

Encouragement to Prayer for India.

From the Missionary Herald of the London Baptist Missionary Society.

Our readers cannot but have felt a deep interest in the tidings which, from time to time we have given them of the Lord's work in Northern India. The call for prayer from the Ludianah Mission has already resulted in great blessing, and Delhi bears testimony to the faithfulness of Him who is the hearer and answerer of prayer. Other encouraging circumstances have of late manifested themselves, showing that God is working among the heathen, and that the movement begun in North America, continued in Ireland and Scotland, has at length reached lands long parched and dry. At the time that our brethren of the London Missionary Society were pouring out supplications at the throne of grace for Madagascar, God was answering their prayers, and by a remarkable series of events, opening the way for the arrival at the throne of a Christian prince, and the cessation of the persecution which has, for so long a time, oppressed the Church of Christ in that island.

And now we have tidings of a further display of Divine grace in Tinnivelly, in Southern India. Scenes similar to those which attracted attention in Ireland have occurred, and both nominal Christians and Heathens have been brought under the mighty influence of the Spirit of God. The mission thus favoured is under the charge of brethren of the Church Missionary Society; but by later letters it appears that the good work is proceeding among Christians of other denominations also. It appears to have begun in the conversion of an ungodly school-master; then, his wife was brought to the feet of Jesus. Moved by an unusual anxiety for the salvation of his fellow-men, this convert, with another agent of the society, began, without ceasing, to exhort all they met to turn to Christ for salvation. Constant meetings for prayer were held, at some of which a "strange and solemn influence pervaded the whole place. In a few days thirty-two persons were found to have been awakened. In other villages a similar work has been going on." Says one of the native brethren engaged, "The heathen, also, observing this wonderful work, are amazed. Since the commencement of the work, twenty of these, including the awakened, have joined us. They show great eagerness to hear the word of God. For these ten or twelve days I have not heard a single word of bad language. It appears as if a terror had fallen upon the heathen."

These awakenings have not occurred without symptoms of bodily prostration. The subject usually assumes a kneeling position, as if under compulsion; bitter sobs burst forth; cries on account of sin are uttered, and the body is away to and fro. Thus one, in intense agony, publicly confessed his sins, crying to God, "O God! what a great sinner I am! Oh! my sin, my sin! If I had died on Saturday, I would now have been in hell amongst the devils. O Lord Jesus, the burden of my sins is great. Thou alone canst remove the load. Thou alone art my Friend." After a long struggle and earnest prayer for mercy, he found peace. Now he is constantly preaching to his friends the Saviour in whom he trusts.

Many other similar cases are mentioned. The missionary thus sums up the results of a few days' continuance of this remarkable movement: "First, the most unsatisfactory, and perhaps, in point of ability, the ablest man in our district is converted. If the fruits of the Spirit have ever been visible, they are so, I believe, in his case. Then his wife and daughters are converted. Then, that once stupid-looking boy, Royappen, has been converted, and his now bright and beaming face does one's heart good to look at it. Then, eight women of the congregation, and two men have been visited by the strange influence, and appear now to be in the enjoyment of peace. Then, eight heathen have joined the little body. They seem to have only one thought, only one object to talk about. The Bible is now in their hands, and every one of them is furnished with a pencil to take down from your lips any text they may not themselves have alighted upon before."

A few days after we read that at Pattakalum, whilst the people were engaged in prayer, several of them were struck down, thirteen cases in all, five women and eight men. During Divine service on Whit-Sunday at Soonia-puram, many persons were touched, and they all cried out for mercy. The scene was very affecting and extraordinary. Two were backsliders. The rest were chiefly women and children.

"Meanwhile," says the Rev. D. Fenn, "we

have such tokens of movements among the heathen as we have never yet known; but as they do not seem to proceed from any definite conviction of the truth of Christianity, and certainly from no sense of sin, I set less value on them. Yet they may, in God's hand, be the beginning of great things." Mr. Fenn then refers to several Shanars who were manifesting a satisfactory attention to Divine things. In one place, a well-connected Shanar tradesman had been led by two remarkable dreams to seek missionary instruction, and many others exhibit an inclination to join the body of nominal Christians, among whom this revival-movement chiefly has taken place. Among the Pillars, one hundred and three persons have given in their names as wishful to become Christians. But it is probable that they may be actuated by a desire to have the missionary's aid in a law-suit with their Zemindar. Still for some years they have been visited by the missionaries, and now, for the first time, begin to exhibit an interest in Divine truth. The case of the Shanar tradesman alluded to above is as follows. "He saw in a dream, some time ago, a missionary holding an open book in his hand. He thought that he asked the missionary for the book, but the missionary said it was not for the heathen. He awoke and felt a great longing for that book. Soon after the catechist met him, and gave him a tract, which fully opened his eyes to the folly of idolatry. He soon after saw in another dream, a man advising him to read and be instructed in the Bible. After this he came to Sattianadhen, and has since been a most promising inquirer, and appears truly a Na'haniel!"

