

Agriculture, &c.

AT WHAT PERIOD OF MATURITY SHOULD WHEAT BE CUT?

Numerous trials have been made in this country, but particularly in England, to determine, at what period of maturity wheat should be cut in order to obtain the largest quantity of grain, and of the best quality. The result of all these tests that have come under our observation, have led to the conclusion that when cut before the grain becomes hard, or while it is still in what is termed the doughy state, it not only yields the greatest weight of grain, but the quality of the flour made from it, is whiter and better than that made from wheat that is permitted to stand until the grain becomes dry.

We could quote the figures that have accompanied the various reports on the trials to test this question, but as the experiments have been so frequently made, and with such uniform results, we deem it sufficient at this time to state the simple facts.

A very careful series of experiments were made of this character, some years since, in Yorkshire, England, by Mr. John Hannan, and he sums up the loss by shelling, and in the weight and quality of the grain, from letting it stand until fully ripe, equal to \$6 per acre, a sum or even half of it, which should not be lost sight of by the farmer.

Since the introduction of reaping machines, the wheat upon an ordinary sized farm may be cut within a reasonable time, and more generally at the period desired, which was not always the case when the reaping hook and the cradle were the implements depended on.

Upon the great western prairies where hundreds of acres of wheat are grown, upon a single farm, with a limited amount of labor at command, a new process of harvesting has within a few years been adopted. The grain is cut by what is termed "Heading machines." There are several kinds of these in operation, but all upon the same general principle. In cutting they leave the most of the straw upon the field. A wagon attends the cutter, into which the grain is delivered by the operation of an endless apron attached to the machine. The grain is immediately stacked from the wagon. With this process of harvesting which economy of labor seems to render necessary, the grain of course must be so fully ripe as to prevent any injury arising from fermentation on the stack, but it must necessarily be attended with very serious loss, owing to the fully ripened condition of the grain. This fact, when labor becomes more abundant, may lead to the universal adoption of the ordinary reaping machine.

OATS.

This grain is more liable to serious loss in harvesting than wheat, and too many of our farmers commit the error of letting the crop become too ripe. Besides the loss of grain sustained in the process of harvesting, the quality of the straw for feeding to stock, whether cut up with the grain, or after it has been thrashed, is greatly impaired.

It is true that oats when cut before fully ripe require more care in curing, as well as more time than wheat. Oat straw makes an excellent feed for stock, and it is worthy the attention of every farmer to see that it is cured not only in the best time, but in the best manner.—Albany Cultivator.

HOW TO MAKE CLOVER HAY.

Eds. Co. Gent.—To your truly valuable article on hay-making of 26th of June, allow me to add a little as the result of my experience. Clover should never be cut when wet either by dew or rain. My practice usually is to start the mower, say at 2 or 3 o'clock P. M., and cut until the dew falls.

If the sun is very scorching, I begin later in the day. This put into cock the next day, sometimes before noon, but oftener later, depending upon the weather and thickness of the grass, but always before the leaves get crispy. Some times I commence cutting as soon as the dew is off in the morning, and get it up the same day.

If the dew or rain falls upon the clover while it is green, little or no injury results from it if fair weather follows soon; but after clover is considerably dried, rain or dew cannot fall upon it without serious injury to the quality of the hay. P. F. B. Batavia June 25, 1853.

A NEW CHURN DASHER.

The Canadian papers speak highly of a new Churn dasher lately invented in that Province which is very simple in its construction, and might be tried by our farmers. The Montreal Gazette says:—

It certainly made butter in a remarkably short space of time. The arrangement is very simple. In place of the ordinary Churn handle, there is a tin tube of about the same dimensions, with a very simple air valve at the top. By the ordinary up and down motion of churning, air is forced into the milk or cream, so fast as to disturb it violently and cover the surface with bubbles. The result is that butter very soon comes—much sooner than by the ordinary process—at least, so the experiment yesterday demonstrated. Mr. Stephenson thinks that this Dasher must supersede all others, in that it will make butter from cream in five minutes, and from milk in twelve minutes.

THE FARM IS A MANUFACTORY.

