

Agriculture, &c.

WINTER.

"Now, all amid the rigors of the year,
In the wild depth of winter, while without
The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat
Between the growing forest and the shore,
Beat by the boundless multitude of waves;
A rural, sheltered, solitary scene,
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join
To cheer the gloom. There, studious, let me sit."
—Thomson.

We can do but little out of doors with advantage at this season, but we can accomplish much within. While, in a great measure, the Winter, with icy hands, excludes us from communion with our fellow men, it, at the same time opens to us the treasury of literature and science, and the advantages of retrospection and self-communion.

The earth is frozen; the implements of husbandry have gone into winter quarters; the herds and flocks—the trees, the shrubs, the grasses—are all hibernating. We have reached another stage, attained another segment in the round of life, and enriched by the fruits of our previous toils, we can contentedly and quietly rest from our labors.

The best period of rest in the circle of the wide year is now at hand. "The business of cultivating the earth and securing the crops,—the appropriate employment of the husbandman—is completed. He has passed through the busy and laborious cares of seed-time and tillage, the joys of the early and latter harvests," and has, in the spirit of true thankfulness and the cheering songs of "Harvest Home," welcomed the last of his crops to his cellars and his barns. Nature bids us pause and look back over the vanished year. The paling stars, the purpling dawn and the rising sun usher in his morning, and the splendid coloring of the evening heavens, with their ever new and changing features of illuminated clouds, are his for a perpetual possession. He is daily in the school of Nature—the Great Architect whose silent teaching, more effectual than those of the Garden, the Porch or the Academy—of sage or sophist, open up to his vision the pathways of knowledge, and of the mysterious love whose essence is divinest lore.

The farmer, of all men, has the best opportunity to cultivate his taste. He may not, indeed, have access to the studios of the painter and sculptor, or the privilege of gazing upon the august creations—the breathing wonders of genius on canvas or in marble; but he has the privilege of studying the forms fresh from the hand of a Master infinitely greater than any that have graced the earth, and whose inimitable and unapproachable productions meet him at every turn.

The works of nature, like the works of immortal mind, are eminently suggestive. When we strike the chain of harmony in one of its links, it vibrates through its whole extent. Within the narrow limits of a hand's breadth, there is accumulated the material for a history which would supply a study for life.

ECONOMY OF FENCES.

The question of fencing is attracting considerable attention. It is thought in some quarters that our cultivated fields are too much cut up, and that the expense of fences might be diminished half. In many localities in this State the fences are built chiefly to get rid of the stone, and many a farm is weighed down with huge double wall which would be useful only in cases of invasion. In cold, bleak, and windy situations fences serve as a shelter, and are thus a benefit to the crop. On level farms, where machines can be used, the fewer fences the better; as to the stones, better put them under than above ground. There are very few farms that would not be benefitted by the drainage effected by casting the stones regularly into ditches opened for the purpose each year, as it became necessary to haul them off. These of course are not equal to tile drains; but they serve two purposes and are very useful. Probably half the stone fences on many farms had better be sunk in this way.

We know of scores of acres of wet swampy land, always late because wet, and of endless runs, where huge piles of stone lay in unsightly confusion on the borders and all about. If the ground were thoroughly ditched and the stones buried out of sight, there would be a fine mowing-field, producing good crops every year, and the land would be transformed in its nature. Where fences have to be made of wood, the farmer is not so likely to chop his fields too small but even in this case it is well for him to consider if he cannot get along with less fencing. Often a division is made from pure fancy, with no necessity. When it comes to mending, consider if you cannot use a part to patch the rest. The two systems are exemplified in England and on the continent. The fields in the former place are cut into small lots by hedges and ditches; in the latter vast expanses are without fences or other separation, it being cheaper to hire herdsmen or boys to tend cattle or sheep than to build fences. The subject is of some importance, especially when thought of in connection with drainage.—*N. H. Journal Agriculture.*

WINTERING HORSES.

