

THE HEART OF THE HENLOCK.

I held in my hand a little dry tree—an infant hemlock. Had it lived a century, it might have towered up above all the forest, and held up its head in majesty.

"Poor fellow! if you had all these limbs and knots to support, I don't wonder you died." "And with my roots, which were my mouths with which to feed, all cut off, too!"

"Where is that?" "I am pretty much like you men! Find out where my ugly limbs come from, and you will find where all human sins come from."

Suppose I had found the little tree alive in the forest, and had said to myself, "Now this is a straight, beautiful little tree, and I want to make it perfect, without any limbs or knots."

There is my young friend, Miss Holiday, so beautiful in person, so fresh in youth, so joyous in spirit, so kind and warm in her sympathies—it seems as if the silk handkerchief might rub off all that is unsightly about her.

And there is the child, saying her prayers when it is dark, and forgetting them when the morning light returns—why do we take her into the Sabbath school, and teach her, and look at her with so much interest, and ask Christ to bless her so earnestly?

And for this reason, in the Sabbath school monthly concert, and in our daily prayers, we remember our dear children, and pray to God to give them "a new heart and to renew a right spirit" within them—convert them.

I carried that heart of hemlock to my study, and many have been the solemn thoughts I have had over it. It has been a teacher to me, and may I not hope it will be so to every dear child that reads these lines.—John Todd, D. D.

ANOTHER KIND OF SURPRISE.

While our exchanges contain many "cards" from pastors and their wives acknowledging "surprises" and "donations," we find in one of these the following:

A CARD.—"We, Peter the Itinerant and his wife Patience, desire to inform the world through your columns, that on a certain night, when our flour was nearly empty, our pockets minus greenbacks, and our hearts sad and lonely, we were greatly surprised that nobody entered our house to fill the barrel, replenish our pockets, or cheer our hearts."

The occasion was one of deep interest to us, and prayed for God for sustaining grace. Humboldt, recently. "Peter the Itinerant and his wife Patience" are two of many. There are many preachers whose houses "nobody enters" to fill the empty flour barrel, or replenish the pocket with green-

backs. It would not be strange if there were some of that class in the Oregon Conference. We have known a preacher cut his buckskin purse into strings to "whang" up his broken saddle, because he had no other use for it, and the next day took meekly a lecture on the worldliness of ministers from a member of the church worth ten thousand. The original "Peter the Itinerant" has a good many successors. If a stray rat looks into his flour barrel it immediately runs away for fear of starvation.

Brothers, does "Peter the Itinerant and his wife Patience" live on your circuit?—Pacific Christian Advocate.

Agriculture, etc.

VALUABLE TABLE.

The following information gives the number of seeds in a given quantity, and space they will sow:

One ounce of parsley seed has in it 16,300 seeds, and a quarter of it will sow a drill sixty yards long.

One ounce of salmon radish seed contains 1,850 seeds, and will sow broadcast a bed containing ten square yards.

One ounce of onion seed contains 7,600 seeds, and sown broadcast will suffice for fourteen square yards of ground; but if sown in drills, will be enough for twenty-four square yards long, or for about twenty-four square yards of ground.

One pint of dun-colored dwarf kidney beans contains 750 seeds, which are enough to sow four rows, each seven yards long.

One pint of scarlet runners contains 254 seeds, and is enough for four rows, each nine yards long.

One pint of broad Windsor beans has 170 seeds, and is sufficient for seven rows, each four yards long.

One pint of Knight's dwarf marrow peas contains 1,720 seeds; one pint of early Warwick peas, 1,800; one pint of scimitar peas, 1,200; and any one of these pints will sow eight rows, each four yards long, as the larger peas require to be sown wider apart in the rows than the smaller-seeded peas.

One ounce of carrot seed or parsnip seed, sown broadcast, will be sufficient for a bed containing sixteen square yards; and for one containing twenty-eight square yards, if sown in drills.

One ounce of any kind of cabbage or broccoli seed will be enough for a bed containing nine square yards, if sown broadcast, or for sixteen square yards in drills.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE HORSES.—Dr. Turner, formerly Chief Veterinary Surgeon of the Army, states that in the Eastern Department alone, 3,000 horses per month—consequently 36,000 per year—perish, and an equal number are condemned. The loss in the Eastern Department alone amounts therefore to 72,000 horses, and we are fully justified in estimating the annual loss of horses, during our civil war, on the side of the Federal army, to 200,000.

