

Agriculture.

Advice gratis.

Never set a post in the ground, or even stakes for a common fence, without first charring the end. In this practice there is great economy; there is generally brush enough at hand, and the boys like a bonfire.

Never break your colts to wearing blinkers, if you would have a less number of shying, contrary, skittish horses. The rustle of a leaf at his heels, or a piece of paper, in fact, all sounds from objects which he cannot see or comprehend, being blinded as to all, beside and behind, startle and alarm him. Blinkers or blinders are false ornaments, treacherous and dangerous, and cause many fatal accidents. Why not hoodwink the young steers in breaking them?

Never build your grain bins of any wood but hemlock. It is positively proof against the depredations of rats and mice, who never forget their best friends, the farmers.

HOW CARROTS AFFECT HORSES.—The carrot is the most esteemed of all roots for its feeding qualities. When analyzed, it gives but little more solid matter than any other root; 85 per cent, being water; but its influence in the stomach upon the other articles of food is most favorable, conducing to the most perfect digestion and assimilation. The result, long known to practical men, is explained by chemists as resulting from the presence of a substance called pectine, which operates to coagulate or gelatinize vegetable solution, and this favors digestion in all cattle.—Horses are especially benefited by the use of carrots. They should be fed to them frequently with their other food.—*American Stock Journal*

Correspondence.

The Baptists of Germany.

To the Editor of *The Examiner*:

DEAR BROTHER:—As I know that you and your readers are deeply interested in the German Mission, it has occurred to me that an account of a recent visit to Hamburg, at the time of the meeting of the Triennial Conference of the German churches, might serve to strengthen the confidence felt by the churches of our country in the good work so auspiciously begun in Germany, and stir up Christians at home to pray more earnestly, that still mightier spiritual conquests may be made in the strongholds of rationalism and formality. I am satisfied, from my own observation, that it is impossible to over-estimate the importance of the evangelical effort put forth in Germany by the Baptists. The beginnings may seem humble, and public attention may not, as yet, be greatly attracted to them, but they are the good seed which is sure to grow, and which needs to be everywhere sown with an unsparing hand. The violent, persecuting period has probably nearly passed, and in future, less of thought and energy will have to be expended in encountering the obstacles thrown in the way by governmental opposition. If this state of things do not tend to abate the zeal and fervor hitherto shown, we may confidently look for glorious harvests succeeding the diligent culture that is now bestowed upon this most promising soil.

A SABBATH AT HAMBURG.

Previous to the opening of the Conference, it was my pleasure to spend a Sabbath at Hamburg, and to be present at the services at brother Oncken's chapel. The house of worship stands back from the street, and is approached by a narrow passage, extending, part of the way, along the side of the building. It is rather a small structure, having only two rows of seats, with an aisle between, and a gallery across one end. On a raised platform at the other extremity of the room, and on each side of the pulpit, are seats for the choir, all of whom, according to the requirements of our German brethren, are members of the church. The accommodations are altogether insufficient for a body numbering five hundred, as three hundred persons would fill the utmost capacity of the house. A larger place of worship is greatly needed. The first singing was done by the choir, under the leadership of a deacon of the church, and was what may be easily imagined, where fervent devotion is allied to high musical culture. Brother Kœbner, of Eiberfeld, was in the pulpit—a man of lovely, gentle nature, John-like in spirit, and characterized by fervid earnestness in all his utterances. His prayer seemed to raise his audience quite to the gate of heaven, and in it the dear brother appeared as if wrestling with God was to him a familiar exercise. Every heart was evidently borne along with him, and the emphatic

"Amen," audible on all sides when he finished, were most sincere and impressive. The hymns before and after sermon were sung by the whole congregation. I could see scarcely an individual who did not join in the act of praise. The music was purely vocal, and was solemn and overpowering in its effects. Never have I had such a conviction of the presence of humble, devoted, child-like piety, as was forced upon me by that assembly. They were a plain, simple people, most of them in the lowlier walks of life, but bearing in their countenances evidence of intense earnestness and deep devotion. The sermon by brother Kœbner was full of animation—not that which is loud, violent, and declamatory in manner, but the animation of warm emotion and strong convictions forcing themselves out of the man, through every channel at their command. The fixed gaze of the audience at the speaker, and eyes often tearful, as he delicately touched some tender chord of the heart's sensibilities, gave conclusive proof of a deeply emotional piety on the one hand, and a real power of eloquence on the other. Brother Kœbner, in speaking, speaks effectively through the eye, by gesture and attitude, as well as with the voice, and carries the hearts of his hearers with him, by a force which it is difficult to resist. He is doing a good work in the west of Prussia. Being a scholar and a poet, he is fond of literature, though unable, by the very nature of his work, to gratify his tastes, in that particular, to the extent he might desire. During the Conference, he read to the assembled brethren a kind of drama, which he has been preparing, entitled "The Waldenses," and which was pronounced, by some of those who heard it, a production of great ability, sublime, a kind of "Christian Faust." It will probably be published. Of course it has a decidedly religious aim, and is designed to bring truth before the German mind through a channel often employed by the scholars of the land.

