

The Religious Intelligence.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

REV. E. McLEOD,

"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."

Peter.

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THE INTELLIGENCER.

INDIA NOT YET EVANGELIZED.

BY THE REV. THOMAS CAMPBELL.

We have been trying for some years past to send a portion of the year in itinerating in the district. Our preachers are engaged daily, morning and evening, in preaching at the different stations in Serampore and the neighbourhood. In the cold weather of 1860-61 they went on a tour inland. Starting from Serampore they went almost in a straight line across the Zillah Hooghly. They penetrated about fifty miles inland, branching off from the main line in various directions, and preaching in every village to which they came. This year they have spent the months of February and March in a similar visit, but they crossed over the river and went through the district on the opposite side. They went through a very considerable extent of country. Following the course of the principal rivers, they occasionally left the boat and went inland for two or three days—returning to the boat and resuming their journey. On neither occasion did they go farther from Serampore than sixty or at the most seventy miles. Every where they report they were gladly received. But perhaps you will scarcely believe it that within so short a distance from the place which was so long the headquarters of the mission, and from which so many have been sent out to preach the Gospel, they found villages after villages where the name of Christ had never been preached. So far as they could gather from the enquiries they made, they were the first who had ever told the people there of the love of God in Christ. The mere fact is one that speaks volumes about the want of labourers in India.

It sometimes strikes me that the churches at home need to be reminded that India is not yet evangelized! I remember when a child reading the missionary reports, hearing of the preaching in so many places, the eagerness of the people to hear the word, and the number of conversions. I remember when I heard these things that I used to feel the whole of the work would be done before I was old enough to go out and help. The generation that were children then are the men and women of the present time, and if they had the same feeling as I had when a child, it is not difficult to see how the work would have been done long since. But as they have not been brought face to face with the reality, they believe that idolatry is almost at an end. Many circumstances too would tend to strengthen such a conviction as this. It is undeniable that Christianity has made progress. Directly and indirectly large blessings have followed the preaching of Christ's Gospel; upon this progress the friends of missions delight to dwell. The number of converts, their consistent steadfastness in the midst of persecution of no ordinary kind, the willingness of the people to receive tracts and to listen to the preachers, the evident lowering of any rate in our large towns, of the bonds of caste, the spread of English education and of western civilization, all these things and many others of the same kind, are looked upon as so many pledges of the ultimate triumph of the truth. And rightly so too; no one can think of these without being grateful to God for the blessings which they really are, and for the hopes which they encourage. But my fear is that through these successes and blessings people have begun to think that the ultimate time has come, and that instead of these things being the rare exception they are the rule. Again, many years ago it was the custom of speakers to talk so much about idolatrous festivals, that the Christian public had to listen to the same tales and descriptions over and over again. No wonder they got tired of them, and the descriptions ceased. The present generation remember hearing them in their childhood; they don't hear them now, and the natural conclusion is that the Christian public have ceased, so that I verily believe from now on I can remember of my own impressions previously to leaving England, and from what I can gather now, the common opinion is that idolatry is almost at an end. I have thought therefore that it might not be superfluous or uninteresting if I were in a few words to describe one of these festivals that actually took place only last week here.

The Sindh Jatra, or bathing festival, was held on the 12th June. As Mr. Page and Mr. Martin had to wait for some days in Calcutta before the steamer sailed to Chittagong, they came up to the place on the 10th. The morning was very threatening, and about 10 o'clock very heavy rain began to fall, and at intervals throughout the day the showers were very copious. We went out soon after ten and found a considerable number already assembled. Our first preaching station was at the corner of the road leading to the Juggernaut village, where the boys' Vernacular School was formerly held. Two or three of our native brethren were there, and Mr. Robinson. The house or rather shed stands just at the junction of the road, along the principal one of which all the people who come from that quarter must pass, and as it stands a little back from the main road, apart from the great noise and confusion prevailing through the whole of the day, it is a favourite preaching place, and crowds gather round all day. One of the native brethren is preaching as we enter. We listen to him for some time, and then, leaving Mr. Page behind, go on. The crowd is evidently thickening. Special trains have just arrived, bringing with them a living cargo to swell the multitude of the worshippers of Juggernaut. All ages, and apparently all classes join in the festival. Young children, and men and women tottering with age, are there. Let us walk along the road with the multitude, and observe the scene as we go.

