

Religious Department.  
Rev. J. W. MALCOLM, Editor.  
THE TESTIMONY OF THE DYING.

The name of Sir Humphry Davy is one of the most conspicuous in the annals of the past. As a philosopher he attained the highest eminence. He had opulence which enabled him to surround himself with all the luxuries of life. His celebrity gave him rank which made him a welcome guest in the castle of nobles and palaces of kings. This illustrious man as he placed his head upon the pillow of death, left behind him the following testimony:

"I envy no qualities of the mind and intellect in others, nor genius, nor power, nor wit, nor fancy. But if I could choose what would be most delightful and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing, for it makes life a discipline of good, creates new hopes when all earthly hopes vanish, throws over the decay of existence the most gorgeous of all lights, awakes life in death, and calls from corruption and decay beauty and everlasting glory."

Such testimony from such a man is certainly worthy of being deeply pondered by every thoughtful mind. And how much confirmatory testimony have we of the same nature. Recall to mind the words of Prince Albert as he was breathing his last amid the splendors of one of England's most gorgeous palaces:

"I have enjoyed wealth, rank and power. But if this were all I had, how wretched I should be now."

Visit in imagination the solitude of Marshfield, where Daniel Webster is dying with a heart broken by disappointments and regrets. The silence of the dying chamber is disturbed only by the ticking of the clock, and the breaking of the surf upon the shore. It is midnight. Listen to the last utterances of that voice to which a nation has often lent its ear in willing homage:

"The least of heralds, the pomp of power, and all that beauty, all that wealth of earth, awake the unfeeling stone. The path of glory leads but to the grave. The silence of the death-chamber remains unbroken, when again that voice is heard exclaiming in its most solemn and fervid tones:

"Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive. Let a repenting sinner live. Are not my sins large and deep? May not a sinner trust in thee?" Enter the mournful glooms which envelop the dying bed of Sir Walter Scott. His genius has won the admiration of nearly all christendom. Now impoverished, disappointed in all his plans, paralyzed, he is gasping in the death struggle. He raises his imploring eyes to his son Lockhart, who is standing by his side, and says:

"My dear, dear son, be a good man; be a religious man; nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to die here." Edmund Burke has arrived at the close of his wonderful career. The diplomacy of every cabinet in Europe has been swayed by the energies of his gigantic mind. He has stood upon the highest pinnacle of intellectual greatness, the admiration of an applauding world. With weary heart and pallid cheek he now stands upon the verge of the spirit land, and looks back, and looks forward. Hear him:

"What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue. I would not, in this hard season, give one peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honor in this world." Prince Talleyrand, one of the most renowned and successful of European statesmen, having attained the age of eighty-three years, is prostrate on a dying bed. In scarcely legible lines he traces with pencil on paper the following as his dying testimony:

"Behold eighty-three years passed away! What cares, what agitations, what anxieties, what ill-will, what sad complications! And all without other result save great fatigue of body and mind, and a profound sentiment of discouragement with regard to the future, and disgust with regard to the past."

And now let us enter the death-chamber of Edward Payson. He had devoted the energies of his life, as a disciple of Jesus to winning souls to God. Thus he had been preparing for a dying hour and laying up treasures in heaven. To his sister he wrote:

"The celestial city is full in my view. Its glories beam upon me. Its breezes fan me. Its odors are wafted to me.— Its sounds strike upon my ear and its spirit is breathed into my heart. The sun of righteousness has been gradually drawing nearer and nearer, appearing larger and brighter as he approached, and now he fills the whole hemisphere, pouring forth a flood of glory, in which I seem to float like an insect in the beams of the sun."

O my sister, could you but know what awaits the christian, could you only know as much as I now know, you could not refrain from rejoicing and even leaping for joy. And now, my dear, dear sister, farewell! Hold on your christian course but a few days longer, and you will meet in heaven your happy and affectionate brother."

Reader, you soon will be prostrate upon a dying bed. Are you prepared for that hour? And what will be the testimony you will leave behind you?

