

to unite in supplicating God's blessing upon Zion. Does any one seek a Scripture warrant for this assertion? It is easily furnished. It was at a "place where prayer was wont to be made," that the apostle Paul met the devout Jewesses, when the heart of Lydia was opened to attend to the things which he spoke. Unnoticed or despised, no doubt, by the haughty Pharisees, was that little circle of praying women; but Jehovah stamped it with a mark of signal favour, which their ostentatious services failed to receive.

Perhaps some one will say, "But I can pray alone. In my closet, unseen by any eye save that of the prayer-hearing God, I can seek the revival of his work. Christ is not only where two or three are gathered together in his name, but in every place where a soul seeks him in spirit and truth." This is true; and yet, this ought you to do, and not leave the other undone. While such meetings have received the explicit sanction of Christ, and the Bible and the history of the Christian church afford abundant proof that they have often enjoyed his smile, and been followed by his blessing, we are not warranted to conclude that Zion now can dispense with them, and sustain no injury.

Another may urge, "I have no time; various duties occupy me so fully, that I cannot command the hour required." This may be true; and of course where it is so, it affords a legitimate excuse. But perchance a little reflection will show, that you either have, or ought to have, the requisite time for this object. Doubtless you have time to converse with your friends; can you, then, find none to commune with that "Friend who sticketh closer than a brother?" Perhaps you have time to engage in some of the religious or benevolent operations of the day; and can you find none in which to supplicate, in union with others, for God's blessing on these efforts? It has been well remarked by one, "It is wonderful that we talk so much, when 'the talk of the lips tendeth only to penury,' and pray so little, when 'prayer brings a quick return of blessings in variety.'" What a blessed day will that be for individual Christians, and for the church which Jesus has purchased with his blood, when professors of religion shall spend the time in prayer for their brethren, which now they spend in complaining of them, in speaking of their faults not to them, but to others; and how much more good may we expect from the ministry of the word, when each individual member of the church holds up the hands of his pastor by fervent supplications on his behalf to a prayer-hearing God; instead of discouraging him and injuring his own soul by criticising his sermons and complaining of his course. Then may we expect to see Zion put on her beautiful garments, and rejoice in the multitude of her children. Christians! when shall this day arrive? It is for the church to decide. M.

(The author of the foregoing article "knows whereof she affirms," being herself an exemplary member of a little band of ladies who have long met stately for prayer.—Ed.)

AFFAIRS IN MEXICO.

The following is a letter dated Jalapa, May 19:—

To tell you of the siege and capture of Vera Cruz, or the battle of Cerro Gordo, would be repeating a thrice-told tale. You, no doubt, have felt proud, as an American, of the increased glory to our arms by the brilliant results of that day, when less than 1200 men carried a fortified and almost inaccessible height of 1000 feet, defended by 3000 men and six or eight pieces of cannon. The immediate actors on that memorable day who survived the bloody conflict were as much astonished to find themselves safely masters of the height as those of you in the United States were that we reached there at all. As you know the story, I will spare you the garrulousness of an old soldier.

You are aware that the army followed the dispersed and flying enemy until we reached this lovely spot and were right glad to halt at the base, as it were, of the Olizaba, view its snow-capped peak, and partake of all the luxuries that are common and abundant in tropical cities. Here, amidst hills and valleys teeming with every luxury in the form of fruits or vegetables produced either north or south, a portion of the army have reposed for the last month, and another portion, without halting, passed on to Perote, where an officer in waiting politely handed over the keys of the well-known castle and prison, with an invoice of munitions, bowed, and followed the footsteps of his twice-whipped Excellency, who had taken a less frequented road than the Grand National, which, by the by, is one of the most costly, enduring national highways that any country can boast of—bridges sixty and seventy years old are as firm and as strong as if finished but yesterday—a monument of Spanish grandeur that will be admired and talked of when Spain is blotted from the map of nations, and her name, as it were, forgotten.

