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» TO x THE x MEMBERS «

—OF—

THE GRANGE

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY

—OF—

CANADA,

—THESE ESSAYS—

» FLORA, CERES AND POMONA «

ARE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY

MRS. CHRISTINA MOFFAT,

EDGE HILL, ONTARIO.

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MIRROR BOOK AND JOB OFFICE, SUNDERLAND, ONTARIO.

1886  
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*The* EDITH *and* LORNE PIERCE  
COLLECTION *of* CANADIANA



*Queen's University at Kingston*

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## DEDICATION.



TO THE MEMBERS OF

# THE GRANGE, PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY,

OF CANADA,

Dear Brothers and Sisters :

In consideration of the happy days I have enjoyed and the many friendships I have formed in the Grange, I dedicate this work to you as a slight acknowledgement of the many valuable services you have rendered towards the advancement of the Social, Educational and Financial benefits of the Farmers of this country.

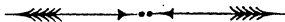
Accept then the dedication of this book as a mark of my appreciation of, and admiration for, the many blessings which I feel may be vouchsafed to all within our noble Order, and as an assurance of the truth and sincerity with which I shall ever remain in Faith, Hope and Charity, with Fidelity.

Yours Fraternaly,

MRS. CHRISTINA MOFFAT,

EDGE HILL, March 4th, 1886.

## PREFACE.



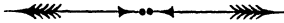
My object in writing these essays was to bring before the Brothers and Sisters of the Grange, the hidden beauties of the three goddesses, the gifts of God with their innumerable and various charms each peculiar and distinct in itself, outvying one another in beauty, and so combined that if you take away one, the chain is broken, the link is gone and consequently, all is lost. I sincerely hope these essays will awaken in the brothers and sisters a love for the great study of nature, ever fresh and young, whose joys never disgust with satiety nor weary with reiteration. We cannot be in the habit of thus exercising our faculties without their being much benefitted and improved. Whatever calls forth the powers of the mind tends to elevate and enlarge its capacity, and nothing contributes more to this noble purpose than the study of nature and nature's God. There is no better way then of enlarging our views or gaining a richer treasure of ideas and more ample intelligence than in contemplating the works of God, whose grandeur and magnificence are beyond the limits of comprehension. By such contemplations all the faculties of the soul acquire strength and vigor, and our capability of enjoying happiness, both here and hereafter, becomes abundantly increased, for the more the capacity of our minds is enlarged here by contemplating the Supreme Being, more enobled and exalted will it be and the greater will be its powers of comprehension and of enjoyment in futurity. The second time I attended the Provincial Grange I was elected to the position of *Flora*. Sister Nelles, of Niagara District Division Grange, to that of *Pomona*. Sister Nelles thanked the Grange for the honor it had conferred upon her, and remarked that she had always done her

duty and thought the other sisters ought to be educated to do theirs. I thanked Sister Nelles for the word. For like Fitzjames in answer to Rhoderick Dhu, "it nerved my heart and steeled my sword." I did not wait to be educated but have wielded my pen ever since, on the education I received in the Mother Country and at the Parish School. If by these essays I may cheer the drooping spirits of any brother or sister, or lighten any heavy heart, if I may stimulate to exertion any of our brothers who have fallen into a lethargic state, if I confer a favor or benefit the Grange in any degree, my labour will not have been in vain and my object will have been accomplished.



# FLORA,

→ The Goddess of Flowers and of the Spring. ←



**I**N the progress of Divine works there arrived a period in which this earth was to be called into existence. Before that period the whole earth was one shapeless mass where confusion ruled and chaos held her empire, but this rude and formless heap was about to feel a motion penetrate deep as the centre, from above, and beneath and all around. The Deity arose in his might and with a word created the world. "Let there be light," said the Almighty and from the bright presence of morn darkness fled and nature stood revealed. The earth brought forth grass, herbs and fruit trees, the pristine garden was formed and Flora reigned triumphant the fairest conception of creative power. Our first parents are introduced and all is beauty, harmony, innocence and joy. The aerial songsters attracted hither by Flora's leafy shade, burst forth into melody, more ravishing than the sounds of the sweetest lute, then pure delight and soft emotions glowed in their hearts, their souls confessed the sweet transport, and their lips singing in unison with the warbling of the birds attained the praise of the eternal God. But a change comes over the spirit of the scene, the arch fiend of mankind creeps into the garden in disguise, fear and unrest enter into their breasts, they disobey God, and joy departs. Flora furnishes them with their first clothing and the Almighty drives them out of this beautiful garden. The fiat goes forth, "out of

the ground wast thou taken, dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt return." Decay and death become a law in nature, and the indissoluble link is formed that rivets Flora to the human race. Man's days were to be as grass and all his glory as the flowers of the field. How often do we see this verified. Like the flowers of the field youth grows up amiable and beautiful with a thousand charms and opening virtues that cause them to be loved and admired, but as the north wind sometimes sweeps over the fairest flowers of spring, blasting in its course the rich hyacinth and the lovely violet, so the pride of beauty and the glory of youth are often nipped in the bud, and fade ere their opening charms are perfected. The ancients loved Flora as was natural, and deified her. She was to them the goddess of flowers and of the spring, and was latterly identified with the Greek Chloris. Her temple was situated in the vicinity of the Circus Maximus. The worship of Flora was one of the oldest manifestations of the Roman religious feeling and is affirmed to have been introduced by Numa. The Floralia or festivals in honor of the goddess were first instituted 238 B. C., and were celebrated from 28th April to 1st of May, with much licentious merriment. Indeed, to such an extent did they carry their orgies that Cato is said to have stepped in at one time and put a stop to them. On coins Flora is represented with a crown of flowers. In botany the term Flora is a collective name for plants, and is used with regard to the vegetable kingdom. It is common to speak of the Flora of a country or district and a work devoted to the botany of a country or district is often entitled the Flora of that region. It is used in describing all the vegetable productions of a country or geological period, as the Flora of England, the Flora of the coral period. But no matter about the period, the country or the climate, Flora is beautiful even in petrification. Aranjuez in Spain is called the metropolis of Flora on account of its many beautiful gardens, but the true lovers of Flora do not recognize her metropolis in any gardens, they see it on the stupendous mountain craig where the bleak wind



whistles, in the sheltered valley, in the woods and the desserts where the wild flowers spring, and on the hill-tops where the echoes ring, where they can look around on the expanse of nature and see Flora in her glorious impartiality and pristine splendour, where there are no high walls to shut out the open campaign, no placard intimating that you are to keep on the walks and not touch the flowers, no iron gates to exclude God's poor and little children who look in with wistful eyes and go away sighing.

