

O Painter of the Fruits and Flowers.

(Sung at the banquet by the Horticultural to the Pomological Society, Music Hall, Boston, Sept. 16.)

O Painter of the fruits and flowers, We own thy wise design, Whereby these humble hands of ours May share the work of thine.

Apart from thee, we plant in vain The root and sow the seed; Thy early and thy later rain, Thy sun and dew we need.

Our toil is sweet with thankfulness, Our burden is our boon; The curse of earth's gray morning is The blessings of its noon.

Why search the wide-world everywhere For Eden's unknown ground! That garden of the primal pair May nevermore be found.

But, blest be thee, our patient toil May right the ancient wrong, And give to every clime and soil The beauty lost so long.

Our homestead flowers and fruited trees, May Eden's orchard shame; We taste the tempting sweets of these Like Eve, without her blame.

And, North and South and East and West, The pride of every zone, The fairest, rarest, and the best May all be made our own.

Its earliest shrines, the young world sought In hill groves and in bowers; The fittest offerings hither brought Were thy own fruits and flowers.

And still with reverent hands we cull Thy gifts each year renewed; The good is always beautiful, The beautiful is good.

A GENTLEMAN.

Many people seem to forget that character grows: that it is not something to put on, ready-made with womanhood or manhood; but, day by day, here a little, there a little, grows with the growth, and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all these admirable qualities? When he was a boy? Let us see the way in which a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is late at breakfast and late at school, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot—I didn't think!" will never be a reliable man. And the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things will never be a noble, generous, kindly man—a gentleman.

SALVATION WITH CONDITIONS.

Universalist ministers held a Convention in New York recently and discussed the "Conditions of Salvation." We always understood that Universalists believe in "Salvation without conditions." It would be curious to hear a Universalist define the conditions with out which a man will not be saved. One of the daily papers says that the discussion was chiefly confined to the conditions which are not required for salvation. That is very easy for a Universalist to state, or for anybody else to state.

But what in the world is a Convention of Universalists held for, if they wish to determine the conditions on which men can be saved?

Suppose they settle the "conditions," and men do not comply with them. What then? Why, then they admit—these ministers do—that Universalism is a false doctrine.

The Bible says, "Believe, and thou shalt be saved." Suppose a man does not believe. If belief is the condition of being saved, and the condition is not complied with, what then?

It is a healthy sign of the times when Universalist ministers come together to discuss this question, the most important that can occupy the minds of immortal men. It is tantamount to that other which Infinite Love once asked: "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Will some Universalist answer this question?—Observer.

If God command you, have no right to ask for a reason; you have to do is to obey: He says: "I will be glorified."

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger. Agricultural Notes from Uncle Ned.

"When the long Winter evenings come." If others who have promised themselves to get through with accumulated literary work, or what passes with us for literary work, "when the long evenings come," are not more successful than Uncle Ned has thus far been in the long evenings, the "thoughts that have tarried long in our minds and peopled their inner chambers" would fail of being "fairly writ," that we, aye and the world, "might wonder at their wealth." ("The long Winter evenings," how they melt away. We who toil are not given to the hearing of the sounds harmonious, or otherwise, that poets fancy are ever to be heard in the woods and fields where we labour, or that echo through the great dome above us, or we might hear "the trailing garments of the Night sweep through her marble halls" are "the labors of the day are completed" and "the implements are secured for the night." And then the chores and supper and the newspaper. If these inevitables have not melted away the evening, and the way for the wings with which we would soar, the warm fire side and the drowsy influences of work done and rest reached, finish it, and we give up to slumber "until to-morrow." Then there are visitors and visiting, Grange, Division, Lodge, or other meetings; and so the days and nights pass, and the piece for the paper remains unwritten, and the agricultural books and papers unread. Among other things I had wanted to write something about our Dominion Exhibition, but it has been reported and corresponded about, criticised and censured, and laid to rest so thoroughly and so long that I shrink from "disquieting it to bring it up." There may however be some things remaining to be said—some few thoughts not altogether unworthy of publication concerning Exhibitions and Fairs in general, and in particular that in which we of the Maritime Provinces have been especially interested.

