

GOLDEN WORDS FOR DAILY USE.

Selected from C. H. Spurgeon's "Morning by Morning."

DECEMBER 8. Sunday. Walking in truth, 2 John 4.

To walk in the truth imparts a life of integrity and simplicity, the natural product of those principles of truth which the gospel teaches.

9. Monday. Thou hast made summer and winter, Psa. lxxiv. 17.

Winter in the soul is by no means a pleasant season, but there is this comfort: thy Lord makes it, and this should check all murmuring.

10. Tuesday. Ask and it shall be given you, Matt. vii. 7.

O my soul, ask large things of thy generous Lord. No unbelief should hinder when Jesus invites. No cold-heartedness should restrain when such blessings are to be obtained.

11. Wednesday. Ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty, 2 Cor. vi. 18.

The most despised believer may lay hold of this privilege. Let us not through a senseless intolerance be negligent to trace our pedigree.

12. Thursday. I will strengthen thee, Isa. xli. 10.

O Thou who art my God and my strength, I can believe that this promise shall be fulfilled, for the boundless reservoirs of thy grace can never be exhausted, nor can the overflowing storehouse of thy strength be emptied.

13. Friday. And they shall call his name Immanuel, Matt. i. 23.

This golden name is inexpressibly delightful. It is a word fit for the lips of cherubim for its majesty, but because of its marvellous condescension none but men can utter it.

14. Saturday. That we should be holy, Eph. i. 4.

The greatest hindrance to holiness is self-proud self, wise self, lazy self. These are enemies to be fought against and mortified daily.

Agriculture, &c.

Crop Statistics.

It is very important and desirable that we should have year by year trustworthy returns of the crops. The utility of such statistics must be obvious to every reflecting mind. But how to get them is the difficulty. We suggested some time ago that Government should make every postmaster a statistical agent, and require of him periodical returns. We still think this is as feasible a method as could be desired. Of course payment should be made for the extra service thus imposed. It need not be a very troublesome affair. Certainly it would not be if each farmer were to make a return to his post-office of the crops put in at seed-time and the estimated yield at harvest. How much of a task would this be? A very small one if every farmer would keep, as he ought to do, some record, account-book, or diary as to his operations each season. Many would, no doubt exclaim against it as a piece of Government tyranny if it were made the duty of every farmer to report his doings twice a year, but it is no more than is required in some other departments of business annually, and in every line of productive industry whenever a census is taken. And how much patriotism has that man who is unwilling to spend a few minutes in putting down on paper a memorandum as his sowing and reaping for the public good?—Among other advantages of trustworthy statistics there is this that touches every farmer's pocket and nerve, that it would rid the grain market, to a great extent, of that fitfulness and uncertainty which render it always more or less of a speculation to sell a load of wheat. If we knew what quantity of grain had been sown all over the world in spring, we could judge approximately by the season what the ingathering would be, and the harvest returns would give a sufficient idea of the amount of grain in hand both to regulate the markets and form a guide to the seller in disposing of his produce. As it is, we may make shrewd guesses on certain data, but how often these guesses prove wrong everybody knows very well. So far as Canada is concerned, we have at present no system of getting these desirable returns. Our Bureau of Statistics does us no good in this respect, and will do us none unless we get in some way an organized corps of informants who shall regularly supply the facts. We have reason to be much obliged to the Grand Trunk Railway Company for giving us every fall the only returns available, but if a business corporation existing for other purposes can furnish at its own expense such an amount of valuable information, collected by its station-masters, it shows how easily some Government provision might be made for doing the thing more thoroughly and on a far wider scale. We hope this subject will attract attention, and that some effectual means may ere long be taken to supply a deeply felt want.—Canada Farmer.

"AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION."—A wash composed of lime, salt and fine sand or wood ashes, put on in the ordinary way of white-washing, renders the roof fifty per cent. more secure against taking fire from falling cinders, in case of fire in the vicinity. It pays the expense a hundred fold in its preserving influence against the effects of the weather. The older and more weather-beaten the shingles, the more benefit derived.

