

Prayers for Donald Grant.

In the highlands of Scotland, punctuality at public worship is reckoned among the cardinal virtues. The people for generations have been trained to reverence God's day and his house, so that it is considered not only wrong, but also disreputable, to lounge at home, or to stroll over heath and burn, while others are honouring God in the sanctuary.

There lived in this region, some years since, an honest farmer, yeoman Donald Grant. He was very-wise for this world; and, while professing better things, he gave all his strength and energy to his six day's toil, so that when the Sabbath came, he was unfit for the services of the sanctuary. Once in the season of barley harvest, when farm-help was scarce, Donald so overworked himself on Saturday, that his seat in the "auld kirk" was empty the next day. He remained at home to recruit his powers for a fresh campaign on Monday. Some way in the parish knowing Donald's besetting sin, and hearing the effect of his example on others, resolved to nip the delinquency in the bud, and took the case into his own hands.

In the afternoon, when the pastor entered the pulpit, he found a note in which was written: "The prayers of this church are requested for Donald Grant." The minister was taken by surprise, not having heard of his illness, but remembered, as also did the people when the note was read, that his family pew was tenanted in the morning. After service, one asked another what ailed Donald Grant, but none could tell his neighbor; and a decision that some sudden illness had brought this request direct from the family.

The Sabbath passed, and Donald, refreshed by many hours of sleep, and by the sweet breeze and the holy calm of his native hills, rose on Monday like a strong man to run a race. But scarcely had the sun begun to gild the dewy heather, when above the whetting of the sickle, he heard the stentorian voice of Sandy Graham, the village blacksmith.

"Hoot man, and are ye at it this early, after the deathly illness of yesterday?" It was in vain that Donald protested he had never been better. Sandy declared he was out of his head, and ought to be taken back to bed—he could see by the color of his face there was a high fever on him!

While yet he was speaking, they were joined by Duncan McIvor and Malcolm Sterling, two large-hearted neighbors, coming to sympathize in Donald's affliction, and to proffer their aid in reaping his barley; and before any explanation could be made of the puzzling matter, the loving old minister, staff in hand, had arrived with the oil of consolation.

Donald persisted in saying he was never more hearty; when the pastor asked, "Why, then, man, did ye forsake your seat in God's house, and implore the prayers of his people?"

"Aweel, aweel, then," replied Donald, in amazement, "I was awa fra' the kirk wi' the aching o' my limbs fro' the week's work, but I asked prayers o' no man alive?"

The joke was perceived, and the pastor reminded Donald that the man who absented himself from God's house for no better reason than his, ought to ask prayers if he didn't!

Donald Grant lost more time in entertaining the many who came to inquire for him on Monday, than he had gained by resting the Sabbath; but he learned a lesson he did not forget. The barley harvest never kept him at home again on the Sabbath.

Should it be taken for granted that sickness afflicted the families of all who absent themselves from our church, we should have a long list of names to be prayed for.—Watchman and Reflector.

Resisting the Spirit.

One of the most faithful pastors who ever lived in Brooklyn tells us that he was once riding through a village just at the moment when a meeting for inquiry was assembling, and the village pastor invited him to go in and say something to each one, even though it were but a word. He went in for a few moments, and passing rapidly along, he came to a young lady whose countenance indicated deep agitation. "Do you feel," said Dr. S., "that you are un-reconciled to God?" "Yes, I do; I am a lost sinner." "Can you save yourself?" "No; none but Christ can save me." "Why then," inquired the doctor, "do you not come to him?" He loves to save sinners like you." Bursting into tears, she said, "Indeed, I do not know; my heart is hard; I fear I shall never be saved."

"How long have you been in such a deep trouble of mind?" "For three weeks, sir," said she, sobbing aloud.

"Then," solemnly replied Dr. S., "for three weeks you have done nothing but resist the Holy Spirit."

He left her and passed out of the room. The next week, as he was riding near that village, a carriage met him, bearing two persons. As they drew near, the lady seized the reins, and stopped the horse. Dr. S. did not recognize her immediately, but her first exclamation was, "That was true, sir, that was true."