It ought to be so regarded. The soil should be looked upon as bearing the same relation to the agriculturist, that any raw material does to the manufacturer of that specific raw material. It is the stock from which is to be wrought out the marketable product. What is put on the soil in the shape of seed, fertilizers, labour, should always be regarded, together with the interest on the money invested on the land, as going to make up the cost of the product of the article manufactured from the soil; and the farmer should know precisely what this cost is, and it should govern the price at which he sells his produce. Now, this is a very simple and self-evident proposition. It has been often repeated; and yet it has got to be told a great many thousand times more before the mass of farmers will appreciate its importance, judging by the ratio of their progress in this matter in the past. We refer to it now, and so often, because we believe it is as emphatically the basis of success in agriculture as in manufactures.

And we intend to repeat it until our readers who do business hap-hazard, and fail, shall understand how to go to work to find the leak that is sinking the ship.—Rural New Yorker.

NEW USE FOR COAL OIL.

Petroleum, or coal-oil, is gradually coming in to general use, not only for the purpose of illumination, but it is now applied in cases, and used for operations, in connection with which it has never hitherto been thought of. An assistant surgeon writing from Gettysburg, says:—"Will you allow me, as one alleviation of the horrors of the battle-field, to call your attention to the use of coal oil in suppurating wounds. As volunteer assistant, I received permission from the surgeons of the First Division of the Fifth Corps, Gettysburg, to use it in the most offensive cases. By its manifest utility, and the solicitations of the wounded, I was induced to enlarge its use, until I became satisfied that what cold water is to a wound in its inflamed state, coal oil is to it in its suppurating state, dispelling flies, expelling vermin, sweetening the wound and promoting healthy granulations. It can be used by any assistant of ordinary judgment with perfect safety, and to the great comfort of the patient. I have seen two patients, whose wounds have been dressed with it, asleep before I was through with the third."

A GOOD SUGGESTION IN REGARD TO THE OSIER WILLOW.—Mr. Breed, late editor of the New Hampshire Journal of Agriculture, who is considerably engaged in the cultivation of the Osier or basket-willow, suggested, in a conversation we lately had with him, that every farmer should have a patch of willows. He said he used them for binding grain, for binding up the corn-stalks in shocks, and as withes for fence-stakes, for all of which purposes he found them better than anything else. The suggestion is well worthy of attention. A small patch of willows which may in many cases occupy land that would not be valuable for other purposes, would furnish all the bands and withes a farmer would want, and with vastly less trouble than they otherwise could be obtained.—Boston Cultivator.

The service which ariseth from love is the only constant and lasting service. Love is long-breathed and will hold out and persevere, but fear is a flincher and will soon tire.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

The Fall of a leaf.

The following was found among the papers of the late Mrs. Preper, daughter of Mr. Thomas Soley. It is forwarded to us by her sister, who says "it seems premonitory of her own early passing away. I send them to you for insertion, believing they might be profitable to the young, and pleasing to her many friends."

"As a fossil in a rock, or a coin in the mortar of a ruin; As symmetry of outline in a statue, or exactitude of vision in a picture; So the symbol'd thoughts tell of a departed soul. And the mind that was among us, in its writings is embalmed."

'Twas evening! sweet, gentle, love-inspiring evening! the softening dews of Heaven had kissed the slumbering flowers; the gentle zephyrs whispered peace, as they glided in dreamy mournfulness, through the quivering boughs of the tall dark trees. As I passed beneath the shade of their protecting branches, I stood for a moment, pensive, while the departing rays of twilight shed their last faint gleam across the sombre hills, and the moon rose softly from beyond, and

