

The Quakers and the War.

We have been curious to know how the Quakers in the U. States maintain their peace principles surrounded by their fighting fellow-citizens.

The following from the N. Y. Examiner gives a little light on the subject: "With a peculiarly consistent inconsistency the Quakers refuse to fight for the laws under which they live and thrive."

Our path is plain: the war-net draws around us in vain, While, faithful to the Higher Cause, We keep our fealty to the laws Through patient pain.

The leveled gun, the battle brand We may not take; But, calmly loyal, we can stand And suffer with our suffering land For conscience' sake.

Why ask for ease where all is pain? Shall we alone Be left to add our gain to gain, When over Armageddon's plain The trump is blown?

To suffer well is well to sove; Safe in our Lord The rigid lines of law shall curve To spare us; from our heads shall swerve His smiting sword.

But to "suffer well" is not all. The thrifty accumulations are not to be spared. The ransomed slave is to be built up into "the mould of Christian grace;" the widow, the childless, and the fatherless, are all to be the Friends' peculiar care.

—We may tread the sick-bed floors Where strong men pine, And, down the groaning corridors, Pour freely from our liberal stores The oil and wine.

The conclusion is so grand and catholic—the poet's inspiration sweeping away the narrow bounds of sect and education—that we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of copying it:

Who murmurs that in these dark days His lot is cast? God's hand within the shadow lays The stones whereon His gates of praise Shall rise at last.

Turn and return, O outstretched hand! Nor stint nor stay! The years have never dropped their sand On mortal issue vast and grand As ours to-day.

Already, on the sable ground Of man's despair, Is freedom's glorious picture found, With all its dusky hands unbound Upraised in prayer.

Oh, small shall seem all sacrifices And pain and loss, When God shall wipe the weeping eyes, For suffering give the victor's prize, The crown for cross!

The Grande Ligne Mission.

MADAME FELLER.—A correspondent of the Canadian Baptist writes in reference to this venerable lady as follows:—

"Last Tuesday was a day of much interest, being the day of examination at the Feller Institute, Longueuil. A very large party of friends were present from Montreal. The examination of pupils in both Literature and Scripture truth, evinced progress and thorough efficiency, and reflected much credit on the principal and teachers."

richer—all for the cause of Christ. But she already has a reward—a rich reward—in the number of souls converted from Popish delusions, and made partakers of the blessings of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

FATHER CHINIQUE AND THE PRESBYTERIANS.—We learn from the Toronto Watchman, that this well-known French Protestant, formerly a priest of the Church of Rome—was received into the communion of the Canada Presbyterian Church, according to the request of himself and flock, an interesting band of settlers in the State of Illinois, originally from Canada East.

Public Prayer.

The following remarks are worthy of attention from all who take part in public or social devotions:

The most common fault in public prayer is carelessness. A well-meaning brother commences to pray without that careful weighing of thoughts and words which he would feel to be proper if he were about to commence a speech.

In public prayer we cannot be too earnest; we cannot be too direct and pointed in our petitions; and we need not be afraid of making our prayers too short. A very common error is to spin them out to such a length, that we may almost seem to think we shall be heard "for our much speaking."

Give way a little.

In the crowded streets of a great city, where multitudes are passing in opposite directions, while some are passing obliquely, and others at right angles, it is necessary for every one to give way a little to those he meets, by which means they can have a free passage.

Or if a churlish individual should take it into his head to march forward in a straight line, and in no case make way for man, woman or child, or even for a procession, he would be sure to jostle some one or other, at almost every step, and would receive an insult, and perhaps hard blows, for his obstinacy and impudence.

And very much is it so in the journey through life, and with respect to our general intercourse with mankind. In the march of life no one's path is so clear as not in some degree to cross another's; and if each is determined, with unyielding stubbornness, to keep his own line, it is impossible but he must give and receive many a rude shock.

A small injury done to another is a great injury done to yourself.

Agriculture, &c.

THINNING FRUIT.

There are many persons, not professional fruit-growers, who permit their trees to over-bear. From this cause the dwarf pear is liable to suffer more than any other fruit. Dwarf pear trees, to remain perfectly healthful and productive, require a good soil, and continued care and cultivation, in order to insure an annual growth of wood, without which the tree will only form fruit-spurs, and will begin and continue to decline, until after a few years it finally dies from exhaustion.

NEW DISCOVERY IN HEALING.

It is nothing new that one disease may be cured or prevented by inoculation with the virus of another. But recent discoveries extend our notions of this mode of cure, and also the practice. Dr. T. Desmarts, of Bordeaux, has applied this mode for some years, and has published a pamphlet, "Systeme d'Inoculations Curatives," speaking from experience.

It has been once at least remarked, that nothing is made in vain. Rheumatic persons who attend country churches in Spring and Autumn, may cherish hope, not only of spiritual, but of physical good. Long life to the wasps! How often they may have healed the rheumatism in our friends in the country!