Flora's metropolis is in every country, under every clime, wherever she is her own gardener, and is never weary with labouring, where her seeds and her fruits are exhaustless and her verdure is only interrupted to return with fresher beauty, where she invites the beggar alike with the noble to press her velvety sward and pluck her richest treasures. The Romans worshipped Flora through their passions, we worship Flora with our intellects with all the finer instincts of our nature and her beauty touches the innermost recesses of our hearts. How pure and refreshing plants appear in a room watched and waited on as they generally are by the gentler sex, they are links in many pleasant associations, they are cherished favourites of mothers, wives, sisters and friends not less dear, and connect themselves in our minds, with their feminine delicacy, loveliness, and affectionate habits and sentiments, their indoor beauty yielding greater charms in the winter when Flora's children of the field lie scentless and dead.

The Romans at their feasts crowned their guests with garlands of flowers, herbs or leaves, and when an uncommon dish was brought to the table, it was introduced by the sound of the flute and the servants were crowned with flowers. Brides were laid in their nuptial couch magnificently adorned and covered with flowers, sometimes placed in the hall opposite the door and sometimes in the garden. Flowers were placed in the room when a child was born, and cypress was placed at the doors of their dead. When a General entered Rome in triumph the streets were strewed with flowers,

he wore a crown of laurel on his head and a bunch of laurel in his right hand. The victorious army, horse and foot, were all crowned with laurel. When a General gained a victory his lictors wreathed their faces with laurel, as did also the soldiers theirspears and javelins, he immediately sent letters wrapped round with laurel to the Senate to inform them of his success, and if the victory was considerable to demand a triumph. A triumph was decreed by the Senate and sometimes by the people against the will of the Senate, to the General who, in a just war with foreigners and in one battle had slain 5,000 enemies of the republic and by that victory enlarged the limits of the empire. And though we in this enlightened age do not make festivals in honor of Flora we follow in the footsteps of the Romans very closely. We make festivals in honor of great men and great events, and Flora adorns them all. The feast would be very meagre indeed if Flora did not grace it with her presence. We form floral arches for those to pass under whom we delight to honor, we strew flowers under the feet of our great ones, throw them in bouquets at the feet of our great actors and singers, deck our brides with them and strew them in their paths, hoping their lives may be as pure, as bright and as beautiful as the blossoms of morn, we make gardens for our dead where we put them to rest in eternal quietude, we lay them in the chilly urn beside our dead loved ones, we place them in their hands and lay them on their breasts and they all pass away together, Flora leading into the flowerful mould, ashes of Eve's children ashes of Flora's, all commingling in their native earth, and we place immortelles over their last cold pillow fit emblem of essence that lives enshrined in affections memories, shadowy, silent, sanctified.

Every year millions of bodies blend together and are reduced to dust, yet nothing perishes in nature. The first groves produced by the power of God were clothed with rich verdure and beautiful leaves but the matter of which they were formed still exists and has lost none of its essential parts and the constituent part of the plants

which now flourish will exist whilst the world shall endure. And though nature is subject to constant changes everything that is decomposed is regenerated and nothing finally perishes. Every plant springs up in the earth in the order which is prescribed to it. There is a time appointed for one to unfold its leaves, for another to flower and a third to fade and die. By this wise arrangement displayed in the regular succession of flowers we derive the greatest advantages, for if they all flourished at the same time we should either have them in excessive abundance, or we should experience a total privation, and by the constant succession of flowers we do not suffer from the shortness of their continuance, for the pain of seeing one die is solaced by the budding of another. The field of nature is open to all, and he who prefers the sting of thorns may gratify his inclination as well as he who delights in seeing flowers and sweet enjoyment attend upon all his steps, and as flowers succeed to each other so do the individuals composing the human race, as some are borne others are returning to their native dust, and as some are just beginning to be useful to the world others are leaving the great theatre of life, whilst new actors begin to play their parts.

Every year thousands of human bodies return to the dust from which they were taken and of these evanescent bodies others more beautiful are formed. The salts and oils of which they were composed dissolve in the earth, the more subtile particles are raised into the atmosphere by the sun's heat, and mixing there with other matters are dispersed in different directions by the winds and fall down in rain and dew, sometimes in one place and sometimes in another, whilst the grosser particles mix with the earth. The grass which is nourished by them grows up into long blades and it is thus that the flesh of men transformed into grass serves as ailment to the flocks whose wholesome milk is again converted to its own subsistence. These continual transformations thus operating in nature are so many certain proofs that the Creator has designed

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that nothing perish or be useless.

The dust of flowers used in the fecundation of plants is only a small part of what each flower contains, and that the superabundant portion may not be lost bees are created which make use of it to form their honey. Flowers are particularly pleasing by their simplicity, how lovely are the tints, how pleasing their combinations and how admirable the diversity of shades. The ground color is always such as to show the picture stretched upon it to the utmost advantage whilst the green surrounding the flower or the shade of the leaves gives life to the whole. One single element under the forming hand of nature assumes all this beautiful variety. The moisture of the earth and air insinuates itself into the vessels of plants and flutters through a series of transparent tubes and this is the cause of all the beauties which we observe in the vegetable kingdom. The goodness of God would have been amply displayed in the creation of flowers alone which gives so much delight by their beautiful variety, but He has done more, He has given to the fairest of Flora's productions the most grateful fragrance. The scents of flowers are not less exquisite and various than their different shades of coloring and though it is not easy to determine in what this difference of odour consists it is very perceptible upon passing from one flower to another.