Was it a success? What must an Exhibition be or accomplish, to be a success? Certainly not a thronged show—not a gigantic advertising affair—as certainly, not merely taking enough cash for entrance tickets to enable the management to show a good balance sheet, or even a margin of profit. I believe that the object of these Exhibitions should be to stimulate the industries of the country, and to incite a spirit of healthy and honorable emulation among them; to exhibit the resources of the country, the wealth of its mines, its forests, its soil, and its waters, and to afford an opportunity of contrasting and comparing the present with the past and nation with nation. Where this is the kind of success aimed at by Exhibition managers, and when Exhibitions having these objects in view, become the property and pride of the nation, the province, or the district in and for which they are held, success will be certain every time. Our exhibitions justify in us as Canadians, almost any amount of pride in our country's natural wealth, in our skill in arts and manufactures, and for the comparative progress made in them.

While the paramount position which Agriculture occupies among the industries of the country was illustrated and proved at the late exhibition, we have little to be proud of when we compare the position which Agriculture occupies in this country as a scientific profession, and the attention paid and encouragement given to it as such, by our government, with what obtains in these respects in the neighboring Republic, and in almost all European countries. It is true that the products of the farm shewn at our exhibitions will compare favorably, in many things more than favorably with those of other lands—but how are these results obtained? By the application of scientific principles and the most approved methods which include the utmost economy in the use of time, of labour, and of material. If the big things exhibited could speak, what a tale they could tell of special effort, of lavish expenditure of labor, patience and fertilizers, or food.

The purpose of this article is to point

out the duty and the privilege of those who have the direction of our Exhibitions, of encouraging and stimulating, not the production of big things, but the use of scientific methods, because science teaches economy, and economy produces wealth.

Thus the encouragement of scientific methods in agriculture would be effected measurably by requiring all exhibitors of farm produce, animal or vegetable, to furnish a statement of how the result in the animal or vegetable shewn was obtained, and by giving preference in awarding prizes for results obtained by methods, scientific and therefore economical and applicable, not merely to selected individuals, but also to a whole crop, or herd. But farmers who take the trouble to read what I am writing will say, "Why talk about scientific methods of growing crops and stock? Scientific farming is all well enough for Agricultural Colleges and model farms or for gentlemen farmers—what we want and must go by is experience—we are plain practical farmers."

Well brother farmers it will pay us to give this subject very careful consideration. As a large share of the money expended on these annual Exhibitions comes out of our pockets, we should see to it that it is laid out to the very best advantage. I think we are all pretty well convinced that those exhibitions can be so managed as to give good returns for cash expended on stimulated industries. A bushel more to the acre, a pound more to the bushel by improved methods of culture; a half-hour a day saved, a little more work done by improved implements—the display and advertising of our national resources—will put more into our pockets than these exhibitions take out of them, even if the cash expended were actually withdrawn from the country, which it is not.

Now then about the suggestion I have made that preference should be given in awarding prizes for results obtained by "scientific methods." I have presumed that you object to "scientific methods" in farming. What is science? Simply what we know, not what we suppose or think but what we know by our own observation or experience, or by that of others. We find by repeated trials that certain methods will produce certain results every time, and we have established a fact, we know this, it is a fact in science. The chemist goes further with his experiments and experience. When we see only potatoes and turnips, flesh, blood and bones, lime, plaster or manure, he, the chemist, finds oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon, potash, phosphorus, calcium; and the other materials that he calls elements. What the chemist finds by his experiments and experience, he knows, and his knowledge forms a part of the science of agriculture, in which all that is known about animals, plants, soils and foods, and their relations to each other, is collected and conveniently arranged. The farmer's contributions to science are as important as the chemist's, only that the chemist contributes the why and the wherefore as well as bald facts. Let us then instead of ignoring science and "book farming," know all we can by our own observation and experience, by that of other practical farmers, or by that of the agricultural chemist, and apply our science so as to get the best results. Where agricultural exhibitors required to furnish with their exhibits, statements of methods of raising, what a valuable volume of illustrated information would be open at our exhibitions—and were prizes awarded for the best average results obtained by scientific methods, what a large measure of encouragement would be given to scientific agriculture.

