

In this way heaven is receiving large contributions from earth. Next to the conversion of a soul, the enemy of God and man takes least pleasure in the death of a child. His snares are all prevented, and his prey surely lost.

O prattling tongues, never formed to speech, and now still in death, how eloquently you preach to us! O little pattering feet, leading the way, how many, through rude and stormy scenes, are following after you to heaven! We thank God for your ministry, and if it be vain, the fault and the loss will be all our own.—*Nashville Christian Advocate.*

Extraordinary Hoax.

The Manchester (England) Guardian, of February 18th, has the following account of an extraordinary hoax at Warrington, Lancashire:

It appears that some waggish individual, at present unknown, last week addressed letters to various gentlemen and traders in Warrington, dating from the Rectory and purporting to be signed by the Rector, the Rev. W. Quekett, giving invitations and orders to an almost incredible amount. On Saturday morning, about 11 o'clock, that end of Church street that fronts the Rectory presented a curious aspect. Crowds of people had gathered and were watching the fun, as the butchers, bakers, and sweeps made their appearance at the house of the Rector. Mr. Quekett, as may well be imagined, was high frantic at seeing the numerous articles that were being deposited at his door; and it was no joke to be presented by seven carters, each of whom had brought a load of coals, and was determined not to be gummoured in taking them back.

Nor was it at all a laughing matter to be troubled with sweeps and butchers, and doctors, all seeking an entree. While a squabble was going on among the coal-carter and domestics, up drove two empty carts, the drivers having orders, as they said, to take the Rector's luggage down to the railway station; and confusion was worse confounded by the arrival of a joiner, armed with full instructions to measure Mr. Quekett for a coffin! The bewildered servants astonished "chaps" by telling him he "had better see the master himself," and feeling himself "done," he walked off amid the derisive cheers from the people outside. The joiner had barely left the door when sweeps made their appearance, eyeing each other askance, as they thought it queer for an us should be caught to sweep one chimney. They were undecided at last, but not without some difficulty, and the disputation had scarcely closed between them and the Rector's servants, when the Mayor's carriage was announced, and out stepped the Chief Magistrate, expecting to take luncheon with his reverend friend. A few words sufficed to show His Worship how matters stood, and he was preparing to leave when two celebrated members of the medical fraternity made their appearance. Perhaps they were sent to prepare the Rector for the service of the joiner. Eight butcher boys with prime joints, next besieged the Rector's door, supplemented by a lad with a hand cart full of currant bread, which was prepared for some party that was to take place.

Explanations ensued, but a barber who had come to shave the Rector, would not believe the news, and he had to be told to depart. After the solids, came the liquors. Men with porter and wine arrived from various merchants in town, each morally certain, as he knocked at the door, that his were the only things ordered. All were, however, doomed to disappointment, and they had to return as heavy laden as they came; and so had the fishmonger's boy with a barrel of oysters. A cab next drove up, but drove away as it came, empty, the driver looking as pleasant as was possible under the circumstances. A couple of cartloads of bricks were next driven up to the door, followed by a boy with a trunk laden with buckets and tubs, and another with a barrow full of spades, all the parties being evidently in a state of deep mystification at the crowd, the coals, the sweeps and the butchers, their intellect being not at all cleared by the luscious cheers with which they were greeted. The matter was placed in the hands of the police, and every effort made to discover the author of this outrageous trick.

The Unexpected Summons.

H— was a young man much beloved and respected in his native village, but, alas! a stranger to the love of Christ. He was full of life and animation, and a general favorite in society. No doubt, he put off the day of repentance until a later period in life, when the pleasures of youth should have lost their power to charm him.

Poor H—! that day never dawned on him. He was riding out one day, when his horse suddenly became frightened and unmanageable and he was thrown with great violence to the ground. A crowd quickly gathered around him and he was conveyed at once to the nearest house. It was evident that he was very seriously injured, and a physician was immediately sent for. When he arrived, the young man, though suffering intensely, looked him steadily in the face, and inquired in a firm voice,

"Doctor, must I die? Must I die, sir? Do not deceive me in this matter."

The physician could only reply honestly, and

told him he had probably not an hour left to live. Like a flash of lightning, he seemed to awaken from a sense of his sufferings, and to wander wide away from them.

"Must I go into eternity in an hour?" he said. "Must I stand before my Judge in one short hour? God knows I have made no preparation for this event. I have heard of impenitent young men thus suddenly cut off but it never occurred to me that I should be one. Oh! tell me, tell me what I must do to be saved!" He was told that he must repent of his sins, and look to Jesus Christ for pardon.

"But I do not know how to repent. The whole work of my lifetime is crowded into this hour of agony. Oh! what shall I do to be saved?" he continued to cry, with an eye glaring with desperation. But agonized friends could not save him. Death would not wait for explanations, and thus crying out for aid and instruction, he sank back upon his pillow, and in another moment he was in eternity.

Cars in the Desert.

