

Agriculture, &c.

Work to be done in December.

Bean-poles together with raspberry stakes and pea-brush should be packed away for another year's use. Cellars should be made impregnable to the attacks of "Jack Frost." Put celery in trenches, covering with boards or straw. Draining operations can be carried on profitably on some grounds this month. Evergreen trees and shrubs need to have the snow shaken from them after snow-storms, lest the branches be injured by its weight. Fencing material can be obtained this month, when there is more leisure time than at other seasons of the year. Save fodder as much as possible, not allowing it to be trod under foot by the cattle, and otherwise wasted. Fruit stored away needs to be examined frequently, and all which is decayed instantly removed. Keep every kind of fruit in cool, dry places. Collect material for building fires.—Hogs for fattening should be confined. Horses should have particular attention this month.—Fill ice-houses with the first firm thick ice which is usually the best. Labels for spring use should now be prepared. Protect fruit-trees from the ravages of mice. Remove old and loose bark from fruit and shade-trees.—Provide poultry with warm quarters, and plenty to eat. Pruning operations omitted in summer can now be attended to. Bury parsnips in sand in the cellar to use when the rest are frozen in the ground. Cover rhubarb, also raspberries. Cut scions for spring grafting. Provide racks for feeding sheep.—Repair tools—getting them into good condition for another "campaign." Harvest turnips if there are any still left in the ground.

THE MECHANICS OF FARMING.—Every farmer needs a work-shop, where he can appropriate to some useful purpose his leisure days in winter, and stormy days at any season of the year; and every energetic and thoughtful farmer will have a shop, and will avail himself of the advantages and conveniences which a shop and a few tools afford. There are scores of farmers (and be it said to their shame) who squander away time enough in one season in loafing about places of public resort, to make all the barrows, gates, etc., that are needed on a small farm, and to do all repairing of implements, if they only had a bench and a few tools. Furthermore, it is a good discipline for any farmer to exercise his skill in the use of tools, and if a skillful and ingenious farmer, will only become accustomed to repair his implements, if he prepares his timber for such purposes beforehand, he will have the satisfaction of knowing that, all things considered, his repairing is done better than he is accustomed to have it done by regular mechanics. The idea that farmers should have a set of tools, may appear somewhat ridiculous to many people, and mechanics will sometimes deride such a thought. But it is not to be expected that a farmer, unskilled in the mechanic arts, will be able to handle tools with all the facility and exactness of an experienced mechanic. Still, with a little practice, and with but very little instruction, any one whose apprehensions are not too blunt, may do his own repairing of the common implements of the farm, and make many new tools in a neat and workmanlike manner. It is impossible to do a piece of work well without tools, and if the tyro has tools, and they are in good order, he will often do a piece of work infinitely better than he had ever thought it were possible for him to do it.

COTTON.—The last accounts from India of the extension of cotton cultivation in many parts, from North to South, are very encouraging.—The natives, says the *London Illustrated News*, seem to fear most that the Americans may patch up their quarrel, and that the men of Manchester may throw them overboard as they have done before. The longer the war lasts, the better for India. Manchester men seem, however, to be strongly of opinion that things will come right without their taking overmuch trouble in the matter. *The Friend of India* urges the importance of tobacco cultivation in India also.—The "weed" yields England a revenue of £5,000,000 yearly.

IRON CEMENT.—To prepare iron cement for stopping leaks, take sixteen parts of clean wrought iron filings, three parts powdered sal-ammoniac and two parts flower of sulphur; mix all well together, and preserve the compound in a stoppered vessel and in a dry place till wanted for use. Then take one part of the mixture and add to it twelve parts of clean iron filings, and mix this new compound with as much water as will bring it to the consistency of a paste, having previously added to the water a few drops of sulphuric acid.

ANIMAL FOOD.—It is a well-established fact that amongst these classes who get the least animal food, mortality is greatest and disease is most rife. One of the most common forms of disease generated by an exclusively vegetable diet is scrofula, and when traceable to this cause the most speedy remedy is the addition of animal food to the diet. There are also many other forms of disease produced by the want of animal food, which require for their cure but an abundant supply of the needed material.

As flowers never put on their best clothes for Sunday, but wear their spotless raiment and exhale their odor every day, so let your life, free from stain, ever give forth the fragrance of the love of God.

They pass best over the world said Queen Elizabeth, who trip over it quickly; for it is but a bog—if we stop we sink.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger

The French Mission. Sister Nor-
mondoy.

[CONCLUDED.]

A Protestant minister taught her to read.—After ten days of instruction, she was able to make progress without her teacher, and could pick her way through a chapter in the Testament. At the end of three months she could read any ordinary book. She read the "Semeur," carefully avoiding all the religious portions, and selecting the secular news. Finally she was induced to read the interesting stories.

But I must hasten on.—The account she gave me of an interview with the Priest, at his own invitation, to hear him and her husband discuss the doctrines of the Bible and of the Church—of her going to meeting finally for the first time with her husband for the sake of a drive in her father-in-law's new carriage,—of a tremendous thunderstorm which raged all night filling her with alarm and dread,—and various other incidents more or less striking, extending through several years, which as related in her somewhat broken English, occasionally interspersed with my more broken French—interested me greatly—but I omit details and come to the crisis.

