

Miss Dodd, and having no distance to go, she had vanished with the dressmaker before the mistress of the mill and her friend were well on their way.

Miss Dodd was a gentle industrious young woman, who had been finished in her business in London, and who was therefore a great authority in matters of costume in the village of Clayton and around. She was an orphan, and much of her labour went towards the support of her grandmother. Mrs. Crisp thought so well of her, that being always thankful to get promising ground on which to sow good seed, she frequently invited her to her house, and tried to foster the work she believed was begun in her. She had a remarkably rich clear voice, and Mrs. Crisp's was not bad, though past its prime; and they frequently joined in singing hymns as they sat at their work together. It had suddenly struck Mrs. Crisp that this might now be turned to account.

'I believe Peter, although, as you say, the shouting might confuse him—for his head is always dizzy, and is sure to be worse now—he would be led by a hymn if he could hear one sung.'

'But who's to sing it, and where's one to go to sing it?' asked Peter.

'We'll sing it,' said Mrs. Crisp; 'I know his favourite hymn, and we'll well cover ourselves, and go on the hill-side till we make him hear.'

'If he's there,' said Peter, 'I almost think he is, and I'll go with you. I got good cause to think of John, he was the saving of my boy from bad ways, with his talk.'

The little band ventured up the hill, singing with their utmost strength—

'Oh Lord! thou art our sure defence,
In every hour of need;
And neither fear nor care have they
Who Jesu's name can plead.
Thine angels camp around thy saints,
To shelter them from harm—'

'Hush!' said Peter; 'I heard him—please go on singing, and I'll go for'ards w' the lantern.'

Scientific.

THE MYSTIC CLOCK.

There is a little mystic clock,
No human eye hath seen,
That beateth on, and beateth on,
From morning until e'en.

And when the soul is wrapped in sleep,
And heareth not a sound,
It ticks, and ticks, the livelong night,
And never runneth down.

Oh, wondrous is that work of art,
Which knells the passing hour,
But art ne'er found, nor mind conceived,
The life clock's magic power.

Not set in gold, nor decked with gems,
By wealth or pride possessed—
But rich or poor, or high or low,
Each bears it in his breast.

When life's deep stream 'mid beds of flowers
All still and softly glides—
Like the wavelet's step with a gentle beat
It warns of passing tides.

When threat'ning darkness gathers o'er,
And hope's bright visions flee,
Like the sullen stroke of the muffled oar,
It beateth heavily.

When passion nerves the warrior's arm
All still and tender words are spoken,
Though heeded not the fearful sound,
The knell is deep and strong.

When eyes to eyes are gazing soft
And tender words are spoken,
Then last and wild it rattles on,
As if with love t'were broken.

Such is the clock that measures life,
Of flesh and spirit, blended—
And thus t'will run within the breast,
Till this strange life is ended.

THE SUNKEN LAKE.—The *Sentinel*, published at Jacksonville, Oregon says:—

'Several of our citizens returned last week from a visit to the great sunken lake, situated in the Cascade Mountains, about seventy-five miles northeast from Jacksonville. This lake is thought to average two thousand feet down to the water all round. The walls are almost perpendicular, running down into the water and leaving no beach. The depth of the water is unknown, and its surface is smooth and unruffled and it lies so far below the surface of the mountain that the currents do not affect it. Its length is estimated at twelve miles, and its breadth at ten.

No living man ever has or probably will be able to reach the water's edge. It lies silent, still, and mysterious in the bosom of the everlasting hills, like a huge well scooped out by the hands of the giant genii of the mountain in unknown ages gone by. Around it the primeval forest watch and ward are keeping. The visiting party fired a rifle several times into the water, at an angle of forty-five degrees, and were able to note several seconds of time from the report of the gun until the ball struck the water. Such seems incredible, but it is vouched for by some of our most reliable citizens. The lake is certainly a most remarkable curiosity.

It is better to encourage what is right than to punish what is wrong.

THE EFFECT OF CHARCOAL ON FLOWERS.—A horticulturist in England purchased a rose-bush full of promising buds—the flowers, however, were of a faded hue. He covered the earth in the pot about an inch thick with pulverized charcoal, and was surprised, some days afterward, to find the blooms of a fine lively rose color. He repeateth the experiment another season with the same result. He then tied the powdered charcoal upon petunias, and found that both the white and violet colored flowers were equally sensitive to its action. It always gave great vigor to the red or violet colors of the flowers and the white petunias became veined with red or violet tints; the violets became covered with irregular spots of the bluish or almost black tint. Many persons who admired them thought they were choice new varieties from the seed. Yellow flowers appear to be insensible to the influence of charcoal.—*Scientific American*.

A Western editor thinks that if the proper way of spelling tho is "though," and ate "eight," and bo "beaux," the proper way of spelling potatoes is "poughteighaux."

