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plants. I said to myself, 'I have it.' I did more; I went home and practised it. My plants soon showed, by their aspect, that I was not wrong in believing the real secret of my neighbour's success. They began to look brighter, healthier, and grow and bloom better than my utmost care had been able to make them do before. And now strangers always ask the same question when they see my plants, that I used to ask my neighbour. My answer is, 'use the sponge.' The pores of the leaf get filled with fine dust—and the plant chokes.—Spraying does not wholly remove it; the sponge does."

Preserving Sheep from Dogs.

Let me publish to the sheep-raising world, a remedy against the destruction of sheep by dogs, which was given me a short time since, by a highly respectable and valuable friend, himself an extensive wool-grower. It consists simply in placing on one sheep in every ten of the flock, a bell of the usual size for sheep. The reasoning of my friend is this: The instinct of the dog prompts him to do all his acts in a sly stealthy manner—his attacks upon sheep are most frequently made at night while they are at rest, and the sudden and simultaneous jingling of all the bells strikes terror to the dogs; they turn tails and leave the sheep, fearing the noise of the bells will lead to their exposure. The ratio of bells might be made to vary according to the size of the flock. The importance of sheep preservation from dogs, the writer hopes will claim for this communication an insertion in most of the papers of the Union, that a remedy so cheap and so simple may be fully tested.—*Rich. Whig.*

Try It.

To raise an orchard of grafted fruit without grafting! How can it be done? Select the kind of fruit you desire, then take a linen string and tie it as near the top as may be. Let it remain one year, then you have above the string one year's growth. Over the string will form a bulb; cut off just below and set in the ground, and from the bulb will start out roots, and soon trees of a dwarfish size will be seen growing under a burden of fruit.—*Exchange paper.*

Frozen Potatoes.

It is stated that if potatoes, when in a frozen state, are dropped one by one into boiling water, and cooked, the taste or the quality will be unimpaired by the freezing. In Chapin's Chemistry, it is recommended to sprinkle the frozen potatoes with slacked lime, so as to absorb the excess of moisture which forms beneath the skin when the tuber begins to thaw, and which would otherwise occasion decomposition.

Obituary Notices.

For the Wesleyan.

Miss Celeste Tupper, of Hillsburgh.

The late and much respected Miss CELESTE TUPPER, was the second daughter of Nathan Tupper, Esq., Hillsburgh. She was born August 3rd, 1836. At a very early period our departed sister evinced symptoms of a delicate constitution proceeding from a scrofulous diathesis, which seemed with her advancing years to develop itself in a tendency to pulmonary consumption. Her natural disposition was kind and amiable. When about eleven years of age she was led to seek the Lord, and we are happy to say, found him to the joy and salvation of her soul. From this memorable period, the religion of Jesus manifested itself in love to God and all mankind, and became the chief topic of her conversation; at a time too, when no religious excitement appeared in the community. Differing from most of her age, she was habitually serious, cheerful, and industrious; applying herself to the improvement of her mind, the cultivation of her voice, and such other useful employment as her exceedingly frail system would admit. At fourteen years of age it was evident that the disease was attacking her lungs, and that notwithstanding parental kindness, and medical skill, its progress daily increased. Being