EXTINGUISHING A FIG.—An Irishman being on a visit to some relatives a little more polished than himself, was requested, on going to bed, to be careful to extinguish the candle; he was obliged to ask the meaning of the word, when he was told it was to put it out. He treasured up the term, and one day when he was sitting at home in his cabin with his wife, enjoying his prates and buttermilk, on the pig unceremoniously walking in, he said (proud of his bit of learning) "Judy dear, will you extinguish the pig?" "Arrah, then Pat honey, what do you mean?" inquired Judy. "Mussa, then, you ignorant cratur," replied Pat, "it means put him out, to be sure."—Mark Lane Express.

A peep under the surface.

The following touching sketch is from a small volume just published in Edinburg, entitled—'The Orphan, or Comfort and Counsel to the Fatherless and the Motherless.'

We had been on a fishing tour in the Highlands, and en route to town, were idling a day or two in the gray metropolis of the north. 'Scotchman, Express, Merkerri, fewzees, penny a hunder—this day's Scotchman, sir,' shouted a shrill piped, ragged little imp as we stood blowing a cloud at the door of the New Royal, in Prince-street. 'No, we don't want any.' 'Fewzees, penny a hunder, sir; this day's paper, sir—half-price, sir, only a bawbee,' persisted the young countryman of Adam Smith. 'Get along, Bird's-eye, don't want any, growled my friend Phillips. 'They're gude fewzees, sir, penny a hunder—They're gude fewzees, sir—hunder and twenty for a penny, sir,' coming round on my flank. 'No, don't want them, my boy.' The keen blue face, red bare feet ingrained with dirt, and bundle of dirty rags looked up piteously at me, moved off a little, but still hovered round us. Now, when I put down my first subscription to the One Tun Ragged School in Westminster, I took a mental pledge from myself to encourage vagrant children in the streets no more. Somehow, in this instance, that pledge wouldn't stand by me, but gave way. 'Give me a penn'orth, young 'un,' 'Yes, sir—they dinna smell.' 'Ah, I haven't got a copper, little 'un, nothing less than a shilling; so never mind, my boy, I'll buy from you to-morrow.' 'Buy them the night, if you please, I'm very hungry, sir. I'll gang for change, sir.' His little cold face, which had lighted up, now fell; for, from his bundle of papers, I saw that his sales had been few that day. 'Well, little 'un, I'll try you—there is a shilling—now, be a good boy and bring me the change to-morrow to the hotel. Ask for Mr. Turner.' 'Give my friend your word of honour, as a gentleman, as security for the bob,' said Phillips. 'As sure as death, sir, I'll bring the change the morn,' was the promise of young Lucifer before he vanished with the shilling. Next morning we were on the Roslin stage to do the wonderful little chapel there. We were stopped near the University by a crowd congregated round some poor creature brought to grief by the race-horse pace of a butcher's cart. A working man raised something in his arms, and followed by a crowd, bore it off. On our return to the inn, I inquired, 'Waiter, did a little boy call for me to-day?' 'Boy, sir? Call, sir? No, sir.' 'Of course he didn't. Did you really expect to see your young Arab again?' said Phillips. 'Indeed I did, Charley. I wish he had proved honest.' 'Then, O Lucifer, son of the morning, how art thou fallen!' Later in the evening, a small boy was introduced who wished to speak to me. He was a duodecimo edition of the small octavo of the previous day, got up with less outlay of capital—a shoesless, shirtless, shrunken, ragged, keen-witted Arab of the streets and closes of the city.