A Connecticut farmer winters his horses on cut hay and carrots. In the morning each horse receives six or eight quarts of carrots, with half a bushel of cut hay; at night he has the same quantity of hay mixed with three quarts of provender, consisting of oats and corn in the ear ground together. This keeps them in fine health and good working order.—*N. E. Farmer.*

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

England.

HER LAWS, HER LITERATURE, AND HER RELIGION, AND THE NECESSITY OF COLONIAL LIBERALITY IN HER PRESENT DISTRESS. A DISCOURSE BY THE REV. WM. HALL, DELIVERED ON THE LORD'S-DAY EVENING, NOV. 30TH, 1862, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE FUND FOR DISTRESSED COTTON OPERATIVES.

No 2.

Two or three other Generals were briefly entrusted with this difficult and delicate post, which they filled with credit to themselves and the Roman name, but it was the good fortune of Vespasian through the prowess of Julius Agricola, completely to subdue Briton to the Roman dominion. A consummate soldier, Julius Agricola was no less consummate as a civil Governor. He shewed himself admirably fitted for his peculiar duties, and having at length defeated the Britons in a pitched battle under Gaius, driving them northward, he erected a chain of forts between the Firth of Forth and the Clyde, and thus divided the northern retreat of the hostile Britons from the Southern part that now formed a great and settled Roman Province. Agricola assiduously applied himself to incorporate the conquered country, and to initiate them in all the arts and habits of Roman civilization, and such was the success of his efforts that no further trouble was experienced from the people, and the victors and the vanquished dwelt peacefully together. The wonderful improvement of Briton by the residence of the Romans was at length brought to a period. The barbaric hosts of the North were now assailing the bulwarks of old Rome; the old and long sacred rule of the Roman Senate, never to contract the limits of the empire by abandoning a colony, once planted,—was obliged to be disregarded. The outlying legions were wanted for the defence of the heart of the empire, and the insular situation of Briton, and its very slight consequence with respect to wealth, naturally pointed it out as a colony to be the earliest and with the least regret abandoned. Scarcely had the Romans departed, than they were assailed by the Picts and Scots, and this once warlike people, who could resist the fierce legions of Rome, had become so enervated by their vassalage, that they were completely overrun by these rude and uncultivated barbarians, until they were well nigh threatened with extermination. In their distress, they sent a missive to Rome, called the *groans of the Britons*, which graphically paints their situations and their feelings.

The barbarians, said this missive, on the one hand chase us into the sea, the sea on the other hand throws us back upon the barbarians, and we have only the hard choice left us of perishing by the sword or by the waves.

But Attila, that terrible scourge of God, as he profanely boasted himself, was now pushing Rome herself to mortal extremity, not a legion could be spared in this emergency. Vortigern, one of the most powerful of the native princes, applied to the Saxons, a people of Germany, to aid them to resist the encroachments of the Picts and Scots. The Saxons had long been famous for their prowess and daring in fight and skilful in seamanship. They had made descents upon the seaboard of most countries so that even the Roman power dreaded these *marine marauders*, that they had even a special officer appointed to resist their mischievous raids, calling him *Count of the Saxon Shore*. Under Hengist and Horsa they came, and soon siding with the Picts and Scots they conquered the whole of Briton, with the exception of Cornwall and Wales. The native population were driven into these parts, and considerable numbers sought refuge in Armorica, a province in Gaul; a district was there assigned them, known as *Brittany*. Hengist died at Canterbury, A. D. 488. Another body of Saxons came over under Cerdic and his son Kendric.

