

This good man has since taken part in the consecration of a new church, and afterwards dined with the Bishop of London.—*Tablet.*

AGRICULTURAL.

From the London Phalanx.

A NEW DISCOVERY IN AGRICULTURE.

We have before us some beautiful ears of wheat which have been obtained by a new process of agriculture, (i. e.) without either tillage or manure, and from land of the worst quality. The straw is of more than ordinary length, and the grain is of the finest quality.

Some of our friends at Brest, who farm their own estates, being one day in conversation, were observing to each other that agriculture, though the most important branch of industry, was suffering more from want of capital and enterprise than any other sort of industry; and one of them observed, that nothing could be done without manure, and that was now becoming more and more expensive to obtain. On this, the conversation turned upon the relative importance of capital and science in obtaining agricultural results, when one of them observed, that much might probably be yet discovered to facilitate production by a less expensive process than that of constantly applying artificial stimulants, which rendered agriculture a laborious, unattractive, and unprofitable industry.

In continuing the conversation, they referred to Fourier's views of general progress, and his method of investigation and discovery, in which he quotes the maxims of philosophy which lead to truth in practice when attended to in theory.—Amongst these maxims are the following;

1. All things are perfect in original existence.
2. The duty of man is to observe nature and follow her indications in production and reproduction.
3. Not to suppose that man's knowledge is perfect, and that nothing can be known of Nature beyond the common practices of daily life.
4. To leave the beaten tracks of prejudice, and follow nature in her various developments.

In accordance with these maxims our rural philosophers observed that nature in the wild luxuriant regions of the earth is vigorous and active in the reproduction of vegetable life, while barrenness seems limited to spots where man has ravaged and exhausted her resources in his vain endeavours to assist her in her efforts; and it then occurred to them, that probably a closer imitation of the natural method might be more productive and less unattractive in the sphere of vegetable reproduction.

In observing Nature unassisted, or unthwarted, rather, by the hand of man, in vegetable reproduction, it is found that when the seed is ripe it falls upon the ground, and then the plant which has produced it sheds its leaves, or falls itself upon it in decay, and covers and protects it from the weather, until germination has commenced, and the young plant is able to grow up in health, and strength, and full development, to recommence the same

process of seeding and of reproduction. From this it follows that,—

In nature every plant produces its own soil or humus, and that—

The earth, properly speaking, or the mineral substance of the earth, only serves to bear the plant, and not to aid or nourish it in vegetation. The nourishment of plants is thus supposed to be derived from air and water, heat, and light or electricity, in different proportions, adapted to the different varieties of vegetable nature.

With this general notion in their minds, and considering wheat to be, in present circumstances, one of the most important vegetable substances, our friends agreed to try experiments, and in October last they undertook the following operations:

In a field which had been sown with rye because the land was deemed too poor for wheat, a plot of twelve square yards untilled and left without manure was carefully strewed over with the grains of wheat, and wheaten straw was laid upon it closely and about one inch in thickness. In a garden also, which had been neglected several years, a few square yards of earth were trodden over, and the surface being made close and hard, some grains of wheat were scattered on this hardened surface, and a layer of straw one inch in depth was carefully laid over it and left, as in the former case, to take its chance without ulterior attention.—And, in order to make doubt impossible concerning the mere secondary functions of mineral earth in vegetable reproduction, twenty grains of wheat were sown upon the surface of a pane of glass and covered with some straw alone, as in the other cases.

The germination of the seed was soon apparent, and most healthy in development. "The winter has been rigorous," says our correspondents, "for this part of the country, and the earth has sometimes been frozen in one solid mass to a depth of six inches in the garden where the wheat was sown, and this has happened several times during the winter, to the great injury of many plants, and even the entire destruction of some, while the spots protected by the straw were never thoroughly congealed, nor were the grains of wheat, though lying on the surface under the straw, at all affected by the cold. During the spring excessive droughts prolonged, and several times repeated, have prevented vegetation on the common plain from flourishing in healthy progress, while our little spots of wheat have hardly felt the inconvenience of excessive dryness, for the earth, protected by the straw has never been deprived entirely of moisture, and our blades of corn were flourishing, when all around was drooping and uncertain. To conclude, then, we have thoroughly succeeded in our practical experiment, and the wheat produced is of the finest quality. The straw was more than six feet high, and in the ears were 50, 60, and even 80 grains of wheat of full development, the admiration of all who saw them, and particularly those which grew upon the pane of glass, and which were quite as healthy and as large as those which grew upon the common earth. It must be observed also that there was not the smallest particle of earth upon the glass, and that the plants were left entirely to themselves, without being watered or attended to in any way whatever from the time of sowing to the time of reaping.

The result of these experiments has been admired by several influential agriculturists, who mean to make extensive applications of the same principle next season; and we hope that you will publish to the world these practical results, that others may convince themselves of their importance by a similar experiment.

