



Obituary Notices.

MRS. JOHN CROUSE AGED 77 YEARS.

Passed peacefully at her home in New Brunswick, N. J., on Friday, April 14, 1862, Mrs. John Crouse, aged 77 years.

Her husband, John Crouse, was a young man of excellent family, who had been a "Class Leader" for some time in Nova Scotia, and had fair to be useful, but was called early in life to the better world, leaving a widow and three children in "a vale of tears."

Sister Davis was the subject of much bodily affliction for a great part of her life, but was sustained by the "precious promises"—ever considering the momentary duration of earthly sufferings, and the eternal duration of heavenly joys.

This is the Church above being augmented by the demise of our loved friends, with whom we have had fellowship on earth, by grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. To Him be all the glory forever.

Wesleyan, March 29th, 1862.

The deceased was the mother of a large family, most of whom survive her to preserve enshrined in their memories the recollection of constant solicitude for their well-being in both worlds. She had, indeed, to mourn over the death of one of her excellent sons, a young man of exemplary piety, who had been a "Class Leader" for some time in Nova Scotia, and had fair to be useful, but was called early in life to the better world, leaving a widow and three children in "a vale of tears."

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Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30, 1862.

In consequence of the official relation which this paper sustains to the Conference of Eastern British North America, held at St. John, N. B., on the 20th and 21st inst., the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the following resolutions be adopted: That the following resolutions be adopted: That the following resolutions be adopted:

The Question of the Day.

The history of human affairs is but the record of the evolution and the solution of innumerable great questions. These questions never stand isolated and complete. They are mutually related to each other. There seems to be a certain generative sequence passing through the central course of human events. One question begets another. Some of these are astonishingly prolific. The moments at which the more important of these have been raised or settled, constitute the grand epochs of history. The world has never been without its great questions, and never will be without them. The period in which we live is strongly marked by them.

Essays and Reviews.

No event in the ecclesiastical affairs of Protestant England, since the famous Puseyite movement, has excited so general surprise and indignation as the publication of the series of dissertations in a volume bearing the above title. They have not only received the strictures of the leading religious journals, but have been severely handled by some of the quarters and secular press.

The volume comprises six essays, viz: 1. Education of the world; by Rev. Dr. Temple, Master of Rugby School. 2. Bunsen's Biblical Researches; by Rev. Dr. Williams, Professor of Hebrew in St. David's College, Lampeter. 3. On the study of Evidence of Christianity; by Henry Bristow, D.D. & Cosmogony; by C. W. Goodwin. 4. Tendencies of Religious Thought in England; by Mark Pattison, B.D. 5. Interpretation of Scripture; by Benj. Jewett, A.M.

We purpose within the limit of two articles, to give some general idea of the principles, or rather their advanced in the several essays, as well as to identify some of the important doctrines of our faith which are so rudely assailed. However numerous or determined our enemies without the diadem of Truth is easily defended.

The least exceptionable of the whole is the first in the volume—History, (the writer remarks) proves that there is in the intellectual progress of the world, the degrees of childhood, youth, and manhood. 1. The Law. 2. The Son of Man. 3. The Gift of the Spirit—in childhood, robes; in youth, examples; in manhood, principles. In showing what our education and civilization have derived from the nations of antiquity, he considers that Rome has exhibited the will, Greece the intellect, and Asia the imagination. To the Hebrews he ascribes the education of the conscience. When Jesus came, (he adds) the world had passed its Jewish age. Had he come in our day, it would have been difficult if not impossible for us to recognize His Divinity, for the faculty of faith is now turned inward, and cannot accept any outer manifestation of the truth of God. Had He come earlier, His religion would have been the religion of the Hebrews and not of the whole race.

We concur with the learned author in as far as relates to the fitness of the time of Christ's advent, as being fore-appointed, with reference to a particular and suitable state of the progress of the world. This topic might be amplified had we space. We wholly dissent, however, from the notion, that were the advent not to have been fulfilled until now, the human mind is incapable of apprehending miraculous proof, and we necessarily demand a more intelligent solution of the alleged difficulty than the mere assertion that "the faculty of faith is turned inward." Is the human mind so wholly transformed as to be insensible to such conviction as miracles wrought upon the minds of those who witnessed them eighteen hundred years ago? It is true that the minds of men are now under the influence of a more direct spiritual illumination; and this ought rather to aid us in acknowledging the presence of the supernatural—in other words the suspension or inversion of the natural laws. The candid mind, we believe, would as easily be convinced now, as when, of the truth of the miracles, were it witness the provision for thousands from a few loaves and fishes—the stilling the sea—the utterance of a simple command—"Be thou restored the sick to health—the raising the dead, as in the case of the widow's son, and the beloved Lazarus.