On both sides rude sheds have been run up, in which almost every conceivable thing is sold. Fruit, fish, vegetables of all kinds, rice, coconuts, rings, toys, pictures of the various deities, and a multitude of animals fabled to possess magical powers, painted in blue, green, red, yellow, or any gaudy colour to catch the eye, all these things abound. Here is a blind man whom we recognize as having been a regular visitor for years. Sitting down by the roadside he holds out his hands and sings some mournful dirge, and calls on the passers by to pity his state, and for the sake of Juggernaut to help him. Some put down a little rice before him, others a few cowries, and some few throw him a piece or two. Here is an image, another of their gods, set up on a small heap of earth and covered overhead with a screen of palm-leaf, a Brah-

min stands by the side beating a gong and calling for offerings, the multitude passes by scarcely heeding, and some few only seem to have piety or care enough to offer a little. And though by the end of the day a rather large heap of rice may be seen and several picas be counted before the images, yet it is by no means so much as a stranger would suppose would be given to the deities.

Here is a group of singing men and singing women, with cymbals and tambourines, playing and dancing, while every now and then between the trees and a little off from the roads we catch a glimpse of temporary places erected, and hear the sounds of music and dancing. All seem glad and joyful, but it is with the revelry of hell. Licentiousness and profanity, that we can scarcely imagine, reign there. We pass by one of the great temples, and soon are at the entrance of the Christian village. In the distance stands the chapel, and close by a plain shed, where there is another body of native preachers, lifting up their voices in the midst of the universal wickedness, on behalf of righteousness, temperance, and the judgment to come.

Let us go inside and listen. The crowd stands outside, listening very patiently and attentively; they are not at all angry as they hear the evils of the system exposed; they laugh at the exposure of the vices, and they are all apparently agree with all the preacher says. He finishes, and then Mr. Martin speaks. As he is speaking, the crowd in the road thickens more and more; the excitement increases; and there rushes along the road a body of laticals, or club-men, preceding one of the great men for whose arrival the priests wait. In a moment the throng around the preaching station joins them, and not a man is left. The excitement is so great that the preaching must stop for a short time. So we go out too, to observe what is going on. We push on with the stream. The shops still continue. Here is a batch of what we call "Pis-and-downs," so common to an English fair. They are all still now, though they have been and will be busy enough. How dense the crowd is! We can scarce push our way through. A drizzling rain is falling, but there is no room to keep an umbrella up.

To our left is Juggernaut's car; all around are men, women, and children, packed as closely as men, women, and children can be. Look down the road, to the left and right. As far as you can see, nothing but a waving sea of heads. Everywhere is filled with human beings, and every house-top is covered. Perched on the top of the cocoanut trees, whose branches touch out the tops of the trees around, you will see one or two venture some beings. Right before you is the plain, leaving by sweating, steaming men and women. On the far-off side of the plain stands the temple. Look, they have brought out the god. How carefully he is wrapped up. He is hoisted on the top of the reservoir, so that he can be seen by all around. What an ugly monster he is! His goggle eyes stare fiercely. His grinning mouth reaches all across his face. His nostrils are fixed close to his side, and he looks altogether a hideous, helpless, and shapeless monster. See, they fasten on the stump of his arm a pair of silver hands; and now, lest the sun should melt him, or the rain hurt him, they hold over him a large umbrella; and lest the heat should overcome him, one stands behind with a large fan, made from the palm leaf, and fans him gently.

And now what do they wait for? For the great man to come, to give the order to proceed. Ah, here he is. A larger crowd of laticals—a fiercer rush—the dense multitude opens—the great man passes—the gaps close up, and all wait in expectation as before. Flowers and fruit are thrown up as offerings to the god. Suddenly there is a stir amongst the multitude just around the reservoir; and now the officiating priest gets by the side of the god, and pours over him water, milk, ghee, &c., and as the liquid runs down the face of the hideous grinning monster, the whole crowd bend with their hands to their faces, and shout out, "Hurree Bol! Hurree Bol! Victory to Juggernaut! Victory to Juggernaut!"

