

But the little vessel was not intended for passengers, and the accommodations answer for the captain when alone very well.

"The little brig rocks about in royal style, and I had to succumb to wretched seasickness for a while; then I longed for fresh air more than anything else. So Dwight made me a grand couch amid-ship, with a mattress the captain gave us, and I was happy and thankful to be up in the fresh air under the shadow of the sails and with the blue waves laughing back at me.

"One of these convalescing days Dwight and I were eating coconuts, when a great wave came dashing over the vessel's side, drenching my clean dress and me to the very skin. This was the end of worldly delights for the present. Midships was pronounced unsafe, and we were sent up forward. But there was no shade here, and how the tropical sun beat down! Dwight spread me out to dry, turning me over from time to time and holding an umbrella over my head. Do you see it?

"The heat, however, soon drove me down stairs. Do not think me complaining; it was so close in the cabin, when I was faint from sea-sickness, and there was no shade above. Those were trying days certainly, and I had to pray for patience from moment to moment; but the dear blessed Master was with me to help and comfort, and I was perfectly happy through all.

"Our situation has been mending for a few days. Every vestige of seasickness has gone, and the captain has erected an awning on deck that breaks the heat of the sun somewhat. To be sure, we are beset with cockroaches and bad odors; we must sleep in our clothes and cannot undress for rest or bathing, which is very trying with the heat; but this will soon be over and be forgotten, or remembered only by the 'Ebenezer' in our path.

"Yesterday I managed to get a bath which I think was the greatest luxury I ever experienced. They covered the skylight with mats, and Dwight guarded the stairway. So I splashed to my heart's content, and then dressed in a clean muslin wrapper, without any superfluous skirts. Ah! nobody went to sleep that night with a happier heart or even greater sense of comfort.

"Darling mother, how I long to know if your dear heart is at rest about your Alice! I am learning daily more of God's love to us, mother, of the wisdom with which he orders all things for us, giving us just the trials we need, and not one more. Will not you and Fleda and John and Hattie sing with us to night, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name'?

"Day before yesterday we came in sight of the first Micronesian land my eyes had ever seen. The Mulgrave Islands are the first that we touch at. The coral reef forms a great circle, with here and there an opening where ships find a passage, and with little islands all along the line. The lagoon or lake in the centre is so large that we cannot see across it.

"We anchored inside the reef about noon, and soon two canoes were making for us. You may be sure I watched them with great interest, as Dwight says the natives here are much like those on Ebon, where he labored last. So we watched the canoes, spy-glass in hand; nearer and nearer they came, till the dark forms in purely native dress were quite visible. Shall I confess that the sight drove me down into the cabin? Soon, however, they were peering down the passage-way and through the skylight at me. It was not long before, at Dwight's call, I was up among them, and happily disappointed by their intelligent faces. I found myself saying, 'Surely these men are worth saving, and my heart swelled with joy that it was to be my privilege to labor for them.'

"The next day we went over in the long-boat to the principal island. A crowd of natives of all ages came down to meet us. The little boys were all without clothing; the girls and grown people had on the short skirt and mat. The wild creatures ran into the water to pull us up on the beach, laughing and screaming with excitement. Oh, that beautiful beach, as smooth and white as a snow-drift, with the grand waves rolling up! One wonders that sin and darkness can here rule where nature reigns in such beauty and sublimity.

"Escorted by this wild band, we started for the royal mansion, a rude native hut. Here we found 'His Majesty,' with a numerous retinue, sitting on the ground waiting to receive us. We took a seat on the ground beside him. He was a kind old man and received us cordially, shaking our hands and saying over and over 'Iyokweyak,' 'I love you,' the native greeting. The expression of his face was benevolent and striking. His straight black hair was tied up on the back of his head, with a wreath of delicate white lilies around the knot. His ears, like those of other natives, were stretched out by the weight of heavy shells worn in them. I found myself an object of great curiosity to them, being a woman in strangely perplexing dress and with such a light complexion. My watch pleased the chief very much; but when he took it in his hand, I trembled lest he should claim it as a present.