Dr. Temple justly considers that "the rising of the mind of prejudice is the thinking touch of education." Prejudice is a most obstinate incumbent, when he knows that his rival does not possess the shadow of a claim and he will not be summarily ejected. The evidence of the Christian religion are based upon the well established laws of reason and intelligence, and we defy the most subtle theorist to prove that the human mind has undergone any change in its capacity to discover what is natural from what is super-natural—what is hidden from what is Divine—while we admit that the sphere of knowledge is greatly enlarged. The difference in the capacity and power of individual minds beyond their innate endowment, arises wholly from the degree to which they are trained or exercised. The glory of the Christian religion consists in its appealing to the ordinary uncultivated intellect, with as much acceptability as to the most sublimed and refined. Hence, its universality. Were it other than this it would be unworthy its Divine author.

The temporal enthronement of the Pope is symbolical of no Church idea of the necessities of faith. It grew largely out of the necessities of the destruction of the Imperial authority in the eternal city. The scattered elements of ancient society, amid the chaos of barbarian action and marauding, naturally re-arranged themselves around the only surviving nucleus of order that gave promise of stability. The fundamental idea expressed by the Papacy is the essential union of the Church under one visible organization. Of this unity the Pope is the supposed centre and bond. To justify, and render this sort of unity obligatory upon all men, the doctrine of papal infallibility was necessarily derived. Now it is this doctrine that the loss of temporal power by the Pope would do no wise weaken or refute the fundamental idea of Church unity under a monarchy in the person of the Pope. The free-will offerings of the Papal people would still maintain their Chief Bishop in the opulence and splendour with which they might desire to see him surrounded. But if we were forced to walk bare-headed and bare-footed through the Roman Catholic world, the idea of which he is the representative would remain unbroken. The universal prevalence of the Divine idea of a union of all true believers in the Redeemer, can alone enforce the abdication of the Roman idea of a union in the Pope. The substitution of Emmanuel, King of Italy, on the Capitoline Hill, for Pius, Prince of the States of the Church, would do little or nothing to weaken Romanism throughout the world; but it would do very much for drought, misgovernment, distracted Italy. We shall hail with gladness the day which shall see a King of Italy crowned within the walls of the seven-hilled city of Rome.

The second essay is eulogistic of the learning of the late celebrated Bunsen, and his extensive researches in the domain of general literature. Bunsen, in common with many other celebrated philosophers, proposes to trace symbols of the Divine character and government in the theories and traditions of pagan nations, though few have been induced to maintain such unorthodox theories as he professes to deduce from them; more especially his chronological theory from his researches into the Egyptian records. He makes the Old Testament chronology to be twenty thousand years instead of five thousand years. He considers the patriarchal age as legendary, and traces collateral history as far back as the time of Abraham.

It is painful to witness to what degree the adoption of a novel and loved theory leads away from the most interesting and the most credible. Bunsen makes the Israelites to have dwelt fourteen centuries in Egypt, while the Bible account makes their stay to have been only four hundred years. The Avenger who slew the first born in Egypt was the Bedouin host. By the angel who destroyed the Assyrian army is meant the pestilence. He doubts that Moses was the writer of the Pentateuch, supposing it to have been written between the reigns of Solomon and Hezekiah, from certain traditions and records. He impeaches the predictive character of the Hebrew prophecies, and thinks them to be understood by contemporaneous events, and denying their application to the Christian dispensation. (The quotations of Messianic prophecies by our Lord himself is a sufficient refutation of this notion.)

