

We knew a skilful cultivator of the earth, whose delight in reading the works of creation, had rendered him quite as skilful in making this study attractive to others; and when we have remembered the great numbers of young people whom he had fascinated into this pursuit, we have often involuntarily been led to contrast him with

"The churl who holds it heresy to think,
And knows no music but the dollar's clink;
Who never found what good from science grew
Save the grand truth, that one and one make two;
And he, across whose brain science dare to creep,
Aught but the parent pair, to get, to keep."

Again—every farmer may exert an excellent influence in his own neighborhood in many ways. By perseverance, he may accomplish much in elevating the character of the neighbouring schools—those fountains from which are to flow the very life-streams of intelligence to our successors on the great theatre of life. He may promote agricultural knowledge by assisting in the diffusion of periodicals. He may often find means to contribute to the happiness of those whom sickness has stripped of physical comforts. It is scarcely necessary to point out all the ways in which a really earnest, straight forward, kind and modest man, may benefit the community in which he lives, if he is not afraid of labor, although all and even more may be done while others may be idling, talking nonsense, or attending public amusements—and it is impossible, from the very nature of things, that all this should not make a strong impression on those who come in contact. In his own family, too, his influence is still greater than elsewhere, either for good or evil. Domestic sunshine or storms are very much at the command of the head authority. A single ill-natured remark will often send its poison and contagion through a whole household—a uniform air of kindness cannot fail greatly to soften the asperities of life; and especially when, to speak colloquially, "every thing goes crooked," a few words fitly spoken, will drop like balm into the corroding irritation of bad nature, and like the atmosphere of spring, breathe cheerfulness and sweetness about those within their influence.

Now, if any one believe that the accomplishment of these duties does not greatly increase one's own happiness, to say nothing of the happiness of others, "then has he no human blood in his veins." He is one of those chrysalides of mortality, whose object in living is to suffer as little, and enjoy as much as possible, within their own shell of physical selfishness. There are others who assent to all we have said, but who commit the supreme folly of chasing the rainbow of promised enjoyment, by trying *first to get rich!* No wonder that farmers' sons rush into the city, when their country homes, with the inexhaustible attractions which might be thrown around them, are made repulsive, or at least dull. Fortunately, the exercise of taste in rural improvements—the study of the beauties of country life—the performance of neighborhood amenities—and the soothing influence of kindness in families—do not require the income of a duke; and he who has accomplished all these well, in addition to the skilful management of his plantation, has perhaps as just an expectation as any one, of a pleasant evening in his life, in the hope that he has not lived wholly in vain.

Too much hard work for the money earned, is the general cry against farming; and there has been, in days past, and still is much truth in it.—Let any man spend some time in an agricultural district, and see the labor of men, women and children, and we feel sure he will be disposed to join the cry; but we hope for improvement in this respect. Farmers are becoming better educated than they have been, and with education will come wants and tastes to be gratified; and with education, too, will come the ability to gratify those wants. We do not mean to say that we ever expect or wish to see the time come when farmers will desire to live according to the fashionable mode of living in our large cities, but we do desire and pray for the time to come when they will, as a mass, be educated with the manners and feelings of true gentlemen, possessing, too, the learning and ability to make their wants known, and to demand the rights which belong to them as owners and occupants of the soil of this vast country. We would see farmers not lords of the creation in name, while they are truly slaves in deed, but elevated to their proper position. It can be done—it must be done. We feel that now is the time to press the matter upon the attention of the farmers. The movements for our benefit must originate with us, certainly no other class of men will undertake them for us. A convention of farmers called to meet at Toronto, at some future day, when no other business would be before them to distract their attention, would be productive of much good. So much dissatisfaction is expressed from many quarters, about the profit of agriculture being altogether inadequate to the labor, that we would gladly see where the fault lies, and have it corrected if possible. Our own humble opinion is, and always has been, that we hold the power in our own hands to rectify all the difficulties, providing we use it properly. The nineteenth century has brought changes to all classes of men.—Progress is the order of the day. The farmers can form no exception to this rule. A choice lies before them,—it is simply this, either to raise themselves by education to their lawful inheritance, or to lose it through ignorance, and to remain for ever mere "hewers of wood and drawers of water."

And now, Doctor, for your science and art.

Doctor—I have already told you that the *Canadian Journal* does the thing so well as to supersede the necessity of our attempting it; besides, I have already given you a sufficient dose in the ice-boat about the Lorraine Shales and other matters.

Major—True; well, then, we will summon Mrs. Grundy, pluck the fruit of her "gatherings," and then call on you, Doctor, to close the evening's work with your song and music.

Doctor—I have really a very pretty song from the Mus. Bac.; it will well repay the trouble of learning it. My remarks, as usual, are without fear, favor, or affection, and if they do not satisfy every one, I cannot help it. By the bye, Cruvelli is positively spoken of as meditating a visit. Will it not be a treat? Cruvelli and Albani—the two greatest contraltos in the world. My New York advices