I have in previous articles published in the Messenger, attempted to point out other ways by which our Exhibitions might be managed, so as to afford encouragement to and effect much needed improvements in Agriculture—such for instance as offering prizes for highest perfection in training of working animals, for the fastest walking horses, the ability in a horse to walk fast being of much greater value to the farmer than the ability to trot fast. I have already taken up too much space, and must not now enlarge upon these subjects.

One more suggestion. Every encouragement is given by our Government, and by our Exhibition managers to the raising of what is termed thorough bred stock, and we have as a result, "a

battle of the breeds," among farmers. Jerseys, Short horns, Aberdeen Polls, Herefords, Devons, Ayrshires, contend for precedence. This may be all very well—undoubtedly our "scrub stock" is being greatly improved, and it stood sadly in need of improvement. Still I beg to record a very humble opinion with all due deference to the majority and to superior knowledge and wisdom, I am at present of the opinion that our own native stock, our "scrub" cattle are susceptible of such a degree of improvement by careful selection of breeding animals, by an intelligent or scientific system of feeding, and general care, as to give us in the course of a few generations, a breed superior in its adaptation to our climate, and to other conditions peculiar to our country, to any breed that we can import. It is a fact that any one can verify, that animals are modified even to a very considerable degree in physical peculiarities by change of location. Witness the fact that there is a physical type peculiar to the American whose ancestors may have been English, Irish, Scotch, German, French, or any thing else. Natives of the different States of the Union, are also easily distinguishable from each other. We may not be able to assign reasons for these physical changes, but they are undoubtedly the result of Nature's attempts at physical adaptability to circumstances and surroundings. If such physical adaptation be so essential as to force upon the animal physique by Nature, are we not taught the wisdom of commencing stock improvement with animals upon which Nature has already wrought rather than importation of those which must undergo this process? And should not prizes be offered at our Exhibitions with the object of producing an improved native breed. What we want in my opinion is the Nova Scotian. But I must leave this subject now for the earnest consideration of all those whom it may concern.

UNCLE NED.

For the Christian Messenger. India.

HISTORICAL INCIDENTS, BY REV. GEORGE CHURCHILL.

BOBBILI, INDIA, Oct. 8, 1882.

Thinking the readers of the Messenger might be interested in the following incident in the history of Bobbili, I have decided to copy it and send it to you for publication, if you think it worthy of notice.

The event occurred in the year 1757, during the struggle between the French and English for the supremacy in India. During that year the French troops under Mons. Bussy, marched northwards to the neighborhood of Vizianagram, where they were joined by Vizaramraj, the rajah of that town and district, with an army of 10,000 men.

Many years before, according to the traditions of the country, a king of Juggernaut in Orissa, marched south with an army and conquered all the country as far as Conjeveram, a town south of Madras.

"These conquests" (I quote now the words of the historian) "he distributed in many portions to his relatives, officers and servants, from whom several of the present rajahs pretend to be lineally descended, and to govern at this time, the very districts which were then given to their ancestors. All who claim this genealogy, esteem themselves the highest blood of native Indians, next to the Brahmans. The first in rank of these rajahs, was Rangaras of Bobbili. There had long been a deadly feud between this rajah and Vizaramraj of Vizianagram, whose person, how much soever he feared his power, Rangaras held in the utmost contempt, as of low extraction. Districts belonging to Vizaramraj, adjoined those of Bobbili, whose people diverted the water of the rivulets and made depredations which Vizaramraj could not retaliate. Having joined the French troops, and thinking this a good opportunity of taking his revenge, he urged upon Mons. Bussy the necessity of removing this troublesome neighbor. The French commander proposed that he should quit his hereditary ground of Bobbili, in exchange for other territories of greater extent and fertility; but Rangaras treated the proposal as an insult. Soon after, it became necessary to send a detachment of French Sepoys to some districts at a distance, to which the

