



A DELICATE DESSERT.—"A housewife who has tried it" sends the following receipt: "Lay half a dozen crackers in a tureen, pour on enough boiling water to cover them. In a few minutes they will be swollen to three or four times their original size. Now grate loaf sugar and a little nutmeg over them, and dip on enough sweet cream to make a nice sauce, and you will have a simple and delicious dessert that will rest lightly on the stomach—and it is easily prepared. Leave out the cream, and it is a valuable recipe for sick room cookery."

AGRICULTURAL STATISTICS.—"Thomas McNab," of Montreal, writes on this subject as follows: "In the Report of the Agricultural Department of Washington for the month of September, I notice an extract from THE CANADA FARMER of 1st September, on 'the value of correct statistical information of Crops.' This is a subject to which little or no attention appears to have been paid in Canada, but it is one of the importance of which, in a new and agricultural country like this cannot be over-estimated, not only as showing the probable annual value of the crops, and the yield per acre, but also the progress made in clearing the land for cultivation, and the relative fertility of the different sections of the country. It is undoubtedly a primary object to be undertaken by the Bureau of Agriculture; and one which the agricultural press of the country should urge upon the attention of the local boards of agriculture, and through them on the Government. A few years ago the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland undertook for the Government the collection of agricultural statistics in Scotland. The expense was small, the system pursued simple, and the result was satisfactory. I take a deep interest in all that pertains to agriculture, and would much like to see some steps taken towards the collection and publication of agricultural statistics, not only as affording valuable information to the people of Canada, but which would be of the greatest service to put into the hands of intending immigrants to Canada. I would be glad if through the medium of THE CANADA FARMER the results could be brought prominently before the Minister of Agriculture."

WINE MAKING.—"A. B. Brownson, of Bayfield, writes as follows: "I wrote to you in the early part of Sept. last for information about home-made tobacco, you answered it Vol. I, No. 17, page 261, and I acted upon your suggestion. Having no screws I took an upright pole under the beam in my cellar, and a wedge and an old axe were all the appliances that I used, and so that you can judge for yourself, I have sent you one plug. I have used no other kind for the last year, and am still of the opinion that farmers can grow and cure their own tobacco, at about six cents per pound, and in one year earn enough to pay off our national debt. Now, I want some information about wine-making. Last fall I had a large quantity of the Clinton grape, say three or four bushels. After giving away as long as any person would come for them, I then took it into my head to make them up into wine. I went to a neighbouring brewer who pretended to know all about wine-making from the grape. I followed his directions, and in the spring following a friend of mine called to see me, and I tapped the wine and gave it him to drink, with a request that he should give me his opinion of it. He drank part of it, spit some into my face, some on the carpet, then ran outside to empty his mouth. When he could speak he said it was bad wine, and pronounced it about second class vinegar, so I acted on his suggestion to make it into vinegar, and rolled it out into the sun, where it has been all summer, but now it is neither wine nor vinegar. What I want to know is how to make wine out of grapes. I shall have barrow loads this year, and they are all coloured now."

MOWING AND REAPING MACHINES.—"M. O. Cole," of Orwell, communicates the following:—"In the name of common sense and justice to horses, what is the use of drawing about the field so much wood and iron! Look at the sickle, weighing only about six or seven pounds, a little more than a common grass scythe, and its cut in all ordinary machines is not more than a square foot at a stroke. Next, consider a man with his grass scythe, instead of one foot at a stroke, he cuts about ten or twelve. Now compare the forces employed. The one is the man's arms, the other a "sweater" for two horses. Next, contrast the implements—the one weighs about fifteen pounds, and the other about from twelve to sixteen hundred pounds, and at the same time the scythe does quite as much work while in actual operation (i.e. forward cut) as does the monster drawn by two horses. As regards the quality of the work done by machines in general use, we cannot expect much to improve; but in regard to the awkward, heavy and complicated machinery employed, horse-flesh, as well as good common sense, call loudly for improvement. I have pulled off and cut away nearly a quarter of my old machine (St. George) this season and made wood for the fire and old cast iron for the foundry, and thereby saved about the draught of a horse in working it, with no detriment to its working capacities; and yet there is enough left of each material, if rightly employed, to make two or three machines. During the ensuing winter, as soon as the busy work of the farm is over, I intend to make a machine that will not be more than a quarter the weight of the lightest machine I have yet seen, and at the same time it will possess equal if not superior strength to the heaviest. Whether it will work, or fail to work, on trial next season, will not change my notion of the groundless necessity of so much 'wood and iron.'"

The Canada Farmer.