DAIRY COWS should receive their food at regular intervals; their milk should be drawn at stated hours, and by quiet, gentle milkers; and they should be treated at all times with the greatest kindness. In short, every means in the power of dairy farmers should be used to insure their tranquility. Harsh treatment also exerts a very injurious action on the milk, rendering it less buttery and more liable to acidity. Respiration is a species of combustion. At every breath we inhale oxygen of the atmosphere, which unites with and consumes the fatty matter of the food. When cows are worried or driven too rapidly, they breathe more frequently, inhale more oxygen, and more of the buttery portion of their food is consumed, leaving less to be converted into milk. It is well known to all experienced dairymen that their cows yield more on pleasant days, or where they have the run of warm, well-sheltered pastures, than on cold, bleak pastures.

SALT FOR SHEEP.—Salt is not, perhaps, quite as necessary to the health of sheep in winter as in summer, but still all good shepherds regard it as indispensable. It should be fed as often as once a week, in the feeding troughs, or by bringing a quantity of hay or straw. The Vermont breeders almost universally keep it standing constantly before their sheep, in boxes placed in the sheep-houses.—Ez.

KING COTTON.—A singular scene is described in one of the English papers: Some cotton has lately been imported into Farringdon, where the mills have been closed for a considerable time. The people, who were previously in the deepest distress, went out to meet the cotton, the women wept over the bales and kissed them, and finally sang the doxology over the welcome importation. Imagine cotton becoming poetical, and people spontaneously raising a Te Deum because asked once more to toil! If that incident is true as it stands, it would make a better incident for the painter than half the worn-out incidents of dramatic story.

WHITEWASH.—White fences and outbuildings indicate the thrifty farmer and a tidy household. Put half a bushel of unslaked lime in a clean, tight barrel, pour over it boiling water until it is covered five inches, stir it briskly until the lime is thoroughly slaked, then add more water until it is thin as desired, next add two pounds of sulphate of zinc and one of common salt; then apply with a common whitewash brush, giving a good coat in April and October, or at least once a year.

To HOUSEWIVES.—One of the best bleaching and emollient agents that can be employed in washing, either the person or clothing, is common refined borax. It should be dissolved in hot water at the rate of half a pound to ten gallons; a great saving in soap is effected by its use. The borax should be pulverized first. It may be procured in the form of crystals at any druggists, and can be powdered with a rolling pin, or hammer; it will not injure the most delicate fabric; and laces or other fine tissues may be washed in a solution of borax, with immense advantage to their color and consistency.

Four things a christian should especially be watchful after; to be humble and thankful, watchful and cheerful.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

LIFE'S CLOSING SCENES.

There is something awfully grand and impressive in the thought of drawing near to God in death. The soul disembodied shall soon stand in the presence of its Creator. The soul reaches forward to penetrate the future, finding all dark to mortal ken, turns again to the past life. The past with every thought word and deed completely, perfectly, and truthfully daguerrestyped passes in review. How differently everything appears from such a stand point. How worthless now all that once was so valuable. Wealth how paltry, honor how insignificant. Is there no bright spot on that dark panorama? Where are those kind acts, those noble deeds we once thought disinterested and praiseworthy? Each is now seen in its true colour. All, all are marred with sin. How prominent selfishness, how small the desire to promote the glory of God, scarcely if at all discernible. The soul shrinks from the retrospect with disgust, every sin portrayed, every thought and motive truly delineated. All the past set down at its true value.

I once felt I was near the precincts of the eternal world. Whatever might have been my good opinion of myself previously, I can assure you it all vanished now when I felt I must shortly stand "face to face" with the "Great Judge of all the earth." I cannot say that I felt really unhappy. I felt sorry and hurt that my life had been so dishonoring to God. I had done so little, attempted so little to promote His glory. I felt confident that He in, whom I trusted would safely carry me over the Jordan of death, would freely forgive all my sins, and assign me a place in Heaven. In this there was happiness, but I was so unworthy, that I felt my Saviour noticed me and cared for me only on account of His promise so to do. I had heedlessly and thoughtlessly professed to love and follow Him.

This was my vow and profession, I had broken and dishonored it. But He was so holy that He could neither break or dishonor His promises to me. I felt, oh if He would only just keep me out of despair, only grant me His presence and Spirit barely sufficient to keep me from dropping into hell, or giving up everything as lost. I had never done a right act. I never had a pure motive and how was it possible for me to please an infinitely Holy God. My Saviour in his infinite love shewed me that although I was doubly and trebly dyed in treason and rebellion against an infinitely Holy God, yet that He, as my sacrifice, was also infinitely holy and amply sufficient to cleanse me from all sin, to make me an heir of God and a joint-heir with Christ of happiness and glory eternal,—perpetual felicity! These thoughts sent a thrill of pleasure and delight through my soul. I felt nearer to God, you even in the presence chamber of my God. This ecstasy was of short duration, yet it made an impression that I hope and trust will never be effaced. Now through the blessing of God restored to health, I can look back to it as one bright spot in my short pilgrimage, and I felt encouraged to press onward and upward.