Letter from Digby.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—It is gratifying to hear, through the columns of the Wesleyan, that several Circuits within the bounds of the Conference have been favoured lately with revivals of God's work. It affords me pleasure to be able to report that Digby Circuit has been favoured with an outpouring of the spirit of God, far exceeding anything of the kind it has ever yet received. The result of this gracious work is evident in the cheering fact, that within five weeks, seventy persons have professed to be made happy in the pardoning love of God. They were of various ages; quite a number of interesting young people of both sexes, as well as heads of families. It was no unusual sight to witness from thirty to forty penitents at the same time bowed at the communion rail, seeking mercy. Many penitential tears were shed, and deep contrition evinced on account of sin. Yet the services were carried on without the least confusion or disorder, and in the spirit of true devotion. How deeply affecting it was to see the aged grandparents, of three score years and ten and upwards, bowed before the Lord, with their children and grandchildren by their side, resolving to forsake sin and cleave to the Lord. This gracious work took hold of the public mind, that many persons in a great measure gave up their work for the time, and in many instances walked a distance of eight or nine miles, although the roads at times were unfavourable—the meetings were so attractive that they could not remain at home.

The Great Eastern—Fatal Accident.

The Haverford Telegraph describes the operation of putting the Great Eastern on the gridiron at Neyland. The ship left her moorings at Milford on Sunday, and was taken up the Haven: "On rounding the Wear Point, passing the Blenheim, and up to the Harlebeck, the steamed at half-speed, as it was Captain Ivory's intention to put her nose on the mud a little below the gridiron, so that she might swing, and come stern round with the rising tide. For this purpose strong hawsers were brought to shore, and others attached to the accompanying pilot-tugs, but in performing this necessary duty a most deplorable accident occurred. Lord Frederick Key, of the Blenheim, had sent a boat to assist in carrying the hawsers and otherwise to render help. A rope was thrown from the Great Eastern to the Blenheim boat, which was quickly fastened round one of the thwart of the boat. While this was being done the hawsers were rapidly paid out from the ship, and it is supposed the tide drifted the slack or right of the hawsers under the screw, for instantly the rope got foul in one of the fans, and the first revolution drew the Blenheim boat right in upon the screw. Thirteen of the men, seeing their imminent danger, threw themselves into the water; the remaining four failed to escape in time, and the boat was rapidly sucked into the maelstrom formed by the screw revolutions. All hope seemed to have abandoned them, when one of the fans threw the boat up, and then drew it in between the screw and the vessel. The ac-

cident was so unexpected and so sudden that it was impossible even to see the rope before the boat was sucked in upon the screw. The four men were speedily rescued from their dangerous position, and the screw was then moved in order, if possible, to let the boat down uninjured. The first rise of the fan, however, smashed her in atoms, and the pieces of her wreck were whirled about in all directions by the rapidly incoming tide. Meanwhile the situation of the men in the water was most perilous. They had flung themselves out of the boat into the very rush of the tide which was coming up with redoubled speed, and in a moment or two they were carried some hundred yards from the scene of the accident, and were widely scattered over the water. A seaman standing on the quarter-deck of the Great Eastern, seeing one of the men struggling in the water, seized a rope and sprang into the boiling flood beneath. The noble fellow, striking out, seized the sinking man by the hair of the head, and held him up above water, and presently a boat came and took them both in. Another man, named Harry Rees, succeeded in rescuing two of the men; and altogether eleven were brought safely to the shore. The other two were drowned. But to return to the Great Eastern. The hawsers parted before the chains could be got out, and the mighty vessel drifted almost helplessly down the Channel, and struck the Blenheim. The Blenheim's bowsprit, and jib-boom, and foremast, as well as her moorings, were completely carried away, and it is feared that her foremost also is seriously sprung. In this collision the little steamer Milford Haven had a narrow escape from destruction. She was actually between the Blenheim and the Great Eastern when the latter was only a few yards from the former. The Milford Haven then used her wheels to some purpose, and just managed to get from between the two ponderous bodies when the crash was heard. The Great Eastern, having passed broadside of the Blenheim, anchored just below in mid-stream. On Monday morning the Great Eastern steamed up again to the gridiron, and in about an hour was successfully placed upon it without any further accident or mishap.

Lines on the Death of a Beloved Wife.

"He giveth his beloved sleep."—Ps. Enclosed there, With folded hands laid to thy rest, Upon her painless, pulseless breast, In soft pale robe with beauty dress'd, And shining hair— She looked that night, Like some sweet image of a saint, Whose cheek was wan, whose smile was faint. In the carved marble's cold restraint, Stained and white.