Let not fear create the God of childhood; fear was itself created by a wicked spirit; shall the devil become the grandfather of God.

LYMAN ABBOTT AS AN AUTHOR.  
We remember that while in New York University (sacred and honored by every stone in her walls), the dullest day of the week was when essays were to be read. It is safe to say that "Paley's Evidences" or "Kames' Criticism" had in them more force than the first lunges of inexperienced collegians. The students sat down with a resigned spirit to wait till the hour was passed, longing for the gong to sound. But when Lyman Abbott read, we used to wake up. He never had an essay about "the seasons," or "the swiftness of time," or "meandering streamlets;" but something fresh, spirited, odd, humorous, and memorable. The professor listened and the students clapped till they were called to order. Those days come vividly to mind as we take up *Laicus*, Mr. Abbott's last book. It is the same old style, and all that is needed to make the University picture good again, is the group of boys around the professor's table—a group that will never again be gathered.

It would be a grand thing to have *Laicus* put in the hand of every minister and layman. Mr. Abbott, since he left the pulpit, for the editorial chair (from which he preaches to about fifty thousand people each week), has on Sundays been sitting in the pew, and tells in his book how ministers and congregations look from that point. The characters introduced are as distinctly drawn as those of Charles Dickens.—The Rev. Dr. Argue—learned, dull, heavy, opaque. He probably got his title of D. D. some year like the present year, when there was a deluge of titles, and almost everybody was struck. He is no doubt called learned because he is heavy. A minister who is heavy is almost always suspected of being learned. A deep voice, a pair of spectacles, and a wide look elects a man to be a professor of didactic theology.

There comes Mr. Gear, the infidel, whom the minister undertook to catch with a bare hook, and failed; while *Laicus* swung round him the silken net of the Gospel and hauled him in. There is Maurice Mapleson, a pastor drawing a whole community toward God by the force of a warm heart. In eternity we will be surprised to find how little brain was necessary for preaching the Gospel successfully. On that day Great-Heart will outshine Great-Head. Maurice Mapleson will go up to keep jubilee with those whom he won for God, but Doctor Argue, it seems to me, will not be satisfied unless he can be chewing syllabisms to all eternity.

The book introduces Mr. Hardcap, an angular christian, who has family prayers with a vengeance, and snuffles over his religion till you can hear him from Wheathedge to Brooklyn. Oh! he represents a class of people who make religion a loathing to young people. Instead of making Christianity a balsam, they make it a pill. To them her ways of wretchedness, and all her paths are pain. The only thing about Mr. Hardcap that surprised me was that he did not steal something.

But there comes Miss Moore of Wheat-hedge, glad faced, busy-handed. Almost every church has at least one of her. Sometimes she looks down from the gallery, sometimes from the deacon's pew, sometimes from the Sabbath-class.—Wherever flowers are to be gathered, or tracts distributed, or the sick comforted, or tears to be wiped away, there she is. The only fault we have to find with her is, that she is almost sure to get married, and move away to some other parish.—If you would know the usefulness of one bright, social, intelligent, helpful Christian girl in a church, ask the minister, ask the deacons, ask *Laicus*!

The book is one of the healthiest. If well circulated, it will upset many of the ecclesiastical humbugs. A sham is none the less to be despised because it sits in church, and rolls up its eyes hypocritically. In our parishes, let canting and false dignity go to their own place—that is, where Judas went. True religion is frank, plain, gladsome, and sits gracefully anywhere. It is time for a great thaw. Fewer stiles, less whining, greater simplicity, and more snap.—*Tal-nage.*

