

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.
From Halifax Nova Scotia, to St. John's, Newfoundland.

Sept. 2nd, 1879. Got to the wharf at half-past eleven, A. M. Was pleased to find a number of friends waiting to see us (self and wife), and bid us "good bye." Among others were Revs. E. M. Saunders and J. F. Avery, the two brethren who more than five years ago gave brothers Clark, Beel and myself, such a warm welcome; Rev. J. W. Manning, whose brotherly kindness and hospitality we have been for the last few days the partakers of; Rev. J. Clark, who, remembering the possibilities of a voyage across the Atlantic, gave us a good word of encouragement taken from the book of Judges:—"Is not the Lord gone out before you?" Such words were needed; therefore all the more welcome. It was also gratifying to receive the parting farewell from Bro. Selden, with other beloved brethren and sisters in the Lord, who have a safe place in our memories, and a warm place in our hearts. Precisely at 12 o'clock, the signal was given, and the *Hibernian* began slowly to glide out into the harbour, and we began to prepare ourselves for a few days at least,

"A life on the ocean wave
A home on the rolling deep;
Where the sparkling waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep."

As the distance widened between us and those we had learned to love, our feelings were not unlike what we felt when leaving our friends and country on the 21st April, 1874. We hardly knew how strongly we were attached to our friends in Nova Scotia and the country itself, till the time of separation came, and before aware of it, the tears filled our eyes as we steamed down the harbour. We watched the faces of those we knew, till distance made them too indistinct to be recognised; in all probability to be seen no more, till we meet (and meet we shall) beyond the river, where no seas divide loved friends from one another.

O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land;
So free from all sorrow and pain,
With songs on our lips, and with harps
In our hands,
To meet one another again."

"As you turn your faces towards your homes, and we towards ours, we waft you, and all our friends, another fond farewell. From a brother's heart springs to Heaven the prayer: "God bless you all," and may He ever smile propitiously on the fair and beautiful country, which is now slowly fading from our sight.

3 o'clock, P.M. Now the distant land becomes more dim, till gradually it fades out of sight; but neither distance nor time will cause it to fade from memory. It has now died out of sight, but on the tablet of memory I will inscribe, "Though lost to sight, to memory dear." The fact that we are "Homeward bound," seems the only sufficient compensation for turning our backs, but not our hearts, upon the land of sunny summer skies, the land where the sweet mayflower grows, and that sweet tiny bird, which must belong to some celestial sphere hums its way from flower to flower; the land where the fireflies glance in the darkening twilight; the land where, in the charming Indian summer time the maples in their autumnal dress seem ablaze with brilliant bloom. The land where the frost king holds high carnival, binding even the rapid-flowing rivers with his strong chains of glittering ice; the land of snow and snow-drifts deep and strong, defying even the power of the well nigh all powerful steam; the land where keen blasts blow, and the thermometer at times well nigh needs be pieced to mark the coldness of her wintry weather. The land where roams the fox, and bear, the moose and cariboo, raccoon, wild cat; and —no, I will not mention him; fair to the eyes to look upon, but to the member that lies between, (useful for holding speca) less said the better. Still, it is a land, which, with all her faults, I love her still. Yet,

"Of all the lands in east or west,
I love my native land the best,"

and turning my face to the north-east where sits a little island on the sea, the words leap out.—

"England with all thy faults, I love thee still,
My country!"

Of all lands thou art the dearest, the brightest, the best. That there are spots on thee I do not deny, nor will those in other lands whose hearts are but half loyal, fail to point them out; yes, spots thou hast, and so too has the sun.

9.30. Mrs. B. has been prostrated some hours, thus beginning early to pay the penalty of a sea voyage. May the first part be the worst. Retired, but not to sleep, the frequent unmusical roar of the fog horn most effectually prevented that needed luxury, till the small hours of the morning.

Sept. 3rd. Rather foggy this morning. Sea tolerably smooth.

Noon. Sailed 237 miles since noon yesterday. The sea is comparatively smooth and the ship steaming ahead with little or no motion, save onward. How charmingly the sunshine now glitters on the waves, or rather wavelets, away southward to the very horizon, which is becoming more and more clearly defined against the sky. The water, as we look toward sun, looks as if it were molten silver.

