

Agriculture.

December.

DECEMBER, last pale visitor of the twelve, she comes and scatters the snow-wreath over the roofs of our dwellings, and along our frozen streets—she nips the latest flower that has dared to lift its little head to the sunshine—she drives every living thing under shelter, and bids man seek in-doors for that comfort which he can no longer find abroad. Now we begin to see what a blessed thing it is to have a home. Perhaps we used to think, sometimes last summer, that the birds had a mighty nice time of it, singing up there among the green leaves. No farm, no merchandise, no workshop, no office to trouble their little brains. Nothing to do but fly about among their vast possessions, and get their dinner—which never needs cooking—and then fly back and sing another song! But now we see that we have some privileges which the birds have not. At the first cold wind, the poor things must quit their homes, and fly away—away—nobody knows where—but although it may be to a far pleasanter clime than ours, this perpetual migration does not meet our views at all.

On the whole, we are glad we are not a bird. Man, though a working animal, finds a compensation for his labors, and his greatest compensation, is the power to establish a permanent home. He may be exposed to cold and hardship through the short winter day, he may have to buffet a driving storm before he reaches his own door, but once there, he feels that it is a haven of rest. To be sure he stands there in the hall looking like a great snow-man, but then it is his wife's hands that help him off with his great coat,—it is his own little bright-eyed girl that stands laughing and dancing while he emerges from his heap of wrappings. She it is who has got his arm-chair and slippers all ready for him close by the fire. By-and-by, when he gets warm, he gathers with his family about the pleasant tea-table, and all are eager to learn what news he brings from the great world without to his little world within, and he, on his part, has been looking forward to this very home through all the busy day. Perhaps he isn't a man of any great importance anywhere else, but he has the satisfaction of knowing that he is the centre and stay at one household. "Trench" (on the use of words.)—some of our readers may not have seen it—says husband means house-band, that is strong, embracing power that unites and holds together all the family.—N. E. Farmer.

RAISING COTTON AND CORN.—A correspondent of the Southern Rural Gentleman, in an article advocating a greater diversity of agricultural products at the South, makes the following statement:

"I was told by a planter this summer, that he had sold twenty-one bales of his last year's crop for \$170. This cotton grew on about twenty-one acres of the best land in the world, and land that would have produced sixty bushels of corn per acre with the same culture that was bestowed upon it while in cotton, could have been saved with one-fourth the labor that it took to save the cotton; and would have amounted to 1260 bushels, or \$1260, and that at home and in the crib."

RATS.—A correspondent of the Gardener's Monthly says:—"I tried the effect of introducing into the entrance of their numerous holes, runs, or hiding-places, small portions of chloride of lime, or bleaching powder, wrapped in calico and stuffed into the entrance holes, and thrown loose by spoonfuls into the drain from the house. This drove the rats away for a twelvemonth, when they returned to it. They were treated in the same manner, with like effect. The cure was most complete. I presume it was the chlorine gas, which did not agree with their olfactories."

SAND FOR HORSES' BEDS.—Mr. Small, of Dundalk, a veterinary surgeon of considerable experience, states that sand is not only an excellent substitute for straw for horses' beds, but superior to straw, as the sand does not heat, and saves the hoofs of the horses. He states that sand is exclusively used for horses' beds in his repository.—Valley Farmer.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

United States Correspondence.

Extract of a letter from our occasional Correspondent in Boston.

"We are, as you will see by the papers, in the midst of excitement. For a long time the 'Slave Power,' having its seat mainly in the South, yet aided very largely by merchants, and others in the principal cities of the North—men whose whole souls, if they have souls, are swallowed up in the 'greed of gain,' has been making encroachments on the 'Free Power;' until at length the people of the North could bear their thralldom no longer, and in the last election for President, have gained a well-fought political battle, and have chosen for their Ruler, for four years from next March, a popular lawyer, a man, though self-made, possessing good attainments, a vigorous mind and a high moral character, 'honest old Abraham Lincoln.'