"Oh you want to see a scene like that to know what Paul meant when his spirit was stirred within him as he saw the city was wholly given to idolatry. Without exaggeration there must have been at least 10,000 persons gathered together and gathered together not for the purposes of the fair, but to do honour to Juggernaut. Do you ask when this was? In the present month and year June, 1862. Do you ask where? Within 18 minutes' walk of the place where Carey, Marshman, and Ward laboured for years, of the place which was for so long a time the headquarters of the mission, on the spot where the Gospel has been preached week after week for many a year, within eyeshot of the Christian village of Juggernaut where a congregation assembles every Sunday, and where services are regularly conducted. It has struck me that a plain statement of facts like the above might remind some of our friends at home that notwithstanding all that has been done, and all the blessings that have been given, the work in India, as yet only begun."—*Baptist Magazine*.

GOD THE BEST GIFT.

As it is his gift, so it is indeed himself—the begetting and enjoying of himself. This we cannot conceive. But oh, that blessed day when the soul shall be full of vision! I should not admire that such a condition is provided for man, wretched, sinful man! "Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?" (Ps. viii. 4.) And it is provided for me, as wretched as any who are left and fallen short of this glory, a base worm taken out of the mire, and washed in the blood of Christ, and within a while set to shine in glory without sin! Oh, the wonder of this! How will this hope sweeten the short sufferings of this life! And death itself, which is otherwise the bitterest in itself, is most of all sweetened by this, as being used as poor, diseased, and despaired here! Oh, consider, what is there, how worthy the affection, worthy the earnest eye and fixed look of a heir of this glory! What can be either desire or fear whose heart is thus deeply fixed? Who would refuse this other chance, to suffer a while, a little while, any thing outward or inward which he thinks fit? How soon shall all this be overpast, and then overpaid in the very act, at the beginning of this glory that shall never end.—*Leighton*.

AN ANXIOUS SEAT IN THE PULPIT.

"He preached as if he was divin' almost to us the other day, when she was describing the eloquent and earnest McCleyn. In those few words the good woman gave the secret of that young saint's extraordinary pulpit power. A passion for souls possessed him. The love of Christ constrained him. And he would have counted that Sabbath a lost day, and that season a waste of breath, which did not accomplish the awakening of some stupid conscience, or the leading of some guilty soul to Calvary. There was always one 'anxious seat' at least, in his church, and that was in the pulpit.

When a minister of Christ rises before his congregation with a heart alive with solicitude for their salvation, how can he withhold himself from letting his anxiety break forth in every look and gesture, and word of warning and entreaty! Whatever is most powerful in argument, or most thrilling in appeal, he seizes upon and appropriates to his mighty theme. He pleads, he invites. The sins that most easily beset his hearers he does not spare. If any one in the house is selling his soul to mammon all through the week, or grinding the face of the poor; if any man is abetting any monstrous wrongs; then the transgressor is made to feel, that participation in such evil doings is grieving to the Holy Ghost, and perilous to himself. Nor does the preacher stop short of the great fountain of all sin, a depraved heart.

As he goes forward in his stream of argument and appeal, the very grandeur of his theme, the solemnity of his mission, the influence of time and space about him, for the moment he is no longer in this world. His illusions have all passed away. The light of eternity plays about him, and reveals the tremendous pomp of the judgment scene. To his eye the dread consummation has already come. The Judge is descending. The books are opening. The heavens are passing away with a great noise. The angels are separating the vast multitude to the right hand and to the left hand of the Judge; among them he sees his own hearers. Some of them crowned with the unfading crown; and some of them—

"appalling sight!—are driven away weeping to the gates of despair!"

With such a spectacle before him can any apathy be too earnest? Even if his overwhelming solitude move him to tears, he feels that it is better for him to weep here than for his hearers to weep in hell. Under such preaching, by a sinner's pen in the house becomes "an anxious seat." And many a professor sits uneasy too, lest his own sins of neglect and unbelief, and worldliness, and selfishness, should "find him out." Great results follow such preaching. The word of God is a "fire and a hammer" in such hands. And all these glorious results that fill angelic hearts with joy, flow forth, with God's blessing, from one anxious seat in the pulpit. What difference of opinion there may be about abstract points in revivals, there can be but one opinion, that the anxious seat which we have been describing, often brings a revival.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

THE QUARREL AND THE RECONCILIATION.

