

is idleness." "I can teach," said a third little creature; "if you tell us we are to be here at nine o'clock, and we loiter about and do not get here, till ten—that is idleness." Several of my young ones were silent; and I asked if any one had any thing else to say. "Yes, ma'am," replied an elder girl, "I know that what my school-fellows have said is idleness, is so; but there is another kind beside that. We know that we are to be up early in the morning, to pray for a blessing on the instructions we are to receive; to ask a blessing, also, on our minister and our school; to read a chapter in the holy bible, and to be in time for prayer with our teachers; but if we waste the sacred morning in bed, and do not rise at a proper time—that is idleness." When this answer was finished, each one seemed to say, "Verily I am guilty in this thing." I paused for a minute, and then delivered the book into the hands of the last mentioned girl, for she, I considered, had answered the best.

### EXTEMPORE PREACHING.

Many persons make extempore preaching more formidable than it really is by attempting great things. Truth, simplicity, and good sense, are the things to which attention should be mainly paid. It was the saying of a truly great man, that all he took care to do was to speak sense. Great plainness of speech is what is most suitable to Divine truths. "Excellency of speech," makes the gospel of none effect. What pleases a refined taste generally withdraws the attention from the bearing and application of what is delivered. In order to be plain, there is no necessity for being grovelling and vulgar, or incoherent and desultory. These evils should by all means be avoided. Simplicity, chasteness, correct ideas, and regular connexion, should always go together. The true greatness of a sermon consists in its being calculated to answer the great end, the salvation of sinners; and what promotes this great end, humanly speaking, is not the eloquence or the elegance of the discourse, but the heavenly spirit with which it is delivered. The greatest truths are often spoken in such a way as to produce no effect, while the plainest and the most simple may be rendered by the earnestness of the preacher exceedingly impressive.

The published sermons of popular preachers scarcely ever answer the expectation formed of them; and for this reason, because they derived their chief excellency from the impressive manner in which they were delivered. It is not so much what is said, that gives it power and interest. This spirit, when genuine, no doubt proceeds from above, and is obtained by earnest prayer and much holy intercourse with Heaven. It is indeed possible for us to create a fervour of our own, to kindle our own "sparks." The animal spirits may be excited in a high degree by the efforts of self and pride. A desire for popularity may produce earnestness. The grandeur or the awfulness of the subject may have an astonishing effect on the feelings. But the holy and heavenly fervour, the infusion of the Divine Spirit, is very different from any thing of this kind. It proceeds from a concern for the honour of God, and from love to immortal souls. It is the love of Christ shed abroad in the heart, and combined, as in him, with a humble, compassionate, and heavenly temper of mind. It is a holy fire, which, instead of feeding, burns up pride and self-importance, and warms and cheers all that come within its reach; and from it the same fire is often lighted in the breasts of others, the minister being made the channel of communication. Wherever this heavenly element exists, the gospel is made successful; sinners are brought from darkness into light. It is that very thing, the possession of which is of far greater consequence than any other qualification or endowment. This being possessed, success will to some extent surely ensue; but being wanting, all labours will comparatively be in vain.—*Christian Observer.*

*From the Kingston Gazette and Religious Advocate.*

In Brown's memoirs of Mr. Hervey, a distinguished Clergyman of the Church of England, author of Meditations, Dialogues, &c. the following anecdote is related. Being once on a journey, a lady who happened to be in the same carriage with him was expatiating, in a particular manner, on the amusements of the Stage, as in her esteem superior to any

other pleasures. Among other things, she said, there was the pleasure of thinking on the play, before she went, the pleasure she enjoyed while there, and the pleasure of ruminating on it in her bed at night. Mr. Hervey, who sat and heard her discourse without interrupting her, when she had concluded, said to her, in a mild manner, that there was one pleasure more besides what she had mentioned, which she had forgot. What can that be? said she, for sure I have mentioned every pleasure, when I considered the enjoyment before hand, at the time, and afterwards. Pray, Sir, what is it? Mr. Hervey, with a grave look, and in a manner peculiar, to himself, replied, Madam, the pleasure it will give you on your death bed. A clap of Thunder, or a flash of lightning, would not have struck her with more surprize. The stroke went to her very heart. She had not one word to say; but, during the rest of the journey, seemed quite occupied in thinking upon it. In short, the consequence of this well-timed sentence was that she never after went to the play house; but became a pious woman, and a follower of those pleasures which would afford her true satisfaction even on a death bed!

A French writer remarks, that "the modest deportment of those who are truly wise, when contrasted with the assuming air of the young and ignorant, may be compared to the different appearance of wheat, which, while its ear is empty, holds up its head proudly, but as soon as it is filled with grain, bends modestly down, and withdraws from observation."

*A Clergyman's views. From a sermon by the Rev. Thomas Raffles, L. L. D. of Liverpool.*

"And shall I be taking upon myself too much, if I venture to suggest to my honoured brethren, who may have but recently entered on the Christian ministry, or may be engaged in studies preparatory to it, the importance of identifying themselves with the missionary cause from the commencement of their public labours, and of binding themselves to it with their ordination vow?—for cold, and heartless, and insipid, must that ministry be, which is animated by no spark of missionary fervour; and *Ichabod*, three written, may be inscribed on the doors of that sepulchre of a sanctuary, from which the missionary cause is banished.

