-FOOT CABBAGES.—Mix plaster of paris and ashes in equal parts, and add one quart of fine salt to each peck, mix the earth with the compound, but confined to the roots when transplanted. Soot, lime, and pulverized charcoal in equal parts has answered the same purpose.

Out of 250 heads last year, not one which had the above compound was stump-footed, whilst others were more or less damaged, and some entirely worthless.

The *New England Farmer* adds:—Excellent. That is a remedy worth having—because, while the disease is prevented or arrested, the remedy used is a fertilizer that will produce the finest plants. The ingredients are all common and accessible, and if the prescription is sure, this information is worth to thousands of our readers, all the *Farmer* (or the *Messenger*) costs for one year.

To Kill Cockroaches.—Equal parts of dry red lead and sugar, well mixed, is a certain and sure exterminator of cockroaches, black and red ants, and other like pests.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Our Foreign Mission.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—Several interesting letters have been recently received from our esteemed Brother Crawley. The principal items of intelligence contained in two of them, with special reference to the native preachers supported by our funds, are embodied in the Report of the Board presented to the Convention, which is to be published soon. The following letter has just come to hand.

Ever yours,
C. TUPPER, Sec'y.

P. S.—In Bro. Crawley's letter of May 3rd, he says, "To enable the assistants to give a reason of the hope that is in them more readily, I am engaged in translating an abridgement of 'Keith on the Evidences of Christianity derived from the fulfilment of prophecy.'" When completed they will copy it, and thus have, each of them, the manuscript at hand for reference, whenever necessary.

HENTHADAH, May 20, 1859.

MY DEAR DR. TUPPER,

On the 14th of this month occurred the fifth Anniversary of my arrival in Burmah? Five years of missionary life! It seems only proper that we should look back and carefully consider those years, and glean from them whatever of warning or encouragement, of self-abasement or devout gratitude, they may afford. Just five years ago I commenced the study of the Burmese language. I can remember distinctly the cold dull feeling of despair that sank deep into my heart like lead, when I first heard my teacher pronounce the Alphabet—such sounds as fell upon my Western ear! What an interminable barrier, what a wide and dreary expanse seemed to lay between me and the ability to preach Christ to the Burmese! I feel, then, that I have reason to be thankful that I can now speak, preach, read and write this same formidable language, intelligibly to others, and with tolerable satisfaction to myself. In the course of the five years, more than thirty Burmese have been baptized, and received into the several churches connected with the Burman department of the Henthada Mission. Does any one say, "Only thirty!" and think in his heart that so much time, and so much money, and so much sacrifice of natural feelings, have yielded but a poor return? Thirty souls are worth—how much, according to the startling calculation made by our Saviour! Out of this little band no less than four have given themselves entirely to the work of preaching Christ to their countrymen. During these five years we have been—in my case at least—preserved in almost unbroken health. Your missionary (for I may so style myself, since the Henthada mission is styled in your papers "Our Foreign Mission.") may now consider himself pretty well acclimated, and may, with a continuance of the blessing of God, look forward to many years of labor for the Burmese. Let us thank God and take courage and anticipate the next five years with a glowing and vigorous faith. With faith and zeal besiege the throne of grace, and let "the salvation of Burmah" be the burthen of ten thousands of prayers, until thanks for "Burmah saved" shall take the place of supplications.

The "female school" must be regarded as an enterprise assuredly to be commenced just so soon as Mrs. Crawley's health permits her to return and resume her labors. The cares of a family have prevented Mrs. C from giving the same attention to the acquisition of the language that I have. Still she has a good foundation knowledge of it, and is quite prepared for, I trust and pray, a long career of service for the poor Burmese women.

If the churches will continue their "liberality" from year to year—only increasing it as the demand increases, I hope they may yet reach a point when they will have to give after the manner of apostolic times.

With kind regards to Mrs. Tupper,
Faithfully yours,
ARTHUR R. R. CRAWLEY.

To the Editor of the Christian Messenger.—

Sir,—As there is a temporary suspension of the *Western News*, in which paper it was expected the following communication would appear, you will oblige me by inserting it in *C. Messenger* as soon as convenient.

Yours respectfully,
GEORGE ARMSTRONG.

