

pleasure) also adds a large amount of anxiety and labour. We allude to the agriculturist and the gardener. They watch the change of the skies and the temperature of the atmosphere with more interest than any others, for their living, it may be, depends upon making use of every advantage that nature or science has presented. To them the early season is fraught with great importance, and the genial showers and warm sunbeams are looked forward to and valued with more enthusiasm than even by a poet.

In our provinces the husbandman's operations are usually tardy at their commencement. He has so many difficulties to contend with before he can commit the tender seed to the furrows, or work in good earnest for the development of his future stores. There is so much to repair after the effects of a long winter. Fences thrown from their foundations by the heaving frost, are to be restored and strengthened,—drains to be repaired and barn-yards attended to, before the legitimate work of the farmer, tilling the soil and sowing the seed, is commenced. But with the industrious and considerate husbandman all these preliminaries, in an ordinary season, are completed in the month of April. Sometimes, indeed, his grain with a portion of his potatoe crop is planted in that month, but May is the usual season for the bulk of his labour in the planting department. So that with the present month agricultural proceedings may be said to have only commenced in earnest in our provinces.

We do not intend to write a treatise on farming, or do more than weave together a few remarks which may call attention to this most necessary and healthful branch of labour; one on which so many of our comforts, and our very living depends. There is a dignity in the farmer's profession, unknown to any other. It is a heaven-directed work. When this world, far more lovely, more blessed with fertility, enjoyment and beauty than it now is, came fresh from the hand of its maker—a possession for the first man who gazed upon its wide spread grandeur and magnificence—the duty allotted to that man was to keep a perfect garden, and watch over its blushing flowers and ripening fruits. No bartering in trade for gain! no abstruse mysteries of the law or sciences! These professions were only incidental to the wants of a fallen world. The duty of the uncorrupted man was to watch over a sinless earth, and gather the harvest as it ripened into perfection. And even when that earth lost its pristine glory, and man no longer walked forth lord of an unsullied heritage, but doomed to the punishment 'to live by the sweat of his brow'; cursed though the earth was, for the trespass of the first of our race, still has not the dresser of the vineyard or the tiller of the soil parted with his early birthright or the dignity that ennobled it. Still is it the task of him who succeeds to the profession of his progenitor, Adam, to hold the nearest communion with his God, as he offers his incense upon the altar of nature, drawing forth from the bosom of the virgin soil the fruition of the seed he has planted in hope. It is his better privilege to watch the development of vege-