

Agriculture, etc.

THE VALUE OF SOAP SUDS.—The value of this article as a stimulant of vegetable life cannot be too highly appreciated.

AN HOUR IN THE ORCHARD.—If you have a spare hour before breakfast, it cannot be spent to better advantage than in going round among the trees in your orchard or nursery.

TRANSPLANTING AT NIGHT.—“A friend in whose power of observation,” says the Working Farmer, “we have confidence, and who is an exact experimenter, informs us that last spring and summer he made the following experiment: He transplanted ten cherry trees while in blossom, commencing at four o'clock in the afternoon, and transplanting one each hour, until one in the morning.

FARMER'S PAINT.—Farmers will find the following profitable for house or fence paint: Skim milk, two quarts; fresh slaked lime, eight ounces; linseed oil, six ounces; white Burgundy pitch, two ounces; Spanish white, three pounds. The lime is to be slaked in water, exposed to the air, and then mixed with about one-fourth of the milk; the oil in which the pitch is dissolved to be added, a little at a time, then the rest of the milk, and afterwards the Spanish white. This is sufficient for twenty-seven yards, two coats. This is for a white paint. If desirable, any other color may be produced; thus, if a cream color is desired, in the place of part of the Spanish white, use the ochre alone.—Working Farmer.

Dr. Schwarz has communicated the following simple method of preserving small quantities of ice, which he has practised with success. Put the ice in a deep dish or jug, cover it with a plate, and place the vessel on a pillow, stuffed with feathers, and cover the top with another pillow carefully, by this means excluding the external air. Feathers are well-known bad conductors of heat, and in consequence the ice is preserved from melting. Dr. Schwarz states that he has thus preserved six pounds of ice for eight days. The plan is simple, and within the reach of every household.—Journal of the Society of Arts.

FLOWERS.—The principal rule to be observed in the arrangement of flowers is to place the blue next the orange, and the violet next the yellow; whilst red and pink flowers are never seen to greater advantage than when surrounded by verdure and by white flowers; the latter may also be advantageously dispersed among groups formed of blue and orange, and of violet and yellow flowers.

If you don't love flowers yourself, don't quarrel with those who do. It is a defect in your nature which you ought to be sorry for, rather than abuse those who are more gifted. Of what possible use is the rainbow, we should like to know? and yet a wiser than you did not think the heavens complete without it.

The consumption of snails in the south of France is said to be extraordinary, and the taste for this delicacy is increasing in Paris.

Missionary Intelligence.

Germany.

PERSONAL HISTORY OF A BLIND PREACHER.

Letter from Mr. Haag.—In this my first report, I embrace the opportunity to mention a few items in my personal history. I was born Feb. 16, 1839. I remained at home till I was thirteen years of age, at Rothenburg in Bavaria. I was educated too much to rest upon an outwardly virtuous life, but knew very little of the Saviour. Hence the many exhortations of my teachers to be obedient and honest availed very little, and while very young I had fallen deeply into sin. But when I was thirteen years old, and anxiously inquiring what calling I should choose for life, the Lord met me in a most impressive manner, and by an unskillful operation on my eyes, I lost my sight.

After this accident I went to the house of my uncle, where meetings were held, and ere long my heart was moved and I felt that I needed a change. These impressions, however, soon vanished away, and I plunged more deeply into sin than ever. But in Dec. 1859, it pleased the Lord to show me that He knew how to humble the proud sinner under his mighty hand, and to bring him to Himself. He brought me to see in what an abyss of sin I lay, and to feel that I deserved nothing but condemnation. At the same time He revealed Himself to me as a compassionate Saviour, pardoned my sins and gave me peace through His blood.

The minister of the place where I lived, though orthodox in creed, was an unconverted man, and an enemy of Christians. I saw dimly, as in twilight, that the condition of the church was not in keeping with the word of God, and I felt that true believers could not belong to it; but it was some time before I saw this clearly.

