

Agriculture, &c.

Praying for Rain.

We heard a dozen men complain, When Wednesday it began to rain; Just as before, when it was dry, They mourned a drought with many a sigh, And seemed most strangely to forget That water generally is wet; If all men's prayers were heard together, The world would have the queerest weather.

"My mill stands still—O Lord, give rain!" "My grain is down—O Lord, refrain!" "My corn is parched—Ah, Susan's bonnet— Don't let a drop of rain fall on it!" "Oh, not to-day, our washing's out!" "Roll up, ye clouds! I go for trout!" "The h-n's come off—the brood is drowned!" "Ah, let it rain my boat's aground!"

So, 'mid the murmurs of the world, The clouds like banners are unfurled; The rains descend, the bow is bent, The sky smiles clear, God's azure tent; Sweet springs and robins sing together, And rain or shine, 's pleasant weather; The sower's hopeful seed is sown, And harvest songs are always sung.

FRUIT TREES.

The Rural New-Yorker says, there is a practice among the Swiss and Germans of boring into the ground among the roots of fruit trees, with an instrument made for the purpose, and pouring in liquid manure to force the tree forward, and also to enable it to resist the drought in dry weather. I have practiced this for four years with some fine Seekel pears, in dry land, with good success. Avoid this after September 1st, as it will induce a second growth in the fall, which will be quite irregular, and very liable to be winter-killed. The instrument I use is the common iron bar, which can be driven in among the roots without injury. Take for a wash, as I buy no special manures, half to three-fourths of a barrel of water, four quarts of ashes, two quarts of lime, two shovelful of night soil—stir up well and pour into holes as made above, what the tree requires. Soap suds are capital for this purpose.

POULTRY.

The cheapest and most advantageous food to use for fattening every description of poultry is ground oats. The whole of the grain is ground to a fine powder; nothing of any kind is taken from it. When properly ground, one bushel of the meal will more effectually fatten poultry than a bushel and a half of any other meal. The greatest point in fattening poultry is to feed at day break.

TO ERADICATE SORREL.

If you have a field of sorrel that annoys you, plough it in the fall. Spread lime over it if you can, and harrow in the lime. Leave till spring unless you wish to sow in winter wheat. In the spring sow early, seed down with clover, from six to eight quarts to the acre. The lime will stunt, and if you put enough on, destroy your sorrel. The clover will take its place and that will be the last of your sorrel.

DISINFECTING AGENTS.

The best and most simple disinfecting agent known is chloride of zinc, which is made by dissolving zinc in muriatic acid, and is applied in a diluted state to foul and offensive drains, cesspools, &c. The sulphate of zinc, however, is nearly as good; is cheaper, and is more easily managed. It can be purchased at any druggists in the form of salt. A pound of it dissolved in two pails of warm water and thrown into an offensive cesspool will soon deodorize it. During the hot weather this disinfecting agent should be applied freely. Copperas (sulphate of iron) may be applied in the same manner, and for the same purpose. It is not such a good disinfectant as the chloride of zinc, but it is much cheaper.

HOECING CABBAGES.

We were recently in the garden of a friend, who is an early riser. On alluding to the vigorous growth and healthy appearance of his cabbages and cauliflowers, he remarked: "If you want good cabbages, you must hoe them every morning before five o'clock." This was intended as a gentle hint that he thought we did not get up in the morning as early as a good gardener should. But be this as it may, there can be no doubt that cabbages and all similar plants are greatly benefited by repeated hoeings.—Genevieve Farmer.

JACK KNIFE PHILOSOPHY.—Of the hundreds of men that I have employed, I never made a bargain with one for a month, without borrowing his knife; if he had one, and if he exhibited a soft one, just right for cutting tobacco, I passed him on to the next man. But if he showed me a knife with a good stout back, and a strong blade, three inches long, and hard, I never let him pass—for I found it a pretty good indication that he was neither soft nor green. If a pin was missing anywhere, or rake-tooth lost or broken, he would know just where to find some good seasoned timber, and how to make and put in a new one, and catch up with the crowd before they got at work. But the pewter-knife, wooden-headed chap, always had his wrong foot foremost, never could lay hands on anything without marring it, and never lived with me long enough to catch up.—Cor. Country Gentleman.

