

Scientific.

THE MAGIC WHISPER.

"Chillen," said Uncle Ned, "what color is dat yar rose?"
 "Red," they shouted; "just as red as a rose can be."
 "No disputation 'bout dat at all, is dar?" said Uncle Ned, mysteriously.
 "Of course there isn't," said the children.
 "Well," pursued the old negro, whom everybody called Uncle Ned: "what would you chillen say if I war to whisper a message to dat yar rose which would be de occasion ub makin' it turn white in spots, whiter'n white folks?"
 "O, Uncle Ned! you couldn't do it!" they shouted.
 "Well, now, jess you chillen be still an' circumspectuous a minute, an' old Uncle Ned'll show you sumfin." So saying, he took the bright red rose and asked the youngsters to "look sharp at it in every 'tickular,' so they'd know it agin sartin an' sare." Then carrying it into the pantry, he called out:
 "Is you all seated, still and circumspectuous?"
 "Yes! yes!" they cried.
 Out he came, with the rose hidden in his hand; then holding it to his lips for a moment, he whispered his message, rolling his eyes at a great rate all the while. Looking into his still nearly-closed hand, he added aloud:
 "He! he! what skeer you so? You's mose as white as de chillen. Here, show yourself!"
 "Oh! oh! oh!" cried the children, as they crowded about Uncle Ned to admire the flower.
 "Isn't that lovely! Why, it's all variegated, red and white! How did you do it, Uncle Ned?"
 "How did I warimekate it? Didn't you comprerstand? I gib it a message."
 "Tell me the message, please do!" said the littlest girl of the party. "Teach me how to whisper to the rose."
 Uncle Ned shook his head.
 "Please do," she pleaded. She was Uncle Ned's pet.
 "Well, come into de pantry, Miss Nelly, an' don't never tell a livin' soul."
 In they went with a fresh red rose, and soon came out with it even more beautifully variegated than the first was.
 "Oh! oh! oh!" cried the children again.
 "Tell us, Nelly! Tell us the magic whisper!"
 But Nelly just folded her chubby arms quietly, and said she had promised Uncle Ned to keep the secret like a little lady.
 Then such a hubbub as there was! The children crowded around the old negro, and tensed him until at last he declared that if they couldn't "misbehave themselves no better dan dat, he'd jess clar out and leave 'em." "But," he added, "if it's gwine to discombobberate you at dis yere rate, guess ole Uncle'll tell you afore he goes. You jess light a match an' hole it quick under de rose, an' let de fumes rise up into it, kinder perfectin' de rose, so, wid yer hand, so it ken git a heap ob de gas out ob de match, bein' mighty kearful not to scorch it, and it warimegates beautiful. Mose any red flower'll do de same—peppin, roses, or mose any ob 'em. De whisper's jess a make-believe. But, Lor! it don't take nuffin' to fool white folks."
 All the rest of that day the children were trying Uncle Ned's plan of "warimegating" roses and other flowers, and in time they succeeded quite as well as he. They soon discovered that if the rose was not sufficiently changed before the wood of the match began to burn, it was best to blow out that match and hold another freshly-lighted one under the flower. Nelly variegated a blue larkspur, and changed a red fuchsia so beautifully, that when her uncle, the botanist, dropped in to see them in the evening, he really thought it was some wonderful new variety that was shown him.—*Hearth and Home.*

THE SMALLEST STEAM ENGINE.

A writer in a London periodical thus describes a minute model of the engines of the steamship *Warrior*, made by Thomas Smith: "This tiniest working model in the world, is now in possession of John Penn, of Greenwich, the eminent maker of the great engines of which it is the infinitely reduced counterpart. It will stand on a three-penny piece; it really covers less space, for its base-plate measures only 3/8ths of an inch by about 3/10ths. The engines are of the trunk form, introduced by Penn: the cylinders measure 1/8th of an inch in diameter, and the trunk 1/80th. The length of the stroke is 6/40ths of an inch. They are fitted with reversing gear, and are generally similar in design to the great machines with which ships of the *Warrior* class are equipped. From the extreme smallness of this model, a few minutes—such for instance, as the air-pumps,—have necessarily been omitted; there is a limit beyond which human skill and minuteness cannot pass. Still, so small are some of the parts that they require a powerful magnifying glass to see their form. The screws which hold the members together are only 1/80th of an inch in diameter, and these are all duly furnished with hexagonal nuts, which can be loosened and tightened by a Lilliputian spanner. The whole weight of the model is less than a three-penny piece. It works admirably, and, when working, its crank-shaft performs from twenty to thirty thousand revolutions in a minute."