Oh! wondrous change— Unheeded were her children's cries, She opened not her dreamless eyes, Nor sought in anxious haste to rise— Oblivion strange!

Her husband's grief, It crushed him with the weight of years, Of household joys, low'd deep tears, Of household joys, and hopes, and fears, Too dear—too brief!

Cold, cold as stone! Husband, nor children motherless, Nor sister's love, nor fond distress, Of neighbors moved her to redress— She answered none.

But she was blest! While they in bursting grief assailed The very gates of heaven, and wailed— Upon the "shining shore" she laid A part of rest.

Why should we weep? The contrast was before us there; We grieve to our beloved care, And pain, and weakness to bear— "To His beloved sleep."

She rests in heaven. They said, who know her real worth, She like an angel walked the earth, With tokens of that better birth, Thro' Jesus given.

A thousand years, They said, her heart was warm and true; And what her kind hands found to do, She did right heartily—could you Wish sweeter praise?

They said they knew, That at the solemn trumpet's warning, When broke the resurrection morn'ing, The bonds of death her free soul loosing, Would meet their too.

And yet they wept! Because it was a natural grief, And meek tears render pain more brief, And Jesus felt their sweet relief, Where Lazarus slept.

And it seemed long, That they must leave her to her rest; With folded hands, on pulseless breast, While the dull sod her mute form pressed— But it is long!

General Intelligence.

Colonial.

DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTION.—The Fourth Annual Report of this admirable public Institution has been laid upon our table. It is very gratifying to learn that this formerly feeble effort is going on from strength to strength. The present pamphlet extends over forty-eight pages, a considerable portion of which is filled with specimens of composition on every day affairs of life from the pupils receiving instruction within the walls of the Institution. These are highly creditable to all concerned, and the literary merit of the specimens is of the highest order. The present pamphlet extends over forty-eight pages, a considerable portion of which is filled with specimens of composition on every day affairs of life from the pupils receiving instruction within the walls of the Institution. These are highly creditable to all concerned, and the literary merit of the specimens is of the highest order.

DEADLY DISEASE.—The Rev. Dr. Williams, Professor of Hebrew in St. David's College, Lampeter, has just published a series of dissertations in a volume bearing the above title. They have not only received the strictures of the leading religious journals, but have been severely handled by some of the quarters and secular press.

THE GREAT EASTERN.—It is gratifying to hear, through the columns of the Wesleyan, that several Circuits within the bounds of the Conference have been favoured lately with revivals of God's work. It affords me pleasure to be able to report that Digby Circuit has been favoured with an outpouring of the spirit of God, far exceeding anything of the kind it has ever yet received.

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Our Children's Corner.

Marianne.

Friend of my childhood days,

Gone from this earth's sunlit ways,

Gone to the realm of truth.

Gone to the victories of life,

Gone from the care of grief,

Gone from its hate and strife.

Ah me! my feet alone must tread

The wine-press of life's ill,

Amid the living and the dead,

And wroth and wounding.

Ah, not alone! for He who called to thee,

In seeking me by sadder throes,

To see in sorrow all His ministry,

And now His Spirit sooths.

Only Waiting.

There are many things the old man in the almshouse who is only waiting? Many whose eyes are weary with watching for the silent messenger, and whose hearts fall them because the morning tapers so long!

Yesterday I sat down by one of these patient faces, and saw how deeply furrowed with care and sorrow. Fifteen years the earth had brightened and blossomed; the sunlight had brightened and played, but she had seen it not. Through those long weary days and weeks she had dwelt in darkness. Friend and lover God had put far from her, and her acquaintance into silence, for her life had almost numbered its five score years, and the companions of her childhood and youth had long since been left behind—most of them had laid their quiet rest. And yet it was pleasant to sit down beside her; there was magic in the touch of that shriveled hand; there was beauty on that wrinkled face, for she had beyond her way the gates of heaven, and it was blessed to commune with one so ready for her Master's joy.

In our homes there have been holy ones, purified in the furnace of affliction, till the angel almost outshone the human. We know by their calm beauty and deep spiritual eyes, that they were only waiting; and the heart that has felt it alone, knows the sweet joy of loving, when the light of immortal beauty, shining in the face, tells us that loving must be short. Others there are beside the aged and the spiritualized who are only waiting.

