

Hints to Bathers.

At this warm season, when bathing is so popular, it will be well to observe the following practical hints, which we take from the London Sixpenny Magazine:

On first plunging into cold water there comes a shock which drives the blood to the central parts of the system. But immediately a reaction takes place, which is assisted by the exercise of swimming, producing even in water of a low temperature, an agreeable warmth. The stay in the water should never be prolonged beyond the period of this excitement. If the water be left while this warmth continues, and the body immediately dried, the healthy glow over the whole surface will be delightful.

To remain in the water after the first reaction is over produces a prolonged chilliness, a shrinking of the flesh, and a contraction of the skin by no means favorable to health and enjoyment; for it is only in water thoroughly warmed by the summer heats, where we may bathe for many hours with impunity.

Certain precautions are necessary. Moderate exercise, by summoning into action the powers of the system, and quickening the circulation, is better than inactivity. We should never go into water immediately after a meal, nor while the process of digestion is going forward. Nor should we plunge into the water when violently heated, or in a state of profuse perspiration. Such imprudences are often fatal, especially if the water be unusually cold. If too warm, the temperature of the body may be reduced by bathing the wrists and wetting the head.

Before meals rather than after, and especially before breakfast and before supper, are proper seasons for bathing. The heats of the day are to be avoided, but in very hot weather, a bath is useful to cool the blood, and secure refreshing sleep. If in the middle of the day, a shaded place should be chosen, or the head protected from the sun by being kept wet, or by wearing a straw hat, as is practiced by the fashionable French ladies at their watering-places.

The sea is the place for swimming. Owing to the greater specific gravity of salt water than fresh, the body is more buoyant in it, as are other substances. A ship coming out of salt water into fresh, sinks perceptibly in the water. The difference is nearly equal to the weight of the salt held in solution.

HOW TO PRESERVE BOOTS AND SHOES.—A gentleman in a communication to the London Mechanics Magazine, says:—"I have only had three pairs of boots (no shoes) for the last three years, and I think I shall not require any for the next three years to come. The reason is, I treat them in the following manner: I put a pound of tallow and half a pound of rosin in a pot on the fire; when melted and mixed, I warm the boots, and apply the hot stuff with a painter's brush, until neither the soles nor upper leather will suck in any more. If it is desired that the boots should immediately take a good polish, dissolve an ounce of beeswax in an ounce of spirits of turpentine, to which add a teaspoonful of lamp-black. A few days after the boots have been treated with the tallow and rosin, rub over them the wax and turpentine, but not before the fire. Thus the interior will have a coat of wax alone, and shine like a mirror. Tallow, or any kind of grease, becomes rancid, and rots both stitching and leather. But the rosin gives it an antiseptic quality which preserves the whole.

Once I visited a printing establishment. On a table was a large stereotyped plate, already electrotyped and polished—an elegant piece of work. On the other hand I saw a case of types, looking dull and uninviting enough. A friend asked me which I would choose, the burnished plate or the dirty case of types. "I would take the types," I said. Now, men present religion to us as a stereotyped, burnished thing, welded together in one great mass—some gigantic creed or dogma. But give me the New Testament; give me this simple case of types; this that the Jew and the Greek, the haughty and the learned, despised. With this I can work. Its varieties are exhaustless. I can turn it in a thousand ways, and behold a thousand beauties, "a joy forever."

A NICE CLERGYMAN.—In Rhode Island every clergyman is liable to a fine of \$200 if he unites in marriage any white person with an African, Indian or mulatto. How dark the white person and how light the colored person the law does not define. A couple stood before a Providence clergyman to be united in marriage, the other day. The parson had a suspicion that the woman might be a two-sixteenths mulatto. Calling the bridegroom, he inquired, "Yes," said he, "she is colored." "Then I cannot proceed." "But I am colored," replied the groom. "Indeed!" The ceremonies proceeded.

A Methodist laborer of Wesley's time, Captain Webb, when any one informed him of the conversion of a rich man, was in the habit of asking, "Is his purse converted?" Without the conversion of his purse, the good captain would give no credit to the conversion of the man. In this he agreed with Dr. Adam Clarke, who used to say, "He did not believe in the religion that costs a man nothing." The religion that costs a man nothing is no religion at all; and the being converted, all but the purse, is no conversion at all.

If we wish to stamp our name on wood, we do not press the iron letters on it cold; we bring them hot from the furnace; and if our lessons from Scripture are to be imprinted on the minds of our scholars, they must come from hearts glowing with devotion.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

The Life-battle.