mounted in her nocturnal career, while her very light rested coldly, yet sweetly, on all around. Fit place for reflection, and repose, thought I, gazing musingly upon the shadowy landscape spread out before me: sweet spot to soothe and calm the varied fluctuations of a troubled breast, to collect the scattered fragments of benevolence and love and invite the hidden sparks of poetic fire. As I stood thus musing, I observed a yellow leaf loose itself from its frail clasp, and fall with a gentle rustle at my feet, causing new ideas to flit across my dreamy imagination. The faint breath of evening, caused its tiny form to tremble and glisten in the soft moonlight, and as I gazed, a language of silent eloquence seemed wafted from it on fancy's pinions. I leaned my head against the stately trunk of the parent tree, and involuntarily exclaimed within myself, "sweet messenger to a perturbed spirit, thou hast fallen, but not unnoticed; nor shall the lesson which thou teachest last but for a moment. Though the bright hours that hastened thy birth, were those of rapturous effusion, though the blushing morn dawned in glowing extacy upon thy opening beauty, though the fair Goddess of the morning plumed her glittering pinions, soared above, and sweetly smiled, as she beheld thee; though the gentle muses deigned to greet thee with a touch as they passed, leaving thee to bathe in the radiant beams of a noontide sun, and bloom with thy leaflet sisters, yet brief was thy being! behold thou art fallen! The genial warmth of Heaven has ceased to give thee life and support! thy natal sky, which saw thee tanned by Summer breezes, now beholds thee fading, withering; the hour has come, when thou art sundered from thy companions to mix with kindred dust. But they will soon, ah, soon follow in thy dark pathway, and be trodden under the feet of those who are like unto thee; and the emerald verdure shall wave luxuriantly over them, and derive nourishment and support, from their fast decaying substance. Though the exhilarating gales of Summer caused thee to dance and flutter in joyous glee; while happiness seemed to flit from spray to spray; and the oriental dawn lent thee beauty, and tipped thy lustrous surface with the hues of the rainbow; yet the voluptuous dreams of youthful gaiety have flown; the golden links of mysterious, yet all conquering love, are snapped asunder, and thou, who of late basked in the pure sunlight of Heaven, art laid low! and thy comrades appear to bend in mournful sadness and bemoan thy fate. But why lament thee? Thy life, like unto theirs, has been but one swiftly gliding dream of felicity, thou didst float upon the soft breath of Summer as a banner, proclaiming to mortal that his days are but as the passing cloud, or the morning dew; that his frail bark may sink ere it reaches the long sought for port. When night spread her sable pall around thee, and the dark browed elements warred fiercely with thee, and the dashing rains of Heaven beat upon thee, and thy cowering form quivered in the surly blast, when strong hearts quailed to hear the rolling thunder break wildly over them, and see the forked lightning gleaming through the casement, yet the storm swept over thee in vain, and subsiding nature, beheld thee rejoicing in freshness and vigour. But thy hour has now come! thy career of life and joy has ended! and lo! while I here stand, and the elements are hushed into repose, I see thee fall, and the cold earth shall entomb thee forever in her dark bosom."

REBECCA J. SOLEY.

For the Christian Messenger.

Obituary Notice.

MRS. JAMES REID.

I have now the mournful task of sending to you a memoir of my beloved wife, who died on the first day of the present month in her 57th year. She was a sincere follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. Descended from pious parents, she was early taught the necessity of having a change of heart, and living in the fear of God. When quite young, she loved the Saviour and his people and became spiritually enlightened.—Twenty three years ago, the year in which I was ordained, she was united to me in marriage, and ever since she has been the best of all earthly friends. In all my labours and trials she endeavoured to strengthen and comfort me.—When I lamented my want of success in the ministry, she would remind me, that we did not know what good we were doing. When sometimes poor and needy, she would tell me not to fear, that the Lord would supply all our necessities. When about 17 years ago I saw it to be my duty to be baptized, being convinced as well as I, though very tender and delicate, she cheerfully obeyed with me the Lord's command. We were baptized by the Rev. Edward Harris in the river St. John, at Woodstock, N. B. After we united with the Baptist Church, we resided one year in Norton, N. B., nine years in Yarmouth, and six years in this church. In all