HOW GOD ANSWERS PRAYER.  
A poor Christian woman in Buckinghamshire—I believe near Berkhamstead—was bereaved of husband after a long illness, and left unprovided for, the only thing of value being a large chest of tools. The husband had only just been buried, when a neighbor, bearing no good character, called on the widow, and presented a bill for work done altogether beyond widow's power to pay. The work, which had been done in the husband's lifetime, was paid for by him, and the bill receipted, of which the widow had a distinct recollection. It availed not for her to assert the fact. The payment of the bill was pressed again, and longing eyes cast at the chest of tools. In great distress the widow retired up stairs to pray, for all effort to find the receipted bill was vain. While engaged in prayer a butterfly flew in at an open window down stairs. The widow's little child chased it until it flew behind the chest of tools. Just then the mother came in, and the child begged her to remove the box, that he might get the butterfly. The neighbor offered at once to do so; and while he was removing it from the wall, a piece of paper fell down behind, which the widow, taking up, found to be the lost bill, receipted as she had said. She was overcome with praise and gratitude to God, who had answered her prayer, by means of the butterfly; and even her enemy himself discovered the missing bill.—*Christian Union.*

The gates of heaven are now arched; we must enter upon our knees.

Agricultural Department  
I. D. R. COLLINS, Editor.  
STRIKE THROUGH THE KNOT.

I well remember, years ago, how I a little lad, to split a knotty stick, with all the strength I had. In vain I hacked about that knot, and chips flew round me. And, wearied, I laid down the axe, and thought I'd try no more.

Just then, an old man passing by, who chanced to see my plight, cried out aloud, "Hold, hold, my boy, you have not my axe right. This hacking splinters will not gain the object you have sought. But split it through the knot, my boy, directly through the knot."

I tried once more, and on the knot struck hard to make it break. Once, twice, thrice, and the stick was split; I dropped my axe again. "And now," quoth he, "by this you see just how I would do it. All the way through you'll find hard knots, and sorrow, care, and strife."

"And should you only look at them, you'll make but a bad job of it. You strike them manfully, you surely will succeed. The lives of great men always passed through many a troubled way. And would you walk therein, my boy, remember what I say."

That did he speak, and ever since I've found his words true. That I will give, as I received, the same advice to you. And if you need it, you will find, as others have I find, the wisest plan, and surest way, is striking through the knot.

THE CRAFTSMAN MEETING.  
Of the Board of Agriculture last week was somewhat better attended than that held at Newport, but it is evident that the summer season is a poor time to hold Farmer's Meetings.

The first session was held on Thursday afternoon, I. D. R. Collins, Esq., being called to the chair. The first paper read was a very good and suggestive one by Rev. Horace Herrick, of Wolcott, on "The Benefits of Scientific Farming." The author discussed the various causes of the exhaustion of the soil, and the most effective mode by which "run out" land may be economically restored. Following the paper was a discussion upon the use of ashes as a fertilizer. Prof. Collier enquired whether ashes were much used by the farmers of the vicinity, and Mr. Collins replied that all that was made was applied to the crops, usually to corn, either in their leached or unleached condition. Judge Hastings spoke of ashes as not being of much value in dry year, if sufficient rain fell the favorable results were manifest. Prof. Collier said that when a boy on his father's farm in central New York, he remembered that large piles of leached ashes, some that had lain for many years exposed to the weather, had been brought up and shipped by canal and river to Long Island, to be applied to the land. Judge Hastings had applied leached ashes to an unproductive meadow, spreading it on the most barren knolls. These next year yielded a thick growth of fine grass. Being much encouraged by the result of his experiment he next year attacked a 30 year old pile of leached ashes, and spread it on his grass ground, with excellent results. He believed that these old ash-heaps, though deprived to a considerable extent of their potash, were very valuable, and thought it probable that by lying a long time there was a formation of nitre which was very beneficial to grass.

Mr. Jameson said that considerable had been said about the exhaustion of potash from the soil by growing potatoes for the starch factories. But he thought it paid, nevertheless, as often a farmer would clear in a year, by the sale of potatoes, a sum equal to the entire value of the land. He was in favor of growing potatoes as long as they were so very profitable, even if they did exhaust the land.

Dr. Hoskins remarked that this was only a question of profit and loss. If the necessary application of ashes could be made to the potato field to replace the potash carried away in the tubers, at a cost that would still leave a profit to the grower, he was in favor of potato growing too. But it was important that farmers should know first what they were taking from the soil in the different crops, otherwise they might ignorantly injure their land very seriously. He spoke also of the large amount of potash in the tops of potatoes, and hoped they would always be saved and composted, if not covered in digging.

