

Agriculture, &c.

TEN RULES TO BE OBSERVED IN MAKING BUTTER.

In making good butter, there are several nice operations to be gone through with, which require an eye to cleanliness, forethought, and some little experience.

1. On milking clean, fast, yet gently, regularly twice a day, depends the success of the dairyman. Bad milkers should not be tolerated in a herd; better pay double the price for good ones.

2. Straining is quite simple, but it should be borne in mind that two pans, about half full each, will produce a greater amount of cream than the same milk if in but one pan; the reason of this is the greater surface.

3. Scalding is quite an important feature in the way of making butter in cool weather; the cream rises much quicker, the milk keeps sweet much longer, the butter is of a better color, and churns in one-half the time.

4. Skimming should always be done before the milk becomes loppered; otherwise much of the cream turns into whey and is lost.

5. Churning, whether by hand or otherwise, should occupy forty or fifty minutes.

6. Washing in cold soft water is one of the preserving qualities of butter, and should be continued until it shows no color of the milk by the use of the ladle; very hard water is highly charged with lime, and must in a measure impart to it alkaline properties.

7. Salting is necessarily done with the best kind of ground salt; the quantity varies according to the state in which the butter is taken from the churn—if soft, more; if hard, less; always taking the taste for the surest guide.

8. First working, after about twenty-four hours, is for the purpose of giving the butter greater compactness.

9. Second working takes place at the time of packing, and when the butter has dissolved the salt, that the brine may be worked out.

10. Packing is done with the hands or with a butter mull; and when butter is put into wooden vessels, they should be soaked two or three days in strong brine before using. After each packing, cover the butter with a wet cloth, and put a layer of salt upon it; in this way the salt can easily be removed at any time, by simply taking hold of the edges of the cloth.

Butter made in this way will keep any length of time required.—J. C. Adams, in Genesee Farmer.

TIME FOR CUTTING FLOWERS.

Flowers should not be cut during sunshine, or kept exposed to the sun; neither should the flowers be collected in large bundles and tied tightly together, as this invariably hastens their decay. When in the room where they are to remain, the end of the stalks should be cut cleanly across with a very sharp knife, (never with scissors,) by which means the tubes through which they draw the water are left open so that the water ascends freely, which it will not do if the tubes of the stems are bruised or lacerated. An endless variety of ornamental vessels are used for the reception of such flowers, and they are all equally well adapted for the purpose, so that the stalks are inserted in pure water. This water ought to be changed every day, or once in two days at the furthest, and a thin slice should be cleanly cut off from the end of each stalk every time the water is removed, which will occasion fresh action and revive the flowers.—Water, about milk-warm, or containing a small quantity of camphor, will sometimes revive decayed flowers. The best method of applying this, is to have the camphor dissolved in spirits of wine, for which the common camphorated spirits of the druggists' shops will be quite sufficient, and to add a drop or two of this for every half-ounce of water. A glass shade is also useful in preserving flowers; and cut flowers ought always to be shaded during the night, and indeed at all times when they are not purposely exhibited.

POTATOES.

A correspondent of the Cultivator thus sums up his experience in growing the potato: "I have arrived at the conclusion that cultivators need have no fear of the rot, if they will, firstly, avoid old and worn out varieties, and plant only new and vigorous kinds, those lately derived from the seed. Potatoes require a dry gravelly, or sandy soil, and will do well even on a rich loam, if thoroughly drained, but I have never known of a good potato to be raised in hard clay."

HAY-MAKING.

Hay is too often delayed until the grass is over-ripe. Cut grass and clover when just passing out of bloom. If left later, much of its nourishing substance is converted into woody fibre of little value for feeding. Mowing machines, horse-rakes, and horse pitchforks, will be of great service during the present year of scarce help. They will pay on all farms where there is much grass to cut. Hay caps will in most instances pay for themselves in a single season. They not only save much damage from rains, but by their use grass can be cured without deterioration from dew, and kept uninjured until hauling can be conveniently attended to. A good barometer will also be of great service in determining when it is safe to eat largely.—American Agriculturist.

PUMPKINS.—A few seeds planted here and there in the corn-field, or elsewhere, will in a favorable season, yield a large amount of food for stock, without much injury to the corn.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Autobiographical Sketch.

By REV. CHARLES TUPPER, D. D.

EVENTS OF YOUTH.

No. 5.

Imitation is natural to mankind. Under proper restrictions it is highly serviceable. But there is in some persons a strong propensity to mimic, by way of sport and derision, those in whose speech, appearance, or manner, there is anything peculiar or defective. This is an evil, which should be carefully avoided. Individuals who are, by the kindness of Providence, exempt from such defects, ought to be grateful for the favor conferred upon them; and they should never divert themselves or others at the expense of those less favored.