The discomfited Britons applied for aid to their fellow-countrymen of Wales, who, under their Prince Arthur (of whom so many legends may be found in Welsh history, concerning him and his knights of the round table), hastened to their aid, and inflicted a severe defeat upon Cerdic, in the neighbourhood of Bath. He still maintained himself in his kingdom until his death, A. D. 534, and was succeeded by his son Kendric, who reigned there until his death, A. D. 560. The Saxon Heptarchy, or seven kingdoms of the Saxons in England, called from Angles a people, who, with the Saxons and Jutes came from Germany, hence called Angles—

land, subsequently corrupted into England, continued with varying fortunes until their dissolution, when England was united into one kingdom, under Egbert, prince of Wessex, (having lasted 400 years) A. D. 800.—But a new enemy was now to appear upon the stage, viz:—the Danes, offshoots of German origin.—The Pagan Saxons whom Charlemagne could not buy over to christianity, by persuasion or by the sword, they (after being decimated and deprived of their property by fire and their dearest relatives by war), found a refuge in Jutland and Denmark, and judging of christianity by the treatment they had received, they entertained towards it the most deep-rooted antipathy, and towards the French provinces the same hatred.

The mingled race of Jutes, Danes and Saxons, called by the name of Northmen or Normen, regarded these provinces as their lawful prey, and extending their invasion to the coasts of England, these bold and unscrupulous pirates first landed A. D. 787. A. D. 794, they landed in Northumberland.—During the first five years of Egbert's reign the kingdom was in peace advancing rapidly in civilization, when at the end of that time a horde of Danes made a descent on the island of Sheppy, in the year 832, they landed from thirty five ships upon the coast of Dorset, and from these periods gradually overrun the country until there was not a leading defender but Alfred. A. D. 871, he was reduced to such a fearful extremity as to find refuge in a herdsman's hut, whose wife rebuked him severely for allowing some cakes to burn. The sun of Alfred's fortune was yet to rise in unfading splendour, after exhibiting the most consummate skill as a general, a statesman and a monarch. He eventually subdued his Danish foes, he divided the kingdom into counties and framed laws. England must refer to the reign of Alfred to find many of those institutions, of which we will again speak, and during this reign may be found all the germs of the great landmarks of English liberty. By Alfred was established the trial by jury, and when we consider the disadvantages of early life, not being able to read until twelve years of age, the busy scene of strife in which he was engaged, where is an Englishman to be found whose blood will not flow more speedily through his veins, whose heart will not throb with a quicker pulsation, as he looks back along the corridors of time to the reign of him deservedly called *Alfred the Great*. He died A. D. 901. English kings ruled until there was a break in the succession in the person of Sweyn the Dane, A. D. 1014. Ethelred the unready, son of Alfred, was one of the last of the Anglo-Saxon kings. Canute succeeded Sweyn. Harold and Hardicanute, one of Canute reigned, died and were buried. Edward the Confessor, called so by the monks, son of Ethelred, who married Editha the daughter of the great earl of Godwin, with whom he never lived, succeeded Hardicanute the Dane.

During his lifetime, which was long and peaceful, he fastened his mind upon William of Normandy and wished him to succeed him, the last English king of the royal line. But Harold son of the great earl of Godwin, brother-in-law of the king, seized the helm of state, and vaulted into the throne. He was defeated at the battle of Hastings by the Normans, and thus closes the Anglo-Saxon dynasty, and William the conqueror 25th Dec. 1066 begins his reign. It is unnecessary to proceed further I will now give you a brief summary of the line of succession to the English Throne.

The Normans began with William the conqueror, the head of the whole race, and ended with Henry the first, in whom the male line failed. Stephen, generally included in the Norman line, was the only one of the house of Blois from the marriage of Adela, the Conqueror's fourth daughter, with Stephen Earl of Blois. The Plantagenet or house of Anjou began with Henry the Second, from the marriage of Matilda or Maude, daughter of Henry the first, with Geoffrey, Plantagenet Earl of Anjou, and continued undivided to Richard the Second, inclusive. These were afterwards divided into the houses of Lancaster and York, the former beginning with Henry IV. son of John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, fourth son of Edward III, and ending with Henry VI, the latter began with Edward IV, son of Richard Duke of York, who on the father's side was grandson to Edmund de Langley, fifth son of Edward III, and by his brother descended from Lionel, third son of the said king, and ended in Richard III. The family of the Tudors began with Henry VII, from the marriage of Margaret, great granddaughter of John of Gaunt with Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, and ended with Queen Elizabeth. The house of Stewart began with James I, son of Henry Stewart, (Lord Darnley) and Mary Queen of Scots, whose grandmother

was Margaret, daughter of Henry VII, and ended with Queen Anne. William III. was the only son of the house of Orange, whose mother was Mary, daughter of Charles I. And the house of Brunswick now reigning began with George I, whose grandmother was the princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I.