He stood for a few minutes diving and rumaging into the recesses of his rags. At last little Tom Thumb said, 'Are you the gentleman that bought fewzees yesterday frae Sandy?' 'Yes, my little man.' 'Weel here's sevenpence,' (counting out divers copper coins). 'Sandy canna come—he's no weel—a cart ran ow'r him the day, and has broken his legs, and he's lost his bannet and his fewzees and your fourpence piece and his knife—he—he's no weel. He's no weel ava—and the doctor says—says—he's dee—dee—in—and that's a—he can gie ye now; and the poor child, commencing with sobs, ended in a sore fit of crying. I gave him food; for though his cup of sorrow was full enough, his stomach was empty, as he looked wistfully at the display on the tea-table. 'Are you Sandy's brother?' 'Ay, sir, and the flood-gates of his heart again opened. 'Where do you live?' 'Are your father and mother alive?' 'We bide in Blackfriars Wynd in the Coogate. My mither's dead, and my faither's awa'; and we bide whiles wi' our gude-mither,' sobbing bitterly. 'Where did this accident happen?' 'Near the college, sir.' Calling a cab, we were speedily set down at Blackfriars Wynd. I had never penetrated the wretchedness of these ancient closes by day, and here I entered one by night, and almost alone. Preceded by my little guide, I entered a dark, wide, winding stair, until, climbing many flights of stairs in total darkness, he opened a door, where a light maintained a feeble, unequal struggle with the thick, close-smelling, heavy gloom. My courage nearly gave way at the spectacle of that room burst upon me. In an apartment, certainly spacious in extent, but scarcely made visible by one guttering candle stuck in a bottle, were an overcrowded mass of human beings sleeping on miserable beds, spread out upon the floor, or squatted or reclining upon the cold, unfurnished boards. Stepping over a prostrate, quarrelling drunkard, I found little Sandy on a bed of carpenter's shavings on the floor. He was still

in his rags, and a torn and scanty coverlet had been thrown over him. Poor lad! he was so changed. His sharp, pallid face was clammy and cold—beads of the sweat of agony standing on his brow. A bloated woman in maudlin drunkenness now and then bathed his lips with whisky and water. A doctor from the Royal Infirmary had called and left some medicine to soothe the poor lad's agony—for his case was hopeless—but his tipsy nurse had forgotten to administer it. I applied it, and had him placed on a less miserable bed, and seeing a woman to attend him during the night, I left the degraded, squalid home. Next morning I was again in Blackfriars Wynd. . . . For the patient, medical skill was naught, for he was sinking fast. As I took his feeble hand, a flicker of recognition seemed to gleam across his face. 'I got the change and was comin'.' 'My poor boy, you were very honest. Have you any wish—anything I can promise to do for you? I promise to—' 'Reuby, I'm sure I'm deein'; wha will take care o' you noo?' Little Reuben was instantly in a fit of crying and threw himself on the bed. 'Oh, Sandy, Sandy, Sandy I sobbed his little heart. 'I will see to your little brother.' 'Thank you, sir! Dinna, dinna leave me, Rew—Rew—by, I'm coming'—coming—'Whist, whist!' cried little Reub, looking up, and turning round to implore some silence in the room. That moment the calm faded smile, that seemed to have alighted as a momentary visitant upon his face slowly passed away, the eyes became blank and glazed, and his little life imperceptibly tripped out. The honest boy lies in the Canongate Churchyard, and I have little Reuben at Dr. Guthrie's Ragged School, and receive excellent accounts of him and from him.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

By Rev. Charles Tupper, D. D.

CHAPTER XIII.

FOURTH RESIDENCE IN AMHERST.

(No. 10.)

Between January 1st and March 31st, 1849, I travelled extensively both in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, either as an Agent or as a Missionary. The winter was extremely cold, with frequent violent snow-storms, and very bad roads. On the 18th day of February my right cheek was badly frozen, and likewise my left cheek the next day; which was extensively noticed, and long remembered, as the cold Friday. Before a house could be reached, in one instance, I narrowly escaped perishing through intense cold. It now appears to me to have been presumptuous to travel in such weather. The night was quite as distressing to me as the day: for, though the precaution was used to have a warm brick at my feet, yet, through severe attacks of cramp, and the shortness of the bedstead, which had no foot-board, the brick was soon thrown out, and rendered useless. That was a night of suffering, not of rest.

It is the part of candor to confess, that the next night was equally distressing through my own imprudence. Mince pie had disagreed with my stomach before; and yet, hoping that it would not injure me at this time, I adventured to take a piece with my tea. The effect was much more deleterious than on any former occasion. In addition to the physical suffering endured, the apprehension of being unable, through the indulgence of appetite, to fulfil my appointments on the next day, (which was Sabbath, on which large congregations were expected to assemble to hear a stranger,) filled me with keen bitterness of spirit. It is not my practice to make absolute promises; but a fixed resolution was then and there made, to eat no more mince pie. The sincerity of my repentance has been now evinced for upwards of eighteen years by total abstinence from this injurious luxury. It may be added, that my illness was so much abated by meeting-time on the Lord's day, as to allow me to fulfil my appointments, though in much physical and mental debility.