In addition, a most remarkable movement has displayed itself in a school, the children of which, under the impulse, have most anxiously sought to lead their connexions to the Saviour. But our space precludes a fuller reference to the facts.

Thus in the north and south of that great country God is manifesting his power. May it be but the beginning, the first drops of that shower of refreshing rain from the presence of the Lord, for which the Church has so long laboured and prayed.

Agriculture.

Fattening Animals—Stalls and Sheds.

In Scotland, where everything in farming is reduced to system, several experiments have been made in order ascertain the relative value of two modes of fattening cattle, above named. The animals were in one instance selected and divided as near as possible in regard to weight, &c.; five of them were placed in an enclosure well sheltered, and allow a sufficiency of room, and the other five were placed in boxes or stalls. At the commencement of October, it was ascertained that those in the sheltered enclosure eat, daily, one hundred and thirty four pounds, while those in the boxes or stalls consumed but one hundred and twelve pounds, thus demonstrating the doctrine of Professor Liebig, that warmth is an equivalent for food.

Towards the end of April—the experiment having occupied seven months—the animals were all slaughtered, and the following results were noted down:

Cattle fed in boxes, beef,	3,462 lbs.
tallow,	376 lbs.
Cattle fed in yards, beef,	3,216 lbs.
tallow,	301 lbs.

The present is an appropriate time for the farmer to give attention to this matter, and we hope experiments similar to the above will be made, and the results made public.—*N. E. Farmer.*

Rearing and fattening of Swine.

Gluttons and dyspeptics have always been instructed by intelligent physicians to eat slowly, and masticate the food well, and thoroughly incorporate the same with the saliva, to secure good digestion and a uniform appetite.

The rule holds good with hogs and should be early taught and enforced, both for the advantage of the pig, and his owner. Everybody knows that a pig cloyed in early youth with strong food; greedily eaten, becomes a dyspeptic, and never does well after. Now, say to your pig, "learn to eat slow, and all other graces will follow in their proper places." Perhaps many good farmers may say "it can't be done." Nothing easier. Give the weaned pig at 6 or 8 weeks old, in a clean trough, half a teacup of dry shorts or bran, and after his dry food is all eaten, give his drink, and increase the dry shorts according to the age and appetite till 3 months old, then add one-half Indian meal for two months, and then dry Indian meal till fattened sufficiently. I have followed this plan

for five years past with success. I have 2 pigs now 5 months old that are fed one quart Indian meal each, three times a day, which takes half an hour to moisten and swallow, and this quantity, with the slops and dish-water, (all of which they take after their meal,) will carry them to 200, dressed, at 6½ months old. At one year old the same breed weigh 300. One at 9 months weighed 375. I have a sow that has brought 126 pigs, and will have another litter in September.—*L. Long in N. E. Farmer.*

Facts for Farmers.

If you invest money in tools, and then leave them exposed to the weather, it is the same as loaning money to a spendthrift without security—a dead loss in both cases.

If you invest money in books, and never read them, it is the same as putting your money into a bank, but never drawing either principal or interest.

If you invest money in fine stock, and do not feed and protect them, and properly care for them, it is the same as dressing your wife in silk to do kitchen work.

If you invest your money in choice fruits, and do not guard and give them a chance to grow and prove their value, it is the same as putting a good hand into the field with poor tools to work with.

If you invest your money in a good farm, and do not cultivate it well, it is the same as marrying a good wife, and so abusing and enslaving her as to crush her energies and break her heart.

If you invest your money in a fine house, and do not so cultivate your mind and taste as to adorn it with intelligence and refinement, it is as if you were to wear broadcloth and a silk hat to mill.

If you invest your money in fine clothes and do not wear them with dignity and ease, it is as if a plowman were to sit at a jeweler's table to make and adjust hair-springs.

If you invest your money in strong drink, it is the same as turning hungry dogs into a growing corn field—ruin will follow in both cases.

If you invest your money in every new wonder that flaming circulars proclaim, it is the same as buying tickets at a lottery office where there are ten blanks to one prize.

If you invest your money in the "last novel," it is the same as employing a tailor's dandy to dig your potatoes.—*Valley Farmer.*

Facts for poor Farmers.

"Those farmers who have most difficulty to make both ends meet, always plow most and keep most stock. Now these men take the true plan to keep themselves always poor, because their crops and stock are always poor and bring little." So writes John Johnston, in a letter to the Secretary of our State Society; and he thus illustrates his statement: "It is good profit to raise 300 bushels of wheat from ten acres, but when it takes thirty acres to raise that amount, it is raised at a loss. So it is with cattle and sheep—you will see the thinking farmer making four-year old steers worth from \$60 to \$80 each, and his neighbour's at the same age not worth over \$25 to \$40." His advice to the latter is, "if his land is exhausted, he should plow no more than he can thoroughly manure. Seed with clover and grass, and let it rest, and that field will not only pay well for tillage, but it will furnish manure (if rightly managed) to make another field of the same size, rich also." And then keep it rich, do not run it with grain until again exhausted, or "the latter end of that land will be worse than the first."—*Country Gentleman.*

Some Corn and Squashes.