Mr. Russell, the well known Crimean reporter of the London Times, gives a most interesting sketch of a run through a portion of the Arabian desert by the new railway route. We subjoin an extract:

Blanched bones of camels lie in dull whiteness on the sands. Not a bird fans the hot, silent air. Stones and sand, and sand and stones, are all, and everywhere stretched out dead and hard under the blue sky and the relentless sun. The rail which conveys us through this desolation, is single, and the line is said, by English engineers, to be very badly made, as the French engineers who laid it out, took it over a ridge 1,100 feet high, instead of following a low level near the river, which would have greatly diminished expense and cost of working. The water and coal for the engines are to be carried by the trains out to the various stations. So they are like commissariat animals in a barren country, which have to carry their own fodder and diminish the public burthens.

These stations are helpless, hot, oven-like erections, generally eked out by old Crimean wooden huts, within the shade of which may be seen an undoubted Englishman, smoking his pipe. At the twelfth station we cooled; the train ended in the desert here; but at long intervals, for miles in advance, we could see the encampments of Arabs, who, for the time, had become navies, and were engaged in picking, and burrowing, and blasting through the rocks a way for the iron horse. In a long wooden shed—the centre of a group of tents—were laid out long tables, covered with hot joints of recondite animals, papier-mache chickens, and lignite vegetables. This was our dinner—it had come all the way from Cairo—so had the wine, the beer, and spirits. If manna and quails were at all eatable, we had envied the food of the Israelites.

King Victor Emanuel.

A correspondent of the London Times has a very uncomplimentary notice of this popular Sovereign.

Truly, King Victor's character and his deeds have been largely misconstrued and misrepresented abroad. He is one of the men who have greatness forced upon them. Nothing can well be more unkingly than all his habits and tastes. On no man could the burdens of royalty lie as heavily as they do upon him; no one could be more eager to withdraw into private retirement. For the last twelve years, and especially since the bereavements of 1855 he has never been seen when his presence could by any possibility be spared. He is a sportsman when he cannot be a soldier; and the soldier's trade itself is only valuable to him as a means of acquitting himself of his patriot's vow. He has said, "if they dissected his heart after death they would find the word *Novara* deeply engraven therein." Those words explain all the aims and achievements of his subsequent life. He was a dutiful son, (as all Savoy princes ever were, notwithstanding the tragic end of Victor Amadeus II.) He had his father to avenge, whose heart was broken, and the Piedmontese arms to avenge, whose glory was sullied at Novara. To attain this noble end, only one way was open to the son of Charles Albert—to follow on the path traced by Charles Albert; to raise from the ground the national banner which dropped from his father's hand; to rally his people round that banner by perpetuating those constitutional franchises his parent had sworn to maintain.

Children a motive.

A house full of children composes as powerful a group of motives as ever moved a heart or hand, and the secret of many a struggle and triumph in the world's battle may be found throned in its mother's lap at home, or done up in a little bundle of white flannel. A nation's hope, before now, has been found in a basket of bulrushes. Get ready to be afraid of the man that children are afraid of, and be sure that he who hates them is not himself worth living.

Out of good men choose acquaintances; out of acquaintances, friends.

Agriculture.

Look out for the Hens.

See that the hens are constantly supplied with lime in the form of old mortar, or pounded oyster or clam shells, gravel, bones, and meat Charcoal is also a valuable article to have about the coop. It is said that cooked food should never be fed to hens or other domestic fowls when the weather is sufficiently cold to freeze it in the crop and destroy them! A person once informed us, that this frequently occurs. We think hens should have a place provided for them that will not freeze the food, even if it is out of their crops. This advice may be useful, however, where fowls have the range of the barn, and no warmer place to go to. In such situations, hens often do very well if they are fed liberally with grain, and once a day with hot mashed potatoes and meal mixed with scraps. There is no place they like so well as among the hay and straw in the barn, and to pick up the hay and other seeds about the floor, and around the cattle.

Fowls dislike damp places, and the cellar, though warmer than rooms above, is not so good as a loft would be, where the sun could come in through windows in the roof, and which might be warmed in the coldest weather from a stove below. They require steady attention and care, and when they receive it, will afford as much profit for the outlay as any item of the farm.—*N. E. Farmer.*

TO PREVENT DOGS FROM GOING MAD.—Mix a small portion of the flour of sulphur with their food or drink, through the spring months. This is practiced in Europe to prevent the disease from breaking out among the packs of hounds which belong to the English noblemen, and is said to be a certain preventive.—*ib.*

TO GET EARLY SQUASHES, MELONS OR CUCUMBERS.—Cut two pieces of strong sods from fine, rich pasture ground, shave the dirt sides even, lay one of the sods on a piece of board, grass down, and stick in the seeds an inch or two apart, then put on the other sod, and keep them in a warm corner near the fire-place, giving them a sprinkle of rain-water once in a while, if they get too dry. The seeds will take root, and when the times comes to put out the plants, cut out a piece of the lower sod with each seed, so as not to break the tender rootlets, and plant it where it is to grow. In this way, you gain two or three weeks' time, and the plants will get the start of bugs and flies. A little extra care will be well compensated by extra early and fine vegetables.—*Farmers Advocate.*

NUMBER OF HENS TO KEEP, AND THE TIME TO SELL.—A correspondent of the Illinois *Prairie Farmer* says:—"We have kept as many as one hundred and fifty fowls, and fed them three pecks of shelled corn daily. But our experience has been, that we could get more than half as many eggs from twenty-five fowls as we could from one hundred. We have carried chicks the size of quails to market, and found them ready sale at twenty-five cents each. We might have fed them four months longer, and found them dull sale at a dime apiece."