these places she manifested a humble faith in Christ and love to his people, which was shown by her delight in serving them whenever opportunity offered, and seeking the prosperity of Zion, especially the salvation of the young. In our social meetings she would often exhort them to embrace the Saviour. Her death was occasioned by taking a severe cold, which brought on various diseases. During her sufferings, which were very severe, she was patient and resigned, to the divine will. Though sometimes her mind became darkened, she could always trust in the Lord, and express the hope that he would not leave her. One day, about 3 weeks before she died, she was very happy, by having been able to realize the promise, "Fear not. I am with thee, I am thy God." After this manifestation of divine love she had no fear of death. She longed to depart and to be with Christ. As long as she could speak, she assured me, that the Lord Jesus was all her hope, that he was very precious to her, and that she expected to enjoy his glorious presence, immediately after death.—I most sincerely believe, that her ransomed spirit is now with the Lord, enjoying that eternal weight of glory, which he has promised to those that love him. I do not murmur, but I mourn. May the Lord sanctify my affliction and make me more devoted to his service. Mrs. Reid was buried in Onslow, at the North River; a comforting and affectionate discourse, was preached on the occasion, by my dear brother D. W. C. Dimock, before a large company of relatives and friends.—Communicated by Rev. James Reid.

Bass River, August 14th, 1863.

MRS. THOMAS CROW,

Relict of Thomas Crow, departed this life on August 13th, in her 87th year. She was a much respected inhabitant of this place and a sincere believer in the Saviour. She has left ten sons and daughters, to mourn her loss, and a large number of grandchildren. May the Lord support and comfort them, and enable them all to consider their latter end.

Portauipique.

Religious Intelligence.

FRANCE.—The event of chief interest in the religious history of France during the past month has been the publication of a "Life of Jesus," by M. Rénan, a distinguished professor of the University of France. This book, like the volume of Strauss, has excited a wide-spread interest, and become a theme of universal conversation. Fifteen thousand copies were sold in a fortnight; and a second edition is now being rapidly bought up. Men and women alike read it with eager curiosity; and neither the last romance nor the most popular play can for the moment compete with it. Jesus is represented as the greatest and best of beings who ever appeared on earth, but not as faultless; his divinity is denied, and his miraculous power and the great and solemn facts of his life are explained away, so that nothing is left by which men can aspire to salvation and heaven. Led away by popular enthusiasm, the Son of Man declares himself the Son of God, and thus makes himself the victim of the tragedy of Calvary.—The author of this unworthy theory has the faculty of graceful expression; but, it has been truly said, in seeking to substitute a purely aesthetic for a moral ideal, he has sacrificed all that is most beautiful in his subject. The "fair-haired Galilean" whom he portrays, "attracting men and more especially women by the animation and grace of his speech, by his contempt for the pedantic Pharisees, and by a broad and liberal piety which proclaimed the abolition or the inutility of all external rites"—this "feminine, enervated Christ, cannot bear comparison with that merciful Saviour who came to seek the lost." But it is not easy to say what may be the influence of this book upon a sceptical generation, and among the thoughtless and ignorant masses. If only it draw attention to neglected truths, and excite discussion and inquiry, it may prepare the way for a truer estimate of the Gospel. There is need of something to stir the indolent thought of the multitude, and to break the spell of that superstition which is always in close companionship with unbelief.

SPAIN.—Nearly thirty natives of Spain have reached Gibraltar, exiled and in destitution on account of their religion. Matamoros, whose name has been honoured to stand foremost amongst them, was prostrated by serious illness immediately after his arrival there, consequent on the rigours of his prolonged captivity. But he has since been happily enabled to visit this country, and to take council with friends as to the course best to be adopted by his countrymen. He himself will probably henceforth labour as an evangelist, under the direction of a French pastor, at Bayonne. It is proposed that the exiles should emigrate and establish a Protestant colony at Oran, in Africa, where there is a large Spanish Population, and where, under the French Government, liberty of conscience and of worship exists.

ITALY.—It is by contrasts often that we most clearly realise the advancement of the truth.—As regards the progress of the Gospel in Italy, a correspondent of Evangelical Christendom recalls how that, four years ago, there were men and women in Florentine prisons guilty of no other crime than that of having in their possession a copy of the Scriptures; and that Bibles at that time were brought into Leghorn, the seaport town, in small parcels, and were taken to Florence in ones or twos, and given to the converts as their wants required. "Now," he adds, "there are sixty colporteurs ranging, with