

a woman has in the way of change is to go out, young and old, mother and maid, upon a long weary pilgrimage, to see and observe—what? It is called religion, but it is not religion; it is not morality; it is not amusement; it is vile, unpronounceable, unparalleled; it is an infernal evil, there is nothing like it, the devil never succeeded in corrupting the human mind so effectually. Then turn to the Hindoo widow. I will give you an answer that was once given to me. I asked, "What is done with the Hindoo woman when her husband dies?" They said, "We take away all her ornaments, all her clothes, and make her sleep on the floor, and partake of the coarsest food; we make her the drudge of all the house." "How long will she live?" "Perhaps seven years." "Why do you do that?" "Because you will not let us burn them; if you would remove that law we should burn them all, and that would be better than letting them live." Oh, these poor women are unmistakable. There you see them carrying heavy loads, fishing in filthy pools. Look at their countenance; is there one joyous emotion? Their very soul is withered within them. Oh, how long shall this dark, this dreadful, weary night last? Shall not the Hindoo widow be told that the eternal God is the God of the widow; shall she not be told that there is a Saviour who pitied the widow of Nain? Oh, yes, the night is passing away, the day is dawning; light is beaming upon that dark, cheerless, joyless home; and the widow's heart shall sing for joy. Now two or three words with regard to our encouragement.

I went to a market once for the first time, where no missionary had ever been; and there were hundreds of people there, and all of them came and prostrated themselves before the Brahmins, and they took the water-pots, and collected all the dust off the Brahmins' feet, and put it in and drank it. That is a meritorious act which I forgot to tell you. I think that is the first time I went to that market. At four o'clock in the afternoon I was surrounded by about 300 men in the very same market, and they said, "The Brahmins are all cheats; the Brahmins are all impostors; they are a proud, wicked race. We shall not honour the Brahmins; we will worship God and honour God ourselves; because God is our Father as well as the Father of the Brahmin." Yes, my friends, the poor Brahmins—I am not dead to all feeling—come to me and say, "Sir, why do you diminish our influence? We are really hard up. Often we cannot eat more than once a day. Why do you tell the people not to give us anything? You are a padre, and so am I. We are brethren; we are gentlemen together; and it is very improper for you to do that." But I am obliged to tell them, "I am a man, and profess to be a man, and teach the people; you profess to be gods, and tell falsehoods, and the people have found you out." Again, the people understand us much better than they did many years ago. I remember, when I first went to India, it was then a common thing for a man to take a tract, tear it up into small pieces, and sling it in my face. Now, when I go to a village, forty, or fifty, or sixty miles from Calcutta, they bring out a chair, if there is one, or their best mat, and spread it under a tree, and all the men, women, and boys come out, and I tell them about Jesus Christ, and answer their questions, and they give me a very hearty invitation to come again. There is one town where I have often been. I suppose there are 20,000 people there. I have preached several hours in the day, half an hour at each corner. There was an immense crowd, and they have quarrelled where I should stop. One man has said, "Come to my shop, that is the best place;" and another, "Come to my shop;" and as soon as they have found a wily Brahmin, throwing out his wily net to catch me, they have said, "Now get your answer ready; put him down;" and I have been too long in India to be caught in this net, and I have succeeded in giving an answer to the satisfaction of the people; and then the Brahmin would go away, and the people would shout with joy because the Brahmin had been defeated. The very pressure of evil is in our favour. There is great evil, but it is in our favour. Man longs for happiness; man longs for immortality; Christ is the desire of all nations. Therefore we present that to them. I do not want a long rigmarole about the evidences of Christianity. I just say, "Here is Christ, here is heaven, here is the atonement, here is sympathy, here is love, here is kindness—here it is;" and the men say, "That is what we want." They admit everything. They say, "Yes, there is no comfort in our religion, but there is comfort in your religion. It is full of joy." And again, all that we have done is a contribution towards the great moral power by which Hindooism shall be overthrown. I am a believer, a strong believer in this—that here our labour is imperishable. I do not care whether it is intellectual or physical, the results will always remain. So it is with regard to our moral efforts to ameliorate the condition of men. Nothing is lost. Every prayer that is offered, every penny that is given, every effort that is made, every sermon that is preached—there it is going on accumulating, and by-and-by it will become a mighty mass that will overthrow and scatter Hindooism from the face of the earth. Oh! my friends, let me, with all the awful realities of the great day before me, point through all the miseries of India to the degradation that is done to God. Oh, think of the misery of one man, one woman; think what must be the accumulation of the miseries of two hundred millions of people. Mercy points to all that misery, and says, "Send the gospel. Stern Justice asks, 'Where is the silver, and where is the gold; where is the eloquent tongue that could tell the story of the cross?' Was it given to excite the admiration of the learned? Was it given to receive the applause of civilized

