

Scientific.

ABOUT TRAINING COLTS.

T. S. Ingersoll, Berea, Ohio, a practical man, now more than eighty years of age, but who has broken a great many colts, writes as follows:

Colts are taught in the first place, while I am their friend, I must be their master, and they must obey. This lesson is sometimes hard for them to learn, especially as I used to break colts in former years when a young man. Then if the colt did not come "right up to the chalk" the first time, it was abused by the whip. I was unmerciful in my dealings, exercising no reason nor good judgment, which are the most necessary attributes of character to be called into requisition by the trainer of colts. These two talents, together with patience, I have made use of in my later years in training colts, till I think I have them in pretty good use when required. Many friends often say to me, "You are too old to break colts. Why, a man near eighty years of age to think of breaking such wild colts; it seems quite absurd; you'll get killed by them by-and-by."

My reply has been, I am better qualified to break colts, as you term it, than when I was young. It is not half the work now that it was forty years ago. I don't break any colts now, I train them; I don't like the term of breaking colts now; I use the term of training or educating them—treating them something as I would a young child, never punishing them for ignorance. I seldom use a whip in my early training. The first exercise with a colt, after he has carried the harness till he is not afraid of it, is to put lines to the bits and over the buttocks, and running them through the breeching, so as to keep them up, I go behind and attempt to drive him. This sometimes makes awkward work; but patience, and reason, and good judgment now must be exercised, for the colt will cut up all manner of pranks, sometimes rearing or kicking up. Do not hold the reins too tight; humor him till he finds he cannot get away or rid himself of his harness; and as he gets a little tired he will begin to yield. I get my colts accustomed to the bits by drawing them around with the harness on, always letting the traces dangle about their legs as much as possible, to get them used to have any thing hit their heels without being frightened at it. They will soon learn my language. If they seem inclined to back, I gently pull on the lines and say, "Back, back, Charley," if that is his name. When they choose to go forward, I say, "Go on." When I want them to turn round, I gently pull the line on the side. I wish them to turn, and say, "Come round, Charley," always speaking his name. When I think it is safe to put him between a pair of thills, with two wheels, I first let him see it and smell of it, leading him round it, lifting up the thills and letting them fall, till he sees that it will not hurt him. Then I put him between the thills and let him stand awhile before I attempt to drive him. By driving awhile in this vehicle until I think it safe, I put him before a lumber wagon, and he will soon be manageable at ordinary work.

A NOVELTY IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

A Boston artist who has been to Europe, has returned in high glee, with what seems to be the germ of a fortune in his luggage. It is the patent right for the U. States of a new invention in photography, which carries the art a long way forward. The innovation is in the camera, which is called pentoscopic, and applies only to landscapes, buildings, and out-door views generally. It consists in making the lens swing slowly and steadily around a circle, by means of mechanism, so as to take in the whole panorama of the horizon, or any number of degrees in it, instead of one especial point, like the instruments now in use. The plate which receives the picture slides along at a proportionate rate. Thus, the picture is not blurred into confusion as might at first thought seem the result of such a method, but taken with a clearness and sharpness almost incredible. Instead of taking large pictures of landscapes in sections, as has heretofore been necessary, the whole extent of country visible from any one spot may be taken on the same plate; and instead of the central object being most prominent, and those on the sides thrown into insignificance or indistinctly presented, no one part is less clear and vivid than the rest. Moving clouds, reflections in water, &c., are taken with wonderful facility; and the pictures of European scenery taken by the pentoscope are in every way infinitely superior to any work of the kind ever done here.

A BIG TREE.

Says the editor of the Mining and Scientific Press of some things he noted in a trip from Santa Clara to Santa Cruz:—

We saw the stump of one tree which was cut down a few days previous, that measured full thirty-six feet in circumference, three feet from the ground. The trunk, at a length of 160 feet from the stump, measured four feet in diameter; above that point the tree was broken into fragments in falling.

The magnificent forest growth which formed the crowning feature of this canon ten years ago, has now almost entirely disappeared, and by another winter the sound of the saw will scarcely be heard throughout its entire length. It will, however, for years to come, continue to furnish large amounts of fencing stuff and fuel.

A handful of common sense is worth a bushel of learning.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Mr. Davis's Book.

I have risen from the perusal of Mr. Davis's book on the late Rev. Harris Harding with great satisfaction. Our friend of Charlotetown has conferred on the cause of vital christianity, I will not say merely the Baptist cause, in these Provinces, a signal benefit, in thus giving consistency and permanency to the records of so valuable a life as that of Father Harris Harding, as we love to call him; records which must otherwise have soon been little better than oral testimony, though in the mouths of many witnesses, and have rapidly faded from the knowledge of each succeeding generation.

Sad to think that the favorite idea of the lamented Chipman, "archives of Provincial Baptist History" failed so greatly through his untimely death. Otherwise we should now have abundant stores at hand for the reproduction, in memory and influence, of more of those sainted men whom God honored among us in the great work of vital godliness supplanting deadness and form.

