

Agriculture, &c.

THE LITTLE SEED CELLS.

How neatly all the seeds are laid Within the ripening pod; How carefully the cells are made: This is the work of God.

The lining is not harsh or rough, But soft, or polished well; Each little seed has room enough Within its tiny cell.

How carefully the sides are closed Against the winds and rain; For if he left the seeds exposed, They would not grow again.

There's no disorder anywhere In what my Father does; He condescends to make with care The smallest flower that grows.

So children who would learn from him, Neat habits seek to gain. Or they will waste much precious time. And do their work in vain.

RAISING BEANS.

The culture of field beans is the most simple of all farm operations. They should be planted upon dry soil to ensure air clean grain, as steamy land will mould the pods and cause blight. The small white bean is the best for market, the demand for which at the present time, for army uses, has raised the price to a high figure. For white beans the soil need not be very rich or very strong, though it is none the better for being poor. A clayey or shaly hill side we have found to be the best adapted to this crop. Clover or wheat land would be right; it was not so rich as to throw the crop all to stalks. Plow the field in low ridges, three feet apart, and plant on the ridges eighteen inches apart, leaving about three stalks to a hill; keep the surface well scratched and clear of weeds, during the fore part of the summer.—Ohio Farmer.

RAISING CALVES.

My plan was, if I were going to raise a calf not to allow it to suck the cow. It will learn to drink alone much easier. I have had them drink alone before they were twelve hours old. I like to have three or four to start at a time, and to start them a few weeks before pasture. After that, if they run where there is water, shade, and grass, they will want but little care until fall, when they should have shelter at nights, and a little hay, roots, or brewers' grain are excellent to feed them during the winter season, to keep them in a thrifty condition. By all means, keep them growing for the first three years, and, if heifers, do not allow them to have a calf until three years old, and you will have cows that, when your friends call, you will not be ashamed to take them to the barn to see your stock.—Germantown Telegraph.

FEEDING MEAL TO STOCK.

I believe there are many farmers who feed from four to eight quarts of meal a day to one beef creature, till they feed from seven to ten cut of meat to one beef, and who never slaughter an ordinary sized beef that yields upwards of forty pounds of rough tallow.

These farmers feed their meal dry. This is great waste. My practice in fattening beef and swine, as well as feeding cows for milk, has been to pour boiling water on as much meal as would not make the animal's bowels move too freely, at night and in the morning; when the mush is cool, give it to the cow or pig.

In covering the meal with boiling water in this way, the starch of the grain is dissolved, and the latent nutritive properties extracted, and the animal receives the entire nutriment of the grain.

I calculate stock do not, in eating dry meal, receive more than one half of the goodness of the meal. There is not action enough in mastication, or heat sufficient in the stomach of the animal, to extract and receive the entire and real sweetness of the grain.

Had I roots, I should feed them to my fattening beef. But not having any, I feed only meal and hay, and have fattened two ordinary sized cows, two years past, and to which I fed only three cwt. of meal each, and they each yielded upwards of forty pounds rough tallow. Once a week, I throw into the mush a little salt, and occasionally a tablespoonful of wood ashes.

My experience teaches me that one cwt. of meal, fed as described above, is equal to two cwt. fed dry. Try it, young farmer, and see if you can endorse this.—New-England Farmer.

A WORN OUT WHEAT FARM.

A reader of the Genesee Farmer asks "what is the best course to renew a naturally good wheat soil, which has been cropped almost to death?" The editor replies: "Sow less wheat and other grain crops, and more peas, beans, clover and root crops. Keep as much stock on the farm as possible, feed it well, and save and apply the manure. Cultivate as thoroughly as possible. Apply gypsum to the clover and peas, one or two bushels per acre." By root crops he means turnips, to be used for feeding stock.

A country paper, speaking of a person who is lecturing in order to get means to obtain an education, a contemporary says there are other professional lectures who should devote the proceeds of their lectures to a similar purpose.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Autobiographical Sketch.

By REV. CHARLES TUPPER, D. D.

EVENTS OF YOUTH.

No. 3.

Drunkenness is preeminently a parent vice, whose progeny may be justly denominated "Legion." To be preserved from the power of this monster evil, especially in a situation of peculiar exposure, is a blessing of inestimable value.

During the period of my youth, from 1804 to 1814, in the region where I resided the use of intoxicating drinks was nearly universal? It was generally thought that people could not treat their friends courteously if they did not furnish spirituous liquors for their entertainment. Among the most sober part of the community, at the raising of buildings, in haying and harvesting, &c., a plentiful supply of rum was deemed indispensable. I recollect hearing a maternal aunt remark, that her son-in-law was an extraordinary man—he certainly was at that time—for he drank no intoxicating liquors. She added, that she did not see but that he was as healthy, and did as much work, as those who used them. The practice of drinking in taverns was very common. Though some affect to deny the improvement resulting from the Temperance Reform, yet I well know that, in proportion to the number of inhabitants, intemperance was then much more prevalent than it is now. There is, however, still great need of energetic and indefatigable efforts for the extirpation of this ruinous vice.