Mr. Thorpe, of Morristown, said that in his experience a liberal application of ashes to grass land was apt to induce mousing over, and asked if there was any remedy. None was suggested, but it has occurred to us since, that mousing would only occur when the grass was thin, and we would suggest, in case it was not desired to turn over the sod and re-seed, that mousing might be in a measure prevented by harrowing and sowing grass seed at the same time with the ashes.

Referring to the exhaustion of the land by potato raising in early times, and the subsequent rotting of the tubers (which occurred about the time distillation of potato whiskey was suppressed in Vermont) Judge Hastings said that one old farmer of his acquaintance then attributed the rot to God's cursing the potato as a punishment to the people because they stopped the manufacture of whiskey.

THURSDAY EVENING.  
Prof. Collier gave his lecture upon "Commercial Fertilizers" which has already appeared in the columns of the *Farmer*. After the lecture a number of enquiries were made in regard to various fertilizers. The professor said that the analyses already made (which have appeared in the *Farmer*) would be printed in his Annual Report, and that he should continue to make and publish similar analyses from time to time, as occasion should require.

FRIDAY MORNING.  
Mr. Jameson read his paper on "Grass" which was given at the Newport meeting, exhibiting some forty-five specimens of native and cultivated grasses.

Judge Hastings spoke of the practice of one of his best farmers, Amasa Scott, in haying. He begins haying June 1st, and cuts a second and often a third crop, taking the grass of these crops when about eight inches high. His hay is so similar in character to grass that the manure of his cattle in winter was just like that when grazing, in color and consistency. Mr. Scott feeds his calves on skim milk mixed with warm hay tea, and recently sold a pair of "yearlings" (23 1-2 months old) that weighed 2700 lbs. They were fed with the hay tea up to the day they were sold, adding lately about four quarts of meal per day. A number of Craftsbury farmers follow the same system, and about twenty calves were sold the past year that never have been surpassed, if equalled, by any that have been shown at the State Fair. Some Short-horn bulls have exceeded 1000 lbs., at one year old. E. L. Hastings sold a pair of grade Short-horns one month younger than Mr. Scott's that weighed 2280 lbs., and S. C. Corey a pair of natives with a little Devon blood, 24 1-2 months old, that weighed 2700 lbs. Mr. Scott's pair mentioned above, dressed a little over 1800. Mr. S. P. Whitney had a calf that last fall, at 7 months weighed 800 lbs.

MISCELLANEOUS.  
At a great bargain pause awhile. The postal cards will be three by five inches.

Idaho will come into the Union as the "Heaven State."  
Poor Wisconsin!—last year it was first, this year it is drought.  
The national debt is being paid at the rate of \$2 a minute.  
The decrease in the national debt for the month of July was \$3,427,288.18  
The reduction of the public debt for Aug. is expected to reach \$12,000,000.

Gen. Sherman and Miss Grant and party will sail from England for home September 5.  
Illinois proclaims the biggest corn crop ever raised since the seven fruitful years of Egypt.  
Stanley's little African adventure is called the romance of the nineteenth century.

A brother Teuton describes Mr. Schurz as "a shentleman dot is very elastic mit his brains."  
There are 1,000 marriageable young ladies on the island of Nantucket, and only 100 young men.  
Charlotte Cushman is reported to have earned \$55,000 last year by her profession as reader and actor.

Out in Ohio they ask you to believe that a pig can live nine months under a straw stack without food or water.  
Fernando Wood says that "all good men," including himself, are for Greeley. Fernando is slightly "sarkastical."  
Brik Pomeroy's "La Crosse Democrat" that at one time had a circulation of hundreds of thousands, is now dead.

The King of Spain has signed the decree providing for the gradual abolition of slavery in Cuba and Porto Rico.  
It is said that Jay Cooke is about to enter into arrangements with a Philadelphia belle to superintend his cooking.  
The latest of Colorado's wonders is a petrified palm tree 22 feet in diameter, discovered 21 miles southeast of Denver.