assemblies? No, it was given to proclaim the everlasting gospel. Then, my friends, when Justice calls upon you to work, when the promptings of your own heart call upon you to work, when the position of humanity calls upon you, how can you be idle? We dare not rest, we dare not pause, until all nations shall be blessed in Him, and all nations call Him blessed.

Other highly interesting and eloquent speeches were given by the Rev. W. M. Punshon, the Rev. Mr. Mullens of Calcutta, the Rev. Charles Stovel, Sir Morton Peto, and others.

Agriculture.

Flowers.

If Adam attended to the cultivation of the earth, what, meanwhile, was Eve's employment? We may infer what Milton thought about it, for he makes her thus lament the expulsion from Paradise—

"O flowers, That will not in other climate grow, My early visitation and my last, At even, when I bred up with tender hand, From the first opening bud, and gave ye names, Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?"

Most ladies, like their mother Eve, love flowers by nature, though all do not like the care of them. It is, however, a taste capable of cultivation. We believe any woman who can have the time, and land enough and help enough to give her genius full scope, will soon enter into the matter with all the enthusiasm characteristic of the sex.

There are few who have been blessed with homes, who cannot recall their early days with pleasure, and associate with them some spots especially dear. The influence of all such memories is pure and refining beyond estimation; how much more so when the memories come linked with beautiful scenes. The elm tree at the door, with a robin's nest on a swaying branch—the vine over the porch, the morning-glory trained about the window, and the flower-garden—yes, the flower-garden!—your little boy, or your young brothers, may go to the grave with heads as white as snow, but he will keep in his heart a dagnereotype of this beautiful home of long ago, and you in the midst as its presiding genius.

Years ago we knew of a flower-garden—we fear it was rather in the *geometric* style—but we have never seen one so graceful in our eyes since. The centre was a square—the four outside beds were triangles; the whole bordered with pinks, while year after year grew in the same places, peonies, marigolds, tulips, jonquils, lady's-delights, and a few other common flowers. Farther down the enclosure was a pear tree, and ranged about it an oblong square of fleur-de-lis.

And you, madam, and you, sir,—have you not a similar picture in your memory? and for what price would you part with it? Perhaps it is all grown over with weeds now, and only a few stray flowers mark the spot, but you will see it as it was in other days, and you will see those whose names

Corn Culture.

How more than one hundred bushels of Indian corn was raised to the acre, in the State of Maine—the northernmost of all the States of the Union.

Mr Willard, of Wilton, Franklin county, Me., says that in 1853, he grew fifty-five bushels, eight quarts, on half an acre, of merchantable shelled corn, fit for use. It was done after this manner: a piece of gravelly loam was selected, and finely plowed ten inches deep, and manured with six cords of stable manure, in best condition for use, one-half of which was spread and covered by the plow; the other half was placed in the hill. An abundant supply of well-seasoned seed was dropped, and the surplus plants were thinned out so as to leave about one plant to each square foot of land. It was carefully cultivated, and kept entirely clear of grass and weeds. Potatoes, pumpkins or beans were among the corn, and none were wasted there.

I have never seen a more rational and satisfactory account of corn culture than this, and although I have heretofore been slow to believe that one hundred bushels of useable corn could be grown upon an acre, still, by the application of the same industry and fidelity that Mr Willard applied, I believe that most of our farmers could double their crops. Let them begin by plowing as deeply and fertilizing and pulverizing as well, and with the blessing of heaven, their crops will be as good.—*ib.*

THE AGES OF TREES.—The Newburyport Herald says that among those trees whose ages have been ascertained, the elm has been known to live more than 850 years; the chestnut, 600; the cedar, 800; the oak, from 1000 to 1500; and some of the woods of the tropics for 3000, 4000, and 5000 years.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Obituary Notices.

MRS. GEORGE SMITH.