TORONTO, UPPER CANADA, NOV. 1, 1865.

Causes for Thanksgiving.

Since our last issue, "Thanksgiving Day,"—now established, we are glad to believe, as a national institution—has been observed; and at the call of our government, the whole country has joined in grateful acknowledgement of the Divine mercies. While many kept the day merely as a holiday, the great majority of our population mingled religious worship with their festivities, and presented thankful homage to the Giver of all good. In our view such an observance is eminently proper, and the bounden duty of a Christian people. We hope to see it kept up year by year as a national "harvest home."

It is comparatively easy to be thankful in the midst of prosperity and abundance. The somewhat irreverent remark of the toothless old lady at the dinner table, that it would be easier to be thankful if the meat were not so tough, indicates a tendency in human nature of which there are numerous and constant illustrations. At present, we seem to be emerging out of a condition of straitsness into one of comparative comfort. For some time past the country has been in the merciless grip of "tight times." Now, however, the spirit of commerce is reviving again; trade shows briskness and vigour; money, as business men say, is "easier;" and a general feeling of hopefulness is taking the place of despondency. The face of society, recently clouded with gloom, is brightening up and beginning to wear a smile.

This change is very much owing to the bountiful harvest which we have been permitted to gather. After several unfavourable seasons, the earth has again yielded all manner of store; and with abundance of products, there have come high markets. With plenty to sell, there is no lack of buyers. Almost every marketable commodity is readily con-

vertible into money. It becomes us to acknowledge the goodness of God in all this, and to be mindful of the source whence our blessings are derived.

In nothing, perhaps, are we so prone to absolve ourselves from responsibility, as in regard to our harvests. Yet they are more dependent on human agency than we are apt to think. We do not now refer to skillfulness in farming, although, unquestionably, failure often results from want of proper culture. Much may very justly be said about unwise cropping,—neglect of proper rotations,—manuring,—drainage,—care of stock, &c., and we are accustomed in these columns to give "line upon line and precept upon precept" in reference to such topics. But we have now more particularly in view moral responsibility. Every attentive reader of the Bible must have been struck with the forcible utterances of the ancient prophets on the connexion between the discharge of religious duty by a people, and the enjoyment of bountiful seasons. What applied to Jewish agriculturists, applies no less truly to the farmers of Canada. That voice of Divine majesty which said of old: "I called for a drought upon the land;" "I smote you with blasting and with mildew, and with hail;" is not wholly silent in those days. It was not a superstitious feeling which in the olden time traced blasting and mildew, drought and caterpillar, to a superhuman agency. In this age there is a tendency to an opposite extreme. Nature and second causes are alone looked at, and there is too little recognition of that resistless and omnipresent power, to whose behests all human plans and labours are subject. Man may plant and water, but God giveth the increase. We are far from affirming that every failure of the crops is a Divine judgment for national sin; but we do not hesitate to say that there is a principle involved in this matter which is well worthy our attention, and of which we are too apt to lose sight.

It is doubtless the special province of the pulpit to bring out and enforce these aspects of human responsibility, and we could have wished that greater prominence had been given to them, than, judging from the newspaper reports of the recent Thanksgiving discourses, would appear to have been done. The subject is of grave and universal interest, and is one of many illustrations of the fact that enlightened patriotism and intelligent piety are close allies.

Some one has remarked that "the course of nature is a standing miracle." An eloquent writer observes:—"If we could see the wheat woven by fairy spinners, apples rounded and painted and packed with juice by elfin fingers; or if the sky were a vast granary or provision store, from which our needs were supplied by invisible hands in response to verbal prayers, who could help cherishing a constant undertone of wonder at the miraculous forces that encircle us? But consider how much more amazing is the fact! Consider how out of the same moisture the various flowers are compounded; the dew that drops in the tropics is transmuted into the rich orange liquor and banana pulp, and sweet substance of the fig; the pomegranate stores itself with fine fragrance and savour from it; the various colours and qualities of the grape are drawn from it; and in the temperate orchards, the rain is distilled in the dark arteries of trees—into the rich juice of the peach and the pear, the apple and the plum." All nature proclaims our dependence on the Great Father above us. Not all the skill of man could make a single grain of wheat germinate, or a blade of grass shoot, did heaven withhold the fructifying influences which are its gift. It surely befits us, helpless pensioners upon the Divine bounty as we are, devoutly to recognize the hand that supplies us, than to espouse the cold, blind, atheistic philosophy of which there is so much in the present day,—which talks with wise look and learned phrase about "nature's laws," but never lifts a loving, trustful, thankful eye to nature's great and glorious Law-giver.