While residing near Kentville, at the age of about fourteen years, an event transpired there which led me into a train of very serious reflections on this subject. An Indian became intoxicated, and was found the next morning under a fence dead, as the obvious consequence. I was present at his burial. There was much weeping at the grave; and the services were performed with great apparent solemnity. When the Indian who had officiated perceived that some of the white people were retiring, he called them, saying, "Stop, stop, my friends, we have got some rum. There is some water in it; but it is as sweet as if it was clear rum." A number of them returned and drank. The case of one man especially attracted my attention. From his appearance he must have been upwards of seventy years of age. He came up on one side of the grave, and held a tumbler over it, while the Indian stood on the opposite side, and poured in a large quantity of the inebriating drink, which was presently quaffed. The inquiry naturally arose in my mind, "Does not this man—do not these people—know what killed the poor man whose body has just been consigned to the tomb? How, then, can they endure the thought of swallowing the same deadly poison?" The whole scene was to me one of solemnity, instruction, and warning.

A statement has been already made, (Reminiscences, No. 2) relative to the impression made on my mind by my dear mother's prayer for her intemperate brother. Subsequent events with reference to the same case tended to deepen that impression.

Under the influence of intoxication my uncle enlisted as a soldier. His freedom was obtained. The same thing, however, occurred again shortly afterwards. His friends then concluded that it was useless to proceed any farther in attempting to effect his release. When he had remained some years in the service, he took another bad step by deserting. After many hardships and perils, he reached the United States.

He seems, however, to have still retained some affectionate regard for his family and friends. Availing himself, therefore, of the amnesty which was granted in the fiftieth year of the reign of King George the III, in 1810, he returned to them. He seemed to be a reformed man. His amiable wife consented to live with him again; and they commenced house-keeping anew. My mother visited them, and was delighted with the interview enjoyed, and with the cheering prospect of the future.

Ere long she made her beloved brother another visit. But, alas! there were then no Temperance organizations, to afford an asylum to the penitent inebriate, and to cast a shield around him. Drinking usages were general; and the vicious habit early formed had regained its ascending over its unhappy victim. He was in a state of intoxication; and it was ascertained that he had a bottle of rum concealed. On my mother's speedy return home, before she uttered

a word, the deep anguish depicted in her countenance clearly revealed the melancholy fact. Her fond hopes were blighted, abiding sorrow filled her heart, and her health suffered greatly from this sad reverse. Her darling brother became a wandering outcast, and source of continued grief.

Some time after this, while my mother and I were conversing one evening, reference was made to a case in which a man had recently perished in a state of drunkenness. She remarked, "I know that Divine grace could support me under any thing; but it does seem to me, that if I were to hear that my brother Thomas had died in that way, it would kill me." It was with difficulty that I refrained from screaming through perturbation; for I had heard, and supposed it to be true—that he had died in precisely that manner. I carefully turned my face from her, lest she should read in it the painful tidings. The report proved to be incorrect; but when, where, and how he did subsequently end his days, I could never learn.

Happily for me such scenes served as beacons, to warn me of the danger of contracting intemperate habits. As total abstinence was scarcely named, excepting that occasionally an inebriate, finding himself going immediately to ruin, would bind himself to abstain for a set time, I did not entirely refrain from using intoxicating drinks. I was in a great dread of becoming a drunkard. This did not arise from any inclination to drink; nor from a desire to associate with tipplers. But I perceived that many persons who were once temperate, had proceeded from moderate drinking to actual and habitual drunkenness; and it was evident to me, that I was liable to be caught in the snare. Though from a mistaken view I deemed it needful to take a little liquor on some occasions, yet I cautiously avoided the common tipping habits. I would gratefully acknowledge the preserving care of the Most High, that, prevalent as was the vice of intemperance during the early part of my life, and numerous as were the temptations by which I was surrounded, I was never intoxicated, in the ordinary sense of the term; nor did I ever call for spirits in a public house.

Persons who now become the victims of this detestable vice, alike destructive of their temporal and their everlasting welfare, with the numerous friendly cautions and faithful warning given them, and the excellent safeguards with which they are encompassed, are peculiarly inexcusable; and dreadful will be the condemnation both of them, and of those who are in any way accessory to their ruin.

ERRATA.—C. M. April 29th, p. 133, Events, &c. No. 1. line 25th, for "required," read acquired; l. 17th from bottom, for "require," read acquire.

For the Christian Messenger.

The Catechism Question.