Two Christian brethren quarreled. Why and for what it is difficult to state. In fact, they hardly knew themselves. But they quarreled, and walked apart, and spoke unkindly of each other, bringing leanness and death into their own souls and reproach upon the cause they professed.

One day one of them gave himself up to serious thought for an hour. He became ashamed of himself, repented, prayed, recovered his peace with God, and then, turning to his brother, he said, "I am a sinner, and my sins are arrayed before him, his conscience accuses him, lost opportunities mock him, his perishes, and eternity is made terrible by a treasure of wrath. But he must die. He must die, and now a new day dawns, now a new heart-string—now an eye-string snaps asunder! At last out goes the weary trembling soul!"

He said to such a one is the moment after death. The narrow confines of time passed, a boundless eternity stretches itself before him, and in the twinkling of an eye he is ushered into outer darkness, the region of unending woe, where the word die is not where the fire is not quenched. The torments of hell are already begun, and the soul's bitter reflection is that they are merited and well deserved.

Yes, solemn thought! one brief moment will effect an entire change in our mode of being, will make plain what, with respect to a future state, is now involved in mystery, and will bear it soul to the fearful retributions or to the glorious rewards of eternity!

A COMPUTATION.

Do you ask the worth of a soul that will never die? Oh! could you carry this question into heaven, you might receive an answer that would reach its mighty import. God would tell you that he preserves the world for the sake of souls. Christ would tell you that he laid down his life and poured out his blood for the salvation of souls, and the redeemed saint would tell you to read the worth of his soul in that "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory" which he here enjoys. Oh! could you carry this question into hell, . . . and ask, in that dark world, what soul is worth; you would be answered in hope, less tears and killing groans. Oh, eternity! eternity! it is this which gives to the soul its inconvertible value. And what is eternity? Let it endeavour for a moment or two to weigh its solemn import:—

"Suppose," says an eminent writer, "some little insect, so small as to be imperceptible to the human eye, were to carry this world by its tiny mouthful to the most distant star the hand of God has placed in the heavens. Hundreds of millions of years are required for the performance of a single journey. The insect commences upon the leaf of a tree, and takes its little load, so small that even the microscope cannot discover that it is gone, and sets out upon its almost endless journey. After millions and millions of years have rolled away, it arrives back again to take its second load. Oh, what interminable ages must pass before the one leaf be removed! In what period of time would the whole tree be borne away? What would the forest be gone? And when would the insect take the last particle of this globe, and bear it away in its long, long journey? Even then eternity would but have commenced. The spirit then in existence would still look forward to eternity, endless, unchangeable, limitless, rolling before it. Oh! the mind sinks down perfectly exhausted with such contemplations. Yet existence runs parallel with that of God. So long as he endures, so long shall that flame which he hath breathed into our bosom glow and burn, but it must glow in the beauty of heaven, or but with lurid flame and unextinguishable woe!"

Dear reader, God says to you, "Why wilt thou die?" Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.

THE MOMENT AFTER DEATH.

What a moment must that be! how vast its consequences! how overwhelming its revelations! Let us try by illustration to realize it. There is a saint of God. The sunbeams are streaming, his house is in order, and with a smile on his face he bids a glad adieu to the scenes and friendships of earth. Coldness passes from point to point in his system, his vision grows dim, his tongue falters; but in strong faith he commends his all to the Conqueror of death, and passes away halting an everlasting victory. The spirit goes—attend it, the gates of the city are open to receive it—the King is seen in his beauty, and no heaven is enjoyed in all its bliss and glory.

Waking up from this life-dream, the first sight is Jesus as he is,—no flight through immensity, no pilgrimages of the spheres,—for the everlasting arms are the first resting place of the disembodied soul; it will be in the bosom of Immanuel the emancipated spirit will inquire, "Where am I and read in the face of Jesus the answer, 'I am ever with the Lord!'"