"This victory of the North, has been made the occasion of a secession movement, on the part of South Carolina, a State that has always been restless, under the restraints of Republicanism, being aristocratical, if not purely despotic in its ideas of Government. Secession from the Union, has long been a favorite project with leading politicians of South Carolina and they seize upon the present time, as very suitable to carry through their purpose. Mr. Buchanan is a man of no character, morally or intellectually, as was shown by his disgraceful conduct in the Kansas affairs, he has no nerve either. The 'old public functionary,' as he is now generally termed, will not, and if he would, could not, for he has it not in him, put a stop, as Genl. Jackson did, to the seceding movement.

"Taking advantage of this, in a short time, South Carolina will openly depart out of the Union. Whether she will be joined, in this revolution, by the Gulf and Cotton States is doubtful. By a prudent action on the part of Congress this may be prevented. Thoughtful and intelligent men, however, at the North, of all political parties are coming rapidly to the conclusion, that as South Carolina has so long threatened this, the present time is the very best, for making the experiment. The country was never better prepared, a most abundant crop of every kind, has been gathered in, in the best order; and there is a good market for the grain, cotton, &c. A new and vigorous party will soon hold the reins of Government. Outside of their own country, there is no trouble with any other nation. Now is the time. If South Carolina wishes to leave, let her. She is a small State. There are more inhabitants, in two counties, in the small State of Massachusetts, than all the white inhabitants of South Carolina, and the one single city, New York, has a much larger population than the whole Palmetto State. Let her try for herself. What harm can she do the Union, and should Georgia, Alabama and Louisiana, secede too, this will enable the United States that remain to become a really united body, and before long to wipe out the foul blot of Slavery which has so long disgraced them, in the eyes of the world. Perhaps this is the way in which God intends to free this Protestant, and in other respects, enlightened nation from this dark spot, and if the result of the movement should be, terrible ruin to the Slave States, it is only what readers of History, and especially, those who study 'God in history,' have long expected. It brings its punishment sooner or later, upon nations, as well as individuals. Be sure your sin will find you out."

"As to the state of religion among us, I have nothing to mention of especial interest at present; though there are some favourable appearances in the Churches. I hope in my next letter to give you some good tidings.

I have several times, had the pleasure of hearing the Rev. Mr. Guinness, the Irish Spurgeon, as he has been called. He is an earnest, warm-hearted, pious young man, who wishes to do all the good in his power. He preaches in the different Baptist churches of Boston and vicinity. The Orthodox Congregational ministers, show the cold shoulder to him since they have learned he has been baptized. I sincerely trust that God will bless Mr. Guinness' labors among us here.

"I hope the appeal which I saw in the last Messenger for the 'Home Mission' will not be in vain; but that the friends will liberally aid that good cause. I find I have filled my paper. Excuse this hasty letter."

Yours very truly, &c.

For the Christian Messenger.

New South Wales Correspondence.

LETTER FROM DR. HOBBS.

Sydney, N. S. W., Sept. 20th, 1866.

DEAR EDITOR.

Instead of writing you from New Zealand as I expected on leaving Nova Scotia, you will see from the above; it is from New South Wales. Our vessel having to call at Port Jackson, to land passengers, and the war at New Zealand having commenced and being strongly persuaded by the Baptist friends here, we concluded to stop for a season and be guided by Providence, and as yet we have no cause to regret doing so. We have many warm friends here who desire to make us happy, and although at the Antarctic end, yet we now and then receive the Christian Messenger, to us a very welcome one, bearing us glad tidings of Zion's prosperity in our own beloved Nova Scotia. But it has also made us sad for it tells of death's ravages, and that our dear brother Bentley has left the

ranks of the ministry and gone to his reward. The very mention of his name calls up the most pleasing reminiscences. During his pastorate at Liverpool, the church there enjoyed such a season of refreshing, as we shall never forget. Those meetings held in the vestry, and spacious Chapel were of thrilling interest, where crowds of devoted listeners thronged to hear the Word of Life; what tears, what sorrow, what joy in the Holy Ghost; did we witness. But some of those witnesses have since crossed the swellings of Jordan; our good sister Dewolf and others, who no doubt were the first to welcome our brother to the joy of the Redeemer.