It may also be observed that their smell is neither potent enough to effect the head nor so weak as to prevent its pleasing influence. The particles which are continually exhaling from flowers are so light and subtle that they are easily wafted to a great distance. The perfume which arises from a single grain of amber will scent a very large room, and the smell of the rosemary growing in Provence is perceptible at sea at the distance of twenty miles, and what is still more wonderful about the rosemary, a bunch of it was placed in the hand of a corpse, it sprouted out to the right and left so vigorously that after a lapse of some years the grave being opened the face of the defunct was overshadowed with rosemary

leaves. The rose itself you may pluck from its parent stem and hide it away for years, true, it will wither and fade but its fragrance will rise triumphant over the rage of time. The rose is supposed to be a creation of the gods. They assemble to debate about how they are going to create the future wonder, they agree to throw a drop of rich nectareous dew from heaven, a bramble stem receives it and the rose adorns the leaves. The gods present it to Bacchus to grace him in his genial hour. Venus springing out of the sea foam sees the fragrant infant and ordained it to be her favorite queen of flowers, hence you will always find young love among the roses. But the lily emblem of purity and innocence disputes the rose's claim to be queen and appeals to Flora to decide. Flora soothes them, blends them and sends them to reign together in the faces of Eve's fair children. Young love follows and they all combine to furnish food for the inspiration of poets to improvise beautiful songs for bards and lovers to sing love overpowering them all having by far the most eloquent tongue.

Arctic travellers tell us that sometimes in the shadow of immense icebergs may be found clusters of beautiful flowers rivaling the rainbow in colors and the rose in fragrance. Where in all the history of gardens formed by the art and industry of man could you find a scene like this. When we compare the works of nature with those of art we will find that the former infinitely surpasses the latter, and when we consider that the works of art are merely imitations from nature, there can be no doubt entertained on the subject. The works of art and the proudest monuments of human skill are mouldering in the dust whilst Flora creeps over them in the freshness of youth and beauty covering up the ravages of time. A well cultivated garden in the summer days is highly pleasing and forms a gratification of which those people who remain shut up in houses can have no conception. But to the true lover of Flora a regularly and beautifully disposed garden has no charms equal to those of the fields, woods and valleys smiling in rustic simplicity.

The proudly hearing tulip, the elegant narcissus and beauteous hyacinth must yield to the sweet little flowers that modestly raise their heads amid their native fields, whilst the former only please by their beauty these often combine with simple charms an evident utility which continues to gratify when beauty is no more. Our Saviour paid Flora a great compliment in the sermon he delivered on the mount when he told his hearers " To consider the lillies of the field how they grow, they toil not neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.—LUKE XII. 27. And as those modest children of Flora's are taken from their shady vales to shine with refulgent splendour in the gay parterres of the rich so in provinces universally despised for their poverty, men have arisen the rays of whose genius have beamed on distant lands, and men borne and raised in obscurity on whose humble birth fortune never smiled, nor honours distinguished, have performed actions and undertaken enterprises which have raised them above all the princes of the earth and raised unto themselves eternal monuments of fame and glory. When America was discovered many plants and flowers were found that till then were unknown and have since been transplanted to Europe where they have been cultivated with great success, and the English still take great pains to cultivate in their own country many different plants from North America. Some of our most beautiful flowers are the produce of foreign countries. Jessamine comes from the East Indies, the elder tree from Persia, the tulip from Cappadocia, the narcissus or daffodil from Italy, the lily from Syria, the tuber rose from Java and Ceylon, the pink from Italy and the aster from China. So we see there is a universal transmigration all over the earth, Eve's children and Flora's transplanted from one country to another, and may we all wherever our lot be cast endeavour to do our duty as men and women and so live that our names shall be reversed by the just and the good while living, and when happily transplanted to that country where our toils shall end and

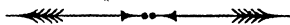
our troubles cease, our memory shall be blessed and our departure be lamented by thousands who have tasted of the sweets of our converse and received the benefits of our exertions for the general good of mankind.



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## CERES.

→The Goddess of Corn and Protectress of Agriculture.←



**C**ERES was the Roman name for Mother Earth. She was the goddess of corn, the protectress of agriculture and all the fruits of the earth.

Ceres, among the Greeks named Demeter, daughter of Chromos (Saturn) by Rhea, she had the misfortune along with her brothers and sisters, to be devoured by her father, who, however, vomited her forth again after taking the emetics Metis gave him. Ceres is represented with her head crowned with the ears of corn or poppies and her robes falling down to her feet, a torch in her hand which she lighted at Mount Etna, and is said to have wandered over the whole earth in search of her daughter Proserpina who, while gathering flowers in the Plains of Enna was carried off by Pluto.

After arriving at Eleusis she took rest on the sorrowful stone beside the well of Cullichorus. In return for some small acts of kindness and to commemorate her visit she taught Triptolemus the use of corn on the Rharian Plains near the city, and instituted the mystic rites peculiarly known as hers. After travelling in human form nine days and everywhere distributing her gifts to mankind, she excited the pity of her brother Jupiter by whom Mercury was despatched to bring back Proserpina from the infernal world, but on the condition that she must spend there a third part, or as others say one-half, of every year.



The myth of Ceres was symbolical of the growth of grain, some consider that this is intimated in the name Demeter which is thought to be equivalent to *ge meter* Mother of the Earth. The relation of the worship of Ceres with agriculture, social order, &c., were expressed in her two great festivals, the Eleusinea and Thesmophoria. Her sacred rites were celebrated with great secrecy. She was especially worshipped in Crete, Delos, Sicily, Asia Minor, Arcadia, Argolis and Attica, bulls, cows, pigs, honey-cakes and fruits being offered to her.

The outward method of the Eleusinian mysteries is known with considerable accuracy of detail. The esoteric significance is very variously interpreted. The ancients themselves generally believed that the doctrines revealed to the initiated gave them better hopes than other men enjoyed, both as to the present life and as to the future state of existence. Modern speculation has run wild in the attempt to satisfactorily explain these mysteries. As reasonable a solution as any other seems to be that of Bishop Thirwall, who finds in them the remains of a worship which preceeded the rise of the Hellenic mythology and its attendant rites grounded on a view of nature less fanciful, more earnest and better fitted to awaken both philosophical thought and religious feeling.