Leaves have their time to fall, And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath, And stars to set; but all, Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh Death!

Insatiable, unquenching, the last Enemy of poor, frail man enters the most sacred precincts: steals imperceptibly into the happy domestic circle, marks out some loved and useful one, round whom every fibre of the inmost soul clings with the most tender affection; sometimes tearing them away with a sudden and fearful stroke; at others, drawing them to his cold embrace by a gradual but sure decay. But, it is a glorious and consoling thought, that even death, with all its attendant gloom, is conquered for the Christian by his Almighty Saviour; and he can look beyond its dark confines at the bright prospect opening to his view, and rejoice in the blessed assurance that although his unconscious remains must for a time mingle with the dust, that his freed spirit will be singing in hallowed strains of redeeming love in glad union with the happy myriads who surround the Saviour's throne; and that, eventually, death itself shall die, and he awake, from his long silent sleep, to endless life and immortality.

This blessed hope animated and sustained Jane, youngest daughter of Mr. William Soley, of Truro, and wife of Mr. George Smith, of Onslow, who is the subject of this brief tribute of respect and affection.

She experienced that great change, which passeth the natural understanding, at the age of fifteen, during a series of meetings held in Onslow about nine years ago. She had for some time previous to this been earnestly seeking the Saviour; but still remained in darkness and sorrow, until one blessed day she attended a special Conference-meeting, and while a sister was speaking, light dawned; next a brother arose, and as she listened to him, it burst forth in glorious splendour, and revealed to faith's opening eye, Jesus, as the way, the truth, and the life, whom she joyfully received as her Lord and Master. Speaking to a friend of her translation out of darkness into marvellous light, she said, "I felt as if the very stones would cry out if I concealed the wondrous love of Jesus manifested to one so sinful and unworthy."

She delayed not to walk in the path of obedience, but immediately told her fellow disciples of "what a dear Saviour she had found," was received by the Church, and immersed by Rev. D. W. C. Dimock, in the likeness of her Redeemer's death. After this, as she progressed in her onward course, she realized, by experience, the alternate lights and shades of the Christian's pathway,—sometimes filled with rejoicing, hope and confidence, and again oppressed by temptations, doubts, and fears. But, like all the peculiar people, she pressed on her way, and, during the last two or three years of her life, evidently manifested more devotedness to the service of Jesus—increased interest in his cause, and in every respect a growing meekness for heaven.

About eight months ago, our dear sister was completely prostrated by the heavy hand of fierce disease, and for some days very faint hopes were entertained of even a temporary recovery. But she rallied, and her friends eagerly looked for a speedy restoration to health and strength; but He "who doeth all things well" had otherwise determined. Soon ominous symptoms appeared, which told too plainly that disease had taken unrelenting hold of her constitution.—Consumption, that pale precursor of the tomb, ever stealing the roses from the cheeks of youth and beauty, bearing them away in continuous and sad procession to their last silent resting-place, had marked her as his victim, and was rapidly hastening her away from all the scenes of earth—from her sorrowing companion and helpless babes. She suffered much at times, but never during the whole course of her illness was a murmur heard to escape her lips; and she would speak of the sure approach of death with a cheerful smile lighting up her countenance, which told plainly that she had gained the victory over every fear.

She felt deeply at the thought of leaving her little children without a mother's watchful love and care; but she committed herself and them to her heavenly Father, then calmly and trustingly awaited her release. The last few days of her life were marked by intense sufferings, under which she rapidly sank until Monday, the 2nd of May, at the early age of 24 years. When the silver cord of life was loosed, a happy smile rested on her features, and her redeemed spirit fled to the bosom of Jesus. On the following Wednesday, a large concourse of sympathizing friends attended her funeral, and an appropriate discourse was delivered by her pastor, Rev. B. Scott, from 2 Thes. iv. 4.

Rest, sweetly rest, in the shadowy tomb, Thy Saviour before thee hath passed through its gloom: His own blessed voice shall awake thee ere long, To sing with glad rapture the conqueror's song.

Onslow, May 12th, 1859.

MR. ROBERT H. NELSON.

As Mr. Nelson has relatives and friends in Onslow, where he formerly resided, the insertion of the following notice from the Boston Christian Era may be gratifying to them.

