

# The Christian Visitor.

THE OFFICE OF THE  
CHRISTIAN VISITOR,  
Corner of Prince William and Church Streets  
SAINT JOHN, N. B.  
REV. I. E. BILL,  
Editor and Proprietor.  
Address all Communications and Business  
Letters to the Editor, Box 194, St. John, N. B.

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,  
Published every THURSDAY, by  
BARNES & Co.,  
Corner of Prince William and Church Streets,  
SAINT JOHN, N. B.  
TERMS:—Cash in Advance.  
One Copy, for one year, \$3.00  
Fifty Copies to one Address, \$1.50  
Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

Hold fast the form of sound words.—2d Timothy, i. 13.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, MAY 12, 1864.

Old Series  
Vol. XVII., No. 19

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,  
affords an excellent medium for advertising.

**SPRING IN THE HEART.**  
The spring-tide hour  
Brings leaf and flower,  
With songs of life and love;  
And many a lay  
Wears out the day  
In many a leafy grove,  
Bird, flower and tree  
Seem to agree  
Their choicest gifts to bring;  
But this poor heart  
Bears not its part;  
In it there is no spring.  
Dews fall all peace,  
The dew of grace,  
Upon this soul of sin,  
And love divine  
Delights to shine  
Upon the waste within;  
Yet, year by year,  
And birds their praises sing,  
But this poor heart  
Bears not its part—  
Its winter has no spring.  
Lord, let Thy love,  
Fresh from above,  
Soft as the south wind blow;  
Call forth its bloom,  
Wake its perfume,  
And bid its spices flow  
And when Thy voice  
Makes earth rejoice,  
Lord! make this heart  
To hear its part,  
And join the praise of spring!  
I. S. B. Mosses.

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE—LONDON.

**PREACHING UNDER THE GALLOWS.**  
A public execution in London always brings together a crowd of the lowest and vilest of the population. The scene is fearful. From midnight and onward, there is an ever-increasing tide flowing towards the place where, on the early morning, the condemned criminal is to perish on the scaffold. Morbid curiosity, the love of excitement, and the desire of the depraved to flow together and to indulge in the hateful fellowship of beating mockery and foul and impure language, bring out from their "guilt gardens" the "bad spotted souls" who assert their "liberty of sinning," and whose very faces tell that they are the children of crime.  
At the late execution of Samuel Wright, for murder, there was precisely such a gathering as this; and women as well as men were present. Some of them were in a state of intoxication. The writer, conversing with a Bible-woman who went thither out of love to souls, and who, with thirty or forty Christians, sought to warn the godly, and to hold up Christ before their eyes, was assured that the wickedness that shewed itself was shocking. Towards morning, however, there was a subsiding of the excitement, and as Mr. Givan Kirkham, the Secretary of the Open Air Preaching Association states, from forty to fifty addresses, at six or seven stations, in different parts of the crowd, were delivered, and upwards of 15,000 tracts distributed. He then adds:—"Were the addresses listened to? They were, as any of those present can testify. Deep impressions were made; many hearts were sad under a sense of sin, and many penitential tears were shed. God only knows the results; but even those seen on the spot were such as to cheer the hearts of all that were engaged in the work. And who were the men who gave up their time without fee or reward? A few were tradesmen, two were students at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, two were city missionaries, one being engaged in public-house visitation (who was working all night), but the majority were working men and youths, who have been recently converted, and who would lose a part, and in some cases the whole of their day's wages. It was touching to listen to one who could point to the prison in front, where he had lain awaiting his trial, and he had been in every prison in London but one. Now his heart is so moved towards sinners that he can with difficulty restrain his tears while praying or preaching. Mr. Kirkham also mentions that the executioner himself stated that no such gathering ever takes place in England without an effort being made to preach or distribute tracts, or both. Now also preaching is carried on in London to any extent, whereas a few years ago all that was done was to give away a few tracts. Surely, he justly adds, we may regard this as a proof of the reality and stability of the revival movement."