The festival lasted nine days beginning with purification, and on the night of the sixth day the votaries were admitted into the innermost sanctuary of the temple to behold the sacred things. They were once more purified and repeated their original oath of secrecy with an imposing and awful ceremonial somewhat resembling freemasonry. The voice of a herald excluded all the wicked, and even Nero while in Greece dared not profane them. Whoever entered without being initiated although ignorant of this prohibition was put to death, and no initiated person might reveal what he had seen under the same penalty.

The festival Thesmophoria anciently celebrated in different

parts of Greece, but especially in Attica in honour of Demeter as the Thesmophoria or law giving goddess inasmuch as by the introduction of agriculture she gave the first impulse to civil society and more especially to the honorable bond of marriage.

The festival lasted three days from the 11th of October. Only married women could take part in the ceremonies. After certain preliminary purifications they inaugurated the solemnity by marching in procession from Athens to Eleusis where the night was spent celebrating the mysteries of the goddess. The next day, called *nesteia* or the day of fasting was spent in mourning. The women sat for a while on the ground around the statue of Demeter and eat nothing but cakes made of sesame and honey. They next proceeded barefooted to the Thesmophorion or temple of Demeter, where they deposited their mystical offerings to the goddess.

Among the Romans her festivals were styled *Cerealia*, and of these the most interesting was the feast celebrated by the rural population shortly before the harvest, when the country people dressed in white and crowned with oak leaves danced and sung harvest songs in honor of the goddess.

Nature with maternal kindness offers to all her children, the most delightful and universal, as well as the least expensive of all pleasures, and agriculture being more closely allied to her than any other occupation must certainly be unequalled. 'Tis the great boon of our mother earth given to man by the Eternal God when he drove him forth from his presence into the wide world. When we are engaged in agriculture we must be very near to God for the vast creation is his sanctuary and the earth a temple consecrated to his glory. The Lord breathes upon the earth and the valleys smile, He watereth them with his dew, and they are fertile, His blessing is upon the furrows and the earth drinks of refreshing rain which softens it so that the seeds may spring forth. The breath of God maketh the ground fruitful, under his steps flowers and fruits spring

up and all fruitfulness and abundance belong to him, and man was designed to be as the priest of nature and not the oppressive destructive tyrant of defenceless beings.

Agriculture is the best way of obtaining wealth for it is the most natural. True, it is slow, but Solomon says; "He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent."—PROVERBS XXVIII, 22 And yet when men of great wealth stoop to husbandry it increaseth their riches exceedingly. Lord Bacon tells us about a nobleman in England that he knew, who had the greatest income of any man of his time, a great grazer, a great sheep master, a great timber man, a great corn master, a great collier, a great lead man, and so of iron and a number of like points of husbandry, so as the earth seemed a sea to him, in respect of the perpetual importation. And if they are lovers of the great science their troubles are unequalled, soon as the first rays of morning light beams upon the earth, they rise with the lark and haste away to the fields, the lowing of the cattle, or the bleating of their sheep making music on their ears, brushing as they pass the glistening dew drops and inhaling the fresh unbreathed air sweeter than the rose's perfume.

Their eyes are gratified with the most beautiful forms, their ears are charmed with the most melodious sounds and their organs of smell are refreshed by the most agreeable perfumes. And yet in this enlightened age there are persons to be found so ignorant and so depraved as to despise husbandry and husbandmen, and do honor to the usurer who gains his riches so fast, so easy, and as he thinks, so sure. But to be a successful usurer he must ever lose much, that it were more pleasant to keep he must depart from nature and nature's God, he must let the milk of human kindness run dry in his veins, he must lock up all the finer feelings of his heart so that a ray of sunshine can never penetrate. The only fields he will ever cultivate will be gold fields, the only forms that will gratify his eyes will be the forms of coin, the only sounds that will charm his ears will be the clink of gold, and the only perfume that

will refresh his organs of smell will be the dusty, musty, parchments, silent witnessess of his ill-grtten hoard, his nature will become sordid and his portion will ever be a painful vacancy of soul. All his life will be spent digging with unrelenting cruelty for the hollow demon, and he will be gathered to his Father's unwept, un-honored and unsung, whilst the objects that cause the delight of the husbandman constitute the happiness of millions. Take bread alone of those ailments which are distributed with such adundance for the support of man none seems to be more general or more necessary than bread. It is consumed alike by the king on his throne and his subject under him, by the sick and by the healthy, and would seem to be the food more particularly designed by nature for our support, and we find the plant which produces the material for its preparation will grow and its fruits be matured in almost any climate. We eat bread from infancy to old age whilst a continued succession of the richest viands clog and satiates, and here all nations of the earth meet on one common level in their desire for bread. 'Tis the wish of every human heart utered or unexpressed, "give us our daily bread." So we see every day the treasures of the husbandman teeming from the bosom of Ceres far richer than the gems of Golconda or the mines of Peru, for we can live without gold or silver, but without the golden grain of Ceres or the herbs of her maternal bosom we should be very poor indeed.

If agriculture were to be impeded for a single year the very foundations of society would be saped, famine, pestilence, rapine and carnage would ride rampant and the usurer would reap his harvest over a ruin of thousands sunk in an abyss of unutterable woe.