"I have fought the good fight," was among the last sentences ever written by one of the most remarkable men that ever lived. With him life was a battle; not against existence, its privileges and joys, but against its errors, maxims, passions and habits. Against the malicious whisperings of envy, the tongue of censoriousness, the graspings of avarice, the cravings of unsatisfied ambition, the uprisings of spiritual pride, and all other like foes in the great rebel army of the human heart. To battle with these enemies is to battle with "the principalities and powers of darkness," the common foes of humanity. In this life-battle every christian is to engage without compromise and without quarter. Allow me to point out some of those enemies that will challenge all your courage and strength. There is Intemperance which, like the plague sent up to curse ancient Egypt, "has come upon us and upon our people, and into our houses and into our bed chambers, blasting the whole land with mildew and death"; poisoning the fountains of existence, sowing the seeds of ruin in ten thousand happy homes and scattering "fire-brands, arrows and death," in every walk of human life, and amid every circle of human society. Fight with that. There is the spiritual ignorance of our youth, who are growing up to swell the ranks of infidelity and superstition, and who by their lives of vice and folly may cause many an anxious parent to count their days of sorrow and nights of anguish, by the pulsations of a broken heart. Battle with that. Strive to impart, to those young minds, the knowledge of what God is, and what are his claims, what man is and what are his hopes and fears, what that deliverance is which the Saviour has effected for us and by what means we may become interested in the great salvation. The introduction of those truths into the mind may under the influence of the Divine Spirit be the means of their salvation. Blessed is he who engages in this warfare, for he is out upon God's mission, he fights for principles that are dear to the Saviour, he fights to rescue his brethren from peril, and against those who oppress the weak, the poor and the helpless, he will obtain the "crown," the "crown of righteousness," have the "well done" of his Judge, and the blessing of millions, sounding as sweetest music for ever in his soul.

R. R. P.

For the Christian Messenger. Micmac Mission.

DEAR BROTHER,

I have received a good many letters since January last, which were not anonymous, containing kindly expressions of sympathy and encouragement, and still more substantial aid. One of these, from a naval officer, who used to be well known in connexion with this mission, under the name of Lieutenant Hancock, but whose name and title have both been changed, who has retired and now lives in London, recently sent me so warmhearted and christian a letter, that it seems to me I ought not to withhold it from his numerous friends and acquaintances around our shores, who will be glad to hear from him through the Messenger.

Captain Liebenrood will, I am sure, should he ever ascertain that I have published his letter, appreciate the motive and pardon the liberty I have taken.

Yours truly,

S. T. RAND.

28 LANSDOWNE ROAD, NOTTING HILL, W., JUNE 8TH, 1865.

Dear Brother in the Lord.—I have to thank you for sending me the account of the Mic Mac meeting, and also your new system of trusting the "Lord will provide." Yes, dear friend, I believe you are right. Emphatically so, and we have many instances besides Muller. A dear brother I met the other day, told me that for ten years he has been living like the ravens, trusting the Lord, who feeds them will feed him, and his children, (7 in number). Mr. V. of Bloomsbury, (a good man), told him when he commended he expected to hear that he was in the work-house—but he says he is living in the same house now that he did then. He labors as an Evangelist.—I enclose a P. O. order for £5 stg. which the Lord directs me to send you, and my heart goes with it. Yes, though we may not meet in the flesh, dear friend, it will be in that better land. I hope I love Jesus better than

when we met. I ought to do so, for the longer we know Him the more precious He should grow. You will regret to hear that my dear wife has been and still is a great invalid. This is about the only crook in my lot; which has been indeed so far, one of great temporal prosperity. I have seven children, 2 girls and 5 boys, all yet strangers to converting grace, this would be a crook, but I cling to the wonderful promise made to praying parents, and so I hope on and plead on. Lately as rumour may have told you, I have inherited a long expected property, which relieves me from all anxiety as to temporal provision, and this is certainly a blessing though not equal to, or even approaching to the better gift, or the true riches, for those dependant on me. I am here in this great Babel partly on account of my wife's ill health, and also I have much lawyer's business not settled. Where we shall eventually pitch our tent the Lord has not yet made known to me; somewhere so as to give me work for Him. I am weak in body and in great measure forbidden from public speaking; yet I can find work for Jesus, suited to my case. My thoughts often often go back to days gone by, when I had health and strength—ah! how little did I use them for Him, our wanderings on the shores of Cape Breton, &c.—when you used to go in the Gulnare as our Chaplain.

I have seen Theop. Stewart, indeed he often pays me a visit, and came this evening to accompany me to bear a lady, Mrs. Thistlewayte preach. Although a week-day, there was a congregation of over 1200, who listened for an hour with the deepest attention, who seemed to hang upon her words. They were indeed stirring truths, the gospel message lovingly delivered with an earnestness that most impresses. She is a lady of large fortune who has devoted herself to the work of speaking for Jesus. It is a wonderful age, and certainly if men are lost it will not be because the way of salvation was not pointed out clearly.

I have seen Capt. Orlebar once lately. He is settled at Tonbridge Wells, and busy as usual. Remember me in your prayers, and our children, and when you write tell me about you all, and your wife, how is she? May the dear Lord Jesus have you in His keeping, use you largely in His service, and give you and yours a place in His Kingdom, in, believe, me the hearty prayer of your old friend with the new name of

JOHN LIENROOD.

For the Christian Messenger.

Letter from Charleston, South Carolina.

CHARLESTON, S. C. July 1st, 1865.

MR. EDITOR,—

For many weeks I have been intending to write a few lines for the Messenger, but with my resolves, my duties have multiplied, until the present, and I can now only apologize.