apprised of her situation, she was not the least alarmed; while her physical strength declined, her confidence in God was increased, and the consolations of Israel to her were neither few nor small. Much of her time was spent in reading the Holy Scriptures and in prayer; when assaulted by the enemy of souls, she would flee to the Saviour for deliverance, and protection; when, immediately some kind and gracious promise would be sent to her aid. Prayer she highly valued, and frequently requested her friends to pray that she might be supported in the trying hour and coming conflict. Truly their prayers were heard and her expectations more than realized. Her affliction, though great and protracted, never produced a murmur or a sigh. When mention was made of her sufferings, she would immediately advert to the patience and sufferings of our Lord Jesus Christ for her; and also add, that those whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth. Within the past few months, it was clear that she was fast approaching the hour of her dissolution. Being asked by her father if her hope was firm, she replied, "My hope is full: Oh, glorious hope of immortality!" she frequently conversed with her parents about her end, and gathered much strength from their observations.—Being pious themselves, they not only knew how to sympathize with their beloved daughter in these trying circumstances, but were enabled to give her suitable advice, and often did they commend her to God in humble and earnest prayer. For every little attention that was paid her she manifested great gratitude, and observed to her father and mother that they would never have to regret a want of affection and attention to her, having done all that lay in their power. Her brother-in-law, Doctor Beekwith, did everything he could to mitigate her suffering; as it was impossible to arrest the progress of the disease. He continually urged upon her the propriety and importance of trusting in the Lord. Long will the writer remember the sympathy, kindness and prayers of the Dr. in her behalf. He truly watched over her by day and by night with the feelings of a relative and a Christian, who knows the value of the soul and the necessity of standing ready for eternity. As the messenger of death seemed to hurry along with more rapid strides, our esteemed sister was less afraid of his arrival. The Spirit of God strengthened her faith in a wonderful manner. She exclaimed to her mother—"I am not afraid to die. Praise the Lord. I feel stronger and stronger," and exhorted all around her to give their hearts to God. The Sabbath before she left the world, Satan made a vigorous attack upon her; and while she was evidently struggling with some inward conflict and seemed to have some depression of mind, out of the fulness of her heart she exclaimed, "Why art thou cast down, oh my soul and why are thou disquieted within me; hope thou in God for I shall yet praise thee, who art the health of my countenance and my God." This apparently last conflict with the enemy was soon over, her heart was again made to rejoice in God, and with her hands clasped and upraised to the Almighty, her face beaming with joy as if in a rapturous transport, she exclaimed—"Behold the glory of the Lord. The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him." When her eyes began to grow dim, and her tongue had nearly failed to give utterance to her thoughts, the pulse in her arm had ceased to beat, she attempted to say, "Jesus can make a dying bed soft as"—when her voice faltered and she raised her trembling feeble finger, pointing to the pillow to say the rest. Now, for a time all was still, every eye was fixed, each one was concluding the spirit had escaped. When to the surprise of all, she opened her eyes, looked those around her full in the face, and summoning her little remaining strength—exclaimed, with remarkable emphasis, "Oh! the glory of the Lord," and then added, "the mercy of the Lord endureth for ever," and sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, Nov. 27th, 1851, in the sixteenth year of her age. The funeral took place the following Sabbath, was numerously attended and the occasion improved from the words of Solomon, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy Youth."

M. PICKLES.

Annapolis, March 4, 1852.

For the Wesleyan.

Mr. Thomas Croucher, of Peggy's Cove.

Died, at Peggy's Cove, on the 18th February, THOMAS CROUCHER, in the fifty-third year of his age,—about twenty-five of which he had been a member of the Methodist Church. In his early days there were no regularly organized Christian societies throughout the whole extent of St. Margaret's Bay, so that he grew up, as did the people generally in those days, ignorant of the things of God. As nearly as can be ascertained, the time when he became seriously concerned about the salvation of his soul, was about the period when the Rev. Robert Lusher, Wesleyan Minister, of Halifax, first visited the Bay. Under his ministry, a general religious awakening took place, the result of which was the organization of a Wesleyan Church. Mr. Croucher did not at once join the little band of Wesleyans, but sought christian instruction and consolation in the English Church, so called. Under the influence of an awakened conscience, he repaired to Halifax, in order to consult with the Rector of St. Paul's, afterwards Bishop of Nova Scotia, hoping thereby to find some ease to his soul. The result of that interview seems to have been not very satisfactory to his mind, for what reason I know not. It was, however, but a short time afterwards, when he united with the Methodist Society. The precise period when he found peace with God is not known. That there was such a period is certain, for to it he has often been heard to refer with manifest feelings of gratitude to God. It was while perusing the sacred page, that divine light, peace and love, first broke into his mind. One passage especially, which has afforded encouragement to many a contrite seeker of mercy, was applied with such power to his soul, that he never forgot it, viz: "A bruised reed will He not break; and the smoking flax will He not quench," &c.—Isaiah xlii. 3. To this event he referred while on his dying bed, observing that he was now, within a few yards of the spot, where he first knew the joys of pardoning love. His union with the Wesleyan Church brought against him no little persecution from those who thought,—and I fear still think,—that Methodism ought not to be tolerated. The design of this sketch is not to eulogize our departed friend. We do not present him as a faultless character. He had his failings, (and who has not?) which caused him many an hour of sorrow. He was sometimes overcome by a fretful disposition, which was, however, often irritated by trials, peculiar and severe. His pathway through life was exceedingly rugged. More than an ordinary share of difficulties he was called to endure, but in the midst of all, the great purpose of his life was manifest—the glory of God, and the salvation of his soul. His last illness was protracted, but not very painful. He literally wasted away, until life itself ebbed out. Several times I visited him, and always found him clinging to the cross of Christ. About a week before his death, he called his large family to his bedside, and exhorted them to attend to the important interests of their souls, assuring them, with great calmness, that he was going to heaven. His death has been of great spiritual benefit to his family, several of whom seem to be earnestly seeking the God of their father; His funeral was largely attended, comprising persons of all the denominations in the Bay, who were earnestly exhorted by the writer to be "also ready."

G. O. H.

Correspondence.

For the Wesleyan.

Rev. Mr. Pickles' Letter.

