

No. CV.—*Blossom*, from Margaret, by General Grant, from Lady Gwynne, by Lord Elgin, from Fancy, by Don Juan.

For the information of Importers and Breeders of thorough-bred Stock in the Province, we reprint from a former number the Regulations made by the Central Board of Agriculture in regard to Registration of Stock:—

"The Central Board of Agriculture resolved to establish an official Stock Register for Nova Scotia, and Professor Lawson, the Secretary of the Board, has been requested to act as Registrar. The Stock Register will be opened on 1st January, 1874, for the registration of all *thorough-bred* cattle and horses imported into or raised in the Province. No grade or cross-bred animal, and no animal that is not of perfectly pure blood, can be registered under any circumstances. Should the evidence of purity be insufficient in any case, it shall be the duty of the Registrar to decline to make any entry of the animal.

Pedigrees for entry may be sent to the Registrar. The fee for each entry is forty cents, which entitles the party registering to a Certificate of Pedigree."

In view of the forthcoming Exhibition it is not too early now to begin to think of getting our Garden Seeds, and preparing for early hotbed work. We copy from an Exchange some hints on the cheap system of "German Hotbeds," made by the use of translucent cloth instead of glass frames.

We know that they suit very well, having seen them in use nearly thirty years ago in Britain, whence they travelled to Germany, and now they come across the Atlantic:—

"For forcing early melons, tomatoes, &c., this prepared cloth is especially adapted, as it can be tacked to boxes of any size required and cut to fit them. Little, rough, square boxes of the proper size and height, covered with the prepared cloth, can be placed over the hills in which tomato, melon, or other seeds are planted, and the plants allowed to stand, without transplanting, until all danger of frost is over, when the boxes may be taken off and packed away carefully for another season.

Take white cotton cloth, of a close texture, stretch it, and nail it on frames of any size you wish; mix two ounces of lime water, four ounces of linseed oil, one ounce white of eggs separately, two ounces of yolk of eggs; mix the lime and oil with a gentle heat, beat the eggs separately, and mix with the former. Spread this mixture, with a paint brush, over the cloth, allowing each coat to dry before applying another, until they become water-proof. The following are some of

the advantages these shades possess over glass:

1. The cost being hardly one-fourth.
2. Repairs are easily and cheaply made.
3. They are light; they do not require watering; no matter how intense the heat of the sun, the plants are never struck down, or faded, or checked in growth, neither do they grow up long, sickly and weakly, as they do under glass, and still there is plenty of light."

At the Weigh-House Chapel, London, Dr. Raleigh, who is the Merchants' Lecturer for the month, took occasion lately to discourse most seasonably on the "*ingathering of the fruits of the earth*." The entire strain of the service was that of praise—the hymns, the Scripture, the prayer, the sermon. The doctor read as his text the beginning of the 65th Psalm—"Praise waiteth for Thee, O God, in Zion." This was taken as the key-note of the Psalm, which is known as the "Harvest Psalm." Rapidly tracing the sentiment through the first part of it, the preacher passed on to the second part, which he designated "A Song of Praise for Fruitfulness"—for harvest. Praise waiteth, said he, in this our Zion for the goodness that has crowned this year, that has filled so many garner, relieved so many anxieties, gladdened so many hearts. The gift is so new; the grain is hardly out of the hand of God. He is just beginning His annual distribution. We say the tender flush of spring is gone; the rich beauty of summer is gone. Not so; the substance is preserved. The ingathering is over, the garnering over, and the grinding is to begin. When it comes to the push, a fruit tree is better than a flower garden. To most, to the needy in particular, corn in the sack is better than corn in the ear. "God prepares corn when He has so provided for it." He is now just opening His house: it is always open, but just now the great gates are thrown open wide. In this house "all flesh comes" to Him, though some are so stupid, so hardened by long ingratitude, that they don't know they are coming. In natural things this is God's giving-time. You will find Him in the house of benefaction. He has garnered His store, and He is conveying it to hungry men. To look at a field reaped, covered with stubble, is in one sense a desolate sight. But remember on each of the stalks of that stubble an ear was growing. Reapers have been here. Follow the track of the laden wain to the stack-yard. This is God's bank, and there is more of real property to man, without which he cannot live—more in the farmer's stack-yard than in all the banks of London. Here God's "river" is gathering "full," ready to be poured into an hundred streams, and conveyed for man's

supply. The winnowing goes on, and the ground is covered with golden pieces—pure gold now, out of God's sanctuary. Go to the mill. You can hardly get into it for dust, but it is the dust of pure beneficence. That white miller is one of God's angels. His white coat is more beautiful than the soldier's scarlet, or the lady's ermine. The "river" of God's supply is flowing: we may follow it into the cottage. There is the meal chest, and the cakes baking, and the children dancing about in gladness. In yet other places the supply is being wrought into various forms of skill for the delectation of visitors: and still it flows on. It goes into the sick room, and there is softly ministered to the sleepless, the weary, the dying. God's garden is fruitful, and the water out of His river is so sweet, that it is taken by His children in one form or other up to the time when they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more. We dwell on this, observed the preacher, giving it entertainment for a while, because it is necessary to follow the river in its flow in order to realise the various distributions of it. It seems difficult to get City people to think of this, though they are quicker in some things than country people. We look and see the stream of benevolence flowing out of the river of God. We may see it flowing in our City streets. I walked down here this morning, said the doctor, a distance of about four miles from my house, and I observed how the shops in one form or other were giving out the beneficence of God. The streets we pass through every day are running full and strong with the Divine bounty, and it is going into every house. There is a way God adopts now and then of making men think of this. We go to the baker's, and there is no flour, and he tells us the merchant had none to sell. We go to the merchant, and ask him how this is, and he replies that there was no corn in the market. We go to the farmer, and find his children sitting in misery, and his own heart pressed down with anxiety, and he tells us there have been hardly any crops. This year the river of God has not flowed. Then men see that well-filled shops are not matters of course. The churches are opened, and men go to God with a sigh. Why don't they come to Him with a song? For we are living by the river's brink, and draw from it for ourselves and our children every day. I take a loaf of bread or a cup of water in my hand; it has come somehow. Chemically, it has come out of the soil; but the soil has not created it. Partly, it has come out of the shower; but the shower has come out of the sea. And this is not all. I must go further; I go to the sun. But is it enough to go to all these? Ah, no! I go further through space than the sun has ever shone. I draw aside this