## FANCY MEN.

The work of grace in connection with evangelistic efforts in the east of London still makes progress among "fancy men," and others of that seeming population, which hitherto has been hiding in wickedness. In connection with this movement are the special services at Slater Street, and also at the Standard and City of London theatres, Shoreditch. At these places a visitor will find assembled on a Sabbath night a lower class, socially and morally, than at the other theatres, services, except, indeed, those listening to Mr. Carter, at the Victoria, in Lambeth.

## THEATRICAL SERVICES.

As often dwelt upon in these papers, it has been a marked characteristic of the awakening in London during the last three years and upwards, that a large proportion of the converts have been stirred up, and also qualified by the gifts and graces of the Holy Spirit, to become fervid and successful messengers of mercy to others. It is not to be forgotten that when Lord Shaftesbury brought together, at a meeting in the East-end, those who had been most active in distributing tracts, handbills, and the hymns used at the theatre services, among the crowds who pressed to hear the word of God, and when he put to them the inquiry, whether they thought that the theatre should be opened in the following winter, not only was there a unanimous reply in the affirmative, but several of these "helpers" and "workers" took up, one after the other, and declared that it was in these unwonted places that they themselves had been led into the light and liberty of the sons of God, and so had become His willing servants.

## THE MIDNIGHT MOVEMENT.

The midnight movement has been a blessed history, which, if fully written, would fill the heart of every Christian reader with thankfulness and joy. We have watched its beginning, and traced its gradual development. During the year 1863, the Christian public gave to the committee larger pecuniary help than ever before, besides the services of the most devoted and self-sacrificing men and women, who have been engaged in this work. The Hon. Arthur Keble, who has

written to the devoted lady with whom this enterprise originated, and by whose wisdom and energy it has grown into such large proportions, urging that a reserve fund, large enough at least to sustain the work for two months, amounting at least to £2000, should always be on hand. "I cannot think it right that to your incessant care for the spiritual prosperity of the work, and proving of the agents, should be added anxiety for its necessary finances, or that, from month to month, you should actually spend, as you do now, the sum subscribed for the current month. I fear some unlooked-for crisis may oblige you suddenly to diminish the number of your Bible-women; and indeed, as these now amount to over 200, they are really too many for your present income to sustain. If forethought can prevent such a crisis, I think you are bound to exercise that forethought, and that to do so is quite compatible with unreserved dependence on God, which is alike your privilege and your joy." This excellent advice is being acted upon. Each mission, at the lowest estimate, costs £50 a year—200 women and their mission-cost £10,000—besides central expenditure for an executive staff for such a body of workers. It is not to be forgotten that "L. N. R." has responded to applications by supplying many a country town and district with efficient agents. The writer has heard good tidings of two of these, as to their softening, winning, and Christ-like influence on the sufferers from the "distress" in Blackburn and Chorley, in Lancashire.

On the first day of the New Year's Concert for Prayer in Freemasons' Hall, side by side with "L. N. R." sat a young Hindoo gentleman, to whom the writer was introduced. This young man had come to England two years ago as the secretary to his cousin, who was in the service of one of the deposed Indian princes. He had been educated in the government schools at Madras; he had attended classes at the London University, and had acquired the English language. He was no longer a Hindoo, but a deist. He purchased a Bible in order to confute Christianity. He detailed his doubts to a fellow student, who encouraged him to read on. The prophecies of Isaiah stirred his whole soul, and at length he declared that he believed in Jesus Christ. Last Christmas-day he avowed the change to his relatives, and he was turned out of doors. He found friendly shelter for a season. Then introduced to a Christian household, here, at the New Year's Concert, he sits or kneels beside his mistress, and at its close he was welcomed by the brethren to the crowning commemorative feast of the Lord's Supper as a brother beloved. Accompanying "Mrs. R." and this youth, I visited one of the homes for servants out of place and needing shelter, and here also I saw the large room (in St. Giles') where the Bible-women steadily gather in large numbers to hear the exposition of the Word from experienced ministers and other scribes well instructed in the mysteries of the kingdom of God. Thus these women grow in knowledge, increase in grace and godliness, feed with refreshment and delight on the living manna, and drinking of the wine of heavenly consolation, they go forth to work for Christ, and to do valiantly for Him in the haunts of sin and crime.