In the full tide of victory, and the country in dismay at the terrible overthrow of all their hopes at Cerro Gordo, the army came to a dead halt for want of the material of war!—men and means of transportation for our subsistence. Here 3,500 volunteers were sent back, as their term of service expired in little over a month.

Jalapa was to be garrisoned—Perote, Puebla, and Mexico taken with about eight or nine thousand men—one of these cities numbering more than one hundred thousand inhabitants! Trains had to go and return frequently ere the remnant of our noble little army could advance. This was a work of time; a partial supply for this place and Perote, and to accompany the advancing forces, at last arrived. Ere this was accomplished the advance took up the line of march for Puebla, not over three thousand men. Here the Mexican Napoleon, with his re-collected troops, and by forcing into service those who had been paroled under a pledge of their officers not again to bear arms until exchanged, made a feint at a stand; and when four men had been killed left the city, retreating on Mexico, and our handful of men took possession of one of the most splendid and beautiful towns in the country, containing seventy thousand inhabitants.

Thus things stand at present, and the future to my vision is gloomy in the extreme. We are here cut off by the vomito from our base of operations, and after a month the army in the field must depend upon the country for subsistence, and that army destined to fight at another Cerro Gordo, with its numbers reduced nearly one half by the return of volunteers and the garrison left in the rear.

Santa Anna, on retreating from Puebla, it is said, will take up a position at a place called Rio Frio, where another battle will undoubtedly be fought; and, if successful, there is still another at a place within two leagues of the city. This is asking a great deal of six or seven thousand men. They can do it, but the best blood of America must run in torrents. The cry now is, "Victory or Death!"

We are dreadfully and most unfortunately crippled, at a moment when we want all our strength. Thus it was last summer, and ever will be when a foreign war is carried on depending in any degree upon short-term volunteers, whose term is sure to expire just when most needed. Gen. Scott appealed to them to re-enter the service, but in vain. A volunteer for a second term would be looked upon as a wonder and by his comrades as a fool. A year in camp rubs off all the ext. a patriotism that first got them into the scrape. The fruits of our victories are in a good degree lost by not being able to push on; the people have recovered from their panics, and will not give up their capital without making another effort, and the least reverse to our arms will bring upon us the whole nation, who, so long as victory declares in our favour, prefer to remain quiet at home.

HAY-MAKING.

The season for making hay is rapidly approaching. The farmer should, therefore, look to his implements and have them in order. Much time may be saved as well as money, by paying early attention to these things. There has been, and is still considerable difference of opinion among good farmers as to the best mode of making hay. One method, and it is the most common, is to dry it thoroughly in the swath, by turning and spreading during the day. Towards evening it is collected into small cocks or raked into wind rows. Next day it is spread again, and in the afternoon put up in larger cocks. On the third or fourth day it is taken to the stack or mow. No salt is used. By this mode the grass is thoroughly dried, but the process is tedious, and in the case of clover, much of its virtue is lost. Another plan which has many intelligent advocates, is to allow the swath to be turned and withered, putting it up into small cocks of about 200 lbs. by noon, when cut before breakfast. In this situation a sweating or fermentation takes place, attended by heat, and an exudation of moisture which tends to cure the hay very fast. The forenoon of the next day the cocks should be examined, and if the heat is abated they may be shook up a little and left for a short time, and then carried to the barn. In moving it away, salt should be sprinkled over it at the rate of two or three pecks to the ton. It will heat again slightly, but if not too green, cures well, and makes the best of hay. The practice is adopted by some, of putting it away with alternate layers of straw, especially when composed of clover; heat is thus avoided, and the straw by imbibing the juices is enriched as food; less salt is required in this case.

Judge Buel, the able editor of the Albany Cultivator, from its commencement until his death, always recommended and practised this plan. He says:—

"Philosophy teaches, and many years experience has confirmed us in the correctness of her teachings, that not only clover, but all hay in which clover or any of the succulent grasses are constituents, should be cured in small grass cocks, not rolled, but formed of layers with the fork. The objections to the old mode of curing wholly in the sun, are, in the first place, that the leaves and finer parts of grasses, dry, crumble and are lost, ere the stems