When a poor man takes to agriculture he is generally much better off than his brother in the city. In the tranquility of his small habitation and private family he enjoys a peace which is often unknown at courts. The gratifications of nature which are always the most satisfactory are possessed by him to their full ex-

tent and if he is a stranger to the refined pleasures of the wealthy, he is unacquainted also with the desire of them and consequently feels no want. All the pleasures which are the effects of art are of short duration and fleeting as a dream the illusions of which vanish when we are awake. but the beauties of nature will last while the world shall endure, and the poor husbandman shares them equally with the rich. He generally has a house to shelter him, clothes to keep him warm, he is refreshed by wholesome food, he reposes on downy pillows and enjoys sweet slumber. While miserable is the lot of poor men in the cities, poverty often denies them a proper shelter and they are ashamed to make their necessities known. others are seen crawling along the streets their countenances so haggard by woe hunger and cold as scarcely to give the semblance of humanity, men venerable in years with scarcely rags sufficient to cover them obliged to expose their hoary heads to the severity of the passing storm, whilst they humbly solicit the casual charity of the passenger. Others labouring under disease destitute of sustenance and the commonest necessaries of life stretched on some miserable pallet in garrets or cellars, where damp, cold, dirt and vermin are their only companions, lingering out their hapless moments in anguish and hopeless despair. The cultivation of land was very imperfect before the eleventh century, owing to the forest laws the habits of the rich and the miserable bondage of those who cultivated the land, and the eruption of the barbarians destroyed agriculture with every other art, and succeeding calamities during five or six centuries left the finest region of Europe unfruitful and desolate. The devastation of war from the fifth to the eleventh century rendered land the least costly of all gifts, though it must ever be the most truly valuable and permanent. Many of the grants to monasteries which strike us as enormous were of districts absolutely wasted, which probably would have been reclaimed by no other means. We owe the agricultural restorations of a great part of Europe to the monks. They chose for the sake of retirement se-

cluded regions which they cultivated with the labour of their own hands. Several charters are extant granted to convents and sometimes to laymen, of lands which they had recovered from a desert condition after the ravages of the Saracens. Agriculture seems to have made rapid progress in the four succeeding centuries. Ingulfus, abbot of Croyland, under the conqueror supplies an early and interesting evidence of improvement. Richard de Rules, Lord of Deeping, he tells us, being fond of agriculture obtained permission from the abbey to enclose a large portion of marsh for the purpose of separate pasture, excluding the Welland by a strong dyke upon which he erected a town and rendered those stagnant fens a garden of Eden. In imitation of this spirited cultivator the inhabitants of Spalding and some neighbouring villages by a common resolution divided their marshes amongst them, when some converting them to tillage, some reserving them for meadow others leaving them in pasture found a rich soil for every purpose. The abbey of Croyland and villages in that neighborhood followed this example This early instance of parochial enclosure is not to be overlooked in the history of social progress. Woods were cleared, marshes drained and wastes brought into tillage during the long reign of the Plantagenets.

From manorial surveys indeed and similar instruments it appears that in some places there was nearly as much ground cultivated in the reign of Edward III as at the present day. The condition of different counties however was very far from being alike, and in general the northern and western parts of England were the most backward. The culture of arable land was very imperfect, Fleta remarks in the reign of Edward I or II that unless an acre yielded more than six bushels of corn the farmer would be a loser and the land would yield no rent. Sir John Callum from very minute accounts has calculated that nine or ten bushels were an average crop in an acre of wheat. An amazing excess of tillage accompanied and partly produced this imperfect cultivation. In

Hausted for example, under Edward I there were thirteen or fourteen hundred acres of arable and only forty-five of meadow ground, a similar disproportion occurs almost invariably in every account we possess. And this is just the position that plenty of us in Canada find ourselves in at the present day. When our forefathers came to Canada they found the soil very fertile and used it with great prodigality taking as much as thirty crops of wheat off one field in succession, and allowing their manure to be washed away down the rivers. Nature gave them spontaneously and they reaped their harvests without much trouble, but there came a time when nature visible grew older and she would not yield her increase, they never thought of assisting her or even giving her a rest, but when she would not yield as in former times many sold their exhausted lands in disgust, and went away to some new country where manual labor was in the ascendancy, and science altogether ignored, but nature is a stern avenger and she has visited on us their prodigality, not only will it be to the third or fourth generation, but until we restore fertility to Ceres and give her back what she hath been robbed of. We must now use force, labour and industry and farm scientifically to obtain from nature what she gave our forefathers without any trouble. The farmer may work, may sow may plant but nature must give the increase. If the farmer sows on exhausted land it is just so much time and seed wasted, for there is a reaper that glides through the haunts of men and where he sees a frail little barque tossed on the tempestuous sea of life and not likely to weather the storm, in mercy to that little barque he robs it of its freight and bears it away to purer skies. So will he glide through your exhausted fields, sometimes in one shape and sometimes in another, silently but slowly will he do his work, he will not always wait for bearded grain, but in mercy to mother earth, he will rob you of the greater part of your young and tender plants and leave the weeds to grow between. Agriculture was very different in the State of Italy from what it was in England,

the rich Lombard Plains still more fertilized by irrigation became a garden, and agriculture seems to have reached the excellence that it still retains.

The ancient Romans were devoted to agriculture and thought it the most honorable way of obtaining wealth. Their chief magistrates and most illustrious generals went out of office, cultivated the ground with their own hands, sat down at the same board and partook of the same food with their servants. They sometimes even dressed their own dinner or had it brought them to the field by their wives and the noblest families derived their surnames from cultivating particular kinds of grain. To be a good husbandman was accounted the highest praise, and whoever neglected his ground or cultivated it improperly was liable to the reproof of the censor. At first no citizen had more ground than he could cultivate himself, Romulus allotted to each only two acres. After the expulsion of the kings seven acres were granted to each citizen which continued for a long time to be the usual portion assigned them in the division of conquered lands. The Romans were very attentive to every part of husbandry and were very particular in keeping up the fertility of the soil, using different kinds of manure for that purpose, commonly cultivating their ground and leaving it fallow alternately as is still done in Switzerland and some of the provinces of France. They are supposed to have been led to this from an opinion that the earth was in some manner exhausted by carrying a crop and needed a year's rest to enable it to produce another or from the culture of olive trees which were sometimes planted in corn fields and bore fruit once in two years.

The Romans paid particular attention to meadows for raising hay and feeding cattle by cleaning them, manuring them, sowing various grass seeds, defending them from cattle and watering them. But the ancient Romans did not defend their meadows and pasture grounds, their cattle and sheep seemed to have pastured in open fields with persons to attend them. They had parks for deer and



other wild animals, but the only enclosures mentioned for cattle were folds for confining them in the night time, either in the open air or under cover.

