

Temperance.

"A Risky Business."

I tell you Sir, it is a risky business to touch the brain. A minister of the Gospel told me of a member of his congregation, as noble a fellow as ever lived—generous—there was not a member of his church that gave as much as he, though only a member of the congregation, for the support of the Gospel; rich—sleeping partner in a firm in New York; with a wife and one child; living in good style. The only fault the minister had to find with him was, he would occasionally take a glass of wine, and would give it to the young men; and he said he had often talked with him about it. One day he saw him playing with his boy, and asked him—"Do you love your son?" "Love him! noble little fellow! I love him better than my own life." "You would not harm him?" "Harm him! hurt my boy! Never!" "Now you never thought that glass of wine—" "Stop, you are a fanatic; I respect you as a minister, but not your fanaticism on this point. The idea of a glass of wine hurting this boy—that I am going to ruin my child! Let this be a tabooed question between us. I have no patience to hear you talk so foolishly about it." It was about six weeks after, that one of the partners in the house came to see him on some business, and they rode to a manufacturing town about twelve miles distant. He was one of those men "mighty to drink wine, and a man of strength to mingle strong drink;" and there is no blessing pronounced on such men, that we can find in the Bible. But he drank this man drunk for the first time in his life; and when they got to the hotel, the city gentleman laughed at his maudlin companion, and said, "I wonder what his wife will say to that." Returning, they drove up to the gate, and the child, with his mother, was on the marble steps, waiting for papa. In stepping from the carriage, the drunken man's foot caught in the reins, and he stumbled. If he had been sober he would have kept hold of the reins and the accident could not have happened. But it made him angry, his self-control was disturbed, and he took the boy by his shoulder, twisted him around, and threw him down. As he was unable to walk, they carried him into the hall, and laid him on a settee; he fell off that on the floor, and went to sleep.

This clergyman told me,—"They sent for me, and I never spent such a night in my life. It was an awful night. There lay that child dead, the wife in convulsions, and the man asleep—awake, with a dead child, whose yellow locks were dabbled in blood, lying in another room,—asleep, with two physicians trying to save the life of his wife,—asleep, under the damning influence of wine. When he awoke it was a fearful waking. Pushing back his hair—"What is the matter? Where am I? Where is my boy? Where is my child? I must see him." "You cannot." "I must see him—I must see my boy!" They took him into the room, and turned down the sheet; and when he saw him, he cried out, "O, my God!" and fell back senseless." That clergyman told me,—and I have his name in my note-book,—"One year from that day I buried his body, brought from a lunatic asylum, to lay side by side with his wife and child."

Young man, thank God for your safety, if you have ever dared to tamper with that which disturbs the action of the brain, and brings a man to a point where he knows not what he is about. It is risky business to touch the brain, and it is the business of alcohol to do it.—J. B. Gough.

How it ends.

Rowland Burr, whose experience as a magistrate and jail commissioner for twenty years in Canada, gave him extensive opportunity for observation, says that of 25,000 prisoners in the jails, during a period of time stated, 22,000 were brought there by intoxicating drinks. He gives the following interesting account:

I have the record before me, kept by myself, of the liquor dealers of Yonge Street, for fifty-four years past—one hundred in number—and I will give an abstract of the record:

Table with 2 columns: Item, Count. Includes: No. of ruined drunkards in 100 families (214), Sudden deaths (44), Suicides publicly known (13), Murders (4), Executions (3), No. of years of human life lost, estimated from the average length of life (1915).

"I have" he says, "been acquainted with these one hundred families, and I have kept written records of them, for the purpose of printing them, leaving out names."

Are we Freemen?