Bridgetown, August 31st, 1859.

To the Editor of the Western News:—

Sir,—Absence from home prevented me from taking earlier notice of certain remarks touching myself in the *Presbyterian Witness* of the 13th inst. I have no desire to disturb the self-

complacency with which the Editor views his exploits in having laid, as he says, the *ghost* of Presbyterian Ascendency. His success, however, is not so great as he imagines. Perhaps it may be thought that I ought to feel grateful that he has dealt so "gently and courteously" with me. I had no desire or design to overstate any thing in the few remarks I made respecting the *P. Witness*, nor am I convinced that I have done so. The Editor calls upon me to quote some instances of the bitter hostility alleged by me to have been shown by that paper towards the Baptists, their institutions and some of their public men. If he will gently and courteously look through the *P. Witness* for the past two years and a half, or so, I think he will find what he asks for. At all events, such instances as he demands exist, I believe, in his paper. I do not take the *Witness*, but I have seen it occasionally, and have formed my opinion of it independently of what I have seen in the *C. Messenger*, or *B. Colonist*. So far as I know the paper is not kept on file here, I have it not therefore in my power to produce the passages which I think afford evidence to sustain what I have said, but if the Editor will be so kind and courteous as to send me a file of the *P. Witness* for the time specified above, unpleasant as it would be to hunt up misrepresentations, unkind expressions and allusions, I would do it for the purpose of satisfying him that he has not always exercised his vocation in the most fair, gentle and courteous way towards the Baptists. If I fail, I will then take back all that truth and justice require.

What the *P. Witness* is pleased to call "the dogma of immersion," is such a dogma as *Scripture* warrants, *it Baptizo* can be proved to have any meaning at all; such a dogma as not a few of the most able, learned and pious Pedobaptists have admitted to be the meaning of the word, and to have been the practice in Apostolic times, and in the ancient church—even John Calvin, that sturdy colossal *Presbyterian* and master of Divinity, admits it.

If the statements made in a portion of the public press be true, and the testimony of a public man given over his own name is to be received as evidence, I have nothing to retract in the allusion I made to "the impropriety of the conduct of some of the Presbyterian ministers to the eastward," during the late election.

In closing I beg to say that the remarks of the Editor in respect to the Introductory Sermon, and the W. Baptist Association for having it published, though self-complacent enough, are far from being kind, respectful or courteous to the preacher or to the Association. Even at the risk of exciting against me the displeasure which seems to be threatened by the Rev. Editor, I must say that reproof directed against a Baptist minister for preaching what is called a political sermon, and against a Baptist Association for its approval and countenance of the same, comes with an exceedingly bad grace from a religious paper so intensely political as the *Presbyterian Witness*.

I remain, Sir,
your obedient servant,
GEORGE ARMSTRONG.

Bridgetown, August 29th, 1859.

For the Christian Messenger.

Valedictory Address,

FROM THE KEMPT BAPTIST CHURCH, QUEEN'S COUNTY, TO THE REV. A. W. BARRS.

Dear Brother,—Three years have gone by since you first came among us, as we trust, in the spirit of meekness, love and charity. Such meekness as only the true child of God can possess; that love which is made manifest by those only who possess the true spirit of Christ; and that charity which suffereth long and is kind, which envieth not, which vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, which rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth. You came among us not only in Christ-like meekness, love and charity, but also in boldness. You have not shunned to declare unto all around the blessed theme—redeeming grace and dying love, nor shunned to declare the great truths of the glorious gospel of Christ, by which, with the blessing of God, many stout-hearted sinners have been brought to turn from the error of their ways, and to bow to the mild sceptre of Prince Immanuel, making him their friend and leader, and God their everlasting All. Our hearts have been made to rejoice in the glorious work which you have been called, by the blessed Spirit of God, to perform among us—that of sowing the seed of Divine truth, some of which has fallen by the wayside no doubt, and some among thorns; but we have reason to believe that some has fallen upon good ground and taken root and, after being watered with showers of grace from above, is now bearing fruit to the honor and glory of God. The amount of good done by your faithful preaching of the Word is as yet known only unto Him who alone knows the secrets of all hearts. And, now, as you are by duty called to leave us to labor in another part of God's vineyard, as you enter that field, may the blessed Spirit enter there with you and

accompany the words of truth spoken by you to the hearts of your hearers, that you may have many seals to your ministry that shall be as stars in your crown of rejoicing. May the great God protect and bless you and your amiable companion, whose acquaintance we are pleased that we have made. May she long be spared to be a helpmeet to you in the gospel. And we would not forget your young family, may they be constrained to seek the Saviour in the days of their youth. And, at last, may we all, in one united band, meet around the throne above, and join in singing songs of praise to God and the Lamb, whose blood has purchased our redemption and saved us from impending wrath.

