

Agriculture, &c.

Working Bulls.

I have one of Emery's endless chain powers to drive my hay cutter. My bull is an Alderney, two years old, weighing a little over 900 pounds. I put on the break and had him led into the power, where he had a small feed of oats given him. While he ate these he was groomed and caressed. This was repeated two or three days in succession. Then, while he was eating, the brake was slackened a little, and as the floor moved down, (slowly, so as not to alarm him,) he stepped up to keep his muzzle at the oats. At the fourth lesson, he walked an hour, and cut hay enough to last my stock—some eighteen head in all—two or three days.

I have not had the slightest trouble, and so much does he appear to like the exercise and the pleasant remembrance of the reward of good behaviour, that I shall not be surprised if, when he happens to find the door open, he should go in and "run the machine" on his own account. I intend to put up a circular saw and let him cut my fire-wood.

Now for the advantages: The pampering and confinement which makes a horse run away, will, in time, make a bull devilish. The work I give him requires no harnessing; it is only an hour's walk up a hill of 13° elevation. It gives him an outlet for his superfluous spirits, it keeps him "in hand" and gentle, it wears away the growth of his hoofs, develops his muscle, and improves his health. Have I not a right to expect my herd to be benefited by such management? I thought so before I knew Prof. Agassiz' opinion.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.—*Brawn.*—Carefully clean the face, ears and tongue of a pig; put them into pickle for three weeks; then steep them in cold water for one night; after which boil them for about four hours until the meat comes off the bones. Put the tongue in the middle of a tin mould; and lay the rest of the meat round it, after seasoning with pepper. Press with a sufficient weight for two or three days.

Potato Pie.—Cut some potatoes into thin slices, lay them at the bottom of a pie-dish, then fill up with meat, previously cooked, cut in small pieces and seasoned. If the meat is uncooked it is better to place it at the bottom of the dish, and the potatoes on the top. Add a little gravy, or if not convenient, a little cold water will do. Cover the whole with a paste, made with a pound of lard or suet, to two pounds of flour. Rub these together and mix into a paste with water, stirring with a fork. Roll the paste half an inch thick. Bake in a moderately quick oven for an hour and a half.

AGE OF SHEEP.—Although the age of the ram may be ascertained by the number of rings or knobs on his horns, yet from the large number of hornless sheep, and many other reasons, it is safer, and more satisfactory to determine the age by the teeth. The sheep has eight cutting teeth in the front of the lower jaw, and six molar, or grinding teeth in each jaw—above and below. When the lamb is born it sometimes has no cutting teeth, but it generally has two, and before it becomes a month old, the full number, eight, appear in the lower jaw. When the sheep is sixteen months old the two central teeth are shed, and in the process of time replaced by others, which attain their full size when the sheep is two years old. Between the ages of two and three years the next two incisors, or cutting teeth are shed, and slowly replaced by others, which also attain their full size when the animal is three years old. At four years old the sheep has six full-grown cutting teeth, and at five the front teeth are all of an equal size, being fully developed.—*Exchange.*

THE MUD CROP OF PARIS.—Among the many economies of municipal administration in Paris is the sale of the yearly "mud crop." In 1823 this yielded only \$15,000. It now brings \$120,000, and when left for some time in rotting tanks is sold for manure, at the increased valuation of \$600,000.

A TELEGRAPHIC FEAT.—A telegram of fifty words was sent by the Royal Polytechnic Society, at its late dinner to President Johnson. It reached Newfoundland in four minutes and one half from London, and Washington in nine minutes and a half. Calling the first distance 3,000 miles, it would have gone round the earth, had the girdle been complete, in 37½ minutes, less by 3½ minutes than the length of Shakespeare's girdle. A yet more novel fact is that the telegram reached Washington four hours and fifty minutes earlier than it left London.

The influence of food on the quantity of milk is very striking. A half-starved cow not only yields but little milk, but what it yields is miserably poor. On the other hand, the liberal supply of food rich in nitrogenous and phosphatic elements of nutrition tell directly on the milk. Nothing, therefore, can be more injurious than to stint dairy cows in feed.

