

In this department of our journal we shall frequently bring forward similar cases to those we have just related, and shall endeavour to obtain license from the parties themselves to mention names and other circumstances, by which means an unlimited credence will be attached to the facts and cases we illustrate.

It undoubtedly speaks volumes for a country which affords ample means of investing capital and producing wealth, at a time when the markets of most of the civilized world is overstocked with capital, and the staple products of the soil and manufactures. Canada abounds with these means, and only requires an influx of capital and skill to make it a most desirable country to live in.

GYPSUM OR PLASTER.

Gypsum is the third principal salt of lime which exerts a powerful influence on plants, and is one of the most valuable of all our mineral fertilizers. Much variety of opinion has been entertained respecting the manner in which it exerts its influence or produces its effects on plants; and these opinions can scarcely be said to be harmonized, even at the present time. Davy was inclined to consider it a direct food for the plant, as it is found, to some extent, in those plants on which it exerts the most power. Chaptal referred its power to its stimulating agency on plants, produced by its action when dissolved in water. Liebig ascribes its value to its giving a fixed condition to the nitrogen or ammonia which is brought into the soil, and which is indispensable for the nutrition of plants. Dana, to the action of the lime and the acid of which the gypsum is composed on the organic matter and silicates of the soil. He says—"It seems almost incredible that so minute a portion of mineral can act at all; yet how beautifully is the result explained by the principle that plants decompose first this salt; the lime, for plaster is a sulphate of lime, then acts on geline, which is thus rendered soluble; while the acid, the oil of vitriol or sulphuric acid, immediately acts on silicates." It seems very probable that no single one of these suppositions will be found able to account in full for the action of plaster. That of Mr. Dana appears to approach as nearly to a solution as any of them, if we extend his term silicates so as to embrace those combinations formed by the union of the acid of the gypsum with ammonia, after its separation from the lime. If the action of plaster was due to its fixing ammonia alone, then it ought to be equally efficient at all times and places, which it certainly is not; or if it acted directly as nutriment, then its action would be as constant as that of rotted manure or compost, which farmers well know is not the case. Plaster does not act as usefully in the vicinity of the sea, as in the interior; and on heavy wet soils, is scarcely felt at all. Light sandy soils, or loamy ones, are those on which plaster acts the most sensibly; and clover, lucerne, potatoes, cabbages, and the leguminous plants, such as peas, vetches, &c., are the vegetables on which exerts the most powerful influence. It is much valued as a dressing for wheat, not so much, perhaps, for its direct action on that plant, although that is not trifling, as for its effect in securing and promoting the growth of the clover and other grass seeds, usually, in wheat countries, sown with this crop. So marked is the influence it exerts in this respect, that plaster, clover, and wheat, are always associated in the mind of the most successful wheat growers; and its use is the most extensive in the best wheat growing districts of our country. In the minds of many, a senseless prejudice has existed against plaster,

on the ground that it the more speedily exhausts the soil, and that the heavy crops at first obtained were the price of ruined farms. It is, doubtless, true that the man who uses plaster on his farm, who takes from his soils all he can get, and returns nothing to them, will soon find his soils worthless enough. He who intends to farm it in this way, should avoid plaster; but let any farmer alternate wheat and clover; husband and apply his manures; feed off his clover in his fields, or to his stock in their stalls; let him not spare his grass seeds in seeding, or his plaster in dressing, and his farm will never run down. Such men need not fear plaster.—*Alb. Cultivator.*

THE BENEFITS OF INDUSTRY.

There are many persons who regard every species of labour as an evil. Children are often unhappy, because they must study in order to acquire knowledge; and men and women sometimes complain, because they must sow before they can reap. To all such persons I would tell the allegory, which may suggest the lesson, that industry is a blessing and indolence a curse:

"There was once, in the city of Bagdad, a little boy who was poor, and obliged to earn his daily bread by rearing flowers in a small garden. As the price of flowers in that luxurious climate is extremely low he was compelled to be very industrious in order to obtain necessary food and clothing. But still he had good health, and ate his meal with high relish and satisfaction. But this was not his greatest pleasure; his flowers were a perpetual source of enjoyment. They were his flowers; he planted them, he watered them, pruned, and nurtured them. Besides all this, they were the source of his livelihood. They gave him bread, shelter and raiment. He therefore loved them as if they were his companions. He saw them spring out of the ground with pleasure; he watched the budding leaves and unfolding flowers with delight."