The "Oh my" epidemic has seized some of the passengers with a tolerably firm grip. Personally—nothing to boast of. Time enough, however, to shout when out of the wood. As we sail more and more North the cold increases, it has already become quite chilly, and a thick over-coat is quite a comfort. But what is cold or sickness to those who are "Homeward bound?"

Here are "Mother Carey's chickens," alias the stormy petrel. There they go up and down, hither and thither, like the swallow, being about three times the size.

No land is seen the whole horizon round. How then do these sea wanderers find their way back. And why do they wander so far away from home and rest? At what speed do they fly I wonder.

All mysteries however, whether of birds or men, of things above, around, below, seen or unseen, are solved in one short word—God.

Evening. Hoped to see the sun set to-night, but thick clouds overcast him as he lowers into the ocean.

We are getting into a thick fog, and the probability is that we shall be treated to a few solos to-night from that musical fog-horn. But then what are fogs or fog-horns to the "homeward bound?"

Sept. 4. The fog-horn solos came off as expected. Dreamed about Greek lexicons:—that somewhere in my travels in Dreamland, I met a man who triumphantly told me he had found the lexicons which had been so often called for; his eyes seemed to sparkle over his discovery, but before he could bring them out, I awoke, and behold it was a dream.

We are now on the Newfoundland banks, and the sea is somewhat rough, the waves leaping up on deck. The ship is heaving considerably, and her bad example is being followed by others.

10 a.m. Passing Cape Race, where many a noble ship, and far more noble lives have been lost.

4 p.m. Pilot just on board, and in a little while after, we are safe in St. John's. For the Lord's mercies thus far, his name be praised. J. B.

For the Christian Messenger.
New Strawberries of Merit.

FACTS OF INTEREST FOR NEW BEGINNERS.
By R. H. HAINES.

Some of the new strawberries are so different from the older varieties, that it is not to be wondered at that some curious opinions are formed in regard to them by those who are not familiar with their appearance. A correspondent of mine, who had heard that two or three specimen berries have been grown over twelve inches in circumference, perhaps, very naturally imagined that they were of a globular form and measured a foot around in all directions. That further mistakes of this kind may not be made, I will now explain that the rule is almost invariable in regard to the form of these new mammoth varieties, that all berries measuring over eight inches around are of a flattened or cox-comb shape. Thus, though one of these immense berries may measure from nine up to even fourteen and a

quarter inches around one way, and when placed on edge may appear at a distance of the form and size of a good sized apple or orange, yet, upon nearer approach it will be seen that its diameter from one flattened side to the other is hardly one-half of what it is across its greatest width. These berries are immense for strawberries, only three or four making a saucerful, but they are so different in form from apples or oranges that they should not be compared to these fruits, except as having a similar appearance in form when viewed from a distance.

Crystal city.—Among the newer early varieties of strawberries there are none that are attracting more attention at present than is this. This year it has proved the earliest of some sixty or seventy varieties on my grounds—the "Duncan" and "Duchesse" being the next in order. The fact of its being a very early variety will make it very popular among those who take a justifiable pride in having the first ripe strawberries in their neighborhoods.

Glendale.—This variety is just the reverse of the preceding—ripening at the extreme end of the strawberry season, and where it is found to succeed will add greatly to the pleasure of the strawberry grower by extending the season over a greater number of weeks, than would be the case where only early varieties are grown. It also promises to become popular among professional fruit-growers on account of its productiveness and lateness, as they usually make the most profit out of the earliest and latest berries. The fruit is of good size, and of a bright red color to the centre. Its firmness makes it also of value for shipping to a distance.