Correspondence.

[The following letter is from one of the oldest and most influential Presbyterian ministers in Nova Scotia. He would have sent it to another quarter, only that he thought the Editor would not admit it, and adds "It will not hurt your paper to admit it. You are not obliged to defend it, &c."]

To the Editor of the Christian Messenger.

The new scheme for Dalhousie College.

Clergymen in all ages have been the staunch friends of a sound education and it can scarcely prosper in any country without their assistance, they have carefully trimmed its fires in the darkest ages. Yet the new firm of Dalhousie College seem anxious to exclude the council of black-coats from its government, and intrust its management to a junta of laymen.

What the Presbyterian Church wants is chiefly a training school for the "sons of the prophets," and for this purpose she built our College at Pictou, and another in Truro. Many of her people will bestow in unloosing their purse-strings to maintain another College at Halifax. Some years ago the seceders struggled hard to get up a great university in Halifax, and they expected to be joined by other dissenting denominations; but they had seminaries of their own which suited their wants and they did not need it. Dalhousie College has existed nearly half a century. It has few attractions. The good to be done is all to come. It shall be some time before it becomes a bright pillar in the temple of science. A tranquil and retired valley is a more suitable place for a College, and more favorable for study than a bustling seaport town, where all the vices are assembled and where young men would be exposed to every temptation. The boarding would be cheaper, and the moral and religious atmosphere much purer. There is too little of a religious spirit in the Colleges which we have, and we can scarcely expect that piety would be referred to a brighter fire in a crowded city, particularly if we had a staff of Unitarian Professors. Unitarianism could not extend its influence to Mathematical lines, but it might act like a malignant mildew on the social circle. Literature without religion is of little value, and unenlightened learning has done much injury to the world. At the dedication of Cambridge College Cotton Mather earnestly prayed that it might be as free of heretics as Ireland was of wolves. The tree of knowledge is not good for food, unless sheltered with the tree of life. The more the Greeks and Romans advanced in science, the more they sunk in vice. They praised virtue but practiced the grossest vice. France was the most enlightened nation in Europe, yet they thought they could do without the Sabbath, and govern the world without God. The absence of religion, or the profession of a false one, degrades men; but the cultivation of piety elevates them. The want of a religious spirit in our literary institutions is a serious defect, which requires amendment.

LOWRIE TOD.

August 1863.

To the Editor of the Christian Messenger,

DEAR SIR,—

Knowing your columns to be always open to the "Nova Scotian abroad," I send you these lines respecting one of Nova Scotia's sons whose career, though short, I consider worthy of notice.

The late Col. WILLIAM H. KINSMAN, of West Cornwallis, N. S., was born July 11th, 1832, was mortally wounded whilst leading his regiment to the charge in the Battle of Black River Bridge, Miss., on the 17th of May last, and died of his wounds on the following day.

In his early youth he gave flattering encouragement to believe that his life would be one of activity and usefulness. Always in attendance at the Sabbath School and Bible Class, he early learned to respect the Sabbath and listen attentively to the instructions of his pious parents. Fond of reading and study, he devoted to them his leisure hours instead of wasting them in idle amusements, as too many do. And having read the entire Bible through five times before he was fourteen years of age, he drank deeply from that blessed fountain, and on its divine principles laid the foundation of his morality, integrity, and general course of life.

The principles of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks embraced by him in boyhood, grew up with him, and during life were acknowledged as a great safeguard from temptation and vice, and a strong recommendation to attention and confidence.