## THE "SHALLS" OF GOD.

Do you ever feel yourself upon the "shalls" of God? To the Christian, how sweet they are! He not only gives us his "exceeding great and precious promises," but confirms them with his "shalls." "Ye shall receive;" "Ye shall find;" "It shall be opened unto you;" "Whoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." The "shalls" of God are the Christian's inheritance. As such, claim them, Christian, in the name of the "Beloved," and according to your faith shall it be unto you. Oh, what a foundation for faith and hope do the many "shalls" of God lay! How inconsistent for poor puny creatures to doubt for a moment His word, who hath said: "Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law till all be fulfilled." Lord, help my faith. Upon Thy "shalls" help it to stand, doubting nothing, fearing nothing. And why should it do either, when they are all backed by Omnipotence to perform all thy pleasure, and sealed and ratified by the blood of thine "only begotten and well-beloved Son?" Oh, what a God and what a Christ of love is the Christian's! My soul adores, and would fain wash his feet with tears of love and gratitude. His "shalls" are the Christian's. "I will come again, and receive you to myself, that where I am, there ye may be also."

## RICHARD WEAVER IN PARIS.

Richard Weaver has been in London for a time since his return from Paris, but is at present evangelizing in Lancashire. Mr. Stabb, who accompanied him to Paris, has given me very interesting information as to the effect of his appeals, not only upon French audiences—his address in English being translated by the son and successor in the ministry of the late and lamented Frederick Mosod. But, in addition to this, Richard Weaver found audiences among the large number of English students, groups, &c., who are found in Paris, and had a warm welcome from them, as well as from those of the same class who are in attendance on the extensive stud of blood horses in this neighborhood of the capital, and the property of the Emperor of the French. A writer from Paris, a Frenchman, says, in reference to the presence and preaching of Mr. Weaver:—"The effect has been excellent, even upon French auditors accustomed to a more elegant style of oratory. He exhibits a depth of feeling, a tone of conviction, and an abundance of picturesque imagery, by which persons of high station also have been moved and edified; and his visit to Paris will have behind it most hallowed recollections."

## BIBLE-WOMEN.

The Bible and Domestic Female Mission was first begun amid the degraded population of St. Giles' parish, and has since spread far and wide over the metropolis. "There was a new element in the project, yet a very old one; it was 'putting the right thing right.' To sow the good seed of the Word was made the motive and reason for the movement, and the Lord himself had prepared the hearts of the people to receive that word, even as He appointed woman's love to carry it to them. As to results, they have again and again been set before the public; and, both socially and spiritually, they have been extraordinary and unparalleled. Twenty thousand pounds have been saved by 'the very poor' from the gin palace, and these thousands have been spent by this class in purchasing first the large-print cheap, handsome, family-like half-crown Bible, and then followed the bedstead, the blankets, the sending of the children to school—no longer faint and hungry, or clothed in rag—and the purchase of clothes by husband and wife, with the love and joy which only the gospel can give." The Hon. Arthur Keble, who has

boundless love and mercy of God, of Christ who had borne his sins in his own body on the tree, and of his privilege now of taking that Jesus for his present Saviour. I quoted many of the exceeding great and precious promises of God. I felt that my soul immortal was about to take its everlasting flight from mercy's shore, and my whole spirit was stirred within me, but it was of no avail. The thought that he had all his life rejected Christ, and now, when he could do it no longer, was asking him to save him, staggered him; his mind began to fail, and I was obliged to leave him. During the day I visited him again; he was so weak I could not converse with him, but an awful expression of woe was upon his features as he faintly whispered, "pray, pray for me." Very soon reason left her throne; he was struggling in the surging billows; the darkness of death was thickly gathering around him; and in a few moments more, with that same look of horror stamped on his countenance, he had gone—gone from the hospital to the judgment, and while eternal ages roll, his destiny forever sealed. But three days before he partly rose to his feet for prayer, but put it off till another night!