But perhaps you feel some interest in the cause in this part of the world. Well I am sorry that I cannot give you a more pleasing account of religion in this great city of 100,000 inhabitants. As far as I am acquainted, baptists are to be found in very nearly all the churches in this City, especially in the Independent body. The reasons I suppose are these, for the want of proper shepherds they stray into strange folds, whilst baptist churches are like angels' visits, few and far between, but I am to tell you that there are two Churches in the City professing to be baptists. They are not doing much for the advancement of our principles, and from these facts I was induced to organize a church on the principles of our Nova Scotia Churches, and 13 persons male and female living at George St., New town, &c., a part of the City, subscribed to the Covenant. Their present number is 53, with a prospect of a further increase, I had to take this responsibility upon myself, as I could get no help from any baptist and but one Methodist brother. I should like for you to be present at one of our baptisms which have occurred for several Sabbaths in succession. We have no baptistry, so we are compelled to go to a lagoon not far from the City on a large plain surrounded by gardens not far from Botany, and you would say properly named Botany, from the great variety of flowers, perhaps a greater variety than can be found in the United Kingdom, in full bloom at all seasons of the year. Well, this is that dreadful place of which we were told so much in our young days where children are threatened to be banished if they are not obedient. The fact is there never was a convict landed at Botany but at Port Jackson. But to return, this is the place where large companies sometimes over a thousand, assemble to see the strange sight, and tents are pitched very near the water's edge—a cart is used for a pulpit from which we endeavour to preach the Word of Life, and instead of the opposition expected, the question has been proposed on several occasions 'what doth hinder me to be baptized.' Perhaps one cause of our not being opposed more is the State aid which nearly all denominations receive here, and which is a curse to all those who receive it. And now my brother my object in writing you this hasty scrawl, is to in-treat of you to lay the case of this Colony as far as the baptists are concerned before the body or Associations, and use your influence to send us help, we want some of your ministers for this field. What an oversight it was that brother Wallace was not sent here. Tell brother Bill to use his influence, also, to send out a man of God. Their bread will be given and their water will be sure. Parramatta, a town of 14,000 inhabitants is destitute, brother Cary the pastor, is dead, only 14 miles from this city by steam or rail, beautiful country for oranges and various kinds of fruit. At Tasmania the pastor is dead also.

Yours in the best of bonds, W. HOBBS.

P. S.—The climate is beautiful. I have not seen any frost or snow this winter, or since we left Nova Scotia. W. H.

Religious Intelligence.

[From the London Record.]

Persecution for the Gospel in Spain.

The Spanish Evangelization Society of Edinburgh have published a statement which shows that "persecution has again broken out against the Protestants in Granada, and is extending to different cities in Spain." Our own correspondence relates more particularly to the case of one of the imprisoned converts named Manuel Matamoros, of Barcelona, who is probably the Spaniard referred to in the statement of the society. His case is stated in a very affecting letter to an English friend, of which the following is a translation:—

Prison, Barcelona, Oct. 17, 1866.