"What was true, madam?" "What you told me at the enquiry meeting—that I had done nothing for three weeks but resist God's Spirit. That expression pierced my heart. I thought I was yielding to the Spirit by being anxious, by coming to the meeting, by beginning to seek the Lord. I thought you cruel. I wanted you to stop and explain yourself. But if you had made any explanation, I should never have been led to Christ. The expression clung to me night and day—for three weeks you have done nothing but resist

the Holy Spirit.' It opened my eyes, and I could not let you pass without thanking you for your plain honest words, which revealed to me the real guilt and hindrance of my heart.'

With a joyful countenance and a happy heart, the young convert rode on her way, and soon she allied herself to the church of Christ. The good Doctor, too, rode homeward, more than ever convinced that nothing short of the naked truth will ever teach a sinner the subtle wickedness of his heart, or send that heart to the Saviour.—Evangelist.

Agriculture, &c.

HOW TO HAVE CLEAN GARDENS.

First, hoe early. Weeds when first up are very tender, but when large many will live unless buried, but if buried when fresh, will decay before another hoeing becomes necessary. Continue the hoeing through the season, or as long as weeds grow. A few weeds allowed to go to seed will stock a large garden. Parslans in particular, one of our most troublesome garden weeds, has a multitude of seed, and rises while the capsules are still green, and many a cornfield has been stocked with it by manure from the hog-yard.

Second: Put no yard manure on the garden that has not been thoroughly fermented. Hen manure, guano, phosphate of lime, ground bone and wood ashes are all good, but poudrette is better than either of them singly and every family should manufacture their own. Nothing more is necessary than to mix intimately with the contents of the privy a sufficient quantity of some suitable absorbent, such as coal ashes, clay, swamp muck or charcoal dust, which should be dry, and are improved by the addition of gypsum. To facilitate the operation, I have so constructed my privy that whenever a lid is closed a given quantity of absorbent is deposited underneath, and besides answering the purpose intended it operates as a disinfectant, allaying the unpleasant odor of the premises to such a degree as, in my opinion, to pay for all the trouble and expense, if that alone were the object.—Country Gentlemen.

TURNING STOCK TO GRASS.

An English farmer's club have lately discussed the question of early turning stock to pasture. One of the club said he considered it also of great importance, both in regard to the productiveness and continuance of the pasture, and the thriving of the stock put upon it, that the grass on pasture lands should not be allowed to grow too much before being eaten off in the beginning of the season. He had often seen fields with the grasses run to seed before stock was put on, and the consequence was, that half the produce was lost, as neither cattle nor sheep would eat the stalks after they had become hard and wiry. He would, therefore, allow a week on grass fields as early as a good bite could be got on them. At that stage there was more sap and feeding substance in grass than at any other time. But he did not advocate the keeping of pasture constantly bare. When once well cropped, the stock should be removed to another field, or part of the pasture, to give the first eaten time to clean and grow again, and for this purpose it should be divided into three or more divisions, eaten off in regular rotation. It was a fact that cattle thrive better on well managed short pastures on which the grasses were allowed to become over abundant and rank.

ONION CULTURE.

Moisture at the base of the bulb for any length of time is most injurious to the onion; on the other hand, a dry heat at the surface is very beneficial, as it is the sun heat alone which renders the Spanish onions so superior to the English in flavor and beauty of the bulbs. The hotter the season or the climate, the sweeter is the flavor of onions; and the colder the season or the climate, the more pungent.

The hoe should never be used among onions. It does mischief, and if an onion is once loosened in the soil it never makes much growth afterwards. So, too, the bulbs should never be earthed up; they should stand wholly above ground, and have good depth of soil to root in.

TO SWEETEN BUTTER FIRKINS.

Mrs. Arch. Cooper, Racine County, Wis., sends the following directions to the American Agriculturist: "Before packing butter into new firkins, put them out of doors in the vicinity of the well, fill them with water, and throw in a few handfuls of salt. Let them stand three or four days, and change the water once during that time. Butter-firkins should be made of white oak, and this process effectually takes out the acid contained in that wood and makes the firkins sweet. If the butter is well made and rightly packed, it will keep good all summer, even if the firkin be kept in store above ground. To cleanse old firkins in which butter has been packed and left exposed some time to the air, fill with sour milk, and leave standing twenty-four hours; then wash clean, and scald with brine. This makes them as good as new."