One day the door of his cell did not open at the accustomed hour: his superiors were uneasy; they knocked, no one answered. They determined on forcing it, and found Luther lying on the ground almost breathless, and in a kind of ecstasy. A little music restored him to himself. We must admit that these German convents, where the Superior, like Staupitz, recreated himself with the study of the classic poet, where the infirmities of the soul were remedied by the harmonious sounds of music, and where fervent monks were in danger of dying for the love of God, do not much resemble the pictures that have been drawn of them by the philosophers of the eighteenth century!

The unhappy recluse found nothing but bitterness and despair in the service of God. He tried by all means to love him; but his aspirations after heaven seemed always to be stopped on the way. He exhausted his strength in prayer, fasting, and mortification; but his prayer, and continual fasts, brought neither joy nor consolation, as if his soul were stained with crime! The struggle was too severe; he could not long endure it.—This succession of temptations and of terrors would have been too burdensome for him; he would have ended in despair; for he could not drive away the phantoms that assailed him at night—that troubled him in his studies, and came to disturb him even at the foot of the altar, where he had taken refuge from them. Thus at an early age he was deluded by these vain fancies—these caprices of his imagination; and took for chastisements from God the hallucinations of a mind which too much application had demented.

While walking one day, musing on these melancholy thoughts, he met a monk, of whom he asked some questions in a dismal tone of voice.

"My brother," replied the monk, "I have a remedy for the evils which afflict you."

"What is it?" asked Luther, in an agitated tone.

"Faith!" said the religious.

"Faith!" rejoined Luther, whose word seemed to have electrified. "Faith?"

"Yes, my brother; to believe is to love, and he that loves shall be saved."

The eyes of Luther glistened with unwonted brightness.

"Faith! to believe! to love!" repeated he, like a man who awakes from a long dream.

"And," continued the friar, "have you not read this passage of St. Bernard in the sermon on the annunciation: 'Believe that through Jesus thy sins are forgiven thee; it is the testimony which the Holy Ghost puts in man's heart, for he says, 'believe and thy sins shall be forgiven thee.'"

Faith by love—justification by faith—a gratuitous justification; all this Luther saw in the language of the Augustinian. It was a flash of light, but one, false and fatal, that fell on a mind which was on the verge of despair; a light which showed him the precipice that was, at the mo-

ment, opening beneath his feet; a saving wave that bore him from the rock on which he was about to be dashed. A poor monk, who probably saw nothing in the inspired text, or the commentary of the Father, but what the church had always seen in them; that is, the necessity of faith; but of a lively faith, animated by and producing exterior good works, bearing fruit, and manifesting itself by love, desire, and salutary acts; this monk rescued Luther from despair, saved him from his terrors, delivered him from his temptation—only, however, to cast him into another abyss, which in the first moments of his joy he had not leisure to sound.

After this short dialogue, in which the interlocutors exchanged only a few words, Luther had no more terrors or nocturnal struggles to endure. He slept in peace he applied himself, without distraction to his studies; he assisted at the public service with his brother monks, with a recollection which no terror disturbed; he prayed and fasted, and ceased to look upon himself as deprived of the inheritance of heaven. One word had produced this change; by the help of that talismanic word, "faith," all became intelligible to him. If he had been assaulted by vain fear; if he had been on the brink of despair; if he had doubted of his salvation and of God's mercy, it was because he did not believe. If he had suffered in his soul, from the time that he began to know himself, it was because he had not faith. If his superiors had vainly endeavoured to console him, it was because they spoke not as the poor monk; or, because he himself had not loved like him. With faith he had received new life. He was still indisposed, but in a different manner; his malady was yet seated in the brain, but it was the malady of love, not that of fear and despair; with him every thing was passion. Gratuitous faith, or grace, became then for him a symbol which embodied the pure essence of christianity; an evangelical maxim, or, as he called it, a truth which before that time, had been obscured or concealed, or replaced by practices, observances, and exterior worship; human traditions, which sooner or later must be discarded, if men would go back to the Divine Word in its primitive purity. A chapter of St. Paul to the Corinthians, upon which, on breaking up the interview with his brother monk, his eyes had fallen; appeared to him as an illumination of God himself, who was willing to confirm, by his apostle, the important truth he had just discovered. He closed the book overjoyed at his good fortune. This joy was soon to pass away.

[To be continued.]

FIT COMPANY FOR A BISHOP—During a late church rate contest in Hackney, one of the lesser "ecclesiastical heads" of the parish was an active canvasser for votes in favor of the rate. Soliciting a party supposed to be friendly to his views, he was asked how matters had gone at the vestry. "Oh," said he, the "d—d Unitarians and Baptists have beat us this morning; if any of them come here for your vote, set the dog on them."