Among the Mennonites.—I made a step in advance through my acquaintance with Christopher Hoffman, called “the friend of the Jews.” I entered his mission seminary, and soon under his direction became a travelling preacher in behalf of that cause. On one of my journeys I came providentially upon a Mennonite preacher, who, among other things, spoke to me very earnestly on the baptism of believers. I soon perceived the truth on this point, and consequently the groundlessness of infant baptism. Still I desired further time for reflection. I was at length fully convinced by the word of God that every believer, and of course that I also, was under obligation to obey the command to be baptized. But the Mennonites, as is well known, hold to sprinkling or pouring, and I was received by pouring into their church.

First knowledge of the Baptists.—About this time I became acquainted with writings which told me of the faith, the order and the mission of the Baptist churches. I became dissatisfied with my pouring, and I saw clearly that nothing but the immersion of believers could be properly denominated baptism. To this was added that those who were received into the Mennonite church, though grown up, were seldom converted; hence the church consisted mostly of unconverted members. I had much, however, to allay my anxiety; the tempter seemed to say, “You were led into the church by Divine guidance; the heart is every thing with God; not the form; besides, you can do much good here, as really my humble testimony had not been without fruit among the Mennonites. But when I turned to the law and the testimony, with these objections, my anxiety became so much the greater. If it was my present usefulness that held me, I saw that God by a single blow could bring me down for my unfaithfulness.

Introduced to the Baptists in Zurich.—Baptized.—In order to secure time for undisturbed reflection, in May, 1864, I took a journey into Switzerland, where I spent several weeks in the canton of Zurich. On my inquiring for the Baptists, I was at last made acquainted, through Mr. M., a painter, with the Baptist church in Zurich, and gladly betook myself to their meetings. I visited Mr. Harnisch, and accompanied him on a journey to the outstations. The faith and practice of the church was my own. I felt at home nowhere but among the brethren; and soon with longing desire I looked forward to the day when I should follow the Lord in baptism and become a member of the church. It was one of the happiest days of my life when, on the 24th of July, in Zurich, I confessed my Lord in the presence of his people, and was received into his church in a covenant never to be forgotten. The brethren, discovering the humble talents which the Lord has given me, looked upon me as a helper, and, at the church meeting in October, 1864, ventured to appoint me as their missionary.

Missionary Journeys.—The last quarter I made three journeys of about four weeks each. In each of these journeys, guided by the good Shepherd, I visited sixteen or seventeen places, and held from thirty to thirty-five meetings; and, blessed be God, many an anxious soul was comforted, the feeble were confirmed, the careless awakened, and some sinners found forgiveness through the blood of the Lamb. My apparently helpless condition has attracted not a few, in various places, to hear me, and many doors have been opened to me to speak the praise of the precious Saviour to those who hitherto have been far from Him.

Travelling without a Guide.—My most hearty thanks are due to God and to those who in great love have lent me a helping hand; for I have always been well taken care of, and have been able to travel many miles by stage, steamboat and railroad, without any one to guide me. I have had interesting conversations with many fellow-travellers and I hope they have not been in vain. As I look back upon the past, I am

deeply humbled by the goodness of God, and stimulated to new faithfulness and zeal.

LIVING WITHOUT WATER.

Savage Island is neither beautiful nor fruitful. It is so rocky that you cannot dig six feet anywhere without coming to solid rock. There is no river or stream on the whole island. You will say, then, How do the people get water? A great many of them do without it, for they have none within some miles of the places in which they live. Other settlements have plenty of tolerably fresh water in caves and deep holes. The place at which we live (Alofi) has very good water, but it is difficult to get. It is a natural well, seventy feet deep. The opening is too small, and the sides too irregular, to admit a bucket. The natives let down a fan palm leaf, and bring up about a pint of water each time. The natives drink but little: God has given them a substitute for water in the sugar-cane. When they are thirsty, they chew a few feet of sugar-cane and are satisfied. They have cocoa-nuts too, but do not often drink their juice, except when on a journey or at a feast.—Miss. Advocate.