The reader surely will not be surprised to learn, that after my fatigues and exposures during that very inclement winter, bronchitis attacked me, and rendered it difficult for me to continue my ministerial labors. It sometimes compelled me to limit my preaching to one sermon on the Sabbath, and to deliver that in a low tone of voice. Through Divine goodness, however, I was not obliged to desist wholly from my appropriate work.

My health being somewhat improved, it was my privilege to attend the Association with my brethren in Wolfville, and to preach the Introductory Sermon. This session, which was regarded as the commencement of the Jubilee year of the Association, was one of deep

interest. Extensive revivals had been enjoyed in many parts of the Province; and large accessions had been made to a number of the Churches, especially those of Nietaux, 2nd and 3rd of Cornwallis, Manchester and Guysborough, and Wilmot Mountain. Five new Churches were received.

By appointment of the Home Missionary Board I visited a number of destitute and feeble Churches in the eastern part of the Province, and endeavored to aid in strengthening and animating the disciples, as well as to win souls to Christ. Such Churches should not be left to languish and become extinct for want of ministerial labor, if it can be avoided.

In consequence, however, of the exhausted state of the funds, the Board did not deem it consistent to send a Missionary to Prince Edward Island this season; but my usual annual visit was made in the service of the Editors of the Christian Messenger; and substantially the same duties were discharged as if a Mission had been assigned me. At Georgetown a circumstance occurred which showed how temperance and religion may mutually aid each other. It happened that my appointment for preaching there was, on the evening in which the S. of T. met. By an arrangement with my friend the W. P. (who was a son of Mr. Samuel Bagster, the celebrated publisher of the Scriptures in many languages.) I met with the Division, to whom he respectfully introduced me; and they readily suspended, and attended my meeting, after which I returned with them, and delivered an address adapted to encourage them in their good work, and to stimulate them to perseverance in it.

With reference to my labors in Amherst, it may be noticed here, that it had been agreed from the first to allow me at the rate of one hundred pounds a year—I never received, or asked, a higher salary in the country—and that time should be devoted there in proportion to the amount made up for my support. After the decease of my esteemed colleague, Rev. Samuel McCully, it appeared to many desirable that my whole time should be spent in that field; and so it seemed to me. Our Editors would gladly have employed me constantly; but I hoped that the services of a younger man, better able to endure fatigue, might be obtained for that purpose.

Bro. McCully's labors had, in general, been bestowed gratuitously and the times were by many considered hard—a thing of frequent occurrence—and therefore it seemed difficult to make up my full support. Under these circumstances, as the ministry had not been entered by me with the expectation of any worldly advantage, and it always appeared to me inconsistent for one who professed to engage in the work from love to Christ and souls, even to seem desirous of a high salary, and I concluded that my family could be supported, in a frugal way, with a smaller amount; I therefore voluntarily proposed to reduce my allowance to eighty pounds per annum; and, to avoid being burdensome to the people, to receive it, as formerly, principally in produce.

My proposal, however, though it was well intended, did not appear to be productive of the beneficial effects anticipated. Some persons seemed to imagine, that the reduction of my salary rendered it unnecessary for them to contribute as much as formerly; and others to infer, that my services could not be valuable. Moreover, this reduction tended to put it out of my power to aid in relieving the needy, or contributing to objects of benevolence to any considerable extent. On the whole it proved to be an extreme, which wrought unfavorably. The small amount required was not raised; and consequently my time could not be wholly devoted to ministerial labor in that field. The measure proposed, therefore, probably tended, in the issue, to occasion my removal from the place. This may, however, have been overruled in Providence for the furtherance of interests of Christ's kingdom; as my labors have subsequently been, by the Divine blessing, more manifestly useful.

For the Christian Messenger.

OBITUARY NOTICE.

THOMAS W. JOHNSON,

Died at Boston, U. S., on the fifth of September last, eldest son of the late Wm. Johnson, Esq., of Wolfville, N. S., in the forty-fourth year of his age, leaving a wife and one child. The intelligence of his sudden death, after only a few days illness was a sad blow to his aged mother, and to a large circle of relatives and friends, in this Province.

Bro. Johnson, early in life professed religion and united with the first Horton Church. Up-