

THE SEASON.—Seasons like everything else in the world of nature undergo important changes. That curious old gentleman, the *Oldest inhabitant* frequently tells us of the deep snows, intense frosts, and long winters that used to be, when he was a “little boy.” In 1860, winter has hardly commenced yet, December twelfth; we have not had snow or frost sufficient to prevent plowing and other agricultural operations from being pursued, for one week. The wild geese, and other birds of passage have not left. Young cattle and sheep have been getting their food in the woods and fields till within the last week or eight days; consequently, hundreds of tons of fodder have been saved; so that many of those who were, a month ago, crying out scarcity, scarcity, are beginning to quit murmuring and look a little pleasant. Farmers don’t murmur; use the means, and trust to Providence, and all will be right.

Our Creed.

The following very sensible remarks, by H. W. Beecher, were handed to us by a farmer’s daughter, the other day, for publication in the *Instructor*; *Susanna* will please accept our thanks; and as one favour is said to deserve another, we will thank Miss *Susanna* to favour us with another epistle or two, on some useful subject. Mr. Beecher says:—

“We believe in small farms and thorough cultivation.

We believe that soil loves to eat, as well as its owner, and ought, therefore, to be manured.

We believe in large crops which leave the land better than they found it—making both the farmer and the farm rich at once.

We believe in going to the bottom of things, and, therefore, in deep plowing and enough of it. All the better if with a subsoil plow.

We believe that every farm should own a good farmer.

We believe that the best fertilizer of any soil, is a spirit of industry, enterprise, and intelligence—without this, lime and gypsum, bones and green manure, marl and guano will be of little use.

We believe in good fences, good barns, good farm houses, good stock, good orchards, and children enough to gather the fruit.

We believe in a clean kitchen, a neat wife in it, a spinning wheel, a clean cupboard, a clean dairy, and a clean conscience.

We firmly disbelieve in farmers that will not improve; in farms that grow poor every year; in starveling cattle; in farmers’ boys turning into clerks and merchants, in farmers’ daughters unwilling to work, and in all farmers ashamed of their vocations, or who drink whisky till honest people are ashamed of them.”

To the above, “We believe,” we add another, namely:—*We believe,*