A very heavy rain prevented me hearing the sermon of brother Lehmann, of Berlin, whom I had the pleasure of seeing first at his own house. He is a man of about fifty years of age, stoutly built, rather short in stature, wearing an open, frank, intelligent German face, and having a deep, heavy voice. He is a sincere, warm-hearted man, and impresses one very favorably. He, likewise, is poetical in the structure of his mind, and in preaching is distinguished for the bold flights of his imagination. I can easily conceive of him as being a very effective preacher. He is greatly blessed in having a son worthy of him, walking in the same footsteps and devoting his life to the same high and holy work. In the opening devotional exercises of the Conference, he was called upon to follow the father in offering prayer, and it was indeed touching to contemplate the two in this interesting position, the father multiplying his life and labors in the son, and the son imitating the example of the sire. The younger Lehmann studied at the University of Berlin, is an excellent scholar, and in connection with his labors as pastor at Lubeck, does considerable literary labor for the Mission, in the way of translating and editorial work. He is a noble young man, whose talents, scholarship and piety promise great things to the Mission and the cause of Christ.

THE TRIENNIAL CONFERENCE.

The meetings of the Conference were inaugurated by a devotional service of seven hours' duration. This service revealed to the spectator the real secret of the success of the German Mission. It is carried on by men of prayer. Never has it been my privilege to listen to such prayers. The deep earnestness and fervor, as manifest in the outpourings of the heart before God, were truly affecting. Such men cannot but be successful. They have power with God. By them "the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence," and they "take it by force." Throughout the whole of the Conference, a prominent place was given to, and much time occupied in such services, and in consequence a most delightful season was enjoyed. The sessions were harmonious, spiritual and profitable in an eminent degree. Far distant be the day when they shall degenerate into the almost exclusively business character which such gatherings have come to assume with us. At the opening of the Conference, there were about ninety brethren present, from the different sections embraced in this Mission, ministers, colporteurs, &c., and a noble band of men they were, too. Plain, and simple, and in some cases very rustic in their personal appearance, their whole aspect and bearing gave unmistakable signs of Apostolic decision and boldness of character, allied to a piety of a peculiarly celestial type. As they sat together, their eyes all closed during the offering of prayer, absorbed in the petition

ascending to the skies, or listening, with child-like earnestness, to addresses made, one was forced to feel that if a company of true, disinterested Christian men can be found in the ranks of humanity, they were that company. They are Germany's true nobility. Princes and a proud aristocracy, men of learning and men of wealth, may fill a larger sphere in the world's eye, but in the truest estimate of what is grand and worthy, or, in other words, in the view of a just God, whose decisions are infallible, they are the men who are most truly noble and sublime, and who, in the great day of awards, will be recognized as such, while those who despise and persecute them will be humiliated in their presence. There were more than a hundred present during the sessions of the body, and when one thought of the churches they represented, and the work in which they are engaged, he could not but feel that there is still hope for Germany, notwithstanding its bold rationalism and its rampant infidelity.

The reports from the churches made to the Conference will of course be spread, in due time, before the American Christian public; therefore, I will not speak particularly of them, except to say that they were, on the whole, encouraging, especially that from the Poles, among whom God seems to be at work in a remarkable manner.

The Conference continued its session a whole week, and most of the brethren remained quite to the close, thus reaping the benefit of the entire services. The Sabbath before adjournment was a day peculiarly rich in interest. In the morning a sermon, was preached by brother Ringsdorf, of Vollmarstein, once a Lutheran minister, and was said to have been able and excellent. I can testify that it was delivered with unction, and that it had the undivided attention of the assembly. Afterwards some thirteen candidates were received by the church for baptism. In the afternoon, Prof. Rauschenbusch, of Rochester University, delivered a sermon of great power, at the close of which the candidates received in the morning were baptized by brother Oncken. Seldom does one see a happier company follow the example of their Divine Lord in this beautiful ordinance, and seldom does one see a happier man than was the administrator on this occasion. The chapel was crowded to excess, and multitudes were standing around the doors, eager to witness the holy rite. When the baptized persons returned to the chapel, after changing their dress, brother Oncken offered prayer, during which he, aided by the second pastor of the church, brother Gulzan, placed hands upon their heads, as they knelt around. Then followed the hand of fellowship, in addition to which brother Oncken kissed each of the males, nine in number, as he bestowed upon them assurances of a cordial welcome to the sacred companionship of saints. To us cold foreigners, these warm-hearted demonstrations of our German brethren seemed a little singular in such a connection; though we had often before seen men kiss each other, sometimes on both cheeks, in the ordinary meetings and partings of life. The Lord's Supper was next administered, after which all took hold of hands and sang a hymn. Mr. Oncken called to his side, previous to singing, brother Kœbner and another brother, the last of whom and himself were the only survivors of the number baptized and formed into a church by Prof. Sears, in 1833. With clasped hands, they, and the whole audience, who had instinctively followed their example, sang the hymn with deep emotion. Scarcely an eye was tearless. Holy love and a deep sense of the Divine presence, appeared to rest upon every soul. The music, under such circumstances, seemed seraphic; and it was surpassingly sweet and inspiring, as is all music that comes from, and gives expression to the heart. The hymn ended, brother Oncken, overcome by his feelings, threw himself into the arms of his former associate in baptism, and they kissed and embraced each other in the most fervent manner. The example was contagious, and instantly the whole company followed it. Brother kissed brother, and sister kissed sister, all over the chapel, while the spasmodic clasping of hands betokened the strength of Christian affection. It was a scene never to be forgotten, as singular as it was rare. No one, of the least sensibility, could refrain from participating in it. The singing that was interspersed with these services, and indeed throughout the day, was such as I never expect to hear again, for I imagine that it can be heard in no other country but Germany. By the side of it, the music of choirs, however well trained they may be, is insipid.