TO FRESHEN STALE BREAD.

In order to freshen stale bread pursue the following plan: Dip the loaf, wrapped in a clean cloth, into boiling water; let it remain there for half a minute then take off the cloth, and bake the loaf for ten minutes in a slow oven.

A sale of brown sugar, brought through the blockade, took place recently at Richmond, which brought from \$1.40 to \$1.50 per pound. The Examiner, in noticing this, complains greatly of the scarcity of sugar, advising farmers to raise sorghum.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

The Catechism Question.

MR. EDITOR,—

I stand corrected. I ought to have said that I did not think the word love was found in the Catechism, in the sense of God's affection for the world or of christian benevolence towards it. It never occurred to me that I could be so misunderstood as to have quoted in correction the injunction to receive the word with faith and love.

One good turn deserves another. I am a little surprised to find brother T. saying he does not find the word guilty in the Catechism, when it states that, "The sinfulness of the state wherinto man fell consists in the guilt of Adam's first sin, the want of original righteousness and the corruption of his whole nature. Nor do I understand why brother T. has thought it necessary to say, "Surely none who believe the Bible can consistently deny that but for the guilt of Adam's sin, the race of mankind by nature would not be what it now is."

If this is intended as the meaning of the above quotation, it is the same with a difference. If it is intended as a reference to anything written by me it is uncalled for, and, by its implication, unjust, because I said that the doctrine of original sin as I found it in the scriptures, was, that in consequence of Adam's sin we are all born in sin, love sin and can be saved from it only by the Grace of God.

Brother T. has hardly stated fairly, the argument about Deity. It is not that in addition to a few tribes of ignorant savages some deaf mutes are destitute of the idea, but that all deaf mutes are naturally in that state. The same in this case are an immense number, including all the persons by whose experience it can be decided whether the idea of Deity is a revealed truth, or innate to the human mind. It is a favourite assertion with many, that all men believe it and therefore it must be true. The fact and the inference are both wrong. All mankind do not believe it; if they did it would prove nothing. For thousands of years all men believed that the earth was a vast plain with the sun moving round it, and they were all wrong. The cause of truth and righteousness is better served by reality than fancy. I do not doubt but that some mind equal to the task will yet establish one of the most conclusive arguments in favour of revealed religion upon the fact that some of its truths are almost universally believed, ceasing to be held only where communication ends, or a degraded condition accounts for their loss.

My only object has been to call attention to the usefulness of Keach's Catechism, for use in the present day, and the desirableness of endeavouring to obtain a better one. If the apparent difference of opinion will lead all interested to examine for themselves, some good at least will have been effected.

I am yours respectfully,

A. H. MUNRO.

Halifax, June 3rd.

For the Christian Messenger.

Obituary Notices.

Mrs. JOHN F. CROWE.

Rachael Ann, the beloved wife of Mr. John F. Crowe, died at Halifax on the 1st of April. She was one of the excellent of the earth, and worthy of remembrance. When only a little girl, she was convinced of her lost condition, and brought to seek an interest in the divine Redeemer. Even at that early age, she had such alarming views of the holy character of God and his law, that she often wept on account of sin. After a length of time, she was enabled to trust in the precious blood and righteousness of Christ, and obtained a hope of mercy. As she saw it to be her duty to confess the Saviour's name, she first united with the Presbyterian denomination, with whom she walked for a short period. As she became more enlightened, she was dissatisfied with the way in which the ordinance of baptism is observed in that church, and being convinced that the Lord Jesus was immersed, she followed his example, and was baptized by the Rev. David W. C. Dimock, in 1845, and united with the Baptist church in Portauipique and Economy. From that period until her death our beloved sister exhibited the character of a true christian. She was favoured with clear views of the grand doctrines of divine truth, which she firmly believed, and of the holy commandments of our blessed Redeemer, which she desired to obey. To enjoy the presence of God and to walk in his paths, was her constant desire and aim. She delighted to attend both the public and private meetings of the church. The Sabbath School, the Temperance Reform, Home and Foreign Missions, and our institutions of Education participated in her benevolent consideration. Her eldest son at-

tended the Horton Academy, and it afforded her much happiness to know that he there experienced a saving change and became a follower of the Saviour. She manifested her love for the gospel by continued kindness to its ministers, especially her Pastor, whom she always endeavoured to encourage and to assist. She was also kind to the poor and the afflicted. Their hearts she comforted by giving to them assistance in the time of need.