It is said that "vegetable gas" has been invented which gives a brilliant light, has no offensive smell, and can be generated in any ordinary kitchen range.

Over 40,000,000 gallons of sorghum syrup are annually manufactured in the United States.

A Letter from one Editor to another.

I would like to be one of a Convention of Editors who had met with the resolve to "rip up the bosom" to one another. I cannot imagine a more interesting "experience meeting." Each editor should make an exhaustive disclosure of what had passed, internally and externally, over and about the table where he opens and writes his letters; composes his editorials, and confers with all comers. One after another should arise and relate the history of his battle as an editor with the uneditorial world of mankind. They should all narrate, with judicial accuracy, conscientious probity, and charming simplicity, all the varying fortunes that had come to them in the course of that battle—or, shall I say, series of battles—that war which rages without intermission all the years in and years out of an editor's term in office.

What say you, my brother, is it not battling that you feel yourself doing, as you sit there from morning till evening, and perhaps from evening till almost morning again? If it is no battle that you fight, it is no editing that you do. For, if you edit within the range of your subscribers' opinions, you will just as certainly edit yourself out of their good graces as if you go counter to their opinions, or lay your pen across their prejudices. I find that for every one who cries, "Stop my paper," on account of his being crossed in opinion, there is one who stops it because in his opinion it has no opinion. If we express an opinion, ten to one it is contrary to that of our opinionative subscriber. If we abstain from expressing an opinion, we are arraigned on the charge of shirking, by our opinionative subscriber. Muzzling is unavoidable, if we express no opinions; but those in which all our subscribers concur; and dissatisfaction is inevitable, if we pronounce opinions concerning which our subscribers disagree.

And this is true not only of opinions in the lump, but it is equally true of opinions in the detail. That is to say, the stop-my-paper subscribers are quite as quickly riled, by our differing with them to the extent of a shade, as by our disagreeing with them to the extent of a gross quantity. Those who differ in opinion slightly are more vindictive, I believe, than those who are divided in opinion by a great gulf.

You have been struck with the very great variety and diversity of opinions expressed by our opinionative subscribers, with respect to the management of the paper, of which they constitute themselves a kind of "prudential committee." They do not agree as touching any one thing. What is one subscriber's meat is another subscriber's poison. One persists in turning out of your columns what another insists shall stay in. One declares there should be more of what another affirms there should be none of. The man who wants more family reading is balanced by the man who says, "Those who like that department should subscribe for a paper which has no department but that." The man who votes for le's politics is cancelled by the man who argues that less politics means wrong politics. The clamor for more religion is neutralized by the clamor that more religion means more cant, and we have more than enough of that now. Those who scent heresy, and "give tongue" to their suspicions, are met on the editor's table by those who cry, Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees; it is hypocrisy. Orthodoxy in religion means heterodoxy in politics! When letter meets letter, then comes the tug of war—this war I speak of between the editor and the uneditorial world of mankind.

In response to an opinion on a disputed question you receive five letters patting you on the back and five letters poking you in the ribs, and you lean back in your chair with the consolation of having, as the last resort, the casting vote. Letters come of the sore-head sort. Their complaints amount to this—somebody's communication breathing its last in the basket. Letters come of the swell-head sort. Their complaints amount to this—jealousy. Letters come of the short-horned sort. Their complaints amount to this—their temper is as bad as their orthography, and their writers' ignorance of what is best for them is only equalled by their ignorance of what they want. * * *

And so the conflict goes on from year's end to year's end. The editor has to "watch and fight and pray," if any man in the world has to. He spends the days in strategy, if not in open battle, as he disposes of the epistolary manoeuvres of the multitudinous and multivariant adversary, while at night his sleep is troubled with dreams of raids by squads of irate subscribers. So long as the number of those who know how to edit a public journal is as great as the number of those who subscribe for it, this conflict will go on between the editor and the subscribers. But I have hope. The stop-my-paper party is diminishing. The editor's mission is rising continually in the public estimation. His embarrassments are gradually coming to be understood. His harassing work is becoming better and better appreciated. The forbearance he needs will not be so grudgingly given presently.—*KEYNOTE, in N. Y. Ez. and Chron.*

A good book and a good woman are most excellent things to those who know how justly to appreciate their value, but there are a great many men who judge of both only by their covering.