WASHING FLANNELS.

People are continually complaining how impossible it is to wash flannel clothing so as to prevent them from shrinking. By putting a little borax into cold water, it will be found that flannels will not only come out better cleansed, but there will be absolutely no shrinking.

THE BAPTIST DEPUTATION TO THE RED RIVER.

In our last we gave a letter of Dr. Davidson to the *Canadian Baptist*. Those who read it will be pleased to hear of the further movements of the exploring expedition to the great Northwest Territory. We therefore copy the following from the second letter of the deputation:
 "On Monday, the 5th July, having hired a very exceptional kind of conveyance, we left our quarters in Winnipeg, and started on a tour of exploration and inspection to the westward, a distance of 60 miles. The road runs parallel, with the Assiniboine river. The land to the West of Winnipeg for about three miles is rather low, and is covered with a rich crop of wild grass, somewhat resembling the natural grass which grows in our beaver meadows in Canada. Large herds of cattle, find abundance of pasturage here, and look fat and healthy. Beyond this the ground gradually rises, and some good farms come to view. At a distance of nine miles from this place we crossed Sturgeon Creek, a small stream on the western bank of which stands an old mill, which has done its work and is no longer used. This creek is the only tributary which the river receives from the north for a distance of 75 miles from its mouth westward. Our course beyond this after travelling six miles brought us to a place or point, called *Headingley*. This is not what we would call a village, but rather a neighborhood where the houses are somewhat numerous on the river bank—and a chapel is erected. The land is higher, and a shade better here than in the vicinity of Fort Garry. The Rev. W. Fletcher, Pres., and Rev. Geo. Young, Wesleyan, both preach here, in private houses; and here Bro. Baldwin preached on Sabbath, the 4th inst., to Mr. Young's congregation as well as at two other places. A drive of ten miles, brought us to the *White Horse Plains*. The H. B. Co. have a trading post here, called *Lane's Post*. There is a store kept by Mr. House, and a few houses owned by French Half-breeds. The plains are an open prairie, the pasture ground of cattle and the camping ground of Indians and travellers. We met Rev. Mr. Fletcher, late of Alsa Craig out here, who seemed happy to meet us, and gave us a good deal of information. He enjoys good health, looks well, likes the country and has bought a farm at the Portage. He pressed us to fill his Sabbath appointments, but we were not able to give him any definite promise, as we were "on the wing."
 After leaving the *White Horse Plains*, there is a stretch of 13 miles of uninhabited country—the land on the river being low and poorly timbered and of a cold nature. It seems to be a public meadow, where whosoever will may come and cut hay for winter use. Some large hay stacks are to be seen here and there along the route. After a most fatiguing drive of 48 miles we reached the house of James Taylor, Sen., who lives a little west of *Poplar Point*. We were kindly received and cared for, and we fully appreciated the old Canadian's hospitality for we were both suffering from headache and hunger. Mr. T. took us over his large and well cultivated farm and gave us all the information he could well impart. His crops looked splendidly. Corn, potatoes, barley, oats and wheat were in a good state of forwardness. The wheat was rank and of a deep green color, and the heads were nearly ready to appear. The soil is a rich black clay, mixed with loam and sand. The Episcopalians have a chapel a little further up, and the people hereabouts form what is called a parish here, and have a Minister and School Teacher. The Schools here are all of the parochial character and are supported by those who send their children to them. There is no such thing as taxation for school or other purposes, as they have no municipal system whatever.
 From *Poplar Point*, a drive of 6 miles brought us to the *High Bluff Settlement*. The soil here is excellent, and the crops, especially wheat, was most luxuriant, but sadly infested with weeds. We remained here at the kind invitation of Mr. John McDonald, and had dinner with him. Mr. M. is an intelligent Scotchman, and will soon be by God's blessing on his labors, in very comfortable circumstances. A goodly number of Scotch Canadians have taken up lands here, some having bought out the half-breed's claims, and others having taken up claims further back from the river, on which there were no squatters. From this point on to the Portage, a distance of six miles, the prairie is very lovely and gently undulating, though free from timber, all the timber needed for fencing, building and fuel, having to be brought from the belt of timbered land on the opposite, or south side of the Assiniboine river.
 On this plateau of land we saw many at work breaking up the virgin soil, and preparing to build houses. We reached the portage on Tuesday, the 6th, early in the afternoon, and found a home in the house and with the family of Mr. Kenneth McBain, formerly from the village of Blythe, Co. of Huron, who has been in this country seven years, and is progressing well in a temporal point of view, having extensive lands, good crops, and much cattle. Portage LaPrairie is more like a village than any place we had seen since leaving Winnipeg, but it is not a village. The farmers here ought to grow rich if the crops are as good as they tell of, and the grasshoppers do not again eat up every green thing as they did last year. Next day, Wednesday, the 7th, Mr. John McLean, formerly from Pashinch Township, Ont., who lives here, kindly accompanied us on a tour of exploration to the "back country," as far as Rat Creek, White Mud River, and the waters of Lake Manitoba.
 The country crossed was a vast prairie, with here and there a clump of willow bushes in the distance. After a ride of 20 miles we struck an