I noticed in the last number of the *Farmer* a short article from Henry J. Durgin, of Shaker Village, N. H., which induced me to measure the height of a field of corn growing here in old Massachusetts. Its average height is about ten feet; it is uncommonly well set with ears, many stalks containing three and some four ears. It was planted about the first of June; no manure has been applied to the land this season. Last season it was planted to cucumbers and manured in the hill. My largest squash measures over five feet in circumference, and is growing rapidly. Yours, for "some squashes" and "some corn."—*W. H. W. in N. E. Farmer.*

STEAMED INDIAN PULDING.—Two cups full of sweet milk, one tablespoonful of molasses, two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, two cups full of Indian meal, one of flour, and one of dried cherries, currants, or other fruits, all thoroughly mixed. Have a tin dish ready, into which pour the batter; set it in a steamer, and cook it an hour and a half. Send it to the table hot, and serve with any good sauce.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Thoughts during a Tempest.

It was night—I had slept calmly and sweetly. I awoke,—the rain was falling in torrents,—the wind swept fiercely by, and a low rumbling sound, as of its hollow murmurings, saluted my ears. Suddenly the room was illuminated by a flash of vivid lightning, which, for the moment, almost seemed to blind me. The loud crash of thunder which followed, was sufficient to terrify the timid, and alarm the most resolute. Flash after flash of the forked lightning blazed through the apartment; each succeeded by louder and still louder bursts of the pealing thunder: until at length the dwelling appeared enveloped in livid flame, and the earth trembled beneath, caused by the most terrific peal of thunder that I ever heard. It seemed as if all Nature was in convulsion, and striving for the mastery with some majestic foe.

Up to this point my mind had been engaged with the present scene, but as the tempest gradually diminished, or sped its way onward to visit some other locality, I lay and mused upon the future. I thought of that great day when the "Mighty angel shall stand with one foot upon the sea, and the other upon the earth, and shall swear by Him who liveth forever and ever, that there shall be time no longer." And, in my imagination, I saw the inhabitants of the world in great confusion, hurrying to and fro, not knowing whither they went.

With a visionary eye, I saw the rocks torn from the summit of some vast mountain, and rushing onward with increasing velocity down its huge rough sides, to its base,—and then with one fearful convulsion the mountain itself burst asunder, as if impelled by some powerful agent within, belching forth flames from every opening, and scattering its huge fragments of earth and rock, in all directions, and I imagined that I could see crowds of human beings rushing on toward the frightful scene, and hear them saying to the rocks, "fall on us," and to the hills "cover us, and hide us from the face of Him who sitteth upon the throne and from the wrath of the Lamb!" "for the great day of his wrath is come." Stretching my imagination still further, I beheld upon my right a beautiful plain, through which a gentle river coursed its way onward to the open sea before me, into which this vast mountain seemed fast burying itself. Upon the plain stood thousands of spectators, calmly beholding the awful scene before them. These, thought I, are the saints of God, clothed in white, with palms in their hands, awaiting the appearance of their Judge.

Thence my thought turned upward and with a still greater stretch of imagination, I beheld away amidst the blue shore, the Lamb of God, surrounded by myriads of the heavenly hosts, gazing down through the parted skies upon the prospect beneath. Now he descends, shrouded in a halo of bright glory, toward earth. Slowly he wends his airy way through regions of space, down from the vaulted heaven toward earth again. The saints of God behold him as he comes. They shout aloud with one accord. "Behold him come! They clap their hands with joy, and cry,—Worthy is he who redeemed us by his blood, and made us kings and priests unto God." And then with one great shout they welcome him to earth. They touch their harp anew, and cry aloud "this is our king, we have waited for him, for he cometh—for he cometh to judge the earth in righteousness, and the people with equity."

My thoughts thence contemplated that great and innumerable host, which John the revelator saw, whom no man could number, who surround the throne day and night, and cry, "Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb." And I anticipated, in some degree, the joy that all shall experience in that blest employ. And then the eyes of my mind turned toward the dark and dismal abodes of the lost spirits in hell, and sorrow filled my soul. In my imagination I beheld millions of human beings "gnashing their tongues with pain," and writhing in agony beneath the curse of an angry Judge, and heard them crying for "a drop of water to cool their parched tongues." But no helper came. It was too late—their doom was sealed, and sealed forever.

Reader—what is your condition? Are you of that number that shall stand beside the peaceful River, the river of life, whose waters are for the healing of the nations, with your eyes fixed heavenward waiting for your Saviour and Judge? Or are you hastening to join that number who shall cry for rocks to fall on them