## SUDDEN DESTRUCTION.

On a sultry day in September a small schooner lay at anchor in a harbor on the south side of Lake Erie. The sails hung motionless, and the sailors were lounging in silence about the deck, just after their mid-day meal. The captain at length broke the silence with, "If we stay here a week longer waiting for the wind, we shall lose all the profits of the voyage. 'Pd rather encounter a gale—anything but this cursed calm!" Every sailor chimed in with this opinion, each in his own way; but all agreed in imprecation against the cause of the delay, and in blaspheming the God of the winds. Was his anger stirred at their impotent wrath, and did he resolve in vengeance to give them their hearts desire? Suddenly a sail flapped slightly in the wind. Every man started to his feet in joy for no one saw the dark wing of the angel of Death riding out that welcome breeze. In almost breathless silence they watched the wind gradually increase, till it was sufficient for their purpose; and then the fore-preparations for the voyage were hastily completed, and the vessel flew over the waters like a strong man to run a race. For a time merry jests were heard from the light-hearted sailors, and predictions that this would be the shortest trip ever made to the upper lakes were confidently expressed by the more experienced. Gradually conversation ceased; for the wind was every moment increasing, and now no voice was heard but that of the captain giving orders to fast every sail and prepare for the storm. For a time the vessel obeyed her helm and kept on her course, and no fears were felt for her ultimate safety; but as the wind increased in violence and the waves broke over with fury, as if He alone who can say, "Thus far shall thou come, and no farther," had withdrawn his restraining hand, the stoutest hearts were filled with fear, and some in their despair prayed to Him whose name they had so lately taken in vain.

## "NO SPRINKLING PRIEST."

A young German, in making a few remarks, with much simplicity and fervor, at a recent Fulton-street prayer meeting, said: "He wished to testify that the Lord had been merciful to him, and he had the witness that his sins had been forgiven, and his iniquities blotted out." He had been a Roman Catholic, but he was one no more. "No, no," said he, "I go to no sprinkling priest now to have my sins washed away. I go to the fountain head. I go to the blood of sprinkling that speaketh better things than the blood of Abel. I go to no Catholic priest now to get absolution. I go to Him who is able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him. I go to no observances and penances to work out my salvation. I go to Him who becomes the end of the law for righteousness to them that believe. I need not now to have the priest say that I am no longer under condemnation. I go to him who says there is no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus, and who gives the spirit to witness with my spirit that I am born of God. I go to no priest now to ask what is truth. I go to Him who has promised to lead His believing children into all truth. I have great consolation in having led for refuge to lay hold of the hope set before me in the Gospel.

## "I DON'T WANT TO GO TO RUIN."

One Sabbath, just after the service at the Christian Commission chapel, a man came running to me and asked me to go to the hospital in great haste, for a dying man was calling loudly for me. I went as quickly as possible, and as I entered the door of the building, I saw him about half way down the ward, throwing his hands in the air and crying out in great distress. Hastened to his side and took his hand in mine, and as he fixed his eyes upon me, never shall I forget the words that fell from his lips—"O, sir, I am glad you have come. I am going to die. I am not prepared, and I don't want to go to ruin." And then, in broken sentences, he told me his story. "I have at home a praying mother and sister. From my youth up I have been religiously instructed. I never indulged in the vile habits and vices that I have so often seen in others around me, but I never gave my heart to Jesus. I never confessed Christ before men. I never prayed for pardon or a fitness to die. I know and feel that I am guilty before God, and I am not prepared to meet him. Three nights ago I attended the meeting at the chapel. I was deeply wrought upon during the sermon. When the invitation was given, and so many went forward for prayers, I partly arose to my feet to go also, but the thought occurred to me that I had better wait till another night, and I took my seat again. I did not think I was going to be thrown upon my bed again so soon, but here I am and know that I shall soon die. Eternity is just before me, and twenty-five years of sin stare me in the face. O, sir, pray for me, pray for me!"