MISSIONARY MEETING ON SAVAGE ISLAND.

Like our friends in America, England, Australia, and other parts of the world, we have May meetings on Savage Island. Last year we had the first; we had one great meeting then for the whole island; but this year we have two meetings, one at one end of the island, and one at the other. We are having this year's May meetings in April, that the missionary ship may be able to take the contributions when she calls in May.

For the past three months the people have all been busy getting ready their contributions.—You know they have no money as you have.—It is very difficult to find anything they can give to get a little money to help in the missionary work. This year all have been hard at work, getting cocoa-nut fibre. It is a good deal of work to beat it out and get it all ready for the market; but the people do it very willingly and cheerfully, because they are very anxious to do something to help in sending the word of God to other lands, still in darkness. The people have given, this year, 19 cwt. 3 qrs. of fibre, which, with a little arrowroot and a little money, will, we hope, realize \$1,175.

We have just held one May meeting. I went on horseback, in the morning, to the place of meeting. The houses and settlements by the road were all deserted, scarcely a child to be seen. As I got near to the place, I passed large numbers of people—men, women, and children—from the other end of the island, some fifteen or twenty miles, all going to the meeting. They had all plenty of bundles, &c.; lots of Niue bonnet-boxes; for Niue ladies like to make a display at such times. Almost all the ladies, too, have a small bottle in their hands, not of brandy, but of hair-oil. Niue ladies spend some time on such occasions in their toilet operations. When I reached the place of meeting, there was such a Babel—some hundreds of people all jabbering at once; but the centre of attraction was a great wall of food piled up, the feast of the day. You never saw anything like it; there was no trophy like it in the Great Exhibition. The way in which the natives make their feasts is to bring all the food, both raw and cooked, and pile it up in one great high pile. They excelled in this in old heathen times. Traditions are handed down from one to another of particular feasts that some of their forefathers made years ago. But at the feast at our May meeting, the length of the pile was forty-one fathoms, which you know is 246 feet; then the height of it was tremendous, some fifty feet high in the highest part, and not less than twenty feet in the lowest. It was built up much like the scaffolding of a house, with poles and cross pieces tightly tied together. It looked very beautiful; it consisted of cocoa-nuts, taro, bananas, sugar-cane, cooked food, and pigs roasted whole.

But I must not forget what would have attracted your attention most,—a number of enormous puddings, made of arrowroot and cocoa-nut; they measured fifteen feet long and four feet round: one was a heavy burden for eight strong men. They were 1,005,000 cocoa-nuts, and 385 pigs cooked whole: the taro, bananas, &c., they could not count. All this great feast took days to get ready. On the day of the meeting it was taken down and divided amongst the people of the different places, so that no one was hungry. We have no tea-meetings, public dinners or break fasts, on Niue, but these feasts are the substitutes: Niueans can do nothing without a feast.

We had a monster meeting in the open air. Myself, the teachers, and some of the principal church members made speeches.

We had two meetings, and then I left the people most eagerly devouring their monster feast. We have still another May meeting to be held in a fortnight: this will finish up our meetings for this year.—Juv. Miss. Mag.

PROGRESS IN AFRICA.

The brief space of forty-two years has passed, and what do we see to-day as the result of these humble beginnings? We see the slave trade abolished over a section as large as the six New England States. The cries and groans of the pirate's victims have given place to the voice of Christian worship, and to the cheerful sounds of voluntary industry. We see a stable and well-ordered republic, with a constitution like our own, administered wholly by colored men. We see churches and schools, and a college, with twenty-three students and a faculty of liberally educated colored men. We see thousands of re-captives, rescued from slave ships, associated

with the settlers, assimilated to Christian habits, and received as citizens into the bosom of the State. We see there the steam-engine, the sugar-mill, the cotton-gin, and the printing-press.