"Dwight talked to him some about 'Jehovah' and 'Jesus Christ,' I sitting by with a prayer in my heart that his words might be received and do good. When they were through conversing, we walked about the island to see and eat of the fruits, followed by troops of natives. The women had not been allowed at the king's reception, so now they gathered about me, pressing my hand and trying to express their regard. Many of their faces were pleasant, a few handsome. How my heart warmed towards these my dark-minded sisters! A collation was served us toward noon, sent by the king, consisting of bread-fruit, oranges, and coconuts. This was served on mats spread upon the grass, surrounded with flowers and beautiful shells of rare design, after which we returned to the ship with loud entreaties from the chief to send them a 'missionary.' Ah if we could but multiply ourselves for every one of these needy isles! Who will come to their help?"

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.
Letter from Germany.

(From our correspondent.)

THE PRESENT INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS BETWEEN RUSSIA AND PRUSSIA—THE MUFFLED PARLIAMENTARIANS IN THE GERMAN REICHSTAG—"IN TIME OF PEACE PREPARE FOR WAR"—LAW-REFORMS, &c., &c.

BERLIN, JAN. 30, 1879.

It is an odd circumstance, odd, indeed, for two reasons, if not more, that the loudest outcry against the proposed commercial reaction here should come from Russia. There is first the reason of logic or consistency, which in fable leads the fox that has lost his own tail to invite all other foxes to a similar heroic amputation, and in real life commonly makes men rejoice when their favorite doctrines find new adherents. For I take it that no Russian would pretend that Protection was a blessing in which his country had rights of monopoly. From the Muscovite publicists, if not the politicians, one has the right to expect honesty of convictions, that they shall hold their views of commercial policy as general truths, not as local expedients, and that when they defend the wisdom of protective tariffs, they shall rather encourage than forbid their adoption by other countries. It is therefore not a little surprising to find the Nova Vrenya and other Russian journals denouncing Bismarck's schemes with all the fervor of passionate Free Traders, and almost hinting that they involve a breach of faith toward Russia. This is the more surprising, too, when one considers the special relations between the two empires. On the one side is Russia, which has drawn a protective cordon like a wall of iron around herself, and almost completely excludes importations from this country; on the other side is Germany, which not only suffers the easy introduction of grain and cattle from Russia, but also refused, through Bismarck himself, to extort better conditions at a time when Russia's embarrassments would have made it possible. In the crisis of the late war the troops of the Czar had been repulsed before Plevna, the winter was drawing near, the finances of Russia were trembling, her people were anxious and despondent, and the only bright spot in the scene was the steady friendship of Germany. But, said certain Liberals, is that friendship worth nothing? They were Free-Traders, and proposed no retaliatory duties; but they called upon the Chancellor to seize the opportunity, to put a pressure upon the Russians, and compel them to lessen the obstacles to the German export trade on their frontier. The appeal failed. Prince Bismarck flatly refused to take any such steps, and even put his refusal on the

ground that it would be ungenerous and dishonorable to take advantage in that way of the temporary difficulties of a friendly power. I do not know whether he would have shown a similar forbearance in the case of France or England. If not, the fact is, of course, an additional reason why the Russians should still be grateful to the Prince for impartiality in the past, instead of belaboring him now because he thinks the time has at length come for self-protection.

Prince Bismarck's proposition to restrict the freedom of speech hitherto enjoyed by the members of the Reichstag when assembled for legislative deliberation has not met with so favorable a reception in the Federal Council as was desired by its author. Even the delegates of the various Governments forming the German Empire hesitate to follow the Chancellor in the reactionary course advocated by him. The indignation universally prevailing throughout Germany has found an echo in the sacred precincts of the Federal Council, opposed, above all, to the idea of calling the Public Prosecutor and the criminal court into requisition for establishing and maintaining order and peace in Parliament. Although it cannot be denied that the Socialist, and also the Ultramontane, deputies overstepped the bounds of parliamentary debate, Government, instead of taking the initiative in the matter, ought to have confidentially used its influence with the deputies to strengthen the disciplinary power of the Speaker. If Prince Bismarck's bill be adopted—a contingency scarcely seriously to be taken into consideration—the minority in Parliament would henceforth always be at the mercy of the majority. Whilst the Chancellor may with certainty reckon on a signal defeat of his bill, which aims at one of the groundworks of constitutional liberty, his projects for the reform of taxation and revision of the customs tariff seem to meet with better success.