But another and a different scene. There is an impenitent sinner, and, as he feels life ebbing away, his soul is filled with unutterable anguish. His sins are arrayed before him, his conscience accuses him, lost opportunities mock him, his perishes, and eternity is made terrible by a treasure of wrath. But he must die. He must die, and now a new day dawns, now a new heart-string—now an eye-string snaps asunder! At last out goes the weary trembling soul!"

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UNDER JERUSALEM.

Signor Piotti, we see it stated in the foreign literary and religious intelligence, employed in the Pasha as an engineer, has discovered that the modern city of Jerusalem stands on several layers of masonry, the undermost of which, composed of deeply bevelled and enormous stones, is attributed to the age of Solomon, the next to that of Zerubabel, and the next to that of Herod, and so on, from Justinian to the times of the Saracens and Crusaders. He has traced a series of conduits and sewers leading from the "dome of the rock," a mosque standing on the very site of the altar sacrifice in the Temple, to the Valley of Jehoshaphat, by means of which the priests were enabled to flush the whole temple area with water, and thus to carry off the blood and offal of the sacrifices, to the brook Kedron. The manner of his explorations was very interesting. He got a Arab to walk up through the immense seven-floored wall and blowing a trumpet, while himself, following the sound above ground, was able to trace the exact course they took. About two years ago, he accidentally discovered a fountain at the pool of Bethesda, and on his opening it a copious stream of water began to flow, and has flowed ever since. No one knows whence comes, or whether it goes. This has caused the greatest excitement among the Jews, who have flocked in crowds to drink and bathe themselves in it. They fancied it was one of the signs of Messiah's coming, and portended the speedy restoration of their commonwealth. This fountain, which has a taste like milk and water, and is identified as the which Hezekiah built, and which is described by Josephus. The measurements and position of these remains accord with the historian's descriptions.—*N. Y. Observer*.

"GO WORK TO-DAY."

List thee, Christian! The voice of the Master is not drowned by the din of business. The claims of religion are not abated by your hurry and stress of occupation. The still small voice that bids you to be at work to-day for God is peremptory. What though you are pressed with care; religious duty is care's great cure. What though the car of business drags heavily; it is by prayer and heavenly helps that the wheels are to be kept in motion.

Go to work to-day in the vineyard. God has need of you now. When your convenience serves, he will have done with you. He will not accept the service of your leisure hours. Religion's great aim and triumph are realised in the subjection of the 'Change to the closet, of the bank to the Bible, of the street to the sanctuary. What is a religion worth that can flourish only as weeds do in a desolate and uncultivated field? What is that principle worth that cannot withstand the least pressure of worldly solicitation?

Go to work to-day. Now, when labour will be a cross; now, when your example will be valuable; now, when the world should know your principles; now, when the mass are trying to serve God and Mammon,—go to work for God, and you can do something worthy of your vows. What does the cause of Christ need more than examples of that religion which makes a place for the prayer-meeting in every week's calendar, and which shuts the door of the closet upon the world, until God is worshipped! The greatest attainment of life is to use this world without abusing it,—to attend manfully to every claim of business, to breast with heroism every storm of commercial embarrassment, to do one's best in whatever circumstance may develop, and, at the same time, to live out the Christian by a course of daily usefulness. Let be at the same time a good business man and a warm-hearted disciple,—to care for every interest of religion amidst all secular cares,—to lay a stone on Zion's walls with every accession of worldly principle,—this is true Christianity. Nor will any principles of living insure men from the snares of covetousness, and the deep pit of commercial dishonesty, except those simple rules of living which the Gospel prescribes for all time.

Go to work to-day. Seek out some humble labour of love. It may save you from falling. Invite some interruption of your excessive worldliness. Call in some impulse which shall put down the false and ruinous claims of Mammon.

Have a religion which our life and be honoured on the Exchange as well as at home; in busy seasons as in dull times; on rainy Sabbaths as on fair ones; in the afternoon as in the morning; when prosperity fans, as when adversity baffles your progress. Seek a cure of your religious temptations by going to work to-day for God!