Such results hath God wrought through the humble, but efficient agency of colorization. And truly may we say, “The people which sat in darkness saw great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death, Light is sprung up.”—Matt. 4: 16. This language of inspiration, indicating a great change in the moral condition of a people, has seldom, if ever, found a more fitting application than in the case before us.

May we not then—shall we not, give thanks to God for these glorious results of our work, and take courage to labor and pray more, and to give more liberally for extending these benign results over that whole domain of sin and suffering?—African Repository.

MISSIONARY STATISTICS.

1. American. The whole number of American Foreign Missionary Societies is sixteen—having under their care 2,388 agents as missionaries, native preachers, etc.; 54,000 church members, 22,000 pupils, and an annual income of \$1,100,000 to sustain their operations.

2. British. In Great Britain there are twenty missionary societies, employing 6,216 agents as missionaries, etc., and having 185,000 church members, 201,000 scholars, and an annual income of \$2,094,000.

3. Continental. On the continent of Europe there are twelve of these societies, of which six are in Germany. They have 811 agents as missionaries, teachers, etc., 79,000 church members, 12,000 scholars, and an income of \$267,000.

4. Totals. The whole number of British and Continental missionaries is thirty-two societies, 7,027 agents or missionaries, teachers, etc., 264,000 church members, 213,000 pupils in schools, and an annual income of \$3,361,000.

The whole number of Protestant missionary operations in the world, as thus carried on by American, British, and Continental Christians, is 48 societies, 9,418 agents or missionaries, etc., 518,000 church members, 235,000 pupils in the different schools, and an annual income of \$4,481,000.

With such a machinery for operation in readiness and at active work, what is needful but the Holy Spirit to be poured out mightily from above to go with the Word thus scattered abroad on its way to all the world and to every creature? Ask, and ye shall receive.—Christian Instructor.

For the Christian Messenger.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

MR. DAVID JENKS

Was born Oct. 10th, 1795, and died June 10th, 1864, aged 69 years and 8 months. He was the son of christian parents, the late James and Martha Jenks, of Half-way River, Parrsboro, who taught him to revere the name of Christ with such sacredness that he was never known to take his Maker's name in vain. In his early youth the gospel was seldom preached in the section of county in which he resided, and there was but little encouragement of piety in the youth. The Baptist Missionaries passing this way planted the standard of their Master here. Bro. Jenks made a profession of religion, was baptized and joined the Parrsboro Church, but a short time previously organized here by the Revs. Messrs. Harding and Davis. He and his family subsequently moved to Upper Economy, Colchester Co., and was the friend and assistant of the Rev. John E. Cogswell, of happy memory, in spreading the Redeemer's name in that region. On removing back to his native place he was chosen Church Clerk, and continued to be till called away to the church triumphant, sparing no pains in attending to its duties. He and his wife were ever ready to assist the church in adversity as well as prosperity. He always evinced a love for his Master, and through his life when reviled, reviled not again, rendering good for evil. He has left an afflicted widow, who for five months previous to his death suffered extremely and was expected to be very near her grave. She is now totally blind, through suffering, but still trusts in her Saviour. He has also left four sons and three daughters, five of whom are members of Baptist Churches, one of them a Deacon of the Church at Diligent River, Parrsboro. Thus another of the first number of the church has passed away to the spirit-land, where we hope he is praising our blessed Saviour without the shackles of this sinful body.—Communicated. Westbrook, May, 1865.

MRS. JONATHAN SANDFORD.

At Weston, Cornwallis, on the 29th of April, Mrs. Jonathan Sandford departed this life, in the 70th year of her age. Sister S. had been for many years a consistent member of the 2nd Cornwallis Baptist Church, which connection she held till her death. As she came near to the hour of death, some dark clouds that had hung over her mind passed away, and she had given unto her for the comfort of her soul and the consolation of her afflicted husband and family, strong faith and much composure, while passing through the struggles of her last moment. Solemn exhortations were given to her heart-stricken children, and an affectionate farewell deliberately given to her husband, were the last words that she uttered. Then she went to sleep in peace. May God bless the bereaved family.