Mr. Davis has, with a faithful hand, given just prominence to that feature in the life of Mr. Harding of Yarmouth. I rejoice in the ardour with which he depicts that fire of sanctified affection, that holy glow of gospel love and zeal, which was so largely characteristic of the subject of this memoir, and in which "the compiler" as our author modestly terms himself, seems to luxuriate, despite an accompanying "Newlightism" which he cannot altogether commend.

We may well forgive the Newlightism for the sake of the "demonstration of the Spirit and of power." For this demonstration, as a Bible reality to be enjoyed as well as believed, we are doubtless largely indebted, under God, to the Hardings, the Mannings, the Dimocks, and to none more than the subject of this memoir. Well for us if we still prize it at its true value! One thing I think is certain, that no lover of the truth can read Mr. Davis's interesting publication without deep gratitude to God for the gift of Harris Harding and others like him, as the teachers and exponents of that great reality without which all else pretending to be religion is a ruinous mockery.

Mr. Davis has executed his task well. His style is clear, his matter well selected and instructive, and the general effects pleasing and impressive; and not a few, I am assured will be glad to see the memoir happily introduced by the aged brother who is known to have always felt an ardent attachment to the excellent pioneers in the raising of our churches in this country.

I trust the copies of this edition of a memoir so valuable to us as a people will not long remain on hand.

Its typographical execution is quite creditable to a country where book making is rare; and I think the purchasers will generally prize the lithograph portrait as by no means wanting in characteristic expression, and on that point take issue with the objector.

Dec. 1866. E. A. CRAWLEY.

For the Christian Messenger.

Is it too dear?

Dear Brother,—

I learn that some good people find fault with my work on father Harris Harding, as being too dear.

You know the Life of Duncan Dunbar, lately published in the States. That, in point of size, is just such a book as mine, with only one embellishment, instead of four, as mine has. Yet it is charged at \$1.50 American currency; that is, as exchange now stands, even more than mine is charged.

But farther. People ought to know, that, in getting up books, certain expenses are always the same, whatever the numbers issued may be. The types, for instance, that would print fifty copies of a book, would also print five thousand. So of embellishments, which are just printed pictures, the lithographing or engraving for but fifty impressions would be the same as for five thousand. Thus, if five thousand copies of a book can be sold, the charge may be small, because its expenses are small in proportion to the number sold. But if no more than fifty copies can be sold, the charge must be proportionately large, because such are the expenses. Now, I have printed a thousand copies of my book. Printing, binding, embellishment, mount up to somewhere about seven hundred dollars. I charge a dollar for my book. Suppose I sell

every copy of it for that sum, does that bring me a thousand dollars? By no means. Its distribution, and the agency employed in its sale, absorb about twenty-five per cent. of my charge. I shall do well therefore, if I can realize seven hundred and fifty dollars for my thousand copies. In which case I may congratulate myself if I pay for my book, and shall have nothing for all that its preparation has cost me.

This preparation has been to me really a labour of love, rather than a money-making enterprise. I have taken pleasure in it as a tribute to the memory of its excellent subject, and intended it as an humble contribution to our denominational literature. I was assured, that my labour would certainly be appreciated; and that, not by private individuals alone, but by the formal votes of two of our Nova Scotia Associations. And now I am told, that my book is too dear. Does that mean, that some people are willing to let their brethren work for their benefit, and with a view to important public interests, while they are unwilling to give them that very small amount which will enable them to pay their way—and no more than that?

May I hope that these statements will not be without some favourable effect? I only ask, that, in the matter of my book, I may be enabled to "provide things honest in the sight of all men." Will any brother grudge me this satisfaction, even though my volume should seem to him, at first sight, a few cents dearer than it ought to be? All things being taken into account, is it really too dear?

Your fellow-labourer, J. DAVIS.

Charlotetown, Dec. 28, 1866.

For the Christian Messenger.

Pastoral Reminiscences.

No. 2.

A BRAND PLUCKED FROM THE BURNING.

Every case of conversion to God is alike a display of sovereign power and unmerited mercy. But in some this is more strikingly apparent than in others. The grace of God in its influence upon many is gentle as the dew, quietly yet effectively, descending upon and transforming the soul. The change in others more resembles the violent hurried effort by which an imperilled one is snatched from the angry and devouring flame. In such cases the change is so striking and manifest that even the most sceptical are compelled to exclaim as did the magicians of Egypt when they saw the miracles wrought by Moses, "this is the finger of God." Such a conversion was that of Saul of Tarsus, of John Bunyan, the swearing tinker, of John Newton the slave trader, of Africaner the fierce Hottentot chief. A recent illustration of this has also arrested attention in England, in the case of a person who was nicknamed by his degraded associates "fiddler Jos." He was formerly engaged to play the fiddle for the amusement of the vicious and the debased, but grace triumphed over depravity. He is now a humble christian, and is labouring with great success in telling the story of his conversion to those who once were his associates in sin.