An extract of a letter from him whilst attending an educational institute in the State of New York says, "I rise early, drink neither tea, coffee nor spirituous liquors of any kind, nor use tobacco in any form. I know that I am better off without them and can learn more in one hour's study than most any morning-nap-

ping, tea and toddy-sipper of a student can in three.

His motto was, "Excelsior," and though a stranger in a strange land relying on his own resources, manfully did he combat life's fitful struggles, and the success of his aspirations was evidently, in a great measure, attributable to his temperance, morality and integrity. A subject well worthy the deepest attention of the youth of all classes.

Although he never made a public profession of religion, his numerous letters to his friends and his Journals kept on sea and land, breathe a strong christian sentiment, showing that he was evidently looking from nature's God and acknowledging Him as his guide and protector.

He left Nova Scotia in early manhood for the United States, where he some time worked at his trade, that of a carpenter. But his aspiring mind and brilliant genius soon loathed the monotony of the shop and for a time he went to sea, to recruit his health, then sought and obtained a situation more congenial to his inclinations in an educational institute where he acquired much distinction, particularly as an elocutionist. He then engaged in publishing a newspaper, and afterward went to Washington as special Newspaper Correspondent. He then commenced a course of legal studies and in the autumn of 1858 was admitted to the bar as an attorney and continued to practice until the breaking out of the rebellion, when his patriotism was aroused and he determined to buckle on his armour and face the foes of his adopted country. The accompanying extracts from the public Journals of his adopted state will shew the estimation in which his abilities and services were held there.

But O how humbling to human pride. God's appointed time comes and he falls—he now sleeps, "in his military suit," on the fatal field the wail of friends and the aim of war are alike unheeded by him. Nought but the trump of God will disturb his repose.

"That awful day will surely come," "The appointed hour makes haste."

He has gone, and left his friends sorrowing, though not, "as others which have no hope."

An extract of a letter from the Chaplain of his Regiment says, "He survived twenty-four hours, conversed freely with me and was perfectly willing to die, with a blessed hope of everlasting life. We mourn his loss, but our loss is his eternal gain."

Also in a letter from his partner in business he says, "That Col. Kinsman died a Christian. I can well believe. I know he had deep and serious thoughts on religious subjects whilst with me and thought seriously of making a public profession of religion." "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

W. NORRIS.

Cornwallis, August 19th, 1863.

"The Des Moines Register says: "Col. Kinsman entered the service as a private in Co. B., 4th Iowa Infantry. On the organization of the Company, he was elected Second Lieutenant, and when the Captaincy of the Company became vacant, he was promoted to that position by a unanimous vote. He was a participant in the battle of Pea Ridge, and by his bravery and skill as an officer, won the admiration of the Regiment. On the organization of the 23rd he received the appointment of Lieut. Colonel, and it was while the regiment was rendezvoused here that our citizens, without exception learned to respect and love him. On the death of Col. Dewey, he succeeded to the Colonelcy, and wherever he led his troops, exhibited the qualities of a capable officer and true soldier."

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well,"—patriotism the most pure and devoted, ebbed out with his life's blood."

From the Council Bluffs, Iowa, Weekly Non-Pariel, August 1:—

RESOLUTIONS ON THE DEATH OF COL. KINSMAN.—After the opening session of the District Court of Pottawattamie county, on Monday last, the following resolutions were introduced by Capt. Clinton, and after a remark by Mr. Bloomer were adopted by the unanimous vote of the Bar:

Whereas, Col. William H. Kinsman, a member of our Bar, fell mortally wounded while at the head of his regiment, at the battle of Black River Bridge, on the 17th of May last and died the next day, therefore,

Resolved, that we, the officers and members of the District Court of Pottawattamie county do cherish in lively remembrance, the memory of our deceased friend and associate; that we bear cordial testimony to his many virtues, as a friend, and a member of society, and of our bar, and we sincerely sympathize with his friends and relatives in the heavy loss they have sustained in his death.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered on the records of this Court and be published, and that a copy thereof be forwarded to the father of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of our respect for the deceased, that this Court do now adjourn.