About a year ago, after removing to Halifax, it pleased our Heavenly Father to afflict her with cancer, which was the cause of her death. Though she suffered severely, she always manifested remarkable patience and resignation to the divine will. In the first part of her sickness, she was a little troubled by doubts and fears, but near the close of life she obtained strong faith in Christ and an assurance of entering into that rest that remaineth for the people of God. May the Lord support her mourning husband and family and her numerous relatives, and may we all endeavour to follow the Lord, and at length obtain an entrance into the haven of eternal bliss.—Communicated by the Rev. James Reid.

THE DEPARTED.

Why do we weep and mourn? Why are the countenances of the household, once joyous, so sad and solemn now? Why have the light, gay garments of joy and merriment been changed for the habiliments of mourning? Let the pale rider upon his horse, white with the winding sheets of the dead, give answer. The messenger of death has entered the family circle and broken the tender cord which bound to them one, the dearest on earth,—the mother of a loving family, the wife of a fond husband.

"High in heaven's own light she dwelleth;
Faint the song of triumph swelleth;
Freed from earth and earthly failings;
Lift for her no voice of wailing."

Death was not to her as it is, alas! to many,—the "King of Terrors,"—but the bright Angel of Mercy who came to close her weary pilgrimage of pain and sorrow upon earth,—the gate through which she should pass into the celestial mansion of her Saviour. She dreaded not the change.

"Triumphant, in her closing eye,
The hope of glory shone;
Joy breathed in her expiring sigh,
To think the race was run."

Although she leaves a blank in the family circle which can never be filled, yet who among the mourners, bound though he be by the strongest and tenderest ties, would wish to call her back from such a place to a world of sin and sorrow. Many long and weary months had she lain upon the bed of affliction and watered her couch with tears. She despised not the chastening of the Lord, but trusted in Him who "doeth all things well." In the midst of selfish grief, we can rejoice that God has taken her into His rest,—that she now roams on the banks of the River of Life, revelling in the unmixed joys and untiring beauties of Paradise regained.

"Tough not a chord, breathe not a strain
That would bring the loved to earth again;
For sorrows' tears should not be shed
On the calm repose of the quiet dead."

Though her absence fills our hearts with gloom,
There's a peaceful calm in the holy tomb.
Then let not a sorrowing strain be borne
To the peaceful land whence she is gone.
Rather let faith to hope be given,
That we may meet our loved in heaven."

Let us listen to the voice which rises continually from the tomb, blended with mercy and solemn warning,—the voice of Him who says, "prepare to meet thy God." E. C.

DEACON SAMUEL CROSBY

Died at Beaver River, May 15th, in the 70th year of her age. Our departed brother united with the church 26 years ago, and shortly after was appointed to the office of deacon, in which office he served till death, enjoying the confidence of the church and the community at large with whom he was called to associate. As a faithful servant of God, he has gone from the church militant to unite with the church triumphant, to receive the "Well done good and faithful servant." He bore his short illness with christian resignation.

Brother C. has left a wife and four children, together with a large circle of relatives and friends, to mourn their loss. The funeral services took place on Sunday, when the writer addressed a large congregation from Matthew vi. 20. May God bless the afflicted family.—Communicated by Rev. A. Cogswell.

Mrs. JOHN MYERS.

At Wentworth, on the 17th inst., after a lingering illness of seven months, which she bore with patient resignation to the Divine will, Eliza, wife of Mr. John Myers, in the fiftieth year of her age. She has left a husband and eight children to mourn the loss of an excellent wife and affectionate mother. Her remains were followed to the grave by a large number of mourning friends and relatives. The occasion was improved by a very appropriate sermon from Rev. xiv. 13, by the Rev. R. E. Crane. She was a member of the Baptist church thirteen years.—Com.

SAY not, that thou hast royal blood in thy veins, and art born of God; except thou canst prove thy pedigree, by daring to be holy, in spite of men and devils.

Good works are so indigent, as none can be saved by them, and yet they are so excellent as none can be saved without them.