DEAR BROTHER,

With reference to the question of catechisms, recently discussed in your columns, I beg to say that in my opinion the utility of that mode of teaching is very doubtful. It is scarcely ever adopted now in educational institutions. Good text-books, connected with oral instruction, are generally preferred. I cannot see why a method which is commonly discarded in education should be preserved in religion. There is this additional objection—that certain technical phrases, not always correct, and seldom adequate, are stereotyped in the mind, and the truths to which they refer are ever afterwards contemplated in connection with human phraseology, beyond the range of which the individual fears to go, lest he should be accused of unsoundness.

If, however, it be considered desirable to furnish a short catechism of christian truth, to be used in our Sunday Schools, I would advise that it be prepared for the express purpose—that the technicalities alluded to be entirely avoided—and that it contain a very general abstract of the history and principal doctrines of christianity. It does not appear to me that any of the existing catechisms are suitable. They are all based on that of the Westminster Assembly. But while our views of bible truths agree generally with those propounded by the Assembly, there may be considerable difference of opinion with regard to the relative importance of those truths, and the method of arrangement; besides which it is not to be imagined that the modes of thought and expression peculiar to the seventeenth century are adapted to the nineteenth.

There are other, and perhaps more pressing wants. A Manual of Theology, for the use of all the younger members of our churches, and a Compendium of Church History, on New Testament principles, would be very serviceable. Brother D. W. C. Dimock has alluded to the latter. Yours truly, J. M. CRAMP.

May 16, 1863.

For the Christian Messenger.

"Can a mother forget?"

"Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee. Behold, I have engraven thee upon the palms of my hands."

H— was far away from home. Though he was not very old, it had been years, since by providence, he had been called away from his father's house. He had become almost a stranger to a mother's care and a sister's smile. For some months, he had been wading through deep waters of trouble. His heart was bleeding from the wounds of slander, and he keenly felt the venomous sting of falsehood; and that too among strangers. Was not this enough to make the heart and life bitter? He had gone up several flights of stairs, entered his chamber, closed his door, and laid himself upon his bed; but not to sleep, until he had awhile lamented over his sad fate. Night had thrown her black pall of thick darkness around, and about his open window, the hollow winds were chanting a mournful dirge, as if conscious of his pain. Suddenly, memory carried him back to the days of childhood. He saw himself a child, pouring into his mother's bosom, his heart full of aches and griefs; and what a deep response, it used to give to every tear, to every woe! Was there ever a sorrow her kind looks, and words could not heal? Ah! mother was indeed a care-all. And her heart was still the same, for "can a mother forget?" What tears would she shed, if she knew the present burden of her child: how would she bend the knee in fervent prayer to God—for there are heart words in a mother's prayer. And it would be sweet indeed, to him, to have her come to his bedside, as she was wont to do in boyhood; and looking like an angel, as she laid her hand upon his fevered brow, speak so tenderly. But it cannot be. She must not, she cannot know this trouble. Motherless, he must be for once; he must weep out this sad night alone. But is there no one to care for his soul? "Yes," said an angelic voice amid the darkness,—"and hovered not angel there? Was it not a voice from the 'spirit land,'"—"Yes, thou hast a Father in heaven, to whom thou art dear as the 'apple of the eye.' All is known to him." Known? Aye, felt; and that with such sympathy, as earthly parents never know. No grief is too small, no sigh too faint, to be recognized by his more than motherly care. O who can know the tenderness of our Father in heaven, while he chastens those whom he loves. For is not every thing, after all, in the life of his children, his own wise providence? And "the cloud that veileth love itself is love."

Here, H— had a soul overwhelming view, of the "loving kindness," and tendersympathy of his Father in heaven. The words of our text came again and again, like a precious cordial to his heart. "Can a mother forget?" how can it be? Well, admit it if you can, yet "saith the Lord," though "they may forget, yet will I never forget thee." His heart melted with gratitude, his eyes flowed with tears, but O what tears! what tears of joy! He wept himself to sleep, resting by faith in his heavenly father's arms, and like John, upon his Saviour's bosom, while he heard from the lips of his own dear Jesus, "Fear not, for I am with you alway." L.

A. C.

For the Christian Messenger.

Bible Class Essay.

1st CORINTHIANS VIII. 5.

The Corinthian church was composed of converts from idolatry. Corinth was a flourishing city of Greece, and situate on an isthmus that separated the Egean from the Ionian Sea. This city was visited by St. Paul about the year 52 as a Christian missionary. Being the Lord's chosen vessel to bear his name before Gentiles and Kings, he was instrumental in turning many from idolatry to serve the living God.

It is quite evident that the greater part of those thus turned to God were of the poorer and more ignorant classes, though some were of the wise, the mighty, and the noble, see chap. i. 26. About 4 years after this church was organized this 1st Epistle was written by the Apostle Paul. It appears that false teachers had been there, and had excited strong prejudice against him. The main design of this letter seems to be a vindication of his ministerial character—and to give various rules, suited to their peculiar circumstances, temptations and faults. In considering the question observe

- 1st. That this church had only just emerged from idolatry. 2nd. It was made up of the various grades of