THE AGE OF THE WORLD.—It is estimated that it would give one million birds constant employment for upwards of 700 years to produce the 10,000,000 tons of guano which have already been exported from the China Islands, and there is more there yet. The estimate is seriously made, and is plausible. These 10,000,000 tons were 20,000,000, too, before the evaporation and decay took half their weight, but this fact is left out of the calculation.—Consequently, birds were vastly more plenty there in ancient times than they have been within the memory of man, or else the geologists are right in fixing the age of the world at a high figure. Guano now becomes an agent in the demonstration knotty scientific problems.

Hasty words rattle the wound which injury gives; but soft words assuage it; forgiveness cures it; and forgetting takes away the scar.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

THE BLIND RECEIVE THEIR SIGHT.

About five years ago, Capt. Enoch Masters, one of our next neighbors, was taken with an affection in one of his eyes. After suffering severely for several months, the inflammation and pain ceased, but the sight of the eye was gone. Having, however, one sound-eye, he continued to prosecute his business, coasting between Wind sor and the States. Last fall his other eye was effected in a similar way as the first had been, and after several months of severe suffering, the pain subsided in a measure, but the sight was gone. He was now helplessly blind, and had to be led by the hand. He was then induced to apply to Dr. Van Ess Parker, of Halifax, who operated on the eye that had been blind the longest—about five years,—and the operation was so successful, that in a few weeks he was able to attend to his business, and ultimately to take charge of his vessel again. Some time in the summer the eye that had not been operated on became again painful and vision being hopelessly lost in the eye, it was thought advisable to remove it, the muscles of which being left, form a stump, upon which an artificial eye may be placed, having all the motions of the natural eye. The operation was successfully performed, and he was in a fortnight well. A glass eye has since been inserted to supply the place of the eye taken out, which looks very natural and is a great improvement to his looks and comfort.

The operation on the eye that was restored to sight, consisted in cutting out a new pupil, by the side of the old one, which had been destroyed by disease.

The captain's sight is not perfect. He cannot read, but he can walk about without being led, and would not be deprived of the light he possesses, for many golden sovereigns.

I witnessed myself the operation that restored Captain Masters to sight, though I did not see the other operation performed. In the latter case, chloroform was administered. In the former which was done almost as quickly as a tooth could be extracted, he stood the pain without chloroform, and scarcely winced.

Capt. Masters and his amiable family, are highly esteemed in this community. We feel grateful to the God of all grace for the favor thus vouchsafed. The science and art have been used to bring it about, the blessing is no less valuable than it would have been, had it been miraculous.

I must say a word in favor of the surgeon. Dr. Parker, by his urbanity and kindness has laid us all under lasting obligation, as well as by his surgical skill. He evidently understands his business. Those whose eyes are affected would do well to consult him. He has travelled extensively in America and Europe, and been at vast labour and expense to qualify himself to perform the delicate and difficult operations of an

Oculist. He cannot be expected to work for nothing. Those who consult him, need be in no dread of extravagant charges. And it is but just to add that in consideration of Captain Masters being a hard working man, with a large family and comparatively poor, and having suffered so much in every way by his severe affliction. The operations, and attendance were cheerfully performed without charge. I have deemed it but an act of simple justice to Dr. Parker, as I have naturally taken a deep interest in the case, to make these statements public.

S. T. RAND.

Hantsport Nova Scotia.

For the Christian Messenger.

CENTRAL SABBATH SCHOOL CONVENTION.

Dear Brother.

In my report of the Sabbath School Convention in Berwick, I omitted one important item. A cordial vote of thanks was given to our retiring Secretary, Bro. G. V. Rand for the faithfulness with which he has filled that office for the last few years. By your permission I will now subjoin an abstract of the letters from the Sabbath Schools to the Convention.

Berwick Sabbath School, in their letter extended a cordial welcome to the Convention. They are encouraged by their Pastor teaching an adult class, by the presence of parents in the School, and by the expectation of being blessed, and ask How a more punctual attendance can be secured.

Bridgewater has made the Sabbath School perennial, and finds it flourishing as well in Winter as in Summer. They recommended Bro. Selden's Scripture Catechism, occasional concerts, adult classes, brief exercises, converted teachers, and "Juvenile Missionary Societies."

New Germany finds two obstacles, want of Teachers meetings, and the discontinuance in Winter. But they are encouraged by the fact, that Sabbath School pupils are most likely to be converted, and then they to make the best church members.

Foster Settlement.—This School is encouraged by the attendance of those who wear glasses as well as the young.

New Ross.—Speaks of a regular attendance, and "great pleasure in learning the truth as it is in the word of God."

Halifax North.—Have enjoyed gracious manifestations from on high in their School, and additions therefrom to the Church.

South Rawdon.—Speaks of increasing interest in their Scholars, and of inducing the Church members to become teachers, and hopes that the Sabbath School Convention may bring about more practical results than heretofore.

New Minas.—Cannot speak of pupils converted during the year. But Parents and Teachers co-operate, and "pray with anxious hearts" that young souls may be led to Christ.

Cambridge.—While laboring diligently are praying for the Holy Spirit to bless the word to the pupils.

