

**Agriculture, &c.**

**Hay Making.**

As the season for making hay is approaching, we will give a few words in advance. Don't dry your hay too much. Hay may be dried till it is as worthless as straw. As a good coffee maker would say, "don't burn your coffee, but brown it;" so we say, don't dry your hay, but cure it. Our good old mothers, who relied upon herb tea instead of "potheary medicine," gathered their herbs when in blossom and cured them in the shade. This is the philosophy of making good hay. Cut in the blossom, and cure in the shade. The sugar of the plant, when it is in bloom, is in the stalk, ready to form the seeds. If the plant is cut earlier, the sugar is not there; if later, the sugar has become converted to woody matter.

Hay should be well wilted in the sun, but cured in the cock. Better to be a little too green than too dry. If, on putting it into the barn there is danger of "heating in the mow," put on some salt. Cattle will take it none the less.

Heat, light, and dry winds, will soon take the starch and sugar which constitute the goodness of hay, out of it: and the additions of showers, render it almost worthless. Grass cured with the least exposure to the drying winds and searching sunshine, is more nutritious than if longer exposed, however good the weather may be. If over cured, it contains more woody fibre and less nutritive matter.

The true art of hay-making, then, consists in cutting the grass when the starch and sugar are most fully developed, and before they are converted into seed and woody fibre; and curing it to the point when it will answer to put it into the barn without heating, and no more.—Ohio Farmer.

**Mignonette as a Tree.**

Buy a pot of ordinary mignonette. This pot will probably contain a tuft composed of many plants, produced from seeds. Pull up all but one; and, as the mignonette is one of the most rustic of plants, which may be treated without any delicacy, the single plant that is left in the middle of the pot may be rigorously trimmed, leaving only one shoot. This shoot you must attach to a slender stick of white osier. The extremity of this shoot will put forth a bunch of flower buds, that must be cut off entirely, leaving not a single bud. The stalk, in consequence of this treatment, will put out a multitude of young shoots, that must be allowed to develop freely until they are about three inches and a half long. Then select out of these, four, six, or eight, according to the strength of the plant, with equal spaces between them. Now, with a slender rod of white osier, or better, with a piece of whalebone, make a hoop, and attach your shoots to it, supported at the proper height. When they have grown two or three inches longer, and are going to bloom, support them by a second hoop, like the first. Let them bloom; but take off the seed pods before they have time to form, or the plant may perish. It will not be long before new shoots will appear just below the places where the flowers were. From among these new shoots, choose the one on each branch which is in the best situation to replace what you have nipped off. Little by little, the principal stalk, and also the branches, will become woody, and your mignonette will no longer be an herbaceous plant, except at its upper extremities, which will bloom all the year without interruption. It will be truly a tree mignonette, leaving for an indefinite period; for, with proper treatment, a tree mignonette will live from twelve to fifteen years. I have seen them in Holland double this age.—Parlor Garden.

**Incombustible Wash.**

During the hot and dry season, serious accidents sometimes occur in consequence of the highly combustible nature of the materials used for roofing. Pine shingles, after being laid a few years, often become covered with a fine, short moss, which, when dry, is almost as easily ignited as punk, and a spark falling upon the roof, soon envelopes the building in a blaze.

To make a cheap wash for the roofs of buildings, take a sufficient quantity of good stone lime, and slack it carefully in a close box, or mortar bed, to prevent the escape of steam, and after slacking, pass it through a sieve. To every six quarts of this lime, add one quart of rock or Turk's Island salt, and one gallon of water. The mixture should be boiled and skimmed clean.—To every five gallons of this, add, by slow degrees, three-fourths of a pound of potash, and four quarts of fine sand.

Coloring matter may be added. Apply it with a common paint brush. A writer, in speaking of this wash, observes: "It looks better than paint, and is as durable as slate. It will stop small leaks in the roof, prevent the moss from growing over and rotting the wood, and render it incombustible from sparks falling on it. When applied to brick work, it renders the bricks utterly impervious to rain or wet, and endures a longer time than any paint I ever used. The expense is a mere trifle; in fact, scarcely deserving of mention."

The walls of out-buildings are frequently coated with this wash, as well as the roofs, and are thereby rendered much more durable. It is said that clapboards put on without planing, if coated with this cement or wash, last much longer than when planed and painted.