On the following Tuesday, the day before the final adjournment, the Conference held a "love-feast," in which was a repetition of the scenes of the Sabbath, an occasion ever to be remembered, whose influence tended to cement more strongly the hearts of those faithful laborers in the cause of God. When brother Oncken, who presided over the body, came to deliver an ad-

dress, just before parting, he and those with him, as he rehearsed the history of that wonderful Mission, its small beginnings, its rapid progress, and its glorious success, in connection with what it now is, could not refrain from exclaiming, with deepest emotion, "What hath God wrought!"

W. C. C.

Sept. 24th, 1860.

For the Christian Messenger.

The Sainted Dead.

"These are they which have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."—*The Apocalypse*.

Having bent over the couch of the dying, moistened the parched lip, wiped the cold dews from the marble brow, and when Azrael had set his signet there, we have closed the eye, now dimmed beneath his touch, composed the pain-distorted limbs and laid the dear unconscious form to rest with the silent inhabitants of earth's quiet breast, till "that trump of wondrous melody" shall call those sleepers to the bar of Jehovah, perhaps it will not be unprofitable to follow, with our mental gaze purified and intensified by faith and perusal of the living oracles of God, the emancipated spirit in its flight to the—beyond.

The Divine word informs us, very plainly that "they who die in Jesus" are blessed, it also reveals much, although in few words, respecting the delectable mansions prepared for their reception and the manner of life led by them there. Guided by its hallowed light, we behold them reposing, after the turmoil of warfare, in Abraham's bosom, conning the mysteries of the seven-sealed roll of Providence which none but the Lamb was found worthy to open, and which is now spread out before them; or following the Lamb withersoever he goeth, and in this, methinks is the whole blessedness of heaven, summed up by our Redeemer in his last prayer for his dear and sorely grieved disciples. When about to leave them for a time to return to his home above, because he could solicit no richer boon, he asks, "Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me, be with me, where I am, that they may behold my glory." And, O! is it not enough? Volumes might be written upon this absorbing topic and still it would be ever fresh and new, for eye hath not seen it; nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the glory which He hath prepared for them that love him, but what more directly concerns us in our present state of being, is to know what is required of us in order to receive such inheritance, and knowing these requirements to obey them. Those shining ones, revealed in vision to the exile of Patmos sailed not to the skies on the sparkling streams of pleasure, they rested not here on flowery beds of ease. Ah, no! The path to glory is well paved with thorns to prevent their loitering and hedged in on either side to prevent their straying. While in the flesh, they were often made to shrink and shudder beneath the probing knife, for though the spirit was willing it was still joined to a frail partner that could feel intensely each stroke and was often called to mourn over what, its short-sighted wisdom deemed the untimely lopping off of some precious branch—some beloved blossom or bud. Having enlisted beneath the banner of the King of heaven, their badge of distinction was the cross of Christ which often pressed full heavily upon their weary shoulders, more particularly if the presence and approving smile of their Captain was withdrawn, as was frequently the case; for the world, the flesh, and Satan strove hard to draw them from their allegiance, and to stain their raiment, which they had been required to keep clean. In short

"They wrestled hard, as we do now
With sins and doubts and fears."

Yet in the face of all this, they pressed forward toward the mark of the prize of the high calling in Christ Jesus, looking to the Author and finisher of faith and plunging oft in the fountain open in the house of David for all sin and pollution of the flesh and spirit, until thoroughly cleansed and made meet for the presence of the Holy One; they are called hence and presented at his throne not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing.

Seeing then that these glorified worshippers, in the upper sanctuary, have passed through the same probationary state as we denizens of earth now occupy, let us run with patience the remainder of the race giving all diligence to make our calling and election sure leaving behind every weight and casting aside every unnecessary burden because straight is the gate that opens to that sanctified abode and only the pure are admitted.

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