For myself—so completely do I feel it entwined and associated with all that is efficient and refreshing in my work that I should deprecate the least decline in my feeling of attachment to it, as one of the greatest calamities that could befall me. To outlive this feeling would be to outlive my usefulness; and rather than this should happen, I would beg of God to hide me in the grave. Of this cause I must ever say—*If I forget thee, let my right hand forget its cunning!*"

### AGRICULTURAL.

*From the New-England Farmer.*

#### ON POTATOES.

Several communications on the culture of potatoes have lately enriched the columns of the *New-England Farmer*, and, truly, few subjects could be of more interest to the generality of your readers, this root having become an article of great importance both to the grower and to the consumer, and, as it appears to me, will increase yet greatly in estimation and usefulness, by its aptitude, when of a good quality, and under proper management, to be worked with wheaten flour into excellent bread. The attention of the farmer should be particularly directed, in the raising of potatoes, to that choice of soil, of manure, and manner of cultivation, which are most likely to procure excellency; because as it relates more particularly to the table, nothing is more desirable than a fine potato, and nothing so intolerable as a poor one. Long experience has convinced me, that a cool bottom is indispensable to raise a fine potato; hence, deep loams, which even in times of drought will continue to hold moisture enough below, to send up a cool steam to the surface, will in general answer very well; but of all soils, the first, and the best, is the soil of a reclaimed meadow, [a bog] drained and laid out in that effectual way, that the water should be under command, and that the surface should, if possible, never be wet nor miry in the season when the crop is on; such soil is sure to

give a good crop of menly potatoes, and of a mild pleasant flavour. The cool effluvia which continually keeps ascending from below increases in proportion as the surface is heated; the never falling dew of the nights, will defy the severest droughts, and save an abundant crop there, when the best upland loams may fail.

I have of late years brought to cultivation, part of a meadow, which, before, was covered with bushes, and very unproductive: the depth of the mud is from six to twelve feet; the top is good peat, and by means of drains and of banking, I have now secured it against being annoyed by water. Last season I raised there some blue potatoes, (the seed ten years since from Nova Scotia) and having sent a sample of them to a respected friend of mine, who owns lands of the same denomination, and contemplates to reclaim them;—he expressed himself as follows, in a letter I received from him:—"I can, from the proof derived from the eating, pronounce the crop of your meadow to be of the first quality." The season on the meadows are shorter than on the uplands, the soil there is not in fit situation for planting before the beginning of June, and in fall the white frost comes on earlier. I planted the 11th of June, and harvested on the 22d of September; the sorts adapted for planting on meadow ground, are those of a quick growth, the blues and the whites, and in fact, from the great aptitude of that soil for a potatoe crop, the same kinds will come to perfection and maturity there, quicker than they would upon the upland.

However excellent I hold a well drained meadow soil for the culture of potatoes, yet there is no doubt that in very wet seasons, when heavy rains come on in succession, the spongy soil of a meadow, if it is ever so well drained, may eventually get drenched, in which case the crop is likely to be injured; in such seasons, thin uplands with gravelly bottom may do well, which at other times would give but scanty crops of an inferior quality. A soil just reclaimed from nature will give potatoes of the best quality. Grass land just broke up, will prove, in general, very favourable, both for quantity and quality; the furrows should be well turned, and then harrowed the same way, lightly, taking care not to disturb the sward, which will ferment, and be the best dressing for that crop. Grounds which are situated near large cities, and have been long and heavily enriched with dung, will yield great crops, but seldom of a good quality.

Respecting the most proper time for planting a general crop intended for the winter consumption, I conceive that it is the first days of June, in such manner that it may come to ripeness about the time in the fall when the first frosts take place, and not sooner. If potatoes ripen sooner, they have to lay in the hot ground, or if dug, they have to go down warm, into a warm cellar, which invariably will injure their quality, and occasionally may set them to ferment and decay. I think it favourable for the quality of that root to have the frost pass over the ground, before they are taken out, that they may get perfectly cooled before they are rotted; from this general rule for the time of planting, the *Long Red* should be excepted; as its growth is much slower than any other, it requires the whole length of our seasons to attain a full ripeness, without which the quality will not acquire its wonted excellence, and the ends will remain watery. They should be planted as soon as they may be likely not to suffer from the frost.

The choice of the best seed I consider to be indispensable for a good crop; small potatoes are totally unfit for the purpose, the eyes or germs, which are to be the principle of life for the new crop, being as it were, but half born, dwarfish, weakly and unripe; by a careful attention to select the handsomest and best potatoes for seed, I have found my sorts to improve, and to run, not out, but gradually into greater perfection. The largest potatoes it will answer well to cut, provided not less than three eyes are left on each piece, and three such pieces will be a sufficient stock for a hill. I have tried to plant whole potatoes of the largest size; the produce were all large, and but few in the hills, which I conceive is not desirable; the largest potatoes of every kind I am acquainted with, (the *Long Red* excepted) are apt to be hollow in the middle, and thence it is difficult to get them boiled to the centre without over doing the outside; the *Long Reds* are exempt, by the peculiarity of their shape, from getting injured in that way, and I never knew them to be hollow.