The little child, with face close pressed against the window-pane is waiting for papa, or mamma, or aunty come, and presently there will be a patter of little feet, and a welcome of sweet kisses, and simple child questions.

Even now a childish voice sounds in my ear: "Did you get any bright for me, papa?" and I see as of old, two full bright eyes, looking up in eager expectation, and two dimpled hands reaching out for something.

That sweet voice was hushed long ago, and those little hands folded over a heart that would never throbb again, either with joy or grief; but while memory lags those silver tones will linger, nor shall I cease to feel the warm clasp of those soft arms.

On the other side my darling is waiting for me, and some sweet voice is coming to me to meet me with his old welcome. I shall be the child then and question him, grown rich in the knowledge of that glorious land.

Perhaps we do not think enough of these little ones daily waiting around our paths. We are apt to forget how small is the world in which they live compared with ours, and in the midst of care and haste to overlook their little wants, simple in themselves, but as necessary for the soul of the child as air is to the body of the man. Who that has brightened sunny eyes, and called forth the merry laugh of innocence, but feels nobler and happier for the doing? He who has the pure love of a little child, and appreciates that love, possesses a perennial fountain that will never suffer him to grow cold or sourd.

There is a sweet story of little Paul and Susy, that breathes a spirit of patient trust and waiting that would honor to the experience of many years.

The little fellow for him had gone to the war, and he so longed for father, that whenever any of the soldiers went away he always wanted to see them, because they were going where father was; and one day when he had climbed a tree was a procession got past, he fell from it, broke his thigh, and was placed in a hospital. After the operation caused by the setting of his limb was passed, poor Paul looked round the children's ward, and began to talk to himself.

"Yes," he sighed, "they seem happy enough, but they must have been here a great while, and forgotten how splendid everything is out in the sunshine; but I, only yesterday, could run faster than any boy on the street, and now—" The tears gathered in his eyes.

"I am very sorry for you, little boy," said a sweet voice, and turning, he found it came from his next neighbor, whose cot was only a few feet from his own.

"The speaker was a little girl that he very fair, and a skin so transparent that he could trace the delicate blue veins on her temple; and as he looked at her innocent face, he wondered if he had himself thinking of the fair white lilies he had seen once when he passed through the garden of some nice city garden. A quick friendship sprang up between the little fellow-sufferers. Very soon they had told their sad stories of misfortune, and Susy by her kind, soothing words had greatly comforted little Paul.

"But, Susy," he began, after a long pause, "I suppose it is easier for girls to keep still than boys, but I am sure I could never smile again if I thought I must stay here all my life. O, Susy, have you forgotten how splendid it is to run and jump? It would just break my heart if I didn't think I should get well very soon, and go to be a soldier with father. How can you smile so, Susy?"

"I am waiting for Jesus," said Susy softly.

"What can you mean?"

"Why," said Susy, "the nurse reads to us every day from the Bible, and once she told us about Jesus passing amid all the sick people, and making them well, and I said, 'O nurse, if he only would pass by here, and touch every little cot,' and then she told me that Jesus would come to every child that asked for him, and if he were best, he would make us well, and leave us on earth; so, perhaps if he loved us very much, he would take us with him to heaven." "So," said Susy, with a strange sweet smile, "I am waiting for him every day."

"And you really think he'll come?"

"I know it," said Susy, simply.

Paul looked doubtful, and, sinking back upon his pillows, very closed his great eyes.

The days passed on, and little Paul grew no better, although he had learned from Susy to be very patient for Christ's sake.

One bright morning he was looking towards the doctors talking around his bed. They had

decided that perhaps now some opportunity might have been seen.

"Will you hear like a hero, my little fellow?" said one kindly.

"I'll try, sir," said Paul, steadily, "for you know I'm to be a soldier one of these days."

"To be sure," said the doctor, kindly.

"To-morrow, then, and they passed on."

"Dear Paul, poor dear Paul!" again and again, "and they passed on."

But he wanted to be brave, and he would be afraid to cry if he looked at her. So he lay very still, with closed eyes, while the sweet Sabbath music stole in from the chapel, where some of the poor sick men and women were worshipping God. With all his bravery he could not help shuddering to think of the cruel suffering on the morrow, and thinking how sweet it would be for Jesus to come as Susy had said.