## UNDER THE SHADOW OF TRY WINGS.

Tears, desires, convictions, avail but little—ye must be "gathered to Christ, even as a hen gathereth her brood under her wing." There is safety only there; and all that you can do outside that wing will never give you rest, peace and joy—the things that your soul longs for. Until you come to that, it all goes for nothing—soon to rise up in judgment against you. And if you say, "But I cannot do that; it requires a divine power," those who speak in that way are but too often merely playing with the thing. We need not go into those discussions about doctrine—about the power of the will, and so on. Christ still says, "I would have gathered you, but ye would not," and the same heart that united your Ancestress will say, "I would have gathered you, but ye would not."

**Family Reading.**  
**WHAT CAN BE DONE ON A SMALL FARM.**  
Very crude ideas prevail among those non-residents of the agricultural districts, in relation to the profitableness of farming. The number is comparatively small of persons who seem to appreciate the fact that farming is a practical business, liable to the same accidents, calling for the same degree of talents and devotion to its pursuit and liable to the same conditions of success as other branches of business.  
Many have gone from the city to try life upon the farm, only to return to the city bitterly disappointed. And no wonder. They did not understand what they were about to undertake, and when their experiment had been tried and had failed, they understood it but little better. They had gone about a business requiring skill, knowledge, and application in as great a degree as any other pursuit, as they would go out to enjoy a holiday; and the discovery that the farm would not manage itself, was to them as if their holiday had been cut off at the height of its enjoyment by a sudden shower.  
Farming is a profitable and pleasant business to any one who goes about it understandingly, industriously, and with a full determination to do his duty. The profits may not be as rapid as in some other kinds of business, but they are sure, and do not take wings, as readily and fly away. Taking the average of good farmers and of good business men, we believe it will be found that the accumulations of a life-time will prove greatest with the farmers, while the advantages of comfort in old age, and in happy, well-ordered households, will be on their side. Men, commencing with little capital besides their hands and their brains; by intelligence and persevering application have in a few years found themselves in the possession of comfortable, well-stocked farms, without incumbrances, and with good names in the business world. Others, in spite of every advantage that capital, freedom from indebtedness, and completeness of arrangement could give them at the start, have seen their estates dwindle away, until they have found themselves landless and homeless. The cause lies solely in their improvidence and mismanagement.  
We have a pleasing illustration of what skill and brains, combined with industry, may accomplish on a small piece of land, in a little work which has been published by James Miller, of this city, called *Ten Acres Enough*. The author of this book had been engaged in business for several years in Philadelphia, and had succeeded in accumulating a little fortune of two thousand dollars. Yielding to a long-cherished desire to remove to the country, he, about ten years ago, purchased in New Jersey, near Philadelphia, a market-farm of eleven acres. By a shrewd bargain he succeeded in getting his land at such a rate that he was able to pay all down, and have enough left to stock it as a fruit-farm, and support the family the first year. One acre was in clover; there was a good stock of the common garden fruits on the ground, and ten peach-trees, the spaces in the rows were filled up with raspberry bushes, and the spaces between the rows with strawberry plants. One acre was planted with *Layton* blackberries, of which he had the good fortune to have already a large supply of plants; one acre was planted in tomato vines, and one in garden vegetables, while cabbage, corn, melons, &c., were planted wherever he could find a place to put them.