Since the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine to the German Empire the railway system of the two provinces has been greatly extended, the object in view in constructing the new lines being not so much to facilitate the rapid concentration of troops on the present western frontier of the empire or to provide for their speedy transport from one point of it to another. The military authorities at Berlin, however, are, it appears, not yet satisfied with the facilities which have been thus created for promptly assembling large forces at any point in Alsace or Lorraine, where it may be convenient to concentrate them either for defensive or offensive operations.

An event of no little importance, which will make the present year memorable in the annals of the German Empire if it takes place according to programme on the 1st of October, is the introduction of the new codes and judicial institutions. It is another step, and a long one, in the path of unification, but it is not absolutely agreeable to the judges in the several States. Now, since only a portion of the members of the present Prussian Supreme Court will be transferred to the corresponding Imperial Court, it follows that the others must either step down to the next lower court, or retire altogether. The judges of appeal likewise will have a disagreeable alternative before them. The authorities assumed that many of the judges would prefer to become advocates, and that by leaving that career open to them the hardships of the reform would be partially obviated. The new system finally introduces the judicial robe, which has long been unknown here.

LOUIS.

For the Christian Messenger.
New and Desirable Blackberries.

HOW BEST TO GROW THEM.

By R. H. HAINES.

The hardy habits of growth of some of the newer varieties of this fruit are leading many persons to give the blackberry a place in their gardens, where previously it had been a stranger. Possibly in previous years they may have tried some of the older varieties, but finding them to be too tender to withstand our winters, had given up their cultivation. Thanks to these new arrivals, this delicious fruit can now be grown with ease, even in the most

northern localities of our States, as the severest cold seems unable to overcome their "iron-clad" vigor. However, even in growing these hardy varieties, some care is necessary to indulge them in their peculiar whims, as strange as it may appear they can be killed by over kindness, and will thrive upon neglect. The explanation of this riddle and the secret for growing them successfully is to omit all cultivation each year after about the 1st of June, and to enrich the ground very sparingly, if at all, after the first or second season. Too late cultivation with ground over-enriched, prevents the vines from maturing in time for winter. That the treatment of the blackberry is so simple, will be good news to many, as frequently even when the plants are entirely neglected, they prove more productive than when too liberally treated. The following are the varieties that are at present attracting special attention:

Snyder.—In speaking of this as well as of other of the newer fruits, the reader will of course understand that I can only describe them as they appear in my own gardens, or in the few localities where they have been tested. With the older fruits it is very different, as the constant correspondence of my numerous patrons keeps me pretty well informed as to the success obtained in the widely separated localities in which they are being grown. Such general information in regard to the newer varieties would require some years of waiting, by which time they would no longer be novelties, so that what information I can give about them now will perhaps be not without a welcome. The fruit of the *Snyder* is of from medium to large in size, and sweet and delicious when ripe. The plants both here and at the west have proved hardy and unusually productive.

Wachusett Thornless.—The perfect hardiness of this comparatively new variety also makes it especially suited to the upper Northern and Western States. Even in New Hampshire they succeed finely, seeming to be better adapted to these cold localities than they do to places further south. The thornless character of the canes is a quality that will be appreciated by many. *Wilson's Early* and *Kittatiny* are two of the best of the older kinds, and have been planted out quite largely for market purposes. *Wallace* is a new variety of decided merit; hardy and productive. *Missouri Mammoth*, *Lawton* and *Dorchester* are perhaps more generally known, and will not now be described.

The blackberry will thrive upon a great variety of soils, being alike suited to the sandy or clayey loams of the East, or the rich black soils of the West. Though adapted to all of these, yet it succeeds best upon such soils as retain moisture well without being too wet. The plants stand transplanting or rough handling about as well as the raspberry, as I have sent them in safety through the mails to parties living two or three thousand miles distant. Set out the plants in March or April in hills 6 feet apart each way, or in rows 8 feet apart with plants every two or three feet along in rows. The hardy varieties require no protection in winter, and will soon commence to yield abundant crops.

Saugerties-on-Hudson, N. Y.

For the Christian Messenger.
Celia.

By MRS. MARY MELLISH ARCHIBALD.