This lesson was early instilled into my mind. Moreover, I was never disposed to be a servile imitator, much less a mimic. Probably I did not possess an aptitude for it. A case, however, in the circle of my youthful acquaintance tended to put me on my guard against this pernicious practice. The youth to whom I refer was unquestionably an adept in the business. He was almost incessantly mimicking some person. To such excess did he carry this, that it would have been nearly impossible for any one to mimic him; for it could hardly be ascertained what was his natural voice, appearance, or manner. His excessive indulgence in this objectionable course rendered him contemptible.

I remember to have been told in the days of my youth, that it is dangerous to imitate one who stammers or stutters, as this may subject the mimic to the same calamity. To some this may appear superstitious; but I have known it to be strictly verified. A credible young man on Prince Edward Island, who belonged to a respectable family, informed me, that he had formerly no impediment in his speech, but a man who stammered badly came to buy sheep of his father; and he mimicked him, and presently himself became an incurable stammerer. When he with difficulty made this statement to me, he had just been attending the instructions of one who professed to cure persons so afflicted; but had derived no benefit. Let the young endeavor to profit by imitating what is good and pleasant; but carefully avoid the ungrateful and dangerous practice of mimicry.

Profane swearing is evidently a most presumptuous and Heaven-daring sin. Against this my youth was happily guarded both by precept and example. The hearing of it filled me with horror. I recollect an instance in which I was sent with a man who was about to tarry a night at my brother's house, to shew him where to put his horse. He swore so shockingly at the beast, that it actually seemed to me as if the barn was coming down over our heads. In another case I heard a man at Kentville use such awfully profane expressions, that it appeared to me the earth would open and swallow him up. I instinctively started from him, lest I should perish by reason of being near such a bold blasphemer.

I never contracted the habit of swearing profanely in cool blood; and I do not think any person ever heard me utter a profane word, excepting three or four boys in one instance, when I was under the excitement of anger. It is, however, a melancholy and humiliating fact, which candor obliges me to acknowledge, that, being naturally of a passionate and hasty temper, when I was at work where no mortal could hear me, and things went contrary to my wishes, I sometimes gave utterance to wicked words. The last and most presumptuous instance of this kind demands particular notice, especially as there will be occasion to advert to it in a subsequent part of this Sketch.

My father's intervals, which lay on the North side of Cornwallis River, nearly two miles West of Kentville, was very low, and quite subject to be overflowed by freshets, especially at the time of high tides. In anticipation of this I was engaged alone, in preparing a stage on which some hay was to be stacked. For this purpose I had to carry poles some distance. Being anxious to do much work in a little time, I attempted to take several poles on my shoulder at once. As these occasionally hit against alder bushes, and tipped different ways, while great heat oppressed me, I became exhausted, perplexed, and irritated. Under these circumstances I began to swear. It presently occurred to me, that I must be a fool. There was no person, nor even a beast, to displease me. Why, then, should I be angry? Immediately my

heart rose up in open rebellion against my Maker for having made me such a fool; and I proceeded, as if in defiance of the Almighty, to utter blasphemous expressions.

Presently upon this the most fearful terror and despondency seized me. I naturally concluded that in all probability I had committed the unpardonable sin; and consequently that my doom was for ever sealed. No other sin ever caused me such disquietude and alarm as this did. Often have I wondered—I do so still—that I had not been struck dead, and sent to hell at that moment.

When I came to reflect on this fearful scene, I felt impressed with a sense of the folly of yielding to rash anger. By this I have, indeed, sometimes since then been betrayed into indiscretions; but in general I became more guarded from that period. Though fiery darts have often been injected in to my mind, yet I am not aware of having ever uttered a profane word from that day to the present. The anguish and dread endured in consequence of this presumptuous transgression are indispensable. With deep dismay did I, times without number, repeat the following alarming text, as applicable to my own case, "There remaineth no more sacrifice for sin, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries."

I would, from my own painful experience, affectionately and earnestly entreat every youthful reader to guard sedulously against the indulgence of anger; and especially ever to remember the solemn and awful declaration, "The Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain." It may be suggested that I obtained forgiveness. I do indeed hope so; but even since I have entertained this hope alarming apprehensions have frequently assailed me, that God had in His just displeasure suffered me to be deceived with regard to my acceptance in Christ, in consequence of this awful act of rebellion. It is a most hazardous thing to presume on the mercy of God, and hence to take encouragement to sin against Him. Let every one who has ever indulged in profanity, immediately abandon this fearful crime, and earnestly seek forgiveness through the atoning sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ, whose blood cleanses the penitent from all sin.

For the Christian Messenger.

Love.

The theme of every class, and every clime. It hangs on the novelist's lips, it flows from the poet's pen—the school girl dreams of it. Yet few are blest with its knowledge, and its holy light illumines but few hearts.