## THE FIRST YEAR'S RESULTS.

Our young farmer and his family went to work with a will. They invested largely in manure, and struck vigorous blows where needed, attending to everything in time, neglecting nothing. A farmer seldom expects an adequate return for the capital and labor expended from the first year's crops, but our author foots up his account as follows: Cost of strawberries, raspberries and peach-trees—permanent outlay—\$226.36; cost of manure, labor, plants, and other expenses to be renewed every year, \$455. His receipts, from sales of blackberry plants, cabbages, tomatoes, garden produce, and pork, were \$791, giving three hundred and thirty-six dollars over the current expenses, or upwards of one hundred dollars profit, if we also charge the permanent expenses against the receipts.

## CULTURE OF ONIONS—A HINT TO FARMERS.

The extraordinary rise in the price of onions caused by the great demand in our camps and army hospitals for this most valuable of all common vegetable anti-scorbutics, has doubtless sufficiently indicated to intelligent farmers that the onion crop will be one of the most profitable that they can cultivate this season. In order to assist them in this most promising work, we copy the following hint from the communication of a farmer to a western paper: "The prevailing opinion is that to grow good onions, the sets grown the previous year should be planted. This is an error. Better onions and larger crops can be grown from seed than from sets. The seed should be first sown in a hot-bed as thick as they can stand. As soon as the seed is up, open the beds to the air, and plant freely. In April prepare your ground, and water the sets from the hot-bed singly, one by one, three inches asunder, in rows ten inches apart. If the ground is very good, and they are well cultivated, you may have eight hundred bushels from an acre.—*Am. paper.*"

## SETTING FENCE POSTS.

Among the special annoyances at this season is the perpetual heaving of fence posts by the frost. When this occurs badly, the expense and trouble of fencing is much increased. A correspondent of the *Agriculturalist* states his mode of setting posts in soil which heaves badly. He says:—"I have had experience in fence-making, have tried different ways, and I think the difficulty alluded to can be entirely obviated thus:—Dig a small hole ten or twelve inches deep, drive down a cross-bar to the depth of about one and a half feet further, insert the post (sharpened doubtless), and drive it thoroughly with a beetle, chinking up in the usual way around the post with stones, (so that no soil comes against the post with the surface). The soil is set deep in the ground, beyond the action of the frost, and the stones prevent the earth from freezing to it, and drawing it out. Though it has been about eighteen years since some of my posts were first set, they have not been drawn out by the frost, and have only to be straightened up and re-chinked."

## GREAT BLESSINGS.

Great blessings, that are won with prayer, are won with thankfulness; such a man will not ask new, but he will wish give thanks for old. Thankfulness proceeds from pure grace. Prayer and thanks are like the double motion of the lungs; the air that is sucked in by prayer is breathed forth again by thanksgiving.

## Family Reading.

**WHAT CAN BE DONE ON A SMALL FARM.**  
Very crude ideas prevail among those non-residents of the agricultural districts, in relation to the profitableness of farming. The number is comparatively small of persons who seem to appreciate the fact that farming is a practical business, liable to the same accidents, calling for the same degree of talents and devotion to its pursuit and liable to the same conditions of success as other branches of business.  
Many have gone from the city to try life upon the farm, only to return to the city bitterly disappointed. And no wonder. They did not understand what they were about to undertake, and when their experiment had been tried and had failed, they understood it but little better. They had gone about a business requiring skill, knowledge, and application in as great a degree as any other pursuit, as they would go out to enjoy a holiday; and the discovery that the farm would not manage itself, was to them as if their holiday had been cut off at the height of its enjoyment by a sudden shower.  
Farming is a profitable and pleasant business to any one who goes about it understandingly, industriously, and with a full determination to do his duty. The profits may not be as rapid as in some other kinds of business, but they are sure, and do not take wings, as readily and fly away. Taking the average of good farmers and of good business men, we believe it will be found that the accumulations of a life-time will prove greatest with the farmers, while the advantages of comfort in old age, and in happy, well-ordered households, will be on their side. Men, commencing with little capital besides their hands and their brains; by intelligence and persevering application have in a few years found themselves in the possession of comfortable, well-stocked farms, without incumbrances, and with good names in the business world. Others, in spite of every advantage that capital, freedom from indebtedness, and completeness of arrangement could give them at the start, have seen their estates dwindle away, until they have found themselves landless and homeless. The cause lies solely in their improvidence and mismanagement.  
We have a pleasing illustration of what skill and brains, combined with industry, may accomplish on a small piece of land, in a little work which has been published by James Miller, of this city, called *Ten Acres Enough*. The author of this book had been engaged in business for several years in Philadelphia, and had succeeded in accumulating a little fortune of two thousand dollars. Yielding to a long-cherished desire to remove to the country, he, about ten years ago, purchased in New Jersey, near Philadelphia, a market-farm of eleven acres. By a shrewd bargain he succeeded in getting his land at such a rate that he was able to pay all down, and have enough left to stock it as a fruit-farm, and support the family the first year. One acre was in clover; there was a good stock of the common garden fruits on the ground, and ten peach-trees, the spaces in the rows were filled up with raspberry bushes, and the spaces between the rows with strawberry plants. One acre was planted with *Layton* blackberries, of which he had the good fortune to have already a large supply of plants; one acre was planted in tomato vines, and one in garden vegetables, while cabbage, corn, melons, &c., were planted wherever he could find a place to put them.