I shall not presume to describe the islands, the forts, and streams surrounding this, the Palmetto city. Let it suffice to say that Charleston is picturesquely situated at the confluence of the Ashley and the Cooper rivers, the Edgewood of the red man. The city, founded in 1670, has a ill many old-fashioned buildings and antique gables. Its numerous and spacious gardens in a measure compensate for the want of public squares, of which the city has but few. The great avenue leading from Charleston into the country, is lined with noble oaks and magnolias, with myrtles and jessamines which make a covered way, grateful in green, and venerable with moss. To stroll along this shaded avenue amid the fragrance of summer flowers is delightful beyond description. How many times I have thought of the folly of this infatuated people, who, blessed with all which hearts might desire, have madly rushed on to ruin.

No doubt you have read many descriptions of the wide spread desolation on every side in this once beautiful city. I have wandered through acres and acres of ruins in the heart of the city. A few mornings since on Meeting Street, near the Mills House, and within a stone's throw of the ruins of the Circular Church, I counted sixteen cows grazing in graveyards, and on the mounds where once stood palatial homes.

Last summer the burnt district resembled a small forest. The rabbits dwelt there, and snakes and bats; owls hooted from the ruins of fine old churches; and the deserted, half of the city, echoed only to the screams of the hurrying shells or the shrill cry of the wild night bird.

In continuing my stroll I entered St. Michael's church. On the walls were slabs where were inscribed the names of the Pinckneys, the Grimkies, the De Saussures, all old families of dis-

inction. The dim old aisles trodden by the feet of generations, now echoed alone to the footfall of curious passers-by. The organ is gone; the bells, which in other days chimed sweet sabbath melodies, are gone; the altar is demolished, the pulpit shattered; the floors swept once by silks and satins were soiled by men and animals. O what food for contemplation here. I clambered to the summit of the steeple, and could not restrain my tears as I beheld the desolations around. Ruins everywhere, ruined churches, ruined homes, unroofed roofs, glassless windows, doorless dwellings; it was sad to look upon. I saw one day a beautiful and youthful lady, looking at a weed-grown pile of rubbish; not a muscle moved; there she stood, steadfastly gazing on what I suppose had been her home. What memories must have been awakened.

Mr. Editor, I can write no more; to call up the sad scenes of desolation, the cases of suffering; of humiliation and wretchedness of which I have been the witness for four months is too painful to dwell upon.

WINTAH.

[The accompanying card was very acceptable.]

For the Christian Messenger.

Valediction, for "S. S. W."

MR. EDITOR,

I see by the "Messenger" of last week, that a Sabbath School Worker is still at work. He has made remarkable progress too, since his first article, if not in quality, at least in the quantity of his production. Should he continue in the same rate, he will soon exceed the size of an ordinary weekly newspaper. He evidently intends to exonerate himself from the charge of being unaccustomed to write. I stated in my article that I detested ambush warfare. That I was disinclined to hold controversy with one who would conceal himself behind a fictitious name. Sabbath School Worker has probably taken advantage of that, to throw what he calls his "solid shot." It is true his shot is very bulky, but had he called it "shell shot," he would have more properly named it for it contains all sorts of combustibles. It has burst too with great fury, but so far as I know, nobody is killed, and nobody hurt. And I still adhere to my decision respecting controversy with a concealed opponent.

I have done perhaps more than many will do; I have read the whole of his article, and I conclude:—

First, That it fully justifies the remark I made, that his questions in his first article evidently were not put for the sake of information, they not being the modest inquiries of one who wished information, but the pompous interrogations of one who flattered himself upon the sufficiency of his own knowledge of the matter.

Secondly, That he had displayed a greater talent for variety than argument, having crowded so many subjects into one discourse, and having said so little on the point, he would naturally have been expected to discuss, viz., "Have persons a right to establish and conduct a Sabbath School upon their own authority, or is it the prerogative of the Church to control all that its members do?"

Thirdly, I concluded that I was no match for him in the character of the reasoning he employs. This I publicly concede.

Fourthly, I thought the muses greatly aided him, that inspired "Burns" to preface a certain article commenced without design, with the couplet

"Perhaps it may turn out a song,
Perhaps it may turn out a sermon."

And lastly; it strongly reminded me of the preacher who having announced his text, for the sake of variety, arranged his subject as follows:—

Said he, "First I will speak to you of what I know and you don't. Secondly, I will speak to you of what you know and I don't. And thirdly, I will speak to you of what nobody knows."

His article consists of 36 paragraphs, each containing matter somewhat distinct from the other, and only two bearing very particularly upon the question in debate. These are the fourth and thirty-second, which, so far as they go, substantiate my expressed views, and render his prefatory, intermediate and succeeding ones, all useless, unless it be the 36th one, which being benedictive, may not be amiss at the close. In the fourth he intimates that he did not pronounce my views heretical; if he considered them orthodox, what ail him? In the thirty-second he admits the duty and privilege of individual action. That is all that I think. But as I will not enter into controversy with one