There was to be a great meeting and a baptism among the Protestants at her husband's place of meeting, fifteen miles off. Several ministers were to be there, and a number were to be baptized. She desired to go, but as she had so often refused to accompany her husband he had given over inviting her, and she could not bring herself to request him to take her. But she prayed that she might be permitted to go. Her prayer was answered. After her husband had gone, and every way to which she had looked, was closed, a neighbor called and offered to take her in his carriage, as company for himself and wife. She joyfully accepted the invitation, and was soon on her way to the meeting.

The exercises that morning commenced at ten o'clock. There was a large congregation. The three ministers followed each other in succession, and all spoke from one and the same text.—That text was never to be forgotten. In relating her experience to me, Mrs. N. arose and took the English Bible and looked for it. "I can repeat it to you said she in French: "Réveille-toi qui dors, et te relève d'entre les mors, et Christ t'éclairera." There was no difficulty after that in finding the passage in Ephes. v. 14. Rev. Mr. Cyr, of the Grand Ligne Mission, editor of the "Semeur Canadien," spoke last. She had liked the discourses of both the other ministers, but Mr. Cyr's was particularly impressive. He had himself been a Romanist, and knew how to address them.—He could sympathize with them in their honest convictions as well as in their foolish prejudices.

He had learned in the school of experience that nothing was to be gained but much lost, by censoriousness and severity. The simple story of the Cross and of Jesus, as he exhibited it, made an impression on her heart as nothing else had ever done. The meeting continued four hours. On her way home she was rallied for her sad and sombre looks, and her friends regretted that she did not better enjoy the pleasant drive.—But driving and pleasure were both farthest from her thoughts. Having arrived at her home, and attended to her domestic duties she abandoned herself to sorrow, and to prayer. Her husband was not there. Like the burdened pilgrim she looked this way and that, but knew not whither to fly, and she dare not stand still. All her former warnings, promises of amendment, and broken vows, returned upon her, to reproach and torment. From the Bible she could glean no comfort, no council, and prayer brought her no relief. She could not close her eyes, nor did she even retire to rest. Such was her distress of both body and mind and so different was it from what she had ever experienced before, that she concluded it must be DEATH, death literal, death eternal. In her anguish she turned to the hymn book opened at random, and read a hymn commencing—

Un chrétien doit être fidele
Dans les tourmens jusque à la mort
A notre roi qui nous appelle
Par l'orage à chercher le port.

Of which accept the following poor but literal translation:—

The christian must be faithful
In sufferings, until dying;
Unto our king who calls us,
Through storms to harbor flying.

A new idea struck her. "The christian has to suffer. He reaches the port of safety through

the storm. May not his first entrance on the christian course be accompanied with sufferings, and sufferings such as I now feel." "Hitherto, I had supposed," said she, "that people change their religion as they do their garments, with the same facility and ease." A ray of comfort had now beamed in upon her dark mind. It was the dawn of a bright and glorious morning. The mysterious Being, with whom she had wrestled through the live long night, had revealed himself as her Saviour and her God. As a Prince she had power with God and man and had prevailed. Hitherto she had known nothing even theoretically of the great doctrine of justification by Faith alone. She had supposed that if she were saved at last, it would be owing to her own doings, and strivings. But when that ever memorable morning dawned upon the world and upon her soul,—well, her own expression is the best I can use, "I felt as I now do when I pray, that I was heard and saved, for the sake of what my Saviour had done and suffered."

This was on Monday, and on the following Thursday she avowed her faith openly and followed the Saviour in the ordinance of Baptism.

Such is the substance of the narrative as I received it from our beloved sister herself. It will, I am sure, awaken an interest in her behalf, and call forth earnest prayers and efforts, in behalf of her and of the mission in which she is engaged. Sister Normondoy has left her home, her friends, her country, and has come among strangers, for the sake of Christ and his cause. Our language she has had to learn since she came to Nova Scotia. May she never want for sympathy! may she never want a friend.

One more remark and I close. I had her consent to publish this narrative, if I thought the cause of God would be benefitted by it. I am not sure as I did get her permission to add that, in leaving the communion of Rome, she had literally forsake father and mother, sisters and brothers. She has seen her parents but once since, and then they did not speak to her.—Knowing how sad they would feel, and how surely they would cast her off; had long kept her from listening to the voice of conscience and of God. But when the Saviour appeared for her at the close of that night of conflict, all this was removed. It gave her no trouble at all.—She could give up all for Christ.

Christian reader, this simple narrative speaks for itself, and speaks to thee. I have felt my own heart stirred as I listened and as I have written. May the perusal do thy soul good, and cause thee to pray more fervently for our sister and our mission.

UN ACADIEN.

Yarmouth, Nov.

For the Christian Messenger.

"A Church Member" again.