Many have puzzled themselves about the origin of evil; I observe there is evil, and that there is a way to escape it, and with this I begin and end.—*Newton.*

The Lord often crosses our wills for the benefit of our souls.

Rev. G. W. Hill's Lecture.

Temperance Hall was densely crowded on Tuesday evening, when the Rev. Geo. Hill, Rector of St. Paul's, delivered his promised Lecture in behalf of the Protestant Industrial School. His subject, "Six Weeks in London and Paris," seemed likely to lead him in the same track as that of the Rev. G. M. Grant, who lectured a few weeks ago in behalf of the same excellent object. But Mr. Hill, though he had not the opportunity of hearing his predecessor, yet managed, with very few and slight exceptions, to avoid the ground which had been trodden before; and succeeded in enchainning the interested attention, from the commencement to the close, of as large and appreciative an audience as ever filled that hall. The Rev. gentleman carried his hearers across the Atlantic in the short space of six days, (prudently drawing the veil over those oceanic evils which even the noble Cunarders can not ward off from their prostrate inmates), gave a graphic sketch of the great commercial emporium at which he landed, and set us down in the midst of "foggy, dirty, London." From thence we were transported to the brighter and more brilliant scenes of Paris. The chief feature of the Exhibition, noticed what perhaps is the most interesting to the religious mind, was the great depository of the Bibles and Tracts for all nations, from which the Divine Word has gone out to all parts of the earth, in a manner and to an extent, unprecedented in the history of the world. He spoke of the wonderful sobriety which characterized the multitudes of Paris, even amid the most exciting scenes, having seen or heard of no instances of intemperance, except in the case of two British or American sailors. (Would it were so here?) He dwelt forcibly on the absence of such poverty as is to be seen in England and elsewhere, partly attributing this to the excellent system of providing public works for the employment of the poorer classes. And he urged in a very earnest manner, the importance of our own government expending some thousands of pounds annually in supplying laborers with the means of earning something to keep their families from starving, and themselves from the humiliation of seeking alms. Let us hope that this suggestion will be followed up, not only by our rulers, but also by our capitalists, who might do a power of good, and keep down pinching poverty, by investing their money in factories, after the example of Messrs. Stairs & Co, and others, or in various other improvements. The Lecturer reminded us that this would be even cheaper than subscriptions to charitable societies from year to year. On his return to London, Mr. Hill, in company with our townsman, Dr. Cogswell, visited some of the Industrial Schools, for boys and girls, and stated that ours on Spring Garden road would bear comparison favorably with the best of them, and that the system of management and employment was almost identical with ours. And, as to financial matters, that economy and cheapness are all on our side, to the tune of some thousand pounds per annum.

One of the most interesting parts of the Lecture was the description of the services at Spurgeon's Tabernacle in London, and of that wonderful preacher himself. The vast congregation of five or six thousand persons—the universal singing of that host of voices—their fixed attention—the perfect silence at other parts of the service—the simplicity of manner and matter on the part of the preacher—and yet his wondrous power of absorbing the attention of such an audience, all riveting their eyes upon him—altogether formed a spectacle which must be overpowering, especially to a colonist, accustomed only to our smaller ways. It is vain for any to attempt to disparage the powers of such a man, who for so many years has kept together such a vast body of intelligent and discerning people, and is carrying on good works of various kinds and of enormous magnitude. Mr. Hill's contrast of the congregational singing which he heard in England to the practice among ourselves, of leaving the praises of God to the choir, or nearly so, we hope may lead to improvement. Better to have "Old Hundred" for the year-round, than by new tangled tunes and chants to stop the mouths of the people who cannot join in them. The Lecturer concluded his address, of which this is a very imperfect and hastily-written sketch, amid the universal applause of the assembly. The Hon. the Chief Justice, who occupied the chair, then gave a short and well-timed address, expatiating on the advantages of travel, for the expansion and elevation of the minds of both men and women—advising the young men before him to save money by lopping off injurious luxuries such as cigars and wine, and the topperies of dress, in which way, in a few years, they would lay by enough to enable them to visit the chief cities of Europe and see and hear for themselves such things as they now hear second hand. The learned chief passed a warm eulogium on the Rev. Lecturer and on the Institution in whose behalf he had lectured, and turning to the band of fine, clean, healthy, well-clad boys who filled the platform, he bid the audience take that exhibition as a powerful appeal to their liberality in behalf of an Institution which had been instrumental in producing such happy results. His honor announced his own intention of taking a more particular interest in it than he had hitherto done. Too much credit cannot be given to