Signed, in behalf of the Church,

JOHN DOUGLAS,
PELEG FREEMAN,
ABRAHAM THOMAS,
B. L. TELFER, } Deacons.

July 1st, 1859.

REPLY.

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN,—

Your very flattering address is received with feelings of deep emotion. The three years which I have spent amongst you, have been checkered with toil, anxiety, and pleasure. While the cause of God remained in a languishing condition, my spirit was weighed down with an anxious desire for a revival of pure religion. Often I appeared before you with a heavy heart when my feelings nearly choked my utterance. But when the Lord's arm was made bare in the salvation of souls and the quickening and comforting of his people, my soul rejoiced in God and all my toils and anxieties were rewarded abundantly in the enjoyment that followed. It has been my aim to preach faithfully and fearlessly the truth, although in weakness and often in much trembling. Whatever good may have been accomplished through my weak efforts is to be attributed to the grace of God. It was his constraining influence that thrust me into the ministry, and has sustained me thus far. To him be all the glory. Mrs. Barrs acknowledges with gratitude the manner in which you speak of her and desires to tender you her sincere thanks. The social visits and friendly intercourse we have enjoyed with you shall ever be highly prized by us. We also thank you for the interest you express in our children's welfare. A sense of duty has prompted us to remove to another field of labour and in this we see another of the mysterious providences of God. Finally, dear Brethren, may the blessing of God rest upon you and yours. May the great head of the church send you an under shepherd who will meet your wants in my earnest prayer.

Yours fraternally,
A. W. BARRS.

For the Christian Messenger.

Contributions for Rev. A. R. R. Crawley's House.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—

It is doubtless in the recollection of many of your readers, that a proposal was made last autumn to have money raised in these Provinces to build a Mission House for Brother Crawley, in Henthada. When the inquiry was made in the *Christian Messenger*—Who will take the charge of such sums as may be contributed for this object? I replied, that I would.

It seems now time for me to report progress. In doing so, I regret to state, that, among the numerous objects requiring aid, this has received but a small share. The sums forwarded to me, amounting to \$6.40, have just been transmitted, by Rev. Dr. Pryor, to Mr. F. A. Smith, Assist. Treasurer of the American Baptist Missionary Union, Boston, to be devoted to the object for which they were contributed, namely, to aid in building a Mission House in Henthada.

The following is a list of the contributors:—

| | |
|------------------------------------|---------|
| Geo. P. Sabean, | 0 10 0 |
| Rev. Charles Randall, | 0 4 6 |
| Samuel N. Archibald, | 0 7 6 |
| Member of Granville Street Church, | 0 10 0 |
| | £1 12 0 |

C. TUPPER.

Aylesford, Aug. 31st, 1859.

P. S.—It may be proper to state, that the sum of £3, forwarded to me from the Second Baptist Church of Sackville, N. B., for the Burman Mission, with sums recently received by the Treasurer, will be acknowledged in his Report, which is to be published shortly in the Minutes of Convention. C. T.

Narrower—still narrower.

The narrow limit of the longest life is every day becoming narrower still. The story is told of an Italian state prisoner, who after some weeks' confinement became suddenly aware that his apartment was becoming smaller. He watched, and saw with horror, that a moveable iron wall was gradually encroaching on the space, and that as the movement came on, it must soon crush him to death, and he could calculate it to a day. But you have not that advantage. John Foster yet more appropriately resembles our time to a sealed reservoir, from which issues daily a certain small quantity of water, and when the reservoir is exhausted, we must perish of thirst; but we have no means of sounding it to ascertain how much it originally contained, nor whether there be enough remaining even for to-morrow.