"Unavoidable circumstances have prevented us from noticing before the death of this esteemed brother. He was buried from the vestry of the Tremont Temple on Thursday, the 7th of April. The pastor preached a sermon from the words, 'Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth, for the

faithful fail from among the children of men.' The text was appropriate. Of all the good men it is our privilege to know, there is no one to whom the words could more appropriately apply 'a godly and faithful man.' He was a native of Nova Scotia, but for several years has lived in this city, and been a prominent member of the Tremont Street Baptist Church. He died at the age of 45, leaving a widow and several children to mourn their loss. As a business man, as a friend, as a member of the church he was faithful, kind, and reliable. He occupied at the time of his death positions of honor and trust in the Tremont Temple Church, was universally beloved and is universally lamented by all his brethren. We could sympathize with the declaration of the Pastor, that 'he had lost a friend.' We regarded Brother N. as one of the firmest friends of the Era and of ourself personally. While we deeply lament his loss, we would tender our warmest sympathies to his afflicted family. Brother Nelson's death was like his life, calm and peaceful. Death, he said, was a narrow stream, which he could cross at a single step. He died peacefully and triumphantly, and has gone to his everlasting reward. We shall go to him, but he shall not return to us. May we be also ready."

"TIS BUT A STEP."

Dying words of Deacon R. H. Nelson.

"Often to my distant vision Hath the stream rolled dreary—wide, And I yearned for heaven's elysium, Dreading still to cross the tide.

Soon my timid feet are ready At its waves with narrowed sweep, And mine eyes are looking steady On their gloom—'tis but a step!

But a step—the current dashing, Casts its chill damp on my brow; Yet the sun eternal's flashing Rainbow glories o'er me now.

From the fields, forever blooming, His right hand outstretched to me: I behold my Saviour coming— As to Peter on the sea.

"Be not fearful," he doth bid me: Rock and Fortress can I fear? Thou in life hast surely led me, And in death I find thee near.

One step only, then remaineth Rest from suffering heretofore, And the blood-bought soul obtaineth All for which it strove—and more.

Close the windows of his mansion, God will purge it for that day, When the sun's sublime expansion Therein doth have reign alway.

Friend beloved and teacher holy, O may all for thee who weep, Having lived as useful, lowly, Find the Jordan 'but a step."

L. S. G.

For the Christian Messenger.

ADDRESS:

FROM THE THIRD CORNWALLIS BAPTIST CHURCH TO THE REV. JAMES A. MOOR.

Dear Brother,—A little more than a year has passed since God, in his providence, directed you to come among us with his gospel to preach and to proclaim salvation to all who would accept of it, through the Redeemer. The seed sown has been watered and made effectual in turning sinners from the errors of their ways, and making them the friends of God.

We have had the pleasure of seeing a number added to the Church through your instrumentality, and the faithfulness with which you have preached the word since you have been Co-Pastor here, which has been both instructive and edifying, has had a tendency to endear you to us, and though your stay among us has not been long, yet it has given us an attachment to you that time nor space cannot destroy; and the amount of good you have done by coming here, will only be known in that world where the secrets of all hearts will be brought to light. Neither would we forget your amiable companion, and are pleased that we have made her acquaintance. May she be long spared to you, and be an help-meet in the gospel.

And now as duty calls you to leave us for another field of labour, may the blessing of God be with you wherever you may go; may he give you many seals to your ministry, that shall be as stars in your crown of rejoicing; and at last may we all meet around the throne of God and be among that number to whom shall be given a white stone, that we may sing praises to Him that has washed us in His own blood, and saved us by His own righteousness.

Signed in behalf of the Third Cornwallis Baptist Church.

THEODORUS KINSMAN, }
ABEL STROCK, } Deacons.
CHARLES E. PARKER, }

Bill town, April 30th 1859.

To this we have a very appropriate Reply from the Rev. J. A. Moor, which, but for the demands on our space, we should be glad to insert. Mr. M. concludes by saying:—

"Be assured, dear brethren, it is only from a deep conviction of duty that I go to another field of labor. Permit me to say, at parting with you, I feel truly thankful for the many tokens of your kindness, not forgetting the Donation made me in March, also the pleasing manner in which you have spoken of Mrs. Moor, for which she wishes to tender her sincere thanks. And may the God of peace both sanctify and keep you unto eternal life.

"Yours fraternally,
"JAMES A. MOOR."