caik opening on Rat Creek, where dinner was prepared and eaten. A solitary log house, strong, but rude, stands here. A ride of five miles more brought the party to the mouth of White Mud River, and the waters of Lake Manitoba, an extensive sheet of beautiful water. It will not be long probably before a settlement will be made here, as the land is good, the water excellent, and there is a good supply of timber close at hand.

The Indians here and about the Portage are pretty numerous, and the most of those who are here are fugitive Sioux from American soil. On the whole, they are peaceable and well behaved. The Chippewa Indians, who reside near Red Lake; in Minnesota, are the hereditary enemies of the Sioux, and are constantly at war with them. A large band of these Red Lake Indians are now on the war path, and on our way home we met an advance party of these warriors *armed to the teeth*. They were sitting right across the road, as if to intercept our progress. We drove right up to them, when one of them rose and made room for us to pass. We saluted them in Indian, and they kindly returned the salutation, but each man drew his scalping knife as we came up. They do not kill white men or half-breeds, but are out to fight the Sioux. In the absence of any regular form of government, or the administration of law, it is marvellous that such good order is maintained in and beyond the bounds of the Red River Settlement, that crime is so little known, and quiet is so generally maintained. The High Bluffs and Portage Settlements, being over 50 miles from Fort Garry, are out of the R. R. jurisdiction, and the only semblance of government there is, is that exercised by three men annually chosen, called the Council of Manitoba, who make and execute the laws as well as they can. The roads here are most excellent, although no work has been done on them, save to bridge the ravines or creeks. There is no dust to trouble you, no stones, no mudholes now. There has been very little rain this season and the ground is dry and hard, and yet singularly enough, the crops do not seem to be suffering from the long continued drought. The crops look well, and unless some evil should befall them, there will assuredly be an abundant harvest, as rust and midge are unknown. The average yield of wheat, spring wheat, for no other is sown, is about 35 bushels to the acre, though we hear of as many as 50 bushels having been raised, weighing 67 lbs per bushel, imperial measure. There is a great breadth of grain sown this year. The climate of this country is extremely healthy. The air is pure and bracing, the spring season not unpleasant, the autumns delightful. The heat in summer is not greater than we have in Ontario, though the mercury often sinks to 45° below zero in winter. The air is dry and the snow likewise, and the weather so steady that the sleighing is uninterrupted while it lasts. The snow is seldom more than a foot deep. Since returning, we have not been idle. Bro. Davidson preached to a large congregation at Kildonan Presbyterian Church, yesterday, and was attentively heard. A few of those present were the original settlers under Lord Selkirk. This Scotch settlement stretches from 2 1/2 to 6 1/2 miles down the Red River.

The Venerable Arch-Deacon McLean, of St. John's, Rev. J. Carrie, of Headingley, both formerly from London, Ont., and the Rev. W. Gardner, Episcopal clergyman, called on us today and were both courteous and communicative, bidding us God-speed in our mission. The Arch-Deacon invited us to a tea-party at his house, extemporized on our behalf. We shall go. More anon—for the present, adieu.

Yours truly,
 THOS. L. DAVIDSON,
 THOS. BALDWIN.
 Winnipeg, R. R. T., July 12th, 1869.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

ORDINATION AT UIGG, P. E. I.

At the request of the Uigg Baptist Church, a few of the ministers of Christ repaired on Saturday, July 31st, to that place, to sit in council with the church on the propriety of setting apart our dear brother J. A. MacDonald to the work of the Gospel Ministry.