Mr. and Mrs. Grierson for their successful management of the boys under their care. The school band discoursed very creditable music during the evening, under Mr. Newcombe's direction, and with the assistance of their own melodeon and other instruments,—and the whole most gratifying proceedings wound up with singing right loyally and lustily **GOD SAVE THE QUEEN**.—*Church Monitor.*

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Donations.

Dear Editor,—

We wish to record the kindness of our friends, who have manifested so much interest in our comfort. On the 10th ult. a number went to the woods with teams, and brought a quantity of wood into our yard. They then cut up a large portion of it ready for use. In the evening upwards of 100 collected at our dwelling and spent a happy evening, leaving with us \$100.00 in cash and needful articles (wood included.) On the 2nd inst. another party came and spent the evening with us and left their donations, which, with others received since the first, amount to about \$10.00; also presents were left at our door on New Year's Day for the children. Numerous other kindnesses have been received—for all of which we tender our sincere thanks.

A. W. BARRS.

Ascutia, Jan. 13th, 1868.

For the Christian Messenger.

IN MEMORIAM.

MR. DAVID SHAW,

Died at Mount Denison, Falmouth, Dec. 13th, 1867, aged 91 years. He was nearly seventy years of age before he made a public profession of religion and joined the Baptist Church. He was however friendly to the cause of God from his youth up, esteeming the preachers of the Gospel and aiding in the support of religion. As he was in the habit of hearing Baptist preaching while he was young, so he accepted their system of Divinity, doctrinal and practical, as being in his opinion most agreeable to the New Testament. When Rev. T. S. Harding first preached regularly in Falmouth Mr. Shaw was living in the immediate circle of his labours and appeared to be as much interested in his success in preaching as any other person in the place. He once said to the writer of this article, after we had been listening to Mr. Harding, on a Sabbath afternoon, "What a noble sermon that was, I could have sat and heard him with pleasure till sundown, if he had kept on till that time." The glowing oratory of the man of God fraught with the loving truths of the Gospel of God commanded his approval. We would suppose that he ought to have been brought into the fold of Christ at this time. He was on very intimate terms with the preacher who was often his guest, and he loved the Gospel preached by him, so that he did not seem to lack any of the means of conversion. But the term of Mr. Harding's preaching in Falmouth passed by, and the revival that took place at the time; and Mr. Shaw was still in the outer court. The set time to bring him into Zion with songs of joy and rejoicing had not yet arrived. When the household in the gospel engaged labourers to work in his vineyard, some were hired early in the morning, some at the third hour, some at the sixth and ninth hours, and others at the eleventh hour, intimating to us the sovereignty of God in calling his people to the knowledge of salvation by Christ Jesus. The will of man and his utmost efforts in the use of the means of grace, are not sufficient to effect his conversion to God; there must be not only the concurrence of the Divine mind but also an act of the Spirit of God in the work of regeneration. Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit saith the Lord. But if Mr. Shaw was not brought into the Church at that time it was not that he should be passed by altogether. He continued to shew himself a friend to religion. Industrious in his habits, punctual and honourable in his dealings, he was a good and useful member of society. Having retired from business and drawing near to three-score and ten years of age, and believing that an eternity of weal or of woe awaited him, he awoke to a more serious consideration of eternal realities. Thus being brought under the awakening power of the Holy Spirit his anxious enquiry was, How he should comply with the requirements of the Gospel. Nominal faith he had; but justifying, appropriating faith he had not. With the