The N. Y. Tribune says:—Too much liberty has made us slaves—slaves of appetite, and panders to appetite. In a word, New York has sold herself to rum. Rum is king and master. Rum makes and breaks our laws. Rum elects our rulers. Rum robs our treasury. Rum piles up our taxes. Rum fills our prisons and our almshouses. Rum is our ruin. Official reports inform us that 30,200 out of the 32,172 arrested for crime during the past year were "intemperate." They tell us that 85 per cent of the sick paupers were more or less intemperate, and that 61 per cent. were habitual drunkards. They tell us that the total of the pauper army in this city exceeds 100,000—larger than the Sardinian army when on war-footing—and that it has increased 39,011 within a single year. Rum's doings again.

Prohibition and Moral Suasion.

"There is nothing uncongenial in the two principles, but they are intended as auxiliary to each other—one saving the tempted, the other punishing the tempter; one agitating and contending for a great principle, the other maintaining the truths contended for. Whenever the principles of our reform shall achieve a perfect victory, there will we find wrapped in close embrace the inseparable weapons of success—Moral Suasion and Legal Enforcement."—Virginia Conductor.

Agriculture, &c.

POULTRY RAISING BY A LITTLE BOY.—I read the account of poultry raising by Mr. J. B., in the Farmer of last week. I send you the account I kept with my Black Spanish fowls from Jan. 1, 1860 to Jan. 1, 1861. I had 8 hens and 1 rooster. During the year I bought 7 1/2 bushels of corn at \$1.00; meal and meat 75 cts.; father gives me the refuse from the kitchen. In the course of the year my hens have laid 70 1/2 dozen eggs, that I sold to father, charging him the price each week that you put down in the Farmer.—My eggs came to \$13.79. I raised 8 fowls that I sold for \$4.00, and 7 more which I keep. The account will be something like this:

Table with 2 columns: Item, Cost. Includes: Cost of keeping 9 fowls one year (\$8.00), Eggs they have laid (\$13.79), Chickens sold (\$4.00), Chickens kept (\$3.50).

this leaves \$13.29 in favor of the fowls.—C. O. GWYNNETH (10 years old) in N. E. Farmer.

THE GREEN-CENTERED HELIANTHUS.—This new and beautiful annual attains the height of the Dahlia, displaying a protusion of flowers of a bright golden color, with a green centre, with a fine velvety appearance, in the form of a half sphere—some 3 to 5 inches across. One plant will produce from 10 to 25 blossoms at one time, and will last in perfection ten or twelve days. This new and improved species of the Helianthus needs only to be seen growing in all its splendid beauty to be appreciated—the flowers truly represent a "golden cushion, fit for a royal crown at a grand coronation of Flora." We deem it one of the greatest of the recent acquisitions to our annual flowers. Being easy of culture, it should be grown by all who are fond of flowers.—Country Gentleman.

FOR SMOOTHING SEEDED LAND.—Having noticed descriptions of several modes for smoothing ground when seeded, I will give you a description of mine. Take two pieces of plank four feet long, scarf off like a sled runner, place about four feet apart, and cover the bottom with boards six or eight feet long, according to the smoothness of the ground it is to work on. Make two holes through one board near the planks on the crook, and through the planks, to pass your chain to hitch to like a spread chain, and it is ready for use. To use it, hitch a pair of horses to it and get on near the hind part, and if your ground is suitable to seed it will soon be as smooth as a house floor after passing over it.—GRATTON in N. E. Farmer.

PRUNING ROSES.—The Gardener's Monthly says:—"The fall-blooming kinds, which flower on the new growth, may be pruned as severely as we wish—in fact, the 'harder' they are cut in the better. In this class are the Noisette, Bourbon, Tea, China, and Hybrid Perpetual, and Perpetual Moss. Without considerable experience it is difficult for the amateur to distinguish these classes; the best way to get over the difficulty is to obtain the catalogues of the principal rose-growers, in which each kind is usually classified."

RAIN-FALL.—With an average annual rainfall of thirty-one inches, the quantity of water thrown down upon each acre of ground is nearly three thousand tons.