Dear Brother,—

I have been gratified to see the interest that you and your correspondents and readers have taken in the subject of my first communication, but, at the same time, I should be sorry to suppose that the discussion respecting it was at an end. Should this prove to be the case, I am free to say that I would be somewhat disappointed with the result. I had a twofold purpose in addressing you first, viz. to obtain information respecting the treatment of certain cases to which I afterwards alluded; but, more particularly, to see a more general interest awakened in the subject among all our Church members. And, in order that this might be accomplished, I hoped to see some stirring appeals respecting its solemn importance and absolute necessity addressed to all true lovers of the Saviour, who were interested in the welfare of the Zion of which they formed a part, and in the unconverted by whom they were surrounded. May I not hope that we may yet have something like this before the subject is finally disposed of.

As respects the cases to which I referred, it would appear from the communications you have since received, that similar ones are by no means infrequent, and I am glad to know that some of your correspondents regard their treatment as involving important principles respecting which there should be uniformity of action in all churches of the same faith.

I suppose you are aware that I have not yet received all the information respecting them that I could desire. I should also be pleased to learn something more with reference to the proper treatment of pecuniary difficulties between brethren.

Hoping that you and your correspondents will not regard this subject as exhausted yet.

I again subscribe myself,

A CHURCH MEMBER.

For the Christian Messenger.

Notes of a visit to Prince Edward Island.

DEAR EDITOR,—

Feeling much exhausted from incessant labour and suffering from a violent attack of the Diphtheria, I concluded it would be well for me to take a trip on the water. Not having seen my friends at home for eight years, I decided on visiting them, and thus accomplishing two objects at once.

Accordingly on the 14th of October, I took passage in the *Ocean Bride*, for Prince Edward's Island. After a splendid moon light sail, we landed in Halifax on the 15th.

I was exceedingly sorry to find Brother Humphrey in such feeble health, and trust the Lord will bless the use of means to his recovery.

After a pleasant sail of 36 hours we landed in Canso, my native place, on the 18th, saw a few friends, but left again in a few hours. Meeting a head wind in the Strait of Canso we were detained there 24 hours, during which time I spent a few hours with Sister Paint, whose praise is in all the Churches, on account of her hospitality to travelling brethren.

On Saturday evening the wind favouring us we sailed and arrived safely in Charlottetown, on Sabbath morning the 20th ult. Brother Davis being in Pictou, by the request of Brother John Scott, I occupied his pulpit in the evening. Here I made my first effort to preach from a text of Scripture eight years ago. The trembling attempt of that evening came vividly to mind while preaching on this occasion. The Baptist interest here has not increased much during that time.

Saw a number of old acquaintances during my short stay in town. On Monday evening heard Mr. Knight lecture on "The Anti-Christ." He told us a great deal about what Anti-Christ was not, but failed to satisfy us as to what He was. He insisted however on the necessity of immediate vital godliness. I next visited Bel Creek. Thence proceeded to Murray River, and on the evening of the 24th ult. I found myself once more in my dear mother's embrace, in my father's house, after an absence of eight years, surrounded with brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces. Some of these I had never before seen and time had changed others, so that I could not recognize them. My father being from home I did not see him, such a meeting of relatives I never before experienced, our feelings when we bowed around the family altar, that night, can be better imagined than expressed.

During my stay of eleven days I had frequent opportunities of preaching. Rev. Mr. Whedlock a Brianite minister, gave up his pulpit to me both Sabbaths. The Wesleyan chapel was also kindly offered. There never has been any Baptist preaching around this part of the Island. There are a few Baptists however, who have moved from other places. I think the indications of Providence are that we should try a mission in this quarter as early as possible. I had an opportunity of attending a meeting of a body vulgarly called "the Jerkers." They are having a revival at present, I saw numbers jerking, among them some were little boys of not more than 7 or 8 years of age. Whilst under this influence they would make all kinds of noises. Singing is one of their principal exercises. From what I could see and hear amongst them, I believe that they are under a powerful delusion, the greatest immorality is excused because it is considered the sin of the flesh. All religious books, save those of Mr. McDonald's approval I was informed, are studiously avoided even Bunyan's works they count heretical.

On the 5th Inst. I took passage for Halifax in the *Lelia Ada*, a schooner belonging to my father. A night's sail brought us to Cape Canso, where we were wind-bound three days, which gave me time to visit some of my relatives there, and look once more on the scenes of my childhood. One incident will give an idea of the change which time has made. In a Prayer meeting which I attended I could recognize but one person. All the companions of my youth are gone, many of them into the spirit world.

Brother T. H. Porter has now settled here as pastor of the Church. May God abundantly bless his labours. On the 9th Inst., we sailed again. Thirty hours of rough sailing brought us to anchor in Halifax harbor; and without landing I took passage in the *Durham*, for Ragged Islands on the 11th inst.; put into Liverpool the same night where we spent one day, and arrived safe at home on the 13th inst. During my absence my family had suffered from Diphtheria, but their lives were mercifully preserved. Some deaths had occurred in the community. Three have died in Mr. Churchill's family since my re-