Hervey Davis.—There are few if any varieties that excel this delicious berry in delicacy or flavor. The more I see of it, the more I esteem it. The berries are of large size, and of a rich red color. The plants are vigorous growers with dark glossy foliage, and seem to succeed on a variety of soils, which it is well known is not the case with some varieties. There are many persons who not understanding this peculiarity about strawberries, and not succeeding with the few varieties that they have tried, hastily form the conclusion that either they cannot grow strawberries, or that they have varieties whose qualities have been misrepresented. To obtain the best success and the greatest enjoyment from the strawberry, it is well not to limit oneself to only one or two varieties, but to make a trial of eight or ten or even twenty kinds, and afterwards to plant out more largely of such kinds as succeed the best, and that prove best adapted to the soil. There are some few kinds like the *Hervey Davis*, *Sharpless*, *Monarch*, *Chas. Downing*, &c., that succeed everywhere; but there are other even larger varieties that need to be tried to ascertain their adaptation to different soils.

Those who were unable to set out a new strawberry plot in August owing to the ground at that time being occupied with other crops, will perhaps be interested in knowing something more of the merits of fall planting. Though it is not usually advisable to plant at the north after the 10th of October, yet I frequently have it done as late as November, and some of the plots set out last fall after the 20th of October, are to day as thickly covered with vigorous plants as are any that were planted a month earlier.

Where "pot-grown" plants were used even better success was obtained. Correspondents in distant states, frequently report that during the cool fall months the plants that I send them through the mails succeed much better than those sent in Summer, when the days are very warm. Plants may be cultivated or hoed up to within a week or two before the freezing of the ground if the weeds are troublesome. As winter approaches they may be covered with two inches of soil, if rows are narrow, or with straw, coarse manure, pins, needles or marsh hay, which should be removed again from over the plants early in spring. *Sangerites on Hudson, N. Y.*

By the decision of the Friend, at Philadelphia at their late yearly meeting, the signing of a petition for a tavern license is to be made a disciplinary offense, as is also the keeping of intoxicating liquors for a beverage in one's house.

For the Christian Messenger.
Extracts from papers of Deacon Joseph Dimock.

Dear Brother Selden,—
I prepared a Notice of this valued brother for the Minutes of the Central Association of Nova Scotia, 1877; but it seems to have been accidentally omitted. He had faithfully and usefully served the Baptist Church of Newport as a Deacon thirty-seven years. The following Extracts are furnished by his esteemed widow.

Yours very truly,
C. TUPPER.
Aylesford, September 3rd, 1879.

A SABBATH MEDITATION. 1839.

Having this morning a glorious view of the plan of salvation, I can scarcely contain my feelings; for while I muse the fire burns. What a glorious salvation! I feel astonished at myself; how have I spent the most of my time! O how little activity, how little earnestly am I engaged in the cause of God! I have sometimes thought it unnecessary that so much ado should be made about religion, thinking that a person's religious walk, bore the best testimony of his love to Christ; a glorious testimony it is, but ah! even in this what a sad neglect in me! but were I even justified in this respect, with my present feelings, I could not be satisfied; I want to glorify God by my conversation as well as by my walk, by works as well as by faith, believing that all right works proceed from faith. With my present feelings nothing would rest with so much weight on my mind as a dying bed as the neglect of duty, so many perishing around me, and I saying so little about the worth of souls.

THOUGHTS ON A CONFERENCE.

Oh may each worldly thought this day,
Be banished from our mind,
With joy we'll dwell upon that love,
That proved to us so kind.
While Christian friends together join,
In prayer and praises here,
They have the Saviour's blessed mind,
And his attentive ear.

LETTER TO A FRIEND.

Dear Brother,—
Believing the subject of religion to be the subject of the greatest importance, inasmuch as we are commanded to seek first the Kingdom of Heaven, and its righteousness, it makes my heart feel glad whenever I hear of God's cause prospering in the world, and of any means in operation to promote the same; and especially so when it happens among my dear friends and acquaintance; and having understood you contemplate having a protracted meeting in your place, my mind has become somewhat impressed with a desire that God would meet with and bless you. Dear Brother, when we consider the state of those around us, many of whom are without God, and without hope in the world, and that we ourselves also are living at so poor and dying a rate, we may well begin to look about, and enquire of the Lord what he would have us do. O for a heart to pray and never faint; with this our minds must be impressed, and that continually, and with fervency, ere we may expect God's blessing. Should I hear that earnest prayer was ascending to God for a revival, I should indeed begin to feel that God was about to revive his cause, and bless his people, would this be too much to expect? I answer, no. The subject is too weighty and too impressive not to be deeply felt.
From your brother,
J. D.