FEED BONES TO THE HENS.—If you take fresh bones from the kitchen, and with a sledge, on a rock, or any natural or artificial anvil, pound them up into small pieces, hens will eat them ravenously and not only will they digest the bones and make a better manure of them than can be made in any other way, but they will be themselves greatly benefited by them; they will lay throughout the season with much greater regularity than otherwise, and willatten on the marrow within, and the fat and muscle will adhere to the bones.—The Homestead.

At a recent agricultural meeting in Boston one of the speakers remarked that "on a tract of land which was overrun with wood-box, briars, and other shrubs, he turned one hundred and fifty sheep. At that time a cow could not have lived on the whole tract. The sheep were kept there several years, and so killed out the wild growth that the tract now affords good pasture for fifteen cows."

A TIMELY HINT.—A correspondent sends us the following timely and sensible advice:

"War is upon us, and no one can tell when it will end. To forestall scarcity of provisions which will be sure to follow, let farmers and all persons having arable land, plant as much as possible this spring. Plant double your usual amount of land. Spring rye and wheat, corn, oats, beans, buckwheat, and potatoes, can still be planted."—W. & R.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Letters to a Young Preacher.

LETTER XI. APOLOGIZING.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—

There are certain habits which young preachers are liable to contract, that have an injurious tendency, and against which they need to be cautioned. It may be well, therefore, to notice some of these. The first that I shall mention is that of offering apologies.

Some persons fall into a habit of this kind with reference to the entertainment provided by them for their friends. How sumptuous soever the repast may be, they habitually express regret that it is not better. In such cases there is frequently an extravagant expenditure of money, hypocrisy is used to draw forth expressions of commendation, and, in the midst of plenty; instead of grateful acknowledgements, there are indications of discontent. The impropriety of this must be apparent to every person who views the subject in its true light.

While travelling on an agency in a place which I had not visited before, some twenty years ago, I tarried a night at the house of a beloved ministering Brother, where frugality and comfort were evidently combined. Being much exhausted with my journey, I requested him to lead in the evening devotions. He commenced his prayer in effect as follows:—"We thank, Thee, our heavenly Father, that we are in circumstances to entertain Thy servant comfortably." This recognition of divine goodness appeared to me far preferable to an exuberance of apologies.

Ministers are not, perhaps, disposed to use these profusely with reference to temporal things. Instances, however, sometimes occur in which a preacher becomes habituated to the offering of apologies with regard to the mental or spiritual repasts which he presents to his hearers. At one time he alleges, that he did not expect to address them on that occasion, and is therefore unprepared. At another he recounts the circumstances that have prevented him from making preparation. Again he is indisposed, or labors under some peculiar disadvantage. On one account or another he will find occasion to offer a long apology before the commencement of his sermon.

In this way a considerable space of time is spent to no useful purpose. The practice savors of a man's preaching himself. Intelligent hearers will be likely to infer, that the preacher is anxious to secure the admiration of his audience; but that he greatly fears the object of his ambition will not be attained.

Occasions undoubtedly do sometimes occur on which a few introductory remarks are requisite and useful. In general, however, care should be exercised to avoid falling into the habit of apologizing.

When a preacher deems it incumbent on him to make remarks that he knows are not accordant with the views of some of his hearers, he may judge it advisable to apologize. A circumstance which transpired many years since, taught me the inexpediency of this. As a Wesleyan minister whom I highly esteemed was present where I was preaching, I kindly intimated, that I did not wish to wound the feelings of any, but that justice to my subject required me to say, &c. When I subsequently met him, he remarked to me, "The little bit of Calvinism that you put into your sermon, spoiled it all for me." He added, "Your apology clearly shewed, that you were going to advance something quite crossing to the views of others." This led me to conclude, that it is best for a preacher to say that he regards it his duty to say, without any preparatory apology, which only tends to excite alarm, and to put persons of different views on the defensive, by which means they are less likely to be convinced, and more liable to be displeased.