## THE FIRST YEAR'S RESULTS.

Our young farmer and his family went to work with a will. They invested largely in manure, and struck vigorous blows where needed, attending to everything in time, neglecting nothing. A farmer seldom expects an adequate return for the capital and labor expended from the first year's crops, but our author foots up his account as follows: Cost of strawberries, raspberries and peach-trees—permanent outlay—\$226.36; cost of manure, labor, plants, and other expenses to be renewed every year, \$455. His receipts, from sales of blackberry plants, cabbages, tomatoes, garden produce, and pork, were \$791, giving three hundred and thirty-six dollars over the current expenses, or upwards of one hundred dollars profit, if we also charge the permanent expenses against the receipts.

## CULTURE OF ONIONS—A HINT TO FARMERS.

The extraordinary rise in the price of onions caused by the great demand in our camps and army hospitals for this most valuable of all common vegetable anti-scorbutics, has doubtless sufficiently indicated to intelligent farmers that the onion crop will be one of the most profitable that they can cultivate this season. In order to assist them in this most promising work, we copy the following hint from the communication of a farmer to a western paper: "The prevailing opinion is that to grow good onions, the sets grown the previous year should be planted. This is an error. Better onions and larger crops can be grown from seed than from sets. The seed should be first sown in a hot-bed as thick as they can stand. As soon as the seed is up, open the beds to the air, and plant freely. In April prepare your ground, and water the sets from the hot-bed singly, one by one, three inches asunder, in rows ten inches apart. If the ground is very good, and they are well cultivated, you may have eight hundred bushels from an acre.—*Am. paper.*"

## SETTING FENCE POSTS.

Among the special annoyances at this season is the perpetual heaving of fence posts by the frost. When this occurs badly, the expense and trouble of fencing is much increased. A correspondent of the *Agriculturalist* states his mode of setting posts in soil which heaves badly. He says:—"I have had experience in fence-making, have tried different ways, and I think the difficulty alluded to can be entirely obviated thus:—Dig a small hole ten or twelve inches deep, drive down a cross-bar to the depth of about one and a half feet further, insert the post (sharpened doubtless), and drive it thoroughly with a beetle, chinking up in the usual way around the post with stones, (so that no soil comes against the post with the surface). The soil is set deep in the ground, beyond the action of the frost, and the stones prevent the earth from freezing to it, and drawing it out. Though it has been about eighteen years since some of my posts were first set, they have not been drawn out by the frost, and have only to be straightened up and re-chinked."

## GREAT BLESSINGS.

Great blessings, that are won with prayer, are won with thankfulness; such a man will not ask new, but he will wish give thanks for old. Thankfulness proceeds from pure grace. Prayer and thanks are like the double motion of the lungs; the air that is sucked in by prayer is breathed forth again by thanksgiving.