A LETTER WRITTEN OCT. 7, 1860.

Dear Brother,—
The interest I feel for your spiritual welfare, and for the advancement of the cause of God among us as a church, induces me to drop you a few lines, trusting if they are read with the same feelings that they are written with, my labor will not be lost. Dear Brother, the Lord has revived my drooping spirits by once more seeing his cause prosper. I hope neither you nor I will ever forget the blessed seasons we enjoyed last winter; and that we may ever be disposed to enquire into each other's welfare. Having observed your declining to take part in the last Conference, I felt that there was indeed something wrong; and I intreat you dear brother for your own soul's sake, and for the sake of your brethren, check it in the bud. We are informed that there is an adversary going about seeking whom he may devour;

and whom he cannot devour he will worry, and the only way to get clear of his stratagems, is by being ever at our post. What would you think of a soldier who had enlisted with an army in sunshine, to fight for their king and country, but when a few passing clouds obscure the light, would leave the ranks or refuse to take arms? would you not say that if a victory should be gained, he at least had no right to share in the spoil. I know that neglect of duty on our part is laying a stumbling block in the way of others.

Sure I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage Lord,
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by his word.
From your affectionate brother,
J. D.

In Memoriam.

MR. JOHN SAUNDERS,

Of Tremont, Aylesford, was for many years a member of the Baptist Church. He happily possessed a pacific disposition, and diligently "endeavored to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace." This excellent trait of character is highly commendable, and well worthy of universal imitation. He was an obliging neighbor, and an affectionate husband and parent.

His last illness, which was distressing and protracted, but soothed by kind conjugal attention, was borne with remarkable patience and submission. The writer's last visit to him was made only a little time before his dissolution. The suffering endured was evidently great; but the offering of earnest prayer for its abatement seemed to be speedily answered; for he soon fell into a placid sleep, and breathed gently till the last breath was drawn. Thus quietly did our dear brother depart, on the 16th day August, 1879, at the age of 60 years, leaving a widow and several children to mourn their loss.

The Pastor of the Church, Rev. E. O. Read, being unable to preach, Rev. W. E. Hall kindly officiated at the burial and delivered an appropriate discourse from 1 Cor. xv. 26, "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death."—*Com. by Rev. C. Tupper.*

MRS. ADELIA GIFFIN,

Beloved wife of Bro. Wm. F. Giffin, died of diphtheria, at her residence in Osborne, on the morning of last New Year's day, aged 36 years. This dear sister in Christ was regenerated during a revival of religion about 23 years ago, and the genuineness of her faith was seen in a life of consistency and trust. For some years previous to her departure, she was subject to much sickness, and at times suffered great bodily pain, but her tribulations worked patience, and not a complaining word ever fell from her lips, although she often wished herself well for the sake of her family. Her trust in Christ her Saviour was strong, and death found her ready to enter the joys of her Lord. Her husband has lost a kind and faithful wife, her children a dear and loving mother, her relations and friends a cherished and worthy sister. Their loss is her gain, for she was of that happy number of whom we may say, "blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."
G. B. I.

THOMAS McDORMAND,

was born in Digby Co., Nova Scotia, in 1879. When quite a lad he moved to Westport, Brier Island, with his parents. There he was converted and joined the church, being baptized by Rev. Peter Crandal about 1810. In 1811 he married Elizabeth McDormand, of whom was born four daughters and two sons, when she died in April, 1833. He afterwards married Margaret Snow, who bore four daughters and five sons. He was a dutiful son, loving husband, kind and affectionate father, and an exemplary christian; always adorning his profession with a well-ordained walk and a godly conversation. He was one of four that built the first Baptist meeting house in Westport. While he lived in Nova Scotia, he followed the sea, and accumulated considerable property. He was the first real teetotaler on the island. In 1836 he was the first of eight to form a temperance society, and personally, he did much to promote the cause. After he abandoned the use of strong drink, his mind was elevated so that he enjoyed the full liberty of the gospel, and improved it in family worship, prayer and conference meetings, and always improv-