When a preacher has felt himself called to express his disapproval of some practice, he ought not to add apologetic remarks. A friend informed me of a case in which a minister remonstrated strongly against the desecration of the Sabbath, and specified a way in which it was notoriously done by numbers of his hearers. Such as duly venerated the sacred day regarded the reproof as needful and timely. Unhappily, however, he added, that he did not know that any present had done so. This not only paralyzed the reproof; but it also exposed him to the charge of using equivocation; since he could scarcely be ignorant of a fact so universally known.

According to my view of the subject, a preacher should be as well prepared as he can be for the discharge of his ministerial duties, and execute them to the best of his ability. He should divest himself, as much as possible, of all concern about what the people will think of him, or his sermon. His aim should be to honor God and promote the best interests of his hearers. For this purpose he should deliver his message with faithfulness, without prefixing, interspersing, or subjoining, any remarks likely to divert attention, or to prevent his hearers from applying the subject directly and profitably to themselves.

May you, my beloved young Brother, be ever so deeply affected with an ardent desire for the usefulness of your labors, that you will be forgetful of self, and go directly forward in the faithful and successful discharge of duty.

Yours, in Gospel bonds,
CHARLES TUPPER.
Tremont, Aylesford, May 17th, 1861.

For the Christian Messenger.

Prince Edward Island. Quarterly Meeting, &c.

DEAR BROTHER,—

We made an unsuccessful attempt to hold a Quarterly Meeting in February last. We have determined to make another, which we hope will fare better. ST. PETER'S ROAD is the place now appointed. FRIDAY, the FOURTEENTH of June next, the time. Let our friends come, and bring the spirit of prayer with them.

There is some little movement among us here. I baptized two last week. Others have come forward and yet others are expected, at Grand, West, and Dog Rivers. The Lord has not left off to be gracious to us.

Our weather has been cold and backward for the season. Great losses are reported out west among our cattle, for want of fodder. New lessons of dependence are thus taught us. We are enjoying public peace; which is more than can be said of our neighbours in Newfoundland. Is it not singular to observe the restless activity of Romanism at its extremities, paralyzed as it is at its centre? Yesterday week orders were issued from the altar of our Catholic Cathedral for the withdrawal of all Catholic children from Protestant schools (so-called) in the city—schools, that is, taught by Protestants, whether public schools, or otherwise. This procedure, if it be any thing more than a freak of the moment, may lead to an entire change in our school system; at least in the city. But Catholicism, the world over, is in a fright; and assuredly not without reason. Its days are numbered; and who shall postpone its fall, or bewail it?

Your fellow-labourer,
J. DAVIS.

Charlotte Town,
May 20th, 1861.

For the Christian Messenger.

A Suggestion.

MR. EDITOR,—

Observing in a late State of Maine paper that Waterville College, on account of the War excitement, "has been prematurely closed," the thought has occurred to me that good would result to Acadia College if advantage was taken of this state of affairs, by the proper authorities, to have her advertised. This, I think, ought to be done at all times. If this suggestion is adopted, I would recommend Zion's Advocate, in Portland, Maine, and the Canadian Baptist, in Toronto, C. W., as mediums for disseminating the above suggestion. In Canada, students, after preparing themselves at the Canadian Literary Institute, might, I think, be induced to enter Acadia in preference to other Colleges; and some of those who have been studying at Waterville lately might wish still to continue their studies at some Institution where they would escape this war excitement.

A FRIEND TO ACADIA.

York County, N. B.
May 17th, 1861.

FAN GENTLY THE SPARK.—In attempting to convert a sinner from the error of his way, one should be as careful as though he were endeavoring to revive a rapidly expiring fire. Not trundle in a scuttle-full of dogmas all at once, so that the faint spark which gives indications of spiritual life, is so overwhelmed by the mass, that it can with difficulty force its way through it, or perhaps is smothered entirely, but drop a truth here, a maxim there, always striving to keep the spark alive. Fan it, do not blow it out.