

"Grapes packed as above directed, will open at any time during the winter or spring following as fresh as when packed. The only secret or mystery is, that the moisture which spoils the fruit when packed in saw-dust and other absorbents, passes off during the ten days that the box remains open, instead of being absorbed, and ultimately moulds and spoils them. So perfect has been my success that I have more confidence in the preservation of the grape than any other fruit. I use shallow boxes for packing grapes, that the moisture may more readily escape, and that the first layer in the bottom may not be crushed by the weight above."

PRESERVATION OF MEAT.—A Belfast (Ireland) paper, states that meat, first dried in a current of air, and then hung up in a close chamber and exposed for twenty or thirty minutes to the fumes of burning sulphur, will keep as long as required. The meat before packing, must be further dried and then covered with some impervious substance. Sheep killed in Algiers during the hot months of August, and passed through this process, were taken to Paris, and sold a month later. We have seen hams which, after pickling, were smoked a short time over burning sulphur, that tasted and kept well.

PICKLED TOMATOES.—Take small, smooth tomatoes, not very ripe; scald them until the skin will slip off easily, and sprinkle salt over them. After they have stood twenty-four hours, drain off the juice, and pour on a boiling hot pickle, composed of one pound of sugar to every quart of vinegar, and two teaspoonfulls each of cinnamon and cloves. Drain off the liquid, scald it, and pour it on them again, every two days for a week.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Take one half bushel of tomatoes, scald them, and press them through a common sieve. Boil them down one half; then add two table-spoonfuls of salt, one of black pepper, one teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, one-half of cloves, one half of cinnamon, and one half of mace. Mix well, and add one teacupful of vinegar. Bottle and seal, and set in a cool place.

HARVEST HYMN.

I.

God of the year!—with songs of praise,
 And hearts of love, we come to bless
 Thy bounteous hand, for thou hast shed
 The manna o'er our wilderness—
 In early spring time thou didst fling
 O'er Earth its robe of blossoming—
 And its sweet treasures, day by day,
 Rose quickening in thy blessed ray.