

duce of the labours of men's bodies, and have regarded too little the serious account to which we must be called for our neglect of the one great remedy of their souls. While the farmer looks upon the rural population in his fields, tilling the soil, reaping the golden corn, or gleaning the ears that have fallen from the sickle, may he think on the duty of marking well the real destroyers of the happiness of our cottages, and diligently strive, by example, advice, and influence, to diffuse amongst them a love of that knowledge which can alone lead to an acquaintance with, and a true correction of, the ills which have long prevailed amongst thousands of the peasantry of this country. How anxious are all cultivators of the fields that they may be white to the harvest, and free from the defects engendered by such causes as those we have described. They are willing to try every species of corrective, and to apply every possible remedy. But let us recollect that there is such a thing as a spiritual harvest, and that we are suffering it to become infected by negligence of that which has been so mercifully provided for its beauty while growing, and purity when gathered into the Lord's garner, into which the wheat is to be taken, while the chaff is to be burned up with unquenchable fire. Men having possessions are stewards for God, and are as much responsible for their moral efforts amongst those who labour in these possessions, as the employed are for their diligence in the tasks meted out to their hands. Suppose a man to whom the seed for a large farm was entrusted, had omitted to dress it, and, in the time of reaping, the ears were found, to a great extent, destroyed by the noxious fungus which replaces the flour. Whose would the responsibility be? Will not a like solemn day of account come for those who have influence over men of low estate, and neglect to regard the culture of their minds, and to sow amongst them, in all possible purity, the seeds of that truth which is essential to salvation?

These remarks, it is trusted, will be regarded as natural inferences from the subjects before the reader. Desirous to communicate knowledge to the farmer, the author cannot forget his higher calling as a minister of the word of life, and he is one of those who believes that science may be made a fitting channel for conveying occasional hints upon the greater verities of the gospel. The wisdom and goodness of God which shone in weaker rays in the morning dawn of nature, break forth with stronger beams in the scheme of redemption, now that the Sun of righteousness has risen with healing in his wings, and the day hath appeared. We, then, should live as children of the day; and we should remember that we see the things of creation, as the key of knowledge opens them to our view, not in the light of early morn, before the mists had begun to melt, but with the advantages of those on whom the true light shineth. There is not a thing so small, so mean, or so low, as to be incapable of reflecting some beam of this light, not merely for the expansion of our intellectual faculties, but for the instruction of our spirits, affording rich matter not only for our heads, but our hearts. The grace of God does not destroy nature, but elevates it; so the fuller discoveries of the wisdom of redemption quicken the admiration of the eye that rests upon the works of the Divine hand below; and never did the psalmist send forth sweeter notes, prophetic of the Saviour, than when he had previously dilated on the perfections of God as the framer of the world, and all species of creatures. With him we may well say, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all!"

ON THE DIFFERENT SYSTEMS OF FARMING.

From the Farmers' Herald.

No oracle could have spoken more truthfully than did the great Burke when he said, "the plough was the first creditor on every country." That it should be so esteemed, is not to be wondered at, when we come to reflect how important it is to field tillage.

It is the implement of agriculture, 'par excellence'; and from the first mention of it in Holy Writ, 1451 years before the christian era, to the present time, it has ranked high in husbandry, and its *proper use* has been extolled.

Admitting as all must, that no farming operations can be carried on successfully without its aid, is it not grievous to see how little its immense power has been brought to bear upon the virgin earth or subsoil, the productive pabulum of the corn field?

The giant plough-share has been allowed to slide sleepily over the ground, instead of vigorously entering into, and invading its vast and prolific womb. To break up the surface, bury the weeds and manure, and put on, as it were, a clean face to the fallows, is all that seems to have been aimed at, and that too with often four huge horses "to the fore." The same thin crust is turned over year after year; the same four, five, or, at the most, six inches of earth are exposed to the wind and the rain, the sun, and the frost, and this is the average extent or depth open in nature's store-house to supply food for England's daily added thousands. More than half the arable land of this country, has yet to experience the full value of a good deep ploughing.

This surely cannot be making a *proper use* of the plough. An all-bounteous and wise Providence, has placed a powerful instrument in the hands of his feeble creature man, that he may be enabled to "bring food out of the earth," even "bread" that strengtheneth man's heart. The ingenuity of agricultural implement makers, and of very many practical farmers of a mechanical turn of mind themselves has done much towards improving the shape, and facilitating the labour of the plough; great things have been done by them, but, unhappily, their efforts have not been carried out by the farmers. The plough must go deeper into the earth, ere its *full and proper use* can be said to have been attained, England's wants cry aloud. cheap bread must be had from our own fields, or from foreign shores; the agriculturists at home can decide for themselves, which it shall be. In days gone by, a ploughman constructed his own tool; rude enough in shape, doubtless, and of a different genus to the noble implements now exhibited at the agricultural meetings; yet it had an advantage—the artist loved his own handy work, repaired it when broken, and took a pleasure in using it. Very possibly he was proud of it, and looked back upon his straight, and well rounded furrows, and evenly laid head lands, with a feeling of delight. Now this was all right and praiseworthy, and it were right that ploughmen of the present day should take the same interest in their work, and be taught and encouraged to excel in their noble, useful, and profitable art. Who was more fond of his plough and his field labours, than the brave Cincinnatus, the celebrated Roman, who was informed as he was ploughing, that the Senate had chosen him dictator? History tells us he left his work with regret, and repaired to the field of battle, where his countrymen were closely besieged by the Vol-ci and Equi.—He conquered the enemy, and returned to Rome in triumph, and sixteen days after his appointment he laid down his office, and retired to plough his fields. Again, was not "Elisha" a ploughman, and at work with twelve yoke of oxen in the field, when he was called by the word of the Lord to Elijah, to be a prophet in his room? Let ploughmen now be taught to look at the good and the great, as having gone to the same hallowed labour before them, and let them be made to feel its importance, and to love their work. A good seaman loves the ship in which he has ploughed the vast ocean; he looks upon her almost as a living thing; calls her his "heart of oak"; and treads her clean decks with the pride and delight of a true British Tar. The veriest old tub that swims is loved, and in after times, often viewed with a tear of joy. A railway engine driver claps the burnished sides of his steed of brass and iron with a feeling of pride; tells of its speed; says it can do all but speak; and off he starts it with a scream and a snort, like a warrior of old rushing to the wars. Why not then plant the same index of pleasure in the breast of the ploughman, whose work is of more consequence than any other, and whose peaceful sword cleaves the earth for the food of all mankind? If a good loam be needed, what can give it better than deep stirring up the dead soil. Mingling the varied strata, airing and vivifying the sterile subsoil, into a state fit for maturing vegetation. Again then, I say, whatever the soil, plough as