In a secluded spot beneath a spreading tree, on the New England shore, a grave was pointed out to the writer, marked by a headstone bearing the inscription "Celia." This spot was once the resting place of Celia and her companion, a sailor boy; and during his absence at sea here she would sit and sing the wild songs he had taught her and watch for the coming sail. Her patient watching was frequently rewarded; but there came a time when she looked in vain for her lover's return. Year after year and her song grew sadder, until silenced by death. The wanderer came back, too late. On the old spot he found not Celia, but her grave, made there in fulfillment of her last request.

Singing on a mild May morning
Plain and woodland earth adorning;
Singing gladdest roundelay,
Gayest of the girl band gay:
Singing 'loose yet lonely never,
Singing by the crystal river,
Shore bound copses ringing ever:
Artless singers, bird and child,
Magic music, sweet and wild.

Music in midsummer glory,
Dreamy, dazing golden glory,
Melody of maiden song,
Merriest of maiden throng;
Melody beside the river
Where the shade and sunlight quiver:
'Neath the willow's breeze-born shiver
Sings a maiden, child no more,
Weaving chaplets by the shore.

Music through the copses trilleth,
Autumn's stilly twilight filleth,
Flute sweet notes,—yet strangely sad:
Child and maiden,—she was glad;
Woman now beside the river,
Sad and strange her song forever,
Standing 'neath the waving willow,
Gazing o'er the distant billow.

Hide and seek the moon is playing,
Snow clouds o'er her bosom straying;
Snow flakes dancing o'er the lea
Hooding white the willow tree.
Song at midnight on the river,
Song of greeting first to give her,
Captain singing, "Haul to shore!"
Bronze boy sailor now no more.

Hushed the song upon the willow:
Some one waiteth 'neath the willow,
"Waiting for me as of yore!"
Springs in rapture to the shore.
Moonbeams dance upon the river,
Neath the snow-veiled willow quiver:
Linger on the marble stone
Where he reads her name alone.
Hushed the song upon the willow:
Thro' the copses 'neath the willow:
'Neath the snow mound by the river,
Hush'd the sweet sad song forever.

In Memoriam.

MEMOIR OF MRS. JOHN FROST.

Dear Bro. Selden,—I have just received a letter from Grand River, Lot 56, Prince Edward Island, giving me an account of the death of Mrs. John Frost and requesting me to prepare a notice of the same for the paper our sister loved so much.

Sister Frost was born in Halifax, N. S., April 12th, 1789, and so would have been ninety years of age the 12th of next April. She, with her first husband, Mr. Balstone, moved from Halifax to P. E. Island between fifty and sixty years ago, and settled at Grand River, Lot 56. Her husband, having contracted a severe cold while clearing up some land, sank into a hasty consumption, and soon passed away, leaving her to face all the hardships to which one beginning on a new farm in those days would have to encounter, toil and hardships which the people of the present day think it impossible to overcome. Her youngest child was born while her father was so ill that he was not able to help himself, and there alone in her little log cottage did she bear her suffering, quietly, and with no other help than her own little daughter, she attended to the wants of her dying husband and her babe.

After moving across the river to the settlement in which she has ever since lived, she was again subjected to a great variety of hardships, with which the settlers of those early days are alone acquainted.

At one time her supply of bread for herself and five children was reduced to one cake, (in those days the Scotch unleavened cake was the most common bread used on the Island), and that she generously divided with a poor man who was just going into the woods to look up a piece of land on Lot 55. And although she did not know where another meal was coming from she did know that the "Lord loveth a cheerful giver." Using her own words, she said: "God sent me a supply before the day was over, and I have always had plenty ever since." The widow who fed the prophet could not have been more thoroughly blessed with a constant supply of all that was necessary for her, than was our dear sister to the end of her life, and no one was ever allowed to go empty or hungry from the Deacon's house. Always an early riser, she was industry and frugality personified, and from her example many of the young people took lessons never to be regretted. She was indeed "a keeper at home."

After her second marriage, herself and husband were always ready to throw their house open to any minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, and before any meeting-house was built all denominations preached under their roof, and were always made welcome to the best the house or barn afforded for themselves or horses. But when there was no preacher or any meeting for many miles, our dear sister would gather her own