For the Christian Messenger.

Obituary Notice.

MISS MERCY H. CHAMBERS.

Death has again broken our ranks, the church feels a present severe loss in the decease of our esteemed sister Mercy H. Chambers. She died at Amherst, whither she had gone on a visit to her sister.

For nearly thirty years, sister C. had walked with the church in unbroken fellowship. Our sister was a praying member, her pastor knew well that she regularly prayed for him, and for the church of which she was a member, we have lost therefore a praying member, but her prayers are not lost, nor is her kind sympathizing spirit lost, it lives fresh in our memories. She was ready, according to her means to contribute to all benevolent objects brought before the church. Our educational institution shared her sympathies, drew out her prayers, and received her money, while her contributions to missions, and her support of the ministry at home, were regular and constant. From the house of God, unless absent from the place, or detained by sickness, we did not expect to miss her, her absence for a day betokened something that would at once awaken inquiry, even beyond her strength was it often thought she pressed to the house of God. We miss her there! The words of encouragement—oh how many miss these! And the writer, must place himself especially among this class of recipients, well we will remember many of these he. May we all be the more incited to diligence, that she has finished her course, and ended her labor.

In the doctrines of grace our sister was well established, the distinguishing grace of God, in her case, and the finished work of Christ, were her ready confession, and the influence of these was seen in the practical piety her life developed.

Though she died at a distance from us, she did not cease to remember us, and words of affection and cheer, were committed to friends, to be conveyed to us. She died in peace, and in hope.—Communicated by Rev. D. W. C. Dinock.

MR. J. WALKER.

Still another death we have to record, that of brother J. Walker. A long time afflicted, now released from all sorrows, as we believe.

Brother W. was a member of the church at St. George, N. B., but for the last five years, has resided in this place, and nearly the whole of this time had been confined to his bed, and never able to meet in the house of God. He was a deacon of the church in St. George, and never, for the reasons above mentioned, united with us in church fellowship. Severe indeed was our departed brother's affliction, but his hope was finally fixed upon the Rock of Ages, and no other ground of hope did he know. "There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."—16.

Truro, Dec. 18th, 1862.

MRS. CATHERINE REID.

Died at Wolfville, Catherine, wife of Ruben F. Reid and youngest daughter of William McEwen of Netaux, leaving a husband and two children. She was born on the 28th Nov. 1840, and by a remarkable coincidence died on the same day in 1862, being 22 years of age. When something over nine years in 1850, her mother was taken away by death and she was left to the sole care of her remaining earthly parent, who mourns yet not without hope, that she now rests in that eternal home that remains for all the people of God.

In her early days she evinced a rather uncommonly intelligent mind, and was instructed in the great principles of truth as contained in the word of God. Subsequently she was placed in the family of Mr. John Rounsefell, of Wolfville, where she had the opportunity of being among professing christians. While there, during the time when the Rev. Mr. Hennigar was preaching in that vicinity, she joined the Methodist body and continued till her death, fully to believe the way of religion as taught by that people. Her funeral occasion was improved by the Rev. Mr. Daniel, from Heb. iv. 9,—"There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God."

From suffering, pain, and mortal strife
In fiery chariot hence was borne,
The mother, friend, and faithful wife,
And left her weeping friends to mourn.

She now is not, and those may weep,
In solemn stillness of the night,
While on her grave the moonbeams sleep,
Or stars shed down a hallowed light.

—Communicated.

To ease melancholy—set about doing good.
One act of kindness will have more influence on the spirits than all the salt water baths that were ever invented.

He who brings a message from God ought never to be afraid of man.

If God and conscience approve, it matters little who may condemn.