**HAY CAPS.**—A hay cap made of good twilled cotton cloth, worth nine cents a yard, well put on the cock and properly fastened, will keep out water during a heavy shower or through a storm of several days. A cap of such material will cost about 40cts., and a man can take along a hundred of them on a wheelbarrow. They need no oil or paint.—N. E. Farmer.

**GINGER BEER.**—Put two gallons of cold water into a pot upon the fire; add to it two ounces of good ginger bruised, and two pounds of white or brown sugar. Let all this come to the boil, and continue boiling for about half an hour. Then skim the liquor and pour it into a jar or tub; along with one sliced lemon, and half an ounce of cream of tartar. When nearly cold, put in a teacup full of yeast, to cause the liquor to work. The beer is now made; and after it has worked for two days, strain it, and bottle it for use. Tie down the corks firmly.

**Correspondence.**

For the Christian Messenger.

**Ministers' Health.**

DEAR BROTHER,—

A writer in the *Christian Messenger* of July 3rd. is very severe on ministers for destroying their health, by excessive labor. But there is another side to that question. I do not justify a minister for committing suicide in this way: but the great source of the evil lies in our system, and in the churches themselves. Under the old regime the churches would part with their ministers occasionally, for a few weeks to visit the destitute. But now those ministers are kept going around the old treadmill, from January to December without intermission. The consequence is, that the most promising of our men are being killed off, and the churches themselves are left in a worse state than before. I have now in my mind several of our best young men, who have had to leave important fields of labor, for which they were eminently fitted, had the churches for which they labored had any mercy on them. Some of them have become so emaciated that it will be a mercy and a miracle, if ever they are able to enjoy their wonted energy again. "A merciful man is merciful to his beast." I should be ashamed to drive a poor starveling horse. So as a church member I should be ashamed to take a promising young minister and work him down to a living skeleton, and be obliged to look into his ghastly countenance, and listen to the words of mercy, as they poured through his pallid lips, and drawing more than life blood from the vital energies of my pastor. We hear much about ministers freeing their garments from the blood of their hearers. But I fear that the blood of ministers adheres to the skirts of some of the churches. A church is often better able to judge of the failing health of their minister, than he himself is, and the eye of affection is quick to perform this duty. In the States it is customary in these cases, for the minister to receive a leave of absence, in order to visit Palestine or some distant part, and means to prosecute his travels, in which his physical energies are restored, and his mind enlarged by information, which when he returns he imparts to his people, and they are made doubly the gainers. It becomes a pleasing task for him to pour forth from a grateful heart his treasures of knowledge into the minds of an affectionate people. This is the way ministers are treated among our neighbours, but when did we ever hear of the like in Nova Scotia?—Again, when the churches are poor and unable to send their pastors abroad they give them a vacation of a few weeks in the heat of summer, at the end of which time those ministers return, with renewed elasticity and vigor. I know a western theological professor who solemnly charges his pupils never to settle with a church, without reserving six weeks for recreation in mid-summer. Moreover these ministers are expected to enjoy one day in seven as a day of physical rest. But here, though all things else are expected to have a Sabbath, the minister must be at the beck of his people every day in the week, and thus fifty two additional days out of the year are wrung out of his heart's blood.—But is this any real profit to them for whom he labors? The vacant place of many a minister removed prematurely to the eternal sabbath, answers with a hollow moan, as if from the sepulchre, "they rest from their labors." A happy thing for them, but to the church, and the cause, and perishing souls it is a sad loss. Nevertheless it is the inevitable result of our present system.

You will pardon me if I take the opportunity of stating the convictions of my own mind, that as a people we do not in this Province seem to understand our duty to the gospel ministry.—Honorable exceptions there may be, and their number I would charitably hope is increasing,

but my feeling—a feeling established by long and varied observation was above stated. If we do not come short of the gospel rule, we at least come short of the rules observed in other countries. How often when the faithful minister is suffering privation, is agonizing in study and in prayer for our souls, are we, instead of sympathizing with him, guarding his reputation, and praying for him, as we ought,—not only guilty of neglecting him, but even employing the tongue of scandal at his expense, and at the expense of the cause of God! True, a minister should endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. But while he is prepared to meet the hatred of the world, he cannot endure the cold neglect of his brethren in Christ. "For it was not an enemy that reproached me: then could I have borne it; neither was it he that hated me that did magnify himself against me; then I would have hid myself from him. But it was thou a man mine equal, my guide, and mine acquaintance, we took sweet counsel together, and walked unto the house of God in company." Ps. lv. 12—14.