For the Christian Messenger.

The South-eastern Shore of Nova Scotia, past and present.

DEAR BROTHER,

I have thought much of late about the destitution of the Eastern Shore. When I go back to the time that our fathers in the gospel travelled the shore from Halifax to Cape Canso, and compare the past with the present, I see a wonderful

contrast. Then the inhabitants were very scattered, but here and there a house, and quite poor and indifferent, but now in many places there are clusters of houses and in four places, little towns. Then our fathers had to climb over the rocks along the shore and ford rivers and sometimes lie on the cold ground at night. Now there are passable roads and bridged rivers, and lodgings for the missionary as he passes along where he will find the people remarkably hospitable and kind.

Sixteen years have past since I first came to the Eastern Shore, and I find there has been a very great improvement made in many respects since that time. I settled first at the mouth of the St. Mary's river, then I was under the necessity of leaving my waggon three miles from home, for want of a road to get it there. Now there is an express running every day in the week on that line of road. Then we had but a few school houses and indifferent. In the township now we have some new good houses and schools in them. Then we had but one Meeting house in the township, that is to say, a Baptist house, and that finished on the outside only, now we have three very good houses and the fourth has been talked about. But now notwithstanding the improvement that has been made in roads and bridges, meeting-houses and school houses, and in many other respects, people have learned to sin as it were with a cart rope. The tide of intemperance is running much higher now, and has been for the last year in the township than at any one time during the last sixteen years, and perhaps since the settlement of the place. Strong drink is slyly sold in different places in the township and I think that almost any amount of it might be obtained at Wine Harbour diggings. I do hope that the Legislature of the Province will take the matter into consideration and adopt some measure that will prevent its coming into the county, for it is one of the greatest curses that ever came into our land. I think there are a few good men at Wine Harbour, but for that few I fear it would sink, for it is a very wicked place. When we take into consideration the increase of population on the South-eastern Shore together with the bad morals introduced there by which the youthful mind is being corrupted and the coldness and indifference prevailing in our churches, it all goes to prove to us the greatness of the spiritual destitution of the Eastern shore. To get an understanding of the destitution we will take the whole range of shore, of I think 160 miles, from Halifax to the Strait of Canso, and in that distance I think there are 11 or 12 Baptist Churches some of them small, and but two ordained ministers. Now it will be seen that while the harvest is great the labourers are few. I believe there never was a time when a wider door opened on the South eastern part of the Province for Baptist preaching than there are at present. I beseech my brethren to hear the Macedonian cry, Come over and help us, and to respond to the cry. But it may be said we have not the means. I think if we get the right sort of men that the means will be forthcoming. Our fathers in the gospel did not enquire what are we to have, but they went forth trusting in the Lord. When they entered a house it was not to feast and joke with the youth, but to talk with them about their souls and comfort the mourner. They were men of deep-toned piety. Such then as they were we need at the present day, and the more of such men we have the more good will be done. I hope the Lord will restore dear Brother Porter to us again at Guysborough, and I look for the brother who is to become our county missionary, and I am glad that Brother Parker is coming to help us.

Yours in the best of bonds,
HENRY EAGLES.

St. Mary's, August 20th, 1863.

For the Christian Messenger.

MR. EDITOR,—Dear Sir,—Will you be kind enough to publish the following extract from the title page of a work, with which some of your readers might like to become acquainted.

Yours truly,
A. B. C.

"A Commentary by Martin Luther on the Epistle to the Galatians, wherein is set forth most excellently the glorious riches of God's grace, and the power of the Gospel, with the difference between the Law and the Gospel, and the strength of Faith declared to the joyful comfort and confirmation of all true believers, especially such as inwardly being afflicted and grieved in conscience, do hunger and thirst for justification in Christ Jesus. For whose cause, chiefly, this book is translated and printed, and dedicated to the same."

Slanders issuing from beautiful lips are like spiders crawling from the blushing heart of a rose.