Pereau.—Speaks of trying an experiment and leaving their tree in the ground through the Winter, to see if it will not yield fruit sooner and better, also of an effort by the Pastor to introduce the Bible School for adults.

Canning alludes gratefully to the hopeful conversion of pupils, to the late baptism of one of the Teachers, and to the importance of adult classes. Their system of half yearly prizes has increased punctuality in attendance.

Upper Canard.—Calls attention to the importance of teachers visiting their pupils, of adult classes, and of expecting immediate results from our labors.

Lower Canard has raised fifty dollars for a native preacher in Burnah. Five pupils have joined the Church, and they pray for the success and usefulness of the Sabbath School Convention. (This little tree has lived through nine winters and it now begins to bear precious fruit.—*Sec.*)

Port Williams enjoys a perennial Sabbath School and prays for more oil in the lamp that sheds light on the sacred page, and prepares for the coming of the Bridegroom.

When the Convention meets with the Sabbath School in Port Williams next September, may there be more Schools reported from, a universal waking up to the importance of searching the Scriptures to speak of, and a large number of conversions in all our Schools to cheer our hearts. What we need is that our Sabbath Schools embrace old and young, and be kept up prayerfully "all the year round."

D. FREEMAN, Secretary.

Canning, Oct. 4th, 1869.

"FAITHFUL WORDS," MUCH NEEDED.

I have heard truly pious people lamenting their short comings in all sincerity, saying, "If I could only be as good as I wish to be before I die." Longing for a higher christian life, yet living at variance with neighbors, scarcely speaking to others, equally christians with themselves. Little bickerings—little disagreements—little peculiarities of temper and disposition, that each think they are not called upon to put up with in the other.

Probed to the bottom, they are found to result most frequently from wounded pride.

I have seen a whole community disturbed by such unpleasant feelings—Such and such families are not friendly.

Speak to one.—You get the answer: "They are free to come and go as they like" and "I have nothing against them," added, in an aggrieved tone, as if they, the injured party, would not say one word in defence of themselves. But meekly bear "every ill that flesh is heir to."

Yet where is the kindly love that recognises them as Brothers and Sisters in Christ? Where the bearing, and forbearing one another in love?

Brothers and Sisters, these are "The little foxes, that spoil the vines," and while these feelings are allowed a home in our hearts, so long shall we deplore our own unfruitfulness, and comparative uselessness in, the Saviour's cause.

If we have put on Christ. Should we not follow Christ? To follow Christ, is to obey his commandments.

His own commandment stands out clearly and sweetly—"Love one another as I have loved you." Take this as your text. Looking upon it as a matter of duty, let us put down all evil thoughts of our neighbor, let us force ourselves, (if need be), to speak, and act kindly "for Jesus' sake" and see if the old animosity will not die out; let us follow the rule resolutely—always "for Jesus' sake."

No other notice will stand the trial—

This world is full of beauty
Like the other world above,
And if we did our duty
It would be filled with love.

"While I was musing the fire burned." I spake with my pen.

August 21st.

E. H.

For the Christian Messenger.

GRAND PRE SEMINARY.

Mr. Editor,—

I wish to address a few articles to the Baptists in Nova Scotia, in reference to female education in general, and the claims of Grand Pre Seminary in particular. I occasionally see a reference made to this subject in your columns, but I fear there is not much general interest felt in the welfare of this important Institution. I attribute this partly to want of information, and partly to a morbid indifference, which people manifest of late to such benevolent undertakings. My purpose is to give what information is possible in relation to the present position and prospects of Grand Pre Seminary, and also to direct a few plain truths, and assert a few plain principles for the serious consideration of christian people.

I scarcely deem it necessary to enter into any argument to prove that education is a good thing. This I presume, will be universally acknowledged. Many years ago the desirability and necessity of establishing higher institutions of learning was felt throughout this province. The people every where acknowledged the necessity, and responded to the demands of the times. The baptist denomination, too, were not behind in their efforts. They came forward with determined zeal and exerted themselves in this noble enterprise. Acadia College was built and endowed, and now stands as a glorious monument of philanthropic exertion—the pride of every liberal minded baptist. They hail it now as the patron of progress—the bulwark of right—the safeguard of every species of liberty.

Now, I would ask, what peculiar privilege do men possess that all the efforts in the cause of education should be made in their behalf? Are the rights of females to enjoy equally all the advantages of culture to be utterly ignored? And further. Are the women of Nova Scotia content to lie supinely and see their interests slighted? Let these questions be read and pondered.

This is a time when woman's rights are being very freely discussed, and very boldly and vehemently pressed. And surely, if new powers and privileges are to be granted them, it is time women were rendering themselves equal to their age in mental endowment. Leaving entirely the question of women's rights, politically considered, we do know that socially she reigns supreme in this country. Every immunity is granted, every favor bestowed, every kindness is shown in social relationships to women. The question now occurs, are men to go on increasing in knowledge and refinement, and still do homage to these who make no effort to indicate a similar progress in intellectual culture? These ideas may seem out of place and to some even peurile; but it must be remembered by such that while Acadia College has been yearly gaining in