Can anything be more astonishing than the great quantity of grass that grows in one meadow. To be convinced of the great number of blades of grass we need only attempt to reckon them as they are growing in any given space and we shall soon be satisfied of their superior fertility over all plants and herbs. All this is for the subsistence of various kinds of animals of which fields and meadows may very properly be considered as the graneries. Another great advantage to be considered in grass is the little care it requires in its cultivation and that it will grow and perpetuate itself independent of the labors of man. Since the Almighty said, "Let the earth bring forth grass," our fields have been uninterruptedly fertile and we have known no deficiency. Its color is also the most grateful for who could have borne the dazzling lustre of white or the brilliant glare of red. If the universal color had been more dark or obscure how gloomy and dismal would have been the face of nature, but the ever bountiful Creator has neither injured our sight with colors which our eyes could not support nor pained it by obscure gloom. On the contrary he hath clothed the fields in colors that strengthen the sight and please by their diversity, for such is the difference that scarcely two blades of grass can be found of exactly the same shade of green.

The grain chiefly cultivated by the Romans was wheat of different kinds and called by different names. No kind of wheat among us exactly answers the description of the Roman wheat. What resembles it most is what used to be called spelt. Most of the different species of corn which form the best kind of nutriment for men and animals are gramineous, and though they are now completely naturalized to our soil and the fields are covered with them they are of foreign growth. Rye and wheat are indigenous in Little Tartary, where they still grow without culture. From what coun-

try barley and oats were first introduced we are ignorant, but we may be assured they are not natives of this climate or it would not be necessary to cultivate them. Rice is the produce of Ethiopia, whence it was carried into the East and afterwards to Italy. Since the commencement of the eighteenth century it has been cultivated in America and they now export great quantities of that useful grain. Buckwheat originally came from Asia, and it was introduced into Italy at the time of the crusades from whence it was brought to Germany. In the different operations of husbandry the Romans paid the same attention to the rising and setting of stars as sailors, also the wind. They were very attentive to the proper seasons for sowing, and also to the choice of seed, and to adapt the quantity and the kind of seed to the nature of the soil. Their principal seed-time, especially for wheat and barley was from the autumnal equinox to the winter solstice, and in the spring as soon as the weather would permit. Nothing is more worthy of admiration than the revolutions affected throughout all nature by the influence of spring. As autumn declines, every valley, every meadow and every grove presents us with an image of death, and in winter nature is entirely divested of beauty, every animal looks sorrowful, the inhabitants of the groves hide themselves and are silent, the earth becomes desert and all nature seems to suffer a state of torpor and insensibility, however at this very time she is working in secret though we are ignorant of the happy principal which is preparing her renovation. Life returns to animate afresh the benumbed body, and everything prepares for a similar restoration. The husbandman goes forth to his fields with a sweet expectation one of the few that does not deceive, because it is founded on the invariable laws of nature and having sown his fields abandons his seed to corruption, to rains, to storms and to the sun's heat. When he has done all that depends upon his exertions, nature executes the rest, she covers the seed with a protecting mantle in winter and in the summer warms and vivifies it by the sun's rays and

adds to its nourishment by the fertilizing rain.

As soon as the seed has acquired the necessary degree of humidity from the earth it swells, the external coat or skin which concealed the root, stem and leaves opens the root bursts forth and penetrates into the earth where it derives nourishment for the stem which now makes an effort to raise itself up above the surface of the ground. When it has sprung up it gradually increases till it has reached its proper height, it then unfolds its leaves which at first are white, then yellow and at length are tinged with a beautiful green immediately as the time which enclosed the germ is rent and the root has penetrated the earth, the stem ventures to spring up in the form of a fine and delicate filament, which, however feeble it may appear, is able to contend with the inclemency of the air.

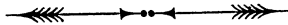
From the principal stalk others spring up, they are not so high, and bear leaves, which collecting the drops of dew and rain, supply the plant with those nutritious juices so necessary to its support, whilst the most essential part of the plant, the ear, is very gradually formed. To preserve the tender sprouts from dangers and accidents which might destroy them the first moment of their appearance, the two upper leaves of the stalk unite closely to preserve the ears, as well as furnish them with the necessary juices. These leaves seem to be placed round the stalk for the same reason that an architect raises a scaffolding around a building he is about to construct, and when it is finished removes the scaffolding, for when the corn has acquired its full size and strength the leaves which defended it dry and perish, and the young ear waves gracefully in unveiled beauty, refreshed with gentle rains it flourishes and inspires the husbandman with most pleasing hopes, it ripens from day to day till at length bowing to Ceres in acknowledgement, beneath the weight of its riches, its head falls beneath the reaper and the farmers joyfully gathers the golden grain. Who shall describe this happy season. 'Tis the carnival of nature, joy and glad-

ness, peace and plenty, sun and shade, coolness and repose, love, gratitude and melody all combine to render this season delightful. The farmers hopes are realized, his large wish satisfied. No wonder the ancients danced and sang harvest songs in honor of Ceres, 'twas the rendering of heartfelt adoration, and reverential regard to the God of nature, that their powers of language could not describe. How many of us at the present day render homage in the same way dancing and singing as David of old did. Others of a more solemn turn bow the head in prayer, all acknowledging the great Master of the universe. Happy is the man whose life of innocence flows embosomed in nature's sweetest treasures. The creation smiles on him and joy gilds his glad moments whether reclining in the evening shade or brushing with hasty steps the morning dew. Pleasure springs for him from every fountain, every flower yields its charms and every grove welcomes him to its hallowed shade. For him wild concerts warble in the air and his mind serene as a summer's day knows no corroding heart consuming cure. His affections are pure as the untainted breath of morn, sweet as the dew washed flowers, in the beauty of nature he sees his God and to Him devotes his willing soul.



# POMONA,

→The Goddess of Fruit Gardens and Fruit Trees.←



**P**OMONA (whose name is obviously connected with *poman*, a fruit,) was among the Latins the patron divinity of garden produce. Her creation was not to be wondered at among a people who lived in the land of the vine, the olive and the fig, who possessed fertile imaginations, who knew of no great First Cause, who never heard of the Lord's beautiful garden of Eden, or the wonderful production of the first fruit trees—a people whose chief object seemed to be the gratifying of the passions. And though they lived in the land of the vine, wine among the ancients was rare. They considered it food for the gods, and used it principally in their worship.