IS THE CONCERT THE PLACE FOR A CHRISTIAN.

Though we shall not be surprised to find ourselves called ignorant and casting hypocrites, we venture to testify against what we believe to be a great evil of the present day, and one that will work against "a great revival."—namely, the union of Christians with the world in the concert room.

Is the concert of profane music the right thing for a professing Christian to patronize? Music, in itself, is one of God's good gifts, and, if used rightly, will tend to improve and elevate. Beautiful are many of the strains that rise upon the ear, and bathe the soul in melody; and from the flowing stream of harmony we can hardly doubt the spiritual man might possibly have his soul refreshed, though that stream came through a polluted conduit. But is it not more probable he will drink the polluted waters, and so himself become polluted?

Is not the concert the first step to the theatre? Who will not, when he has contracted a thorough taste for the former, attend the opera when he has a chance to—"for the music there is so very fine." And when the opera has been indulged in a few times, and the finer feelings of the soul blunted by contact with the world's pleasures, is it not likely there will be a desire to see what the theatre is like? That is visited; and, no perceptible harm being experienced by the now lukewarm professor, it is discovered not to be so bad as was said to be. So the union with the world in its pleasures is complete.

Now, whilst this has been going on, how have the means of grace been attended to? Have the class-meeting, the prayer-meeting, and the week-day preaching never been missed? Has the family altar been regularly surrounded? Has the closet been as constantly visited as before?

But, supposing the concert only has been indulged in, has not the work of God been neglected for it? And has there not been an unlawful mingling with the world? If entirely sanctified to God, could a person conscientiously attend? Have not "little things" kept back too many of us from that high state of spiritual enjoyment which we have to be attainable? At the first glance we may not discover this; but our hearts are deceitful above all things, and need searching diligently with the candle of God's word in order to a discovery of the truth. Would the world itself expect to find an earnest Christian, joining its ranks here? We may rest assured that, where the world would be surprised to find us, we are wrong in going.

But most we tell us, "We only go to concerts of sacred music." If possible, we think it worse to encourage these than the others. This may seem strange; but we cannot help thinking our position a right one. What do the musicians themselves intend by their performances? If they have no intention to worship God, how often the three holy Name blasphemed for gain, and how often are the words of praise rolled forth in egotistic pomp and vanity? Can any one frankly say that this is not a breach of the third commandment?—*Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*.

A YEAR'S INCREASE.—In the year 1862 there were 711,691 children born in England and Wales, the largest number ever born in this kingdom in a year, amounting to no less than 1,950 a day. 486,514 persons died, 1,196 a day, a number which, in a then smaller population, was exceeded in 1854, 1855, and 1859. The result of the year may be represented thus:—Among every ten thousand persons 215 died, and 350 new faces made their appearance. The most prolific population is found in the coal-producing districts of the North, in Staffordshire, and in the thriving ports on the Tyne and Wear.—*Times*.

TRANSMUTATION OF SEEDS.

A correspondent has written to us (*Mark Lane Express*), requesting information respecting the transmutation of oats into barley and rye, a statement on the subject having appeared in this journal some months since in a letter from a correspondent. We will first repeat the fact stated in that letter, and then endeavour to explain, as well as we can, the rationale of the phenomena, as deduced from the nature of the plant. It appears that a farmer in Huntingdonshire, having heard of the transmutation of oats into rye, resolved to try an experiment of the kind. He accordingly planted some carefully selected grains of oats singly in his garden, in the month of June. When they had shot up to a foot or a foot and a half in height, he cut them down. Fresh tillers sprang from the roots, and were again cut down when they had reached the same height. Other tillers again sprang up rapidly, and the cutting down was repeated the third time, after which, although a new set of tillers formed, it was too late in the season to be again cut, and they were allowed to take their chance for the winter. Some of the plants died, but enough of them survived to test the experiment. They shot up into ear at an early period; but, to the surprise of the farmer, instead of rye, the produce was perfect barley—rather thin, but by no means a bad type. This was sown the following spring, and yielded a good return, of a quality much better than the seed. So much, indeed, is the barley approved by both the farmers and the millers, that the experimenter has been able to sell all he grows for seed corn. We have now a sample of it before us, which we have shown to merchants and millers on Mark Lane, all of whom pronounce it to be an excellent malting kind. So much for the experiment, the truth of which the character of the gentleman concerned stands too high to admit of any doubt. We will now endeavour to explain the rationale of the case, and shall first show the cause of the oats remaining alive through the winter; and, secondly, endeavour to account for the change or transmutation it undergoes in such circumstances.