But at length discontent sprung up in his mind, in the evening of a hot day, he sat down in his garden and began to murmur. "I wish," he said, "that flowers would plant, prune, and tend themselves. I am tired of this incessant toil. Would that some good genius would step in, and bring me flowers already made, so that I might be saved all this trouble?" Scarcely had he uttered this thought, when a beautiful being stood before him, and said, "You called me, what do you desire?" "I am weary of my employment," said the boy. "I live by cultivating flowers. I am obliged to toil day by day, with unceasing industry, and I am only able to obtain my bread. If I mistake not you are a kind and powerful genius, who can if you will give me flowers, and save me all this toil, and save me all this trouble."

"Here!" said the genius, holding forth a fan of feathers, "take this; wave it over the earth and the brightest blossoms of Cashmere will spring up at your bidding." Saying this the spirit departed.

The boy received the charmed fan with great delight, and waved it over one of his flower-pots. A bud immediately shot up through the soil, gradually unfolding itself, and in a few moments a beautiful moss-rose, blooming and fragrant, stood before him! I need not describe the transports of the little gardener. He had now no labour to perform; a few sweeps of his fan brought him all the flowers he needed. He, therefore, spent his time in luxurious indolence.

Things went on very well for a fortnight. But now a different kind of weariness began to creep over him. He lost his interest, like-

wise, in the flowers; he saw no beauty in their bloom; their odour became sickening. The poor boy was unhappy, and he began to murmur. "I wish," said he, "the genius would come back and take away this foolish fan." In a moment the bright being was standing by his side.

"Here," said the boy, handing forth the fan, "take back the charm you gave me! forgive me sweet genius, but I was mistaken. The weariness of indolence is far worse than the weariness of industry. I loved the flowers which were produced by my own skill and care; but things which cost nothing are worth nothing. Take back the charm, and leave me to that humble happiness which my own industry can secure, but which your potent spell would chase away."

TO PRESERVE QUINCES

Quinces, if very ripe, are best preserved in the following manner: Pare and cut them in slices, an inch thick—take out all the cores carefully so as to have the slices in the form of a ring. Allow a pound of nice white sugar for each pound of fruit—dissolve it in cold water, having a quart of the latter to a pound of sugar, then put in the sliced quinces, and let them soak in it ten or twelve hours. Put them into a preserving kettle, and put it on a moderate fire—cover them over, and let the quinces boil gently—there should be more than enough syrup to cover the quinces. When a broom splinter will go through them easily, take them from the fire, and turn them out. In the course of a week, turn the syrup from them, and boil it down, so that there will be just enough to cover the fruit. When not very ripe, pare and cut the quinces either in rings or quarters, take out the cores and boil them in clear water, till they begin to grow tender—take them up, and strain the water in which they are boiled—put in either brown or white sugar—add a little cold water. When lukewarm, put in the whites of two eggs and clarify it—let it cool, then put in the quinces, and boil them slowly for half an hour. Keep them covered over while boiling, if you wish to have them of a light colour. Turn them out into pots as soon as preserved, and set them in a cool place. Look at them in the course of a week to see if they have fermented—if so, turn the syrup from them, boil it, and turn it back while hot. The parings and the cores of the quinces can be used for marmalade, with a few whole ones. Some people prefer to preserve the quinces with the cores, but the syrup will not look clear.

The following is a cheap method of preserving quinces, and answers very well for common use.—Pare, halve, and take out the cores of the quinces, and boil the parings in new cider till soft. Strain the cider, and for five pounds of quinces put in a pound of brown sugar; a quart of molasses, the beaten white of an egg, clarify it, then put in the quinces. There should be rather more than enough cider to cover the quinces, as it wastes a good deal while the quinces are boiling. The peel of an orange cut in small pieces, and boiled with them, gives the quinces a fine flavour.—*Gen. Farmer.*

IMAGINATION.—Rightly directed, wisely used imagination is the greatest gift and blessing of intellectual man. It raises his tastes, softens his feelings, purifies his desires, ennobles his nature, dignifies his life, and tranquillizes his death! To him who has imagination well directed, the whole universe and all its vicissitudes are but one instrument of eternal music; and the hand of God producing infinite harmony at every touch.