With a piteous little prayer trembling on his lips, he fell into a half slumber, and dreamed that he did, indeed, see the beautiful Saviour coming down from the long lines of little white angels, and he knew when Jesus touched him, for the pain slipped away softly, and with a glad cry he opened his eyes. Alas! the old pain came leaping back, ran over his poor back, and shivered down his three little limbs. With a heavy sigh he looked around the room. It was flooded with glad sunshine, and one bright beam rested on the sweet picture of Jesus blessing little children, and saying, "Suffer little children to come unto me." Paul grew calmer while he looked at it. He wanted to see Jesus, but he was almost sure Jesus would come sometime, but he was very tired, his eyes ached, and he would not, not did he wish to open his eyes to see the light he had been shining in.

"I know I'm weak and sinful, but Jesus can forgive."

"Oh yes," said Paul, starting anxiously as he caught the name, "I almost forgot; Jesus is coming; and he tried to bolster up his little hand so as it would stay up in the air. "What are you doing?" said Susy.

"You see," said Paul, in a wondrous, wondering voice, "I am afraid Jesus might pass by in his night when I was asleep, and I want to keep my hand up so he can find me, and know I'm the boy who has been waiting." "His voice died away."

"Dear Paul, he has gone to sleep," said Susy.

Paul slept late the next morning. "I cannot bear to wake him," said one kind nurse to another.

"Poor little fellow!" he must suffer so much to-day, and I will break his heart when he finds he can never be a soldier, for they say he will always be lame."

But Susy, looking eagerly to the bed, and seeing the little hand lying quivering by her side, said with a glad, hopeful smile, "I shouldn't wonder if Jesus put it there."

And Susy was right, for Jesus had, indeed, passed by; and finding little Paul waiting for him, and loving him very much, had lifted the tired limb to his bosom.

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LEAVES FOR MANURE.—Where forest leaves can be collected in large quantities, they may be made highly useful in augmenting the compost heap. A late writer says that every acre of woodland worth cultivating has a quantity of leaves and twigs, which, if the leaves were gathered and composted, Johnson, in his "Farmer's Encyclopedia," recommends their use, and says: "They do not easily rot, but that I think is an objection to their use; they are a sponge to be saturated with urine, and if not touched previously to carting on the road, (after being used as a litter for cattle,) will convey much of what otherwise would be lost." Leaves are valuable as a litter for stables, being an absorbent of the liquids, and they may be used in the hedges with profit; and their greatest value is when used as a compost. This is also true of straw. Allowed to decay in the open air, the greater part of its value is lost, while buried in the compost bed, all becomes saved and makes a fine manure.

Farmers who can, should gather quantities of forest leaves this fall for the purpose of making compost, litter for stables, bedding for horses and cattle stalls, hop-pens, &c. Nothing will pay better.

ORCHARDING.—Hovey's Magazine (Boston) contains an article on this subject, giving some interesting facts. The products of Massachusetts orchards were more than \$600,000 in 1850, and are estimated over a million in 1860. New York at the same time produced over \$2,000,000 worth of fruit, believed to be double in 1860. Maine, \$350,000. Illinois over \$400,000, and Ohio about \$700,000. In 1861 nearly 150,000 tons of apples were purchased in Western New-York, at a cost of \$450,000 including transportation, by two extensive fruit dealers in Boston, and forwarded there. The good suggestion is made to offer premiums, not for the best exhibition of a few apples, but for larger or smaller plantations of trees, from half an acre to ten acres, and from two to ten years old.

FEEDING DOMESTIC ANIMALS.—In Germany cattle are fed five times each day, and of course, a smaller quantity at each meal. Here we feed three times per day. Which plan is right? Do cattle in the wild state feed but three times per day, or do even our domestic cattle, educated to do so, feed more than three times? The latter is the more probable, and the custom when permitted to range in rich pastures? Or do they eat smaller quantities more frequently? Are the habits either of wild cattle or the domesticated to be taken as pertinent examples of the more judicious course to be pursued? Cases may occur where the present custom is most convenient, such as the feeding of working cattle while their drivers are at their meals; but should this apply to fasting cattle, milch cows, or cattle not in use?—Scientific American.

GOOD COUNSEL.—A young farmer asked an old Scotchman for advice in his pursuit. He told him what had been the secret of his own success in farming, and concluded in the following meaning: "Never gamble, never—above all things, never get in debt; but if ever you do, let it be for manure!"