Mrs. Mitchell, a woman worth \$300,000, was arrested in the streets of San Francisco as a common drunkard, recently.  
Michael Lowery, of New York city, while intoxicated, threw his wife from a third story window, seriously injuring her. He was arrested.

A brutal teamster at Somerset, Mass., recently became angry with a baulky horse, and fastening a rope to the animals' tongue pulled it out.  
Dr. Houard proposes to tell the tale of his sufferings to the American people. Over 200 lecture committees have already solicited the privilege of introducing him.

A Cincinnati wife left her husband's board but took the bed with her. He is puzzled to know how to word a legal notice of warning to the prospective creditors.  
"I'm so thirsty," said a boy at work in a cornfield. "Well, work away," said his industrious father, "you know the prophet says, 'Hoe, every one that thirsteth.'"

A lady's bustle caught fire recently at Oshkosh, Wis., and burned several feet deep into gages, newspapers, etc., but was extinguished before the flames reached her flesh.  
The Kansas City Times learns, by private letter, that a daughter of W. G. Brownlow attempted to elope with a Knoxville stone-cutter, and has been injured in a convent.

Dr. Livingstone has given the name of Lincoln to one of the lakes discovered by him in Africa "as a tribute of love to the great and good man America enjoyed for some time and lost."  
A resident of Brownstown, Mich. has been committed to jail in default of \$500 bail, for chopping a cow with an ax until she was dead, the animal having provoked him some way.

A seventy-five years old French ballet girl manipulates her unpaired calves with a spryness that makes her younger companions sea-sick and ill-hearted. Age will tone the old girl down however.  
What an agreeable world this would be to live in if we could pump all the pride and selfishness out of it! It would improve it as much as taking the fire and brimstone out of the other world.

A lively Hoosier maiden wept when she read how Longfellow had cut his pastern so as to ruin him for life. She was so fond of his poetry, she said, as she sniffled the pearly tear drops from her nose.  
A wife and daughter of one of the best families in Elizabethtown, Ky., have become converts from Christianity to Judaism, which is the third instance of the kind reported in this country for many years.

The death of President Juarez deprives Mexico of the ablest ruler she has had for many years past. He was seventy years of age, of Indian blood and birth, and began life as a servant in a wealthy family in Oaxaca.  
To whom it may concern: Look not upon the water-melon when it is red, nor upon the stemed cherry when it giveth its color in the cup; at the last it bieth like a soft-shell crab, and stungeth like the cholera morbus.

Earl Granville says that he has no doubts of the genuineness of the letters purporting to come from Livingstone. Livingstone's son believes that the papers and letters brought to him by Stanley are from his father.  
One young lady at the Ocean house, who calls but, "buttwat, waitwat," wears nine diamond rings on one of her hands, and a bustle on which she, the other night unconsciously carried Charles Augustus Fitzmoodle's blue-ribboned straw hat from the lawn to the bluff.

A vigorous old agriculturist living near Elene, Kansas, while being cored the other day, chopped his big toe off with the hoe, but never stopped to pick it up until he had finished out his row. He then went back, found the amputated appendage, brushed the dirt off, and carried it to the house. With the aid of his wife and some fruit-jar wax, he replaced it, and then went to work again.  
In a law suit the other day, between two members of the same church, counsel for one of the parties suggested that the brethren ought to defer their differences for adjustment to the high court above, to which the client responded that the "same idea had occurred to him, but there seemed to be an insuperable obstacle in the way—he couldn't contrive any way to get his lawyer there."

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SYRUP  
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This is the secret of the wonderful success of this remedy in curing Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Chronic Diarrhea, Boils, Nervous Affections, Chills and Fevers, Humors, Loss of Constitutional Vigor, Diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder, Female Complaints, Child and Female Debility, and all diseases originating in a bad state of the blood, or accompanied by debility or a low state of the system. Being free from Alcohol, in any form, its energizing effects are not followed by corresponding reaction, but are permanent, infusing vigor, and new life into all parts of the system, and building up an Iron Constitution.

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