I know that if I am ever saved it will not be on account of anything I have done, or experienced, or may do, or for any good that is in me, but simply through the merits of the sufferings and death of Christ, through the infinite mercy, sovereign love and mere good pleasure of the eternal God. And there is rapture in the thought that God, the ever merciful God will save, fully, freely and completely all that come to Him.

Reader, have you ever felt that you have sinned against an infinitely Holy God? Do you feel that He is infinitely just as well as infinitely holy? Do you feel that you are a sinner? That you are undone and utterly helpless and incapable of saving yourself? Would you like to be saved from sin and its consequences? If so you must see your need of Him and then be-

hold His willingness, His eagerness to save you, behold His arms are stretched wide ready to receive you. Yet a sovereign absolute, He requires you to be willing to be saved in His way, which is simply to trust Him for salvation. To trust in Him to save you. "Come unto me all ye who labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." May God in His infinite love and mercy enable you so to come. And to His great name be all the glory.

May, 1864.

AMIA.

For the Christian Messenger.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

MRS. ANN COGSWELL.

Died at Bill Town, Cornwallis, on the evening of the 4th inst., Ann, relict of the late Ezekiah Cogswell, aged sixty-one years. In early life our departed sister professed faith in Christ, was baptized by the late Rev. Edward Manning, and united with the church under his pastoral care. Of this church our sister continued a faithful and beloved member until called to join the general assembly and church of the first-born which are written in heaven.

Nine years since, the husband of our sister was taken to his rest. Two years after a lovely and pious daughter finished her course and entered her reward. Through these and other conflicts, God gave grace and strength equal to her day, and glorified himself by making tribulation work patience, and in affliction bestowed those enlarged and renewed hopes, that fail not to uphold in life's most afflictive hour.

In April last fatal disease disease upon a constitution already enfeebled, and the physicians skill, filial affection and solicitude were alike unavailing, the battle of life was fought and the victory was at hand. During her very severe illness our sister's mind found support in the grace of God, and when the appointed hour came, she slept in Jesus, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." On the 7th inst., her remains were interred by the side of those of her husband and daughter, in Canard.

The Rev. I. E. Bill, of St. John, N. B., a much esteemed friend of the deceased and her family was present, and at the request of the pastor, improved the solemn occasion by a discourse most appropriate and affecting.

Two sons and one daughter survive to mourn the loss of a beloved and pious mother. The Church has lost a worthy member. May God dry the mourners tears, and in all such providences, teach the living to prepare to die.—Communicated.

HIRAM LAYTON.

Through the ravages of Typhoid Fever in Falmouth, during the past winter, many have been called into eternity. The strongest and dearest family ties have been snapped asunder, the affectionate mother, the faithful and loving wife, the indulgent father, the gentle sister, have each in their turn been laid prostrate by the stroke of Death. Strong and robust frames unaccustomed to pain and sickness, have been brought nigh the gates of death by this lingering disease. Among those who have been called was our highly valued brother Hiram Layton, who died April 25th, in the 48th year of his age, leaving a wife and eight children to mourn their loss. The fever entered his family last autumn. Several in turn took it and recovered. He was the last and owing to previously enfeebled health and exposure during the winter, he fell by the hand of death. Our brother experienced the power of religion early in life, but like many others lived in disobedience, consequently in darkness, for many years. Having at last more fully realized his duty in following Christ, he together with his wife were baptized by Rev. William Burton, in April, 1859. From which time till his death his life was as an epistle, known and read of all men. Always ready for every good work according to the ability God gave. He was always at his post. The religion which he loved and which comforted him in life, strengthening his soul in the prospect of death. May his loss be sanctified to us all.

Falmouth, June 21st, 1864.

C. E. B.

MRS. MARY GILROY.

Beloved wife of Mr. Geo. Gilroy, Junr., and daughter of Mr. George Gilroy, Senr., died at River Phillip, on the 13th inst., in the 23th year of her age.

Eight years ago she was baptized by the Rev. D. McKean, and united with the church in Lower Maccan. The religion she had professed in the bloom of life, honored and praised in health and strength, failed not to sustain her in her last illness. Previous to her departure she spoke with great calmness, respecting her approaching dissolution expressing entire confidence in the merits of her Redeemer, separately addressing her husband, parents, brother, sisters, and others present upon the necessity of living, so as to be prepared for the mansions of eternal blessedness.

Through the power of Divine grace, she was resigned to leave those on earth she loved, especially her two infant children, to go home, as she expressed it, and dwell with Jesus. She died expressing her happiness, and praising God. May the bereavement be made to work for the spiritual good of all connected.

Her remains were followed to the grave by a large concourse of people and an appropriate sermon was preached from 1 Cor. xv. 57.—Communicated.

May 28th, 1864.