To Mr. W. Greene,— Respected and very dear brother in Jesus

Christ—I have received with sincerest joy your kind letter of the 9th, which afforded me infinite comfort in this house of misfortune. The same day on which you were so good as to write me,—the 9th inst.,—at seven o'clock in the morning, I was arrested for the single crime of being a Christian, and loving my fellow men so well as to desire that they also should know the Lord Jesus, by whom alone they can be saved. A charge laid against me, in Granada, induced the Civil Governor of that city to send a telegraphic order to the Governor of this place, for my arrest; and also for the minute examination of my house, &c. After a most rigorous and tyrannical search, there was found in my possession a packet of letters and papers from several places in Spain, and certain other documents which compromised me to a considerable degree: I was brought to this prison and kept for eight days in a sad and terrible confinement; after two examinations before the whole tribunal I was relieved from my solitude—that is to say, I am now confined with criminals! I gave my answers without confessing anything (so as not to involve others), except my faith; that faith which shall save me when the one Supreme Judge shall sit upon His throne. At this stage of my examination a singular episode occurred—the magistrates believed that I should deny my faith, and that the sight of the enemies of Christ, and my tyrants, would overwhelm me, but they were mistaken;—the questions and answers were as follows:—

"Question. Do you profess the Catholic Apostolic Roman Faith; and, if not, what religion do you profess? Answer. My religion is that of Jesus Christ—my rule of faith is the Word of God, or Holy Bible; which, without a word altered, curtailed, or added, is the basis of my belief; and in this I am confirmed by the last sentences of the Apocalypse, and the many distinct charges of the Apostles in their Epistles. The Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church not being based upon these principles, I do not believe in her dogmas, and still less do I obey her in practice.

"The tribunal appeared astonished at these words, and the Judge said to me—Do you know what you are saying?—Yes, Sir, I replied, in a firm voice, 'I cannot deny it; I have put my hand to the plough, and I dare not look back.' The Judge was silent and the Tribunal rose.

"Nothing, dear brother, alarms me for myself—but I do grieve over the arrests which have been made (both before and since mine took place) in various parts of Andalusia. Oh! they will injure worthy Christian people, honoured fathers and virtuous sons! Alas! this over-sets my tranquility of mind, and I shall not recover it for many days! And again, my dear old mother, with my two little brothers, in this strange town; thus my position is very trying, I suffer, yes, I suffer much! Our mission, my dear friend, is not, and has not been, to separate believers from the Church of Rome. It has been to bring souls out of the Roman darkness—and from a heism or indifference to the knowledge of Christ—to gather together intelligent and Evangelical congregations. In a word, to form churches worthy of God and of the world. As you will easily imagine, my spirit is not at rest, and I cannot to-day write to you at length upon these topics, but I promise to do so shortly, and give you explicit details. You may do much for Catalonia; it requires and promises more than any other part of Spain. Although my imprisonment threatens to be a long one—that is, of some months' duration—yet I can labour here also, for the brethren visit me; and from this spot I can give you full information. The work in Barcelona has not suffered in the slightest degree; for all depends upon me, and I would sooner die than cause any one to suffer. In Andalus they have received a fearful blow, but time will obliterate their panic, and all will go on as before. The seed sown has been abundant and good, and the enmity of Christ's foes impotent, God is on our side. Later, I hope to send you the rules of our organization, but the basis of our existence is the Word of God—the Holy Bible. Adieu, dear brother; I would gladly be free, to do all that you would wish; but, alas! in Spain it is a crime to love the Gospel! I trust you will soon write to me. You will easily believe that now more than ever your letters will be a comfort to me in my present sorrowful and trying position. Counsel and consolation from Christian friends is a necessary of life to me now!

"God be with you, dear friend.

"Your brother in Jesus Christ, M. M.

"Remember those that are in bonds as bound with them. Peter therefore was kept in prison; but prayer was made without ceasing of the Church unto God for him."

Another letter, dated so recently as the 8th inst., makes us acquainted with the fact that Matamoros has been summoned to leave Barcelona, and to appear before the Supreme Court at Granada. He is thus condemned to march on foot 700 miles tied as a convict, and as he was already spitting blood, it is feared that this will cause his death. "Only (he says) by paying my own passage, and that of the two men who escort me, should I be permitted to make the journey by sea. Of course, the expense is quite beyond my power." And, indeed, his own family, so far from being able to aid him, are in circumstances which need sympathy and help. We are assured that this statement of facts will move our readers to earnest prayer and active effort for the relief of Matamoros and the other sufferers. Contributions may be