shortest route lay through some part of the woods of Bobbili. Permission was obtained; but either by some contrivance of Vizaramraj, or the determination of Rangaras, the detachment was sharply attacked and obliged to retire, with thirty killed and more wounded. Vizaramraj improved this moment of indignation; and Mons. Bussy, not foreseeing the terrible event to which he was proceeding, determined to reduce the whole country, and expel the rajah and all his family.

This part of the country has few extensive plains, and the hills and narrower bottoms, which separate them, are suffered to overrun with wood, as the best protection to the more open valleys, allotted to cultivation. The Rajah, besides his other towns and forts, has always one, situated in the most difficult part of his country, intended as the last refuge for himself and all of his own blood. The singular construction of this fort is adequate to all the purposes of defense among a people unused to cannon, or other means of battery. Its outline is a regular square, which rarely exceeds 200 yards. A large round tower is raised at each angle and a square one in the middle of each of the sides. The height of the wall built of mud, is 22 feet, that of the rampart within 12. In two of the square towers in the middle of the sides of the fort, is a passage way, which, on the approach of an enemy was blocked up with trees and on the outside, for some distance, surrounded with thorny shrubs. An area of 500 yards or more in every direction around the fort is kept clear, of which the circumference joins a high wood kept thick, three, four or five miles in breadth around the centre. Few of these forts permit of more than one path through the wood. The entrance to the path from without is defended by a wall similar in construction to the wall of the fort. The path admits of only three men abreast, winds continually, is everywhere commanded by breastworks in the thicket, and has in its course several redoubts. Such were the defences of Bobbili, against which Mons. Bussy marched, with 750 Europeans, four field pieces, and 11,000 peons and Sepoys, the army of Vizaramraj, who commanded them in person.

Whilst the field pieces plied the parapet of the first redoubt at the entrance of the path, detachments entered into the side of the wood with fire and hatchet, and began to make a way, which tended to bring them into the rear of the redoubt.

The guard, seeing their danger of thus being cut off, abandoned their station and joined those in the posts behind. The same operations continued on the part of the besiegers through the whole path, which was five miles in length, and with the same success though with some loss.

When in sight of the fort, Mons. Bussy divided his troops into four divisions, allotting one with a field piece to the attack of each of the towers. Rangaras was here with all his relatives, 250 men bearing arms, and nearly twice as many women and children.

The attack commenced at daybreak on the 24th of January, with the field pieces against the four towers. By nine o'clock, several of the battlements were broken, when all the leading parties of the four divisions advanced at the same time, with scaling ladders; but after much endeavor for an hour, not a man had been able to get over the parapet; and many had fallen wounded. Other parties followed with as little success, until all were so fatigued, that a cessation was ordered, during which the field pieces, having beaten down more of the parapet, gave the second attack more advantage; but the ardor of the defence increased with the danger. The garrison fought with the indignant ferocity of wild beasts defending their dens and families. Several of them stood, as in defiance, on the top of the battlements, and endeavored to grapple with the first ascendants, hoping with them to twist down the ladders; and this failing, stabbed with their lances, but being wholly unprotected themselves, were shot by aim from the rear of the escalade.

The assailants admired, for no Europeans had ever seen such excess of courage in the inhabitants of Hindostan, and continually offered quarter, which was always answered by the menace and intention of death.

Not a man had gained the ramparts at two o'clock, when another cessation of the attack ensued; on which Rangaras assembled his principal men, told them there was no hope of maintaining the fort, and that it was immediately necessary to preserve their wives and chil-