The residence of the gods was at Rome, the seat of the empire, which, from seven hills, looks around on the whole world. The worship of Pomona, as was natural among a homely race of farmers and shepherds like the ancient Latins, was of considerable importance. Varro tells us that at Rome her services were under the care of a special priest, the flamen Pomonales.

The poets, not perhaps without some allegorical design, represented several of the rural gods as her lovers—Silvanus, Picus, Vertumnus, etc. Of Vertumnus, in particular, it is related, that after he had vainly tried to approach her under a thousand different forms, he at last succeeded by assuming the figure of an old woman. In this guise he recounted to her the lamentable histories of women who had despised love, and having touched her heart, suddenly

transformed herself into a blooming youth and married her. But Vertumnus is probably nothing more than a personification of those changes by which plants advance from blossoms to fruit. In the works of art Pomona is generally represented with fruits in her lap, or in a basket, with a garland of fruits in her hair and a pruning knife in her right hand.

The Romans were uncommonly fond of gardens, as, indeed, all the ancients were; hence the fabulous gardens and golden apples of the Hesperides, of Adonis and Alcinous, the hanging gardens of Semiramis or of Cyrus at Babylon, and the gardens of Epicurus, used for his gymnasium or school. The husbandman called a garden a second dessert or fitch of bacon, which was always ready to be cut, or a salad; and junged there must be a bad housewife (for this was her charge) in that house where the garden was in bad order. Even in the city, the common people used to have representations of gardens in their windows.

In ancient times the garden was chiefly stored with fruit trees and pot herbs. But in after times the chief attention was paid to the rearing of shade trees, aromatic plants, flowers and evergreens.

Gardens were adorned with the most beautiful statues. Thus the Romans, when they chose it, lived in retirement and entertained their friends. The Romans were particularly careful to have their gardens well watered, and for that purpose, if there was no water on the ground, it was conveyed in pipes.

The gardens at Rome most frequently mentioned in the classics were those of Cæsar, Lucullus, Martial, Nero, Pompey and Sallust, the property first of Sallust the historian, then of his grandnephew and adopted son, afterwards of the emperors.

The ancient Romans were so devoted to gardening and agriculture that their most illustrious commanders were sometimes called from the plough.

What contributes to render agriculture and gardening more particularly pleasing is the constant variety and succession of ob-

jects always presented to us, which relieve the wearisomeness of continued uniformity and undeviating sameness. We continually observe a vast variety of plants, fruits and trees grow up under our auspices, assuming every diversity of appearance. Besides, the cultivation of fields and gardens is one of the most delightful of all occupations, and perhaps the only one the toil of which is recompensed with much pleasure. The man that devotes himself to agricultural pursuits breathes always a pure air, and enjoys continually the grand spectacle of nature. The azure sky is his canopy and the earth embroidered with flowers his carpet. A thousand beautiful objects present themselves to his view, and he need never want a pure spring of delight, or real banquet of pleasure. Each year renews his treasures, freedom and the smile of happiness lighten his serene countenance that speaks a soul at ease. Remote from the iniquity, the pride, the baseness, and sordid cares which enslave and render callous the hearts of those who herd together in cities, he rises to inhale the sweet breath of morning and lies down upon his honorable couch at peace with his God, himself, and mankind. And as winter approaches he rests from his labors. He looks upon the earth with delight when it is mantled in white and splendid array ; the lofty trees bending beneath their dazzling burden. He knows the earth will be benefited by the visitation of the tempest, and prepared for fertility by the repose of winter.

The days of winter are the days of Pomona's rest, and Flora the goddess of flowers, rests along with her. How rich was the spring and summer with flowers ! how abundant the fruit that Flora prepared for Pomona's maturing hand. They are wearied with their labours and for a space repose, in order to acquire new force, that they may again be equally fruitful, and again be enabled to assume their wonted resplendence.

At this season of the year Pomona's fruits have all been stored away, and Flora looks sorrowful and destitute, and may be compared to a tender mother who has been bereft of her dearest chil-

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dren, and is seen to mourn and lament. But she is not deprived of all her offspring. Here and there plants are seen to brave the rigours of winter, and by their verdure relieve the sterility of the scene. Here the hawthorn's tempting berries offer the feathered race a sweet repast, the ever-verdant laurustinus now delights with its clustering flowers, and the never fading yew tree forms a dark shade.

The creeping ivy still winds round the mouldering battlements and clings to the decayed monuments of magnificence ; it defies the whistling of the winds, and the storm's loud roar ; the laurel blooms with verdure undiminished, and the lowly box looks green above the snow.

The same wisdom, which at the beginning of winter caused the increase of cold to be gradual, as spring approaches orders its departure so that it diminishes by degrees, and the rigorous season comes to an end. The sun remains longer above the horizon, and its rays act more powerfully upon the earth, flakes of snow no longer obscure the atmosphere, and the nights only produce a white frost which vanishes before the noon-day sun. The sky becomes serene the fogs and vapours either disperse or are converted into beneficial showers. The earth is rendered soft and pliable and imbibes moisture. Seeds begin to open out, branches which appeared dead put forth their tender buds, and we see nature universally preparing to restore verdure to the fields.

Flora, tired of her desolate and barren appearance, throws on her mantle of green. Her love for the beautiful knows no bounds, so she calls aloud to her children to come forth and decorate the earth. The feathered songsters come in her train, and pour forth their rich melody, while her children put on their beautiful robes, the little songsters are hopping from bough to bough warbling harmonious love. The busy bees are hovering over the bright delicate apple blossoms waiting for Flora to unfold her beautiful robes, that they may gather ambrosial juices. The fragrance now is exquisite



and the pure light of sun invites us forth where an innocent and refined joy awaits us. Contemplate these flowers, examine them with attention. Can they be more perfect, can their colors be more beautifully blended, or their forms more elegantly proportioned.