First, all the cereal grasses are what are called annuals, that is, they occupy an agricultural year only, in arriving at perfection. But as it is the nature of all plants to strive, we may say, to accomplish their fructification, if they are prevented from doing so by being cut down, the stem that is thus cut will die, but the root will make a fresh effort, by throwing out fresh tillers, to accomplish its mission; and as often as the cutting-down is repeated, the same process takes place, till it is too late for the plant to produce an ear, when its powers will lie dormant through the winter. Had the plants of oats sown in June by the experimenter in Huntingdonshire been allowed to ear the same year, they would have done if not cut down, they would of course have died. But not being allowed to fulfil their mission in that season, they kept on making fresh efforts, by tillering, to do so until the winter stopped the progress of vegetation. It ought to be stated that every tiller thrown out after the cutting-down was a new plant, under similar conditions to those from a fresh grain of oats; and this was the case after the third cutting. If they had been taken off from the parent root and planted, they would equally have grown, and perhaps more vigorously than when still attached to it; but this is a conjecture drawn from analogy, having never been tried in the case of oats, that we are aware of.

Secondly, with regard to the transmutation of the oats into barley or rye, we have said we will endeavour to explain the cause, there being no certain data upon which to base an absolute theory. We are but little acquainted with the relationship of the cereal grasses to each other, we have reason to believe, from historical records, that both wheat, barley, and rye are original plants—that is, being able to trace the history of the two first at least nearly four thousand years backward, we may conclude that they were originally created in the form we see them, adapted at once to the wants of man. But of oats we have no such record in history, and their origin is a complete mystery, nor have we any account of their first introduction into this country, or of their being first used as food either for man or beast in other lands. The transmutation referred to, however, seems to throw light upon the subject, and to point out the origin of oats to have been a part from other grain; and there is a passage in old Gerard's "Herbal" on the subject, which seems to justify this supposition. It is to the following effect:—"I think it a very fit thing to add in this place, a rare observation of the transmutation of one species into another in plants, yet none that I have read have observed it. Several grains of oats did grow in one ear of wheat, which I saw this year 1763, which was found by my very good friend Master John Goodley, a man second to none in industry in searching of plants, nor in judgment and knowledge of them. This ear of wheat was as large and fair as most are, and about the middle thereof grew three or four perfect oats, in all respects, which being hard to be found, I held worthy of setting down for some reasons not to be insisted upon in this place. The above is, we believe, the first instance, of the kind recorded in any work of natural history, and it is rather remarkable that botanists and other naturalists have not noticed it. But the fact is, nearly all of them have not only thrown doubts upon the facts that are from time to time brought forward, but some of the most eminent men in natural history have positively denied the possibility of such transmutations, and have imputed the cases adduced to misstatements of the parties asserting them. It was this incredulity of the savans of France and Germany that induced the Royal Agricultural Society of Bavaria to institute a series of experiments in order to ascertain the truth, and the result was a collection of facts that forced conviction upon the minds of all who read them, not only of the possibility, but of the certainty of such transmutations. It is said that the change of oats into barley is a circumstance of frequent occurrence in Norway and Sweden. If such be the case, it would be right for our naturalists to ascertain the truth of it, and to study well the conditions under which they occur; while it is quite possible other principles might be elicited on the subject of the relationships existing between plants of the same family, that the learned with all their philosophy have never dreamed of."

(In reference to this matter, we may state the fact of a similar transmutation to that recorded in old Gerard's "Herbal," having occurred the last season (1862) in this Province. We are informed that Mr. Hutchinson of Dorchester, Miramichi, who has had an ear of wheat grown on one of his farms with two grains of black oats, actually growing out of it, one near the base of the spikelet, the other near the apex. *Church Witness*.)