TO HOLD A HARD-HEADED HORSE.

A correspondent writes to the editor of the American Agriculturist, as follows:

"I wish through the medium of your common-sense paper, to describe a simple method of holding a fiery, hard-bitted or runaway horse:

Put the buckle or snap of the rein through the bit ring, and fasten it to some part of the bridle between the ears and mouth of the horse. The advantage of this easily and quickly made arrangement is two-fold:

1st, it draws the bit directly into the corners of the mouth, whatever be the position of the horse's head.

2d, the force on the bit in this manner, by the same power at the end of the reins, though not quite doubled, is very much greater than when the rein is simply attached to the bit. By this means I have seen the most fretful and ungovernable immediately converted into a serviceable plow horse, while my eased limbs and shoulders gave direct testimony in favor of the diminished labor of managing the team.

A SURE RULE FOR COOKING EGGS.—Put them into cold water; when the water boils take out your eggs, and they will be found "just right," unless you require them to be boiled hard. If so, let them cook for half an hour, and they will digest much easier, and be found more palatable than the waxy-like eggs generally brought on for hard boiled.

A CURIOSITY.—The Bangor Whig tells a curious story of a litter of young foxes, five in number, suckled and brought up by a full blooded English hound. The mother of the foxes was chased and killed on the 8th of April last, by the hound, who immediately evinced an extraordinary affection for the offspring, whom she had deprived of a protector.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Acadia College Agency.

Williamston, Valley West, July 9th, 1863.

DEAR EDITOR,—

I am happy to inform you that Heaven is blessing the earth in this part with a gentle and most acceptable rain, I avail myself of the indoor hour to report myself to the College fraternity and her many friends, and that I am exercising myself, body and mind, to convince the many of their imperative duty, in combined action, to aid and sustain the "school of the Prophets" at Wolfville.

I would just say here that my first duty, after I got fairly into the Annapolis Valley, was to see how the "H. C. Morse" scholarship was progressing, whether its destiny was to live or die. I found it in advance of my expectations, and I have since got it completed, four brothers and a brother-in-law have built it up in £20 shares, I would just add that I think it due to T. H. Morse of Paradise, to say of him, that he made as many objections, and more than I wanted to hear, and then set to work in word, deed, and by letter to render essential aid to my work, and permanent good to the institution.

In passing up to the College Anniversary we obtained securities to the amount of £45 toward a Wilmot "Pinegrove" scholarship, which we hope to complete, also Bro. W. Welton was stipulating for an entire scholarship. I expect to learn when I see him that it is settled. At the Yarmouth Association I was laid up with a very severe cold, and consequently my success there was but indifferent, Brother R. D. Porter, pastor at Hebron, assisted by accompanying me and pleading the merits and benefits of the institution, which he knows well how to appreciate from actual experience, moreover, he gave me £5. My collections there amounted to one hundred and twelve dollars. At Digby, Hillsborough and Clements, I could do but little, the unnatural struggle in the dis-United States, has materially curtailed the circulation of money in those parts.

I have heretofore, as a general thing, been enabled to obtain £200 of Endowment per month, whether I shall be able to accomplish it this season or not remains to be seen. To give you a specimen of the labour of College Agency, without naming persons or places, suppose the Agent, driving from one place to another under the rays of an almost vertical sun, a great portion of the time enveloped in a cloud of dust; toward the close of day he succeeds in getting a note for ten, or say twenty dollars, he regrets that he could succeed no better, feels almost discouraged, thinks he'll give up, next morning gets ready to start sadly enough, but at this moment one of the makers of the yesterday note comes, declares he was under some mistake, thinks he cannot have it so, receives his note back again, we push off again undecided as to which way we should go, afraid we are wrong,—see a man and some lads shingling a barn, we rise up, recognition takes place. Heard you preach at so and so. Likely. Do you intend to educate any of these youth?

In twenty five minutes, we understood each other, an Endowment note of twenty five pounds is made and signed with mutual good feeling, journeying onward we pick up ££ cash, and at late tea time we get into quarters, horse and driver both willing to rest, having crossed the Valley twice, and gone up and down to the amount of 28 miles. Now we enjoy cordial greetings at the house of our friends. We thank God and take courage. If we have good fortune we shall report oftener. If otherwise we shall likely trouble the Editor and publish less.

A. D. THOMSON.

For the Christian Messenger.

Obituary Notice.

MRS. RACHEL HEFLER,

Granddaughter of the late Thomas Tupper, Esq. and wife of Mr. John Heffler, of Bill Town, Cornwallis, died of consumption on the 11th day of April last, aged about 30 years, leaving a husband and one child.

Mrs. H. was quiet and well disposed from her childhood. Having given satisfactory evidence of a work of grace about nine years ago, she was baptized by the writer, and became a member of the Baptist Church of Upper Aylesford.