Every christian minister, in the course of his labors has witnessed similar illustrations of God's abounding grace, and has been encouraged by them, to scatter the seed of truth upon barren and stony soil of the human heart assured that "nothing is too hard for the Lord."

A striking instance illustrative of this came under the observation of the writer in the early period of his ministry. In one of my rounds of pastoral visitation I had occasion to call at a house, one of whose inmates was a member of the church of which I was then pastor. Its occupants consisted of an aged widow nearly blind, and a brother bowed like herself with physical infirmity. On being introduced to the latter. I was struck with his appearance. As he arose to shake hands with me, "leaning upon the top of his staff," I observed that he could not stand erect, and that in his ordinary attitude he was so bowed down that his hands nearly reached the ground. Under these infirmities he was a constant sufferer, but all were borne with astonishing fortitude and patience. I afterwards learned that this deformity was caused partly by hard labor, but especially by habits of dissipation, of which he had formerly been a degraded and wretched victim. To my inquiry "How are you," he replied with great fervour of expression. "I am better than I have been, I give you thanks, and better than I deserve to be, blessed be the name of the Lord." Similar devout ejaculations invariably commingled in all his conversation, and were evidently the genuine utterances of a humbled and grateful earth. He

had experienced a wonderful deliverance, and it appeared as though he could never thank God enough for it. Besides, his piety was of that mature type, that what many might deem needless and extravagant, with him was as natural as the welling up of water from a fountain. He had been "forgiven much," and he "loved much."

In this first interview he narrated to me the dealings of God with his soul. He told me that nearly forty years (if I remember correctly) of his life were spent in sin. Drunkenness was his besetting infirmity. Horrid oaths constantly broke from his lips. From the testimony of others, as well as from his own statements I judge that he must have been the terror of the neighborhood in which he lived. The stillness of the night was frequently broken, with his bacchanalian orgies. His own life, and the lives of others, were often endangered, when the demon of strong drink aroused him to wild and frantic fury. Often have I heard him tell of those days and years of rebellion against God, and while the tears coursed down his withered cheeks, he would express his wonder that God did not then "cut him down as a cumberer of the ground." But God's "thoughts towards" him were "peace and not evil," and in His own good time, He "plucked the brand from the burning." The precise circumstances connected with his first awakening I have forgotten, but this I do remember, that his arrest in his mad career was sudden, and the agony of his soul under strong conviction was intense. "The pains of hell gat hold upon him," he "found trouble and sorrow." At length deliverance came, and his captive soul was set at liberty. His joy was truly unspeakable and full of glory." He gave vent to his feelings in loud shouts of praise, and not only in the assembly of the saints, but wherever he went he told what great things the Lord had done for him.

His conversion and, I may add, his whole religious experience was of the genuine new-light type, and although there was much in his exercises that some might consider extravagant yet we would prefer this, to the opposite extreme of stately precision and cold formality too apt to prevail in our day. To rejoice aloud in God was common with our brother. He would be chopping wood, when suddenly, and doubtless while meditating upon divine things, the axe would be thrown to the ground, and his hands and voice be lifted in praise to God. In the still hour of midnight he was often heard by his family singing "hallelujah to God and the Lamb." Such was the testimony of the lip, and the testimony of the life accorded with it. The intoxicating cup was forever dashed from his lips. "Corrupt communications" no longer "proceeded out of his mouth." He joined himself with the disciples of Jesus, and became a frequent attendant upon the means of grace. By his consistent, earnest piety, he won the esteem of the whole community. Even children who once avoided him with terror, looked up to him with affection and reverence.

His exhortations, in the social meetings, will not soon be forgotten by those who heard them. With deep feeling he would deplore the sins of the past, and extol the riches of that grace which rescued him from the very verge of perdition. With what an agony of earnestness he would plead with sinners to "be reconciled to God." And when he would speak of the period when his poor decrepid body would be at rest in the grave, and his soul would be lighted up with unwonted radiance, his voice would fall on the ear in tones of subdued tenderness and melody, and the whole assembly, moved by the contagion of his fervour, would be bathed in tears. On such occasions I was often reminded of the lines of Cowper:

"When one that holds communion with the skies Has filled his urn where these pure waters rise, And once more mingles with us meaner things, 'Tis e'en as if a seraph shook his wings. Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide, That tells us whence his treasures are supplied."

He was a very attentive listener to the preaching of the gospel, and sometimes when the discourse touched a chord that vibrated in his soul, he would modestly ask permission to speak, consent was always given, and I never remember to have heard him, otherwise than with satisfaction. I used to think that after I had driven the nail, he would often clinch it.

There is another circumstance in his religious history, which I must not omit. When I first became acquainted with him, he was a member of a Pedobaptist church, and I had reason to believe was somewhat prejudiced against Baptist sentiments. In my interviews with him these differences were never broached. One day, however, to my surprise he said to me, "I do not believe I have ever been baptized." Why do you think so I replied. "Because Paul tells us