CHEAP NAILS.—The cheapest nails are not the lowest priced ones. Cut nails made of iron of good quality will outlast such as can be bought at the lowest rates about two to one. Never use nails for siding or shingles that break very easy; and be sure not to allow your carpenter to use nails of very light weight. First rate cut nails of suitable size may cost twenty-five per cent more than the poorest and lightest, but in the end they are a hundred per cent the best. Nails made of poor iron will rust out a great deal quicker than nails made of good tough malleable iron, like that known as old sable.—*Scientific American.*

The development of muscle leads not always to the prize ring. In Troy, the other day, John McKinney and Patrick Kennedy, both blacksmiths, had an extraordinary trial of skill. The former challenged the latter to compete with him in making horse shoes for the championship. The challenge was accepted, and the working time fixed at ten hours, each man, with his "helper," when they went to the metal. Their shops were surrounded through the day with an interested throng, and ropes were stretched about the forges to give sufficient space. At the expiration of the ten hours Kennedy had made 240 shoes, and McKinney 210. Near the close of the contest the "helper" of the latter fainted from fatigue. It is not probable that an equal feat has ever been accomplished before.

For the Christian Messenger.

The Temperance Question.

MR. EDITOR,

In giving an account of the proceedings of the Central Association in your paper of the 27th inst., stating the discussion on the Temperance question; you remark that some contended, (I give the idea, not the words) that the church should put from them *drinking members*, rather than look to Politicians and Legislatures to correct the evil of intemperance; on the other hand you say, "It was contended that although we may hold that christians ought to abstain, yet that no Association or other Ecclesiastical body could make a law for the Churches; and it was useless to declare that those guilty of *drinking*, any more than those guilty of swearing, stealing, lying or adultery, are unworthy of church fellowship." Were I not a member of a baptist church I should upon reading the above sentence conclude that the body to which I belonged viewed as venial sins, those here enumerated, and such as the christian professor could indulge in with impunity, but I feel that such is not the case, and I think none of our churches are so deficient in discipline as not to remove a member for either *swearing, lying, stealing or adultery*. I think the meaning intended to be conveyed is, that the Association had not power to *make a law* to regulate these offences. In this I think all must agree; and no one that I heard speak on the subject of drinking and urging its complete removal from church members, asked for anything more than an *expression* as to whether the laws of Christ were, or were not sufficient on this matter; if these are not sufficient, human enactments would avail nothing. I would put drinking or selling intoxicating liquors in the same catalogue of sins as these enumerated, and I conclude that the laws of Christ without specifying every evil by name, gives warrant and authority to the church to deal with whatever is known to be an evil, and to proceed in such a manner as to remove any member from its communion who persists in any practice that leads to unholiness, or that gives countenance to sin.

J. W. B.

June 30th, 1860.

For the Christian Messenger.

Extract of letter from Rev. W. Chipman.

In a letter on business matters Mr. C. adverts to the importance of Sabbath School instruction. The following remarks were not written for publication, but we venture to place them before our readers, and trust he will pardon us for so doing. He says:

"When once error is sown in youthful minds, it will grow, it being in soil congenial, and it is hard to root it out. But sow good seed, and the fruit will be likely to be good. The time has come (if never before) that Baptist Ministers and members should maintain fearlessly the standard of divine truth in every possible consistent way within the compass of their power, and in doing so, God will aid them; and all the powers of earth and hell combined, cannot overthrow them. Upwards of sixty-two years these sentiments have been constantly cherished by me, and there is no diminution now; but on the contrary—they are an abiding source of consolation to me, and I have no fears but they will be while I remain on God's footstool, and I trust through Eternity."

For the Christian Messenger.

Dog Express.

MR. EDITOR,

In reading an article headed as above the following story runs thus:—A family living over fifty miles from Boston, who had removed from there a few years before, taking with them their faithful dog, "Rover," had several times made an annual visit to the old place, accompanied with "Rover"; the necessity of sending a letter became urgent and indispensably necessary, the thought occurred of sending the same by the trusty "Rover." The despatch was prepared and attached to the neck of the faithful dog, who delivered it with miraculous speed and fidelity, to the entire satisfaction of all parties concerned, and seemed conscious that he was on an important mission. Knowing a case somewhat similar in our Province, I thought perhaps if your columns in the *Messenger* were not crowded with more useful matters, you might be induced to give the following an insertion. I can vouch for its truthfulness, having received it from the lady herself, whose veracity cannot be doubted: Living about eight miles from a sister, she often visited her with her favorite "Sport." Wishing her sister to bring an article with her on one occasion when