The love of the world soon passes away, the bright light of passion may dazzle for a moment; then turn to indifference and hate. But the pure love revealed to us in the Bible envieth not and is kind; it grows brighter and fastens more strongly its tendrils around the heart as dark clouds gather. It sheds its steady lucid light down the dark path of life and follows us to the valley of death, nor leaves us there. Its origin is heavenly, and thence we have to turn to see its full development—"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." This is the essence of love. An injured God giving the Son of his love for the rebels who justly deserved eternal death, sunk in misery and crime, with no power to help ourselves; no eye to pity—no arm to save. He bestowed his love upon us; tore our griefs, carried our sorrows; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed. He paid the debt we owed to God, died on the cross, that we might live in glory. "For it is not yet appear what we shall be, but we shall see him as he is, and be like him." Raised from degradation to be heirs of glory, kings and priests of God. O the love that shines forth from the cross of Christ! Christian draw near and feel its influence. Let it enter your heart to disperse every dark cloud of unbelief, to solace you in the hour of trial, when the world looks drear, and your heart and flesh almost fail. Hear that Saviour saying "Mine is an unchanging love." He loves you now poor sorrowing one, sunk perhaps in poverty, just as much as he will when you have left that tattered garment and received in its place a robe of righteousness, a spotless dress, bearing in your hand a golden harp, and having that now aching brow circled with a crown.

"Crown of glory, bright,
Which shall new justice boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems,
Shall blend in common dust.

And poor sinner what can I say to you?—
Can you resist this loving Saviour as he cries,

"Son, give me thine heart." "O look unto him and be ye saved." "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ."

Come weary one rest in his love. Christ said to his disciples "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you." Can we fathom the love of God to his only Son? Neither can we fathom the love of Christ to us. "Our love is but the reflection—cold as the moon; His is as the Sun." Shall we refuse to love him, who hath first loved and so loved us?

M. B.

July 2nd., 1863.

For the Christian Messenger.

The following fraternal letter from the Rev. John Sprott, an aged Presbyterian minister at Musquodoboit, to the Rev. George Dimock, of Newport, is forwarded to us for publication. From the closing lines it may be supposed that we have had some doubt whether our compositor has altogether correctly rendered it. We have done the best we could. Should there be any inaccuracies, this must be our apology. We hope our aged friend himself will be able now to read it more readily than when in manuscript.

Manse of Musquodoboit, June 15, 1863.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

I have seldom met with you of late years. Both our heads are whitened with the snows of age. We must soon leave this wilderness and I hope, through the merits of our Redeemer, meet in that happy land where care and sorrow are unknown. We have been permitted to linger at the altars of religion, while our early faithful fellow-labourers have been promoted to the service of a higher temple and a purer worship. It seems to me like yesterday since you were ordained to the ministry at Newport. Forty-five years ago I spent a Sabbath with your brother at Chester,—the venerable Joseph Dimock. I thought myself very near heaven when in such good company, and he seemed much pleased to find the spirit of the Puritans among the Scottish clergy. I was on the best of terms with Messrs. Manning, Locke, and other Baptist ministers. The longer I live I feel more inclined to cultivate friendly relations with good men of different churches.

My Dear Sir, We have lived in an age of progress and improvement, and more has been done for the glory of God and the good of man within the last sixty years than has been done since the days of the apostles.

Mountains have been levelled and vallies elevated. Gigantic steamers stream the ocean and make it the highway of nations. The wires imitate the prerogative of the Almighty and give us the news of distant countries. The gospel has swept down the altars of paganism in many lands, and has established in their room Christian churches. It has withdrawn the minds of men from barbarous shows and licentious festivals, and made them feel the powerful attractions of the cross, and the obligations of a holy life. We are still expecting greater changes when Africa and India shall yield to the victorious arms of Prince Messiah. The Pope is on his last legs and has lost his temporal power. Mahomedanism is trembling for an existence, and Constantinople is perishing for want of Turks. We live in the last age of the world, and near the long protracted glory of the Millennium, and at whatever time we leave the world we shall leave it in a better condition than we found it. We are not what we ought to be in Nova Scotia. Ah; how imperfect and how sinful. We have not reached the heightened morality and fervent piety which ought to distinguish true believers and serious christians. Yet I hope that the stream of christianity is much broader since you and I entered the ministry. I wish I could say that it is deeper. I think that we are better neighbours and kinder friends. You may recollect that when I appointed a day of thanksgiving for the good harvest in Newport, you and some of your people attended. Good manners required that I should ask you to take a part in the service. At this a bitter body from Rawdon started up and left the Church. We were ashamed of him, but we had this consolation when he cleared out—we had fewer fools behind.

The tendency of present times is union among Christians. Union is strength—it is beauty, it is like Mary's box, it filled the house with the sweet odour of the ointment. It is scarcely to be expected that in the best of times we shall be perfectly united in every thing, but we may unite in all that is essential to faith and holiness. Different regiments have different feelings in that government who all belong to the same army. The distance between religious parties