Can the pencil of a painter equal the warmth of the blossoming peach, or imitate the richness of a cherry tree in bloom? So far from imitating, no one can conceive all the beauties of renovated nature. But at this season of the year, the north wind may blow and the cold night dews blast the fairest of Flora's nurslings. If so, then Pomona may put on robes of mourning and hide her head in gloom. Pomona depends largely on Flora for support, she can do nothing without her, they must go hand in hand with their work. Flora begins with the buds, then the leaves, those beautiful ornaments of trees. Our impatience to see them bud in the spring and our joy when they appear, sufficiently declare them the pride of our gardens, fields and woods. What a grateful shade they form in the hot days of summer. Yet this is the least of advantages which the eaves of trees afford. We have only to consider their wonderful structure to be convinced that they are formed to answer much more important purposes. Leaves are instrumental to the nutrition of plants or trees by imbibing through their pores the humidity of the atmosphere, which they communicate to the whole tree.

How admirable is the wisdom of their organization. By it means plants or trees in dry seasons do not run the hazard of being deprived of moisture; they receive a plentiful supply of refreshing dew, which, falling upon the upper leaves, drops from them upon the lower ones, so that all receive a portion, and none of the invigorating moisture is lost. It appears from various experiments that plants or trees perspire to a considerable amount, and the leaves have been ascertained to be the chief organs of this function. They also contribute to introduce into the interior of the plant or tree that part of the air of which it is in want, as well as to exhale

that which it has used ; and thus they tend to the preservation of the buds which are to bloom the following year ; hence many trees when stripped of their leaves wither and die .

The blossoms of trees, which form one of Flora's chief beauties, are not less diversified than the leaves ; some are simple and have only one flower, others have several. They present every variety of shape, some of the petals are disposed carelessly round the plant others form circles, garlands and clusters.

Many of the blossoms have a texture of an indescribable delicacy, with a most exquisite fragrance and beautiful diversity of tints. To the blossoms succeed fruit and seeds, which repair the waste of seasons and enclose under one or more skins or coats the germs of future plants. All the parts of the plant have their peculiar use and design , if the least of them be taken away the plant loses part of its perfection, either its beauty, growth, or increase will suffer. Thus all these several parts are essentially necessary for the completion of the whole.

But as the days of summer slowly depart, Flora's charms depart likewise, followed by Pomona's solid enjoyments. Delicious fruits replace the faded flowers. The mellow apple, whose golden brilliancy is heightened by the rich streaks of purple, weighs down the bough that bears it, and the luscious pears and plums display their beauties and invites us to pluck them. Though summer and autumn are generally the seasons when Pomona produces these rich gifts, with the assistance of art we can obtain them both in spring and in the winter, and our tables may thus be provided all the year round. As early as the month of July Pomona produces of herself strawberries, raspberries, cherries and gooseberries, plenty of them growing wild and free, so that the poor can have them as well as the rich. And what is more delicious than a wild strawberry, a fruit that has been brought into the highest state of cultivation, yet art cannot supply the primitive flavour. As autumn advances we have the larger fruits, which form a cheap, nourishing and

wholesome food. Thus Pomona distributes her gifts with the wisest economy, so that without having them in too great abundance, we enjoy an ample variety and constant succession.

Beginning with the strawberry and ending with the orange, which grows on a beautiful tree, whose leaves are evergreen, and its flowers white and very elegant, they yield a delicious perfume, sweet and most luscious, yet one that does not cloy. On many trees the flowers and ripe fruit hang together, and when thus loaded, the fruit, some of light green colour, others of a deep orange, others of a pale yellow, and all set off by the deep, glossy green foliage—the trees are superb.

Nothing is more delicious than fruit ; each species has a taste peculiar to itself, and it is certain they would lose much of their value if they had all the same flavour ; their variety renders them more exquisite and delectable. How great is the abundance of fruit, and the profusion with which they are distributed. In Pomona's vast garden there is no soil entirely barren. From the finest dust to the hardest rock, from the tropics to the frozen regions of the poles, there is no soil which does not produce plants peculiar to itself, and no season is entirely destitute of these beautiful productions, fruits or flowers continuing all the year round.

On the confines of the desert and in the oases you will find the date growing luxuriantly, and it forms a staple article of food to the inhabitants of many countries where it is grown, and the crop is as anxiously expected as our wheat harvest or the vintage of Southern Europe. The vine will thrive on steeps and hills where the plough never reaches, and produces the most delicious fruit, from which flows the liquor the ancients believed was the food of the gods. No other beverage, natural or artificial, produces the same effect as wine, but it is very lamentable to see how much this blessing has been abused, especially by adulteration. Surely, hardened as man is, he might feel some compunction in thus destroying and counter-acting and efficacy of one of Pomona's richest gifts. Any poor un-

fortunate mortal that applies to wine to renew his failing strength or mitigate his pain, will find that by the avarice of man, the stream is no longer salubrious, and instead of a life-invigorating juice a slow poison circulates through all his veins. Wine when pure and unadulterated is a most valuable medicine, restores the vigour of the constitution and imparts energy to the system, but the too frequent and liberal use of it is as hurtful as in moderation it is beneficial. And though Jotham, in his parable of the trees (Judges ix. 13), says that wine cheereth God and man, we are better to take Solomon's advice when he saith ; " Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."—(Proverbs xxiii. 31, 32.)



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## ERRATA.



On page 4 sixth line from bottom the word attained should read attained.

On page 7 fourth line from top the word faces should be faces.  
On same page seventh line from bottom, emblem of essence should read emblem of the essence.

On page 9 thirteenth line from top the word flutters should read flutters.

On page 10 eighteenth line from top, Arctic travellers should be Arctic travellers.

On page 11 second line from bottom the word reversed should be reversed.

On page 16 fourteenth line from top the word troubles should be troubles.

On page 21 sixth line from top the word went should read when.

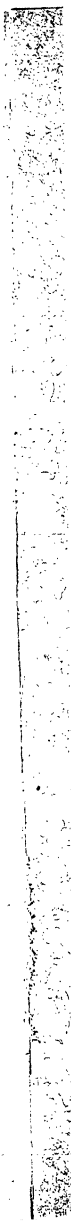
On page 24 tenth line from top the word time should be time.