God has made the obligation between minister and people clear and explicit, "Let him that is taught in the word communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things." Gal. vi. 6. And we beseech you brethren, to know them which labor among you, and are over you in the Lord, and admonish you, and to esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake." 1 Thes. v. 12, 13. Let the elders that rule well be counted worthy of double honor, especially they who labor in the word and doctrine. For the Scripture saith thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn! And the laborer is worthy of his reward." 1 Tim. v. 17, 18. Comment on these passages would be superfluous. They speak to the heart, and to the point, I anticipate the time when we shall all better know our duty and perform it. Yours truly,

Parrsborough, July 1861. M. E.

**Letter from the Holy Land.**

NAZARETH, May 20, 1861.

The traveller in Palestine never omits a visit to the river Jordan and the Dead Sea. So our party, equipping themselves for the tour, started from Jerusalem to visit these noted waters. A Syrian sun was just beginning to pour its burning heat upon the city when we rode by the Damascus Gate, crossing the Kedron, by the Garden of Gethsemane, and winding over the Mount of Olives, reached Bethany ere day fully set in. The village is a very mean one, and yet we could not resist the idea that the people were more courteous and pleasant, as they gave us water to drink, and we did not forbid the fancy that the kindly spirit of the loving family that once entertained in their humble but hospitable home the blessed Saviour, had fallen as a mantle of charity upon the present inhabitants of this little village.

The first day's ride brought us to modern Jericho. The road is as bad as it can be, the poor horses being unable to advance in some parts of it, at more than one or two miles an hour. It is literally "going down to Jericho," and in the wild passes of the mountains, and in the lonely valleys, one is constantly reminded of the robberies which have taken place in these dangerous places. On reaching the village, we drove by and visited the Fountain of Elisha, in which the prophet cast the salt which changed the character of the waters, so that they have been green to this day.

We found our tents, which had gone on before us, pitched on the site of Gilgal, famous in sacred history. The village of Jericho is close by, and we walked in. Of all the God-forsaken places that I have seen, this is the worst. The men frowned on us, and scowled at us as we passed; the children threw stones at us, and the dogs barked at us. Marks of nameless vices were visible in all directions, and shameful dissipation was apparent on every side. We were glad to emerge from the cluster of miserable tenements without broken bones. In the evening a company of half-naked women came and wished to dance for *backshish* in our large tent, but we drove them away, and nearly all night a crowd of boys made hideous noises at a short distance from our camp.

At daybreak we started for the Jordan. A brisk ride of nearly two hours brought us to the stream, into which we were glad to plunge. The turbid waters flowed with great rapidity, and for an hour we enjoyed the luxury they furnished.

A ride of another hour brought us to the dark Dead Sea. This sheet of water is awfully beautiful. Scarcely a ripple disturbed its surface; but a deep blue mist seemed to hang over it. The silence along the shore, the dreary banks, almost destitute of verdure, the peculiar formation of the cliffs, and the bitterness of the waters, all add to the peculiar feeling of oppression that almost all persons who visit this place have. A bath does not dissipate this strange sensation, and it is not until the mountains are reached and the bracing air felt, that we breathe freely.

Leaving the sea, we directed our course to the convent of Mar Saba, some hours distant. The sun seemed to burn through our garments into our flesh. Our guide had thoughtlessly neglected to bring water, and our baggage was some hours in advance of us; and as we drove on hour after hour, our bodies burning with the

strong effects of the Dead Sea bath, and our lips parched for want of water, we began to realise the sad condition of those who are left for days without drink. We started with songs that made the mountains ring, but as our throats became dry and parched the songs ceased, and even conversation was suspended—as we rode on as fast as the fearfully bad roads would allow. Even the threatening appearance of a band of Bedouins failed to rouse us to enthusiasm. The sight of the convent was most welcome, and we were glad to receive the welcome which the holy (?) men gave us. The convent of Mar Saba is a wonderful structure, built among the rocks, partly hewn out of the cliffs, and partly built up of hewn stone, forming together a unique and interesting affair.