MILK SICKNESS.—George Fisher, in a communication to the Chicago Medical Examiner, states that he has from time to time taken great pains to find out what it is that causes milk sickness in cattle. In all cases examined by him he has traced it to springs poisoned by the decomposed roots of the cicuta, or wild parsnip, trampled into them by the cattle in dry weather.

HEAVY HOOK.—An agent in Rensselaer county sends us an item which says that Mr. Nathan Atkins, of Schaghticoke, recently killed seven hogs, the united weight of which was 4,394 lbs. Their weights separately were 865, 742, 872, 350, 470, 608, respectively. It is made to cheapen the meat, and is a good thing for those who have abandoned the present system, we believe, and will be found hard to beat.—Bural New Yorker.

Notes & News.

Production of Pins.

There is a little article in dress which is at once so necessary and so beautiful that the wealthiest use it; and yet also that the poorest are enabled to procure it. The quality of the article is as perfect as art can make it; and yet from the enormous quantities consumed by the great mass of the people, it is made to cheapen the article, and is within everybody's reach. It is an article of universal use.—The article we mean is a pin.

A pin is made of brass. But suppose the most skillful workman has a lump of brass ready by his side, to make it into pins with common tools—without a hammer and with a file. He beats it upon an anvil till it becomes nearly thin enough for his purpose; a very fine hammer and a very fine touch must be used to produce a pin of any sort, even a large coarse pin. But the pin made by machinery is a perfect copy of the best made by hand. It is made of considerable size, with file and polishing, is an operation so difficult that it is not attempted, but with a lathe and a sliding rest it is an easy matter. A pin hammered out by hand would present a number of rough edges that would tear the clothes, as well as hold them together. But the wire of which pins are made acquires a perfect cylindrical form by the simplest machinery. It is formed by drawing through the circular holes of a steel plate; and the hole being smaller and smaller each time, it is drawn through, at a length reduced to the size required for the production of pins.

In Europe, at the present time, the head of a pin is formed of a small piece of a wire twisted round, so as to fit upon the other wire, which constitutes the body of the pin. The cutting and pointing of the pins are also the result of separate operations; but in this country machines have been invented which stamp the head at once from the same piece of wire which constitutes the body of the pin at the same time cutting and polishing the points. Besides all this, machines are and have been invented by which the pins are struck into papers and folded up, an equal number being arranged with mathematical accuracy in each paper.—Am. Pop.

THE IRON DUKE IN BATTLE.—The Duke of Wellington was remarkable for the coolness with which he gave his directions. Even in the heat of an engagement he has been known to give a humorous observation, especially when it seemed to raise the spirits of his men. Thus, when the British were storming Badajos, his Grace rode up while the balls were falling around, and observing an artilleryman particularly active, inquired the man's name. He was answered "Taylor." "A very good name, too," said Wellington. "Cher up my men, our Taylor will soon make a pair of breeches—in the walls." At this rally the man forgot the danger of their situation, and a burst of laughter broke from them, and the next charge carried the fortress.

WOMAN AND RELIGION.—To woman, religion is not only an ornament of life and character, but also a necessity; not of course, in the absolute sense, which would exclude the possibility of living without it; but a necessity, if we consider the use and value of life as implying a consideration of personal influence, and happiness as dependent on a well ordered course.

FRIENDS AND RELATIVES.

OF THE BRAVE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.

All who have Friends and Relatives in the Army or Navy, should take especial care, that they are supplied with these Pills and Ointment; and that they have the means of procuring them, in order to provide themselves with them, on better preparation than they can otherwise do. They have been proved to be the Soldier's never-failing friend in the hour of need.

Coughs and Colds affecting Troops.

Will be speedily relieved and effectually cured by using these admirable medicines, and by paying proper attention to the Directions which are attached to each.

Sick Headaches and Want of Appetite Incidental to Soldiers.

These feelings, which so often, as usually arise from trouble or annoyance, obstruct perspiration, and eating and drinking whatever is set before them. These feelings, which so often, as usually arise from trouble or annoyance, obstruct perspiration, and eating and drinking whatever is set before them.

Weakness or Debility induced by over Fatigue.

Will soon disappear by the use of these invaluable Pills, and the Soldier will quickly acquire additional strength. Never