REV. AND DEAR DOCTOR,—However extensively we may travel, and whatever attractions different parts of the earth may possess, you know, there is a peculiar charm connected with the place of our nativity. Of this I have recently been reminded by the reception of a letter from Mr. Isaac Overend, an old friend—resident in the vicinity, where it fell to my lot first to breathe the vital air, where I was brought to the enjoyment of religion, and the Circuit from which I entered the Mission field. The writer is an aged, respectable, and influential office-bearer in the Wesleyan Church. For years he has been a regular and liberal supporter of all the funds of the Connexion, and for a long period

his house has been a home for the Wesleyan Ministers. The Circuit in which our esteemed friend resided is Keighley, in Yorkshire, (England,) probably not second to any in the District, and the chapels lately erected are within a short distance of each other. The one in Keighley will hold nearly two thousand persons, and is entirely free from debt. The Rev. Dr. Alder is Chairman of the District, and the Rev. George Jackson (who was once in these Provinces) is Secretary. Our correspondent commences by a reference to the death of his beloved wife, who was a mother in Israel, a woman pre-eminent for piety and devotedness to the cause of God. For nearly half a century she was a consistent, useful member of the Wesleyan Society, maintaining an unblemished character to the termination of her earthly existence. The writer says: "The messenger of death has lately visited our house and deprived me of my dear and much beloved partner. This is a source of great distress to my mind. I returned from Black Pools, (where I had spent twelve days,) on Saturday evening. On Sunday we had the Rev. Mr. Hughes to dinner, and she waited upon him without difficulty, and with great pleasure. On this occasion, my dear wife talked much about Heaven, which was shortly to be her home. After dinner we proceeded to the Chapel, returned home, took tea, went to the Sabbath School and two of the preachers came back with us at night. After supper three persons engaged in prayer. Mary seemed to be carried away in praise and prayer to God. At ten o'clock, we all retired to rest, with the exception of Mary, who according to a custom that she had attended to for years, repaired to her closet,—and often have I stood at the door with my heart much softened and my eyes bathed in tears by her devotional exercises. Her plan was every Saturday night to consecrate a portion of her time for private prayer, in behalf of those Ministers who were to preach unto them the succeeding Sabbath, that the Lord by his Spirit, would bless the word, to the conviction and conversion of souls. On Sunday evening, a little before twelve o'clock, my dear Mary complained of a pain in her side, which rapidly increased, and within fifteen minutes "the vital spark was gone." She was unable to say one word; but thanks be to God, my loss is her infinite and eternal gain. Her reward is Heaven. As to myself, I felt troubled, cast down, but not forsaken. I can yet say, "Bless the Lord for all His benefits." I have a good house to live in, plenty of money, all the comforts of life, many friends and not one enemy that I am aware of. Praise the Lord! all is well. I still retain the name of "Class Leader." At present we have twenty-nine steady members. Within the past year, four of our class have died in the faith and hope of the Gospel. Thank God for these living and dying witnesses to the truth of the Christian religion. You will be glad to hear that we have erected a School House at Sowd, forty-eight feet by thirty-six, in which are taught one hundred and fifty-eight children. We have got Calvin Chapel at Harkin Stone. We are doing well at our Chapel in Lower-town, congregation large, and this winter we have added sixty-five members to our society. At present we have a great work before us. Lately we have bought a piece of land to be attached to the Chapel. We are going to build a new School House upon it, forty-eight feet by thirty-nine, and the rest will be added to our grave-yard. There is a new Church and School House at Upper Town. At Marsh we have a place of worship, forty-eight feet by thirty-nine, well attended, with ninety-four members. At Haworth we have a new Chapel; at Lees, at Paper Mill Bridge, at Keighley, and at Steton, all in a prosperous condition, and, thanks be to God, we have not one hand lifted up for reform, on all the Circuit. We are also at peace among ourselves, and out of debt on the Circuit Books, that is with reference to the support of our Ministers. In addition to these we have a good money club, which every place on the Circuit is paying into, in order to liquidate the debts of our Chapels and School Houses. Were you at Lower Town now, you would be surprised to see the improvements that have been made since you left us."

The above extracts will show that the Divine Being is still honouring this section of His Church. The borders are being enlarged, and souls brought to the knowledge of the truth. Oh! that the number may be daily increased. The reading of the above letter has led to the following reflections. Although I have been twenty-four years away from the scenes of my youthful days, I yet feel a particular and lively interest in the happiness and prosperity of the people. Often do I, in imagination, pass through that part of Yorkshire that will ever be dear to me. I think of the majestic hills and deep valleys, the barren mountains and fertile plains, the stone walls and thorn hedges, the broad high-roads and narrow footpaths, the splendid palaces, and the humble cottages, the large towns and small villages, the spacious halls for commercial enterprise and the large temples for the worship of God, streets thronged with persons of business habits, factories of an enormous size presented to the eye in which the residents of the country are employed, colleges, academies, &c., in which to educate the rising generations, asylums for the lunatics, hospitals for the sick, and poor-houses for