The next day brings us to Bethlehem, the town where our Saviour was born. The approach to the place is exceedingly interesting, and we almost hear the songs of angels, as we fancy the shepherds on the plains the same as watched their flocks there of old. At the convent we were led into the Cave of the Nativity, and pointed to the spot where the Son of God was born. One who has seen how the people live in the caves of Syria, who has noticed the family and the cattle herding together in the sides of the mountains, can easily credit the stories told by these monks, for doubtless Mary and Joseph were driven to some such tenement as this for a shelter and a home. But to see the crosses, and lamps, and trinkets that are hung up in these places is disgusting. One sickens at hearing the nonsensical stories told by the monks, and turns with somewhat of indignation from the ecclesiastic who points to the place where Christ was laid after His birth, and to another place where He was washed, and all such stuff as that, as is retailed at these pilgrim shrines.

A short ride brings us to Jerusalem again, where the tents are pitched, and again we are looking down upon the sacred places so intimately connected with the dear Redeemer, on which all our hopes rest, and to whom we owe life and salvation.

The route from the Holy City, northward, brings us to Nabelus, the ancient Shechem, which beautifully lies nestling between Gerizim and Ebal, the mount of blessing and the mount of cursing. Few cities in Palestine are so finely located as Nabelus, but the inhabitants, Jews, Samaritans, and Greeks, are sunken and degraded. A Protestant church exists in Nabelus, connected with which are about fifteen families. The Scripture-reader of this church, placed here by Bishop Gobat, told us that in a village a short distance from Nabelus, ten families had renounced the forms of the Greek Church, and avowed themselves Protestants. The ancient city of Samaria lies about two hours' ride from Nabelus. We pass Jacob's Well as we go out of the Vale of Shechem. It is memorable for the interview of Christ with the woman of Samaria. The well is deep still, and one cannot stand beside it without being reminded of the particulars of that remarkable interview. There is the mountain to which the woman pointed, on which the Samaritan temple once stood, and where a wely now appears. We even seem to hear her words, as she endeavoured to turn Christ from the personal discourse on which He had entered, "Our father worshipped in this mountain, but ye say that in Jerusalem men ought to worship."—No Christian can stand and look upon that well unmoved, for it reveals one of the sweetest scenes of the Saviour's life. Near the well is what is called the "Tomb of Joseph," but the identity of the place is so doubtful that we linger at it but a single moment.

An hour's ride brings us to the ancient city of Samaria, once beautiful, but now suffering under the curse of God. Long rows of pillars and columns that yet remain standing show that they must once have encircled the entire city. Beautiful Samaria is now a heap of ruins. The boys came out and threw stones at us as we threaded our way through the streets filled with rubbish and filth. The declarations of God concerning that city are fulfilled, and a heavy curse rests over the place.

Soon we are at Jezreel, where Ahab built his palace and looked down upon the vineyard of Naboth with the eye of covetousness, and which he obtained through the wickedness of Jezebel, only to enjoy it for a few hours, and then perish miserably. We stand at ruined Jezreel and look back over the Plain of Esdrelon, and forward over the Plain of Jezreel, both of them fat with the blood of battle which has been dripping upon them for ages: crossing the stream at which Gideon's three hundred men stopped; winding round the base of Gilboa, we rode over the plain where once was heard that memorable cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon," we arrive at Shunem, where that good woman made a little chamber for the prophet in which he could rest in his weary pilgrimages through the land, and which is memorable for the miracle he performed in raising that woman's son to life.

Still beyond is Nain, at the gates of which Christ met that funeral train coming out, bearing the body of a young man, the only son of his mother, and she a widow. Nain will never cease to be a spot of interest to the Christian until the record of that miracle is obliterated and that touching scene is forgotten. Close by is Endor, where Saul went to consult the familiar spirit, and the haggard-looking creatures that still prowl around these filthy habitations remind us of the poor witch who was so affrighted by the sudden, solemn appearance of the prophet. The very cave in which the interview between Samuel and Saul took place is shown. Probably the interview took place somewhat near, and we might as well fix it at this cave as any where else.

Winding around the base of Mount Tabor, we reach Nazareth, where so many years of our blessed Saviour's life was spent. But a description of this place I must reserve for my next letter.—Cor. of Freeman.