It is well known to many that our brother graduated at Acadia College, June, 1868, in a delicate state of health. His severe cough long refused to yield to careful medical treatment. He has so far recovered during the past few months as to preach once, and sometimes twice, on a Sabbath. And now in his own native place, and by the same church into which he was baptized, he has been most unanimously called to labor in the pastoral office.

The council held its sitting on Saturday evening, and listened with heartfelt satisfaction to his conversion, call to the ministry, views of Bible doctrines and ministerial duty.

The following is the order of Sabbath exercises agreed upon:—

Morning Service.

Ordination sermon by Rev. J. Davis, from 2 Cor. ii. 16 (last clause) and iii. 5 (last clause). This excellent discourse was listened to with deep interest, and we trust with profit, by the overflowing congregation.

A few comprehensive questions were then asked by the chairman of the Council, J. Davis, and

answered by the candidate to the great satisfaction of all present.

The church then, by rising in a body at the call of a choirman, expressed anew their wish that he should be co-pastor with their venerable and greatly beloved senior pastor, Rev. S. McLeod. Service closed as usual.

Afternoon Service.

Meeting opened by Rev. S. T. Rand by singing and the reading of those very appropriate scriptures found in Ez. xlii. 1-16; 2 Cor. iv. and xi. ch. of the same letter. Prayer by E. N. Archibald.

The ordination prayer then followed accompanied by the laying on of hands, by the senior pastor, S. McLeod.

Right hand of fellowship by E. N. Archibald. Charge to the candidate by S. T. Rand. Charge to the church by E. N. Archibald.

The Lord's Supper was then administered before the whole congregation by the co-pastors.

Thus ended these most impressive services. There was one circumstance that must have created unusual solemnity in every mind. It was our dear brother's expressed conviction that his time to labor was very brief. His long affliction has been blessed to his soul. He desires to do with his might till his sun sets. He has our warmest prayers for his success, and for a lengthened ministry, if it so please our Heavenly Father.

E. N. ARCHIBALD,
 Sec'y. of Council.

Religious Intelligence.

For the Christian Messenger.

SAND POINT, ST. OF CANSO.

Aug. 16th, 1869.

Dear Brother,—

Many of your readers will be glad to learn that God is making bare his powerful arm amongst us. Bro. Armstrong who has been sent to this county by the H. M. Board has been with us for a few weeks. His labors have been peculiarly blessed of God. Since he came we have had meetings almost nightly which were truly interesting and refreshing. How could they be otherwise when holy influences were felt and perishing sinners were coming to Jesus. Yesterday was a day never to be forgotten in these parts. Rev. R. R. Philp administered the ordinance of Baptism to five rejoicing converts. The largest concourse of people that ever met here for religious worship lined the banks of our "Jordan." The scene was truly solemn and impressive.

After the baptism the congregation assembled in a large barn, as no other building could be found sufficiently large, where they were addressed from Ezek. xxxiii. 11, by brethren Philp and Armstrong—many were affected to tears. We trust that impressions were made which will not pass away like the morning cloud. Many are anxiously enquiring the way to Zion with their faces thitherward. We do hope that the gracious work will go on. We are thankful to the Board for sending Bro. Armstrong among us, but are sorry that he must now leave us. We do hope that the Board will continue to remember us. Pray for us.

Yours in Christ,
 LEVI CARTER.

THE MINISTRY IN THE GERMAN REFORMED CHURCH.—The *Reformed Church Messenger* expresses its gratification at an increase of candidates for the ministry:

Of the eighteen young men who lately graduated at Franklin and Marshall College, thirteen have the ministry in view, and these embrace the most promising talent of the class. Among the remaining students in the institution, a similar proportion also are looking forward to the ministry. The same is true of the students of other literary institutions of the Church, and especially of those at Mercersburg College.

A SPANISH EVANGELIST.—Antonio CAPRERO, a companion of Matamoros, who sacrificed his life for the cause of the gospel, was set apart to the ministry at Geneva in June last. He had studied at Lausanne, and was about to commence labors in his native land. The English correspondent of the *Congregationalist and Recorder* adds to the account of this incident the following fact:

At the foot of the Pyrenees, on the frontier of the Spanish peninsula, there is a band of faithful disciples of the Reformation, who consider it a sacred duty for them to introduce the Bible and religious tracts into Spain, and to send evangelists thither. Their's is apparently but a humble work, but it has already produced excellent results.

The rays of the sun shine upon the dust and mud, but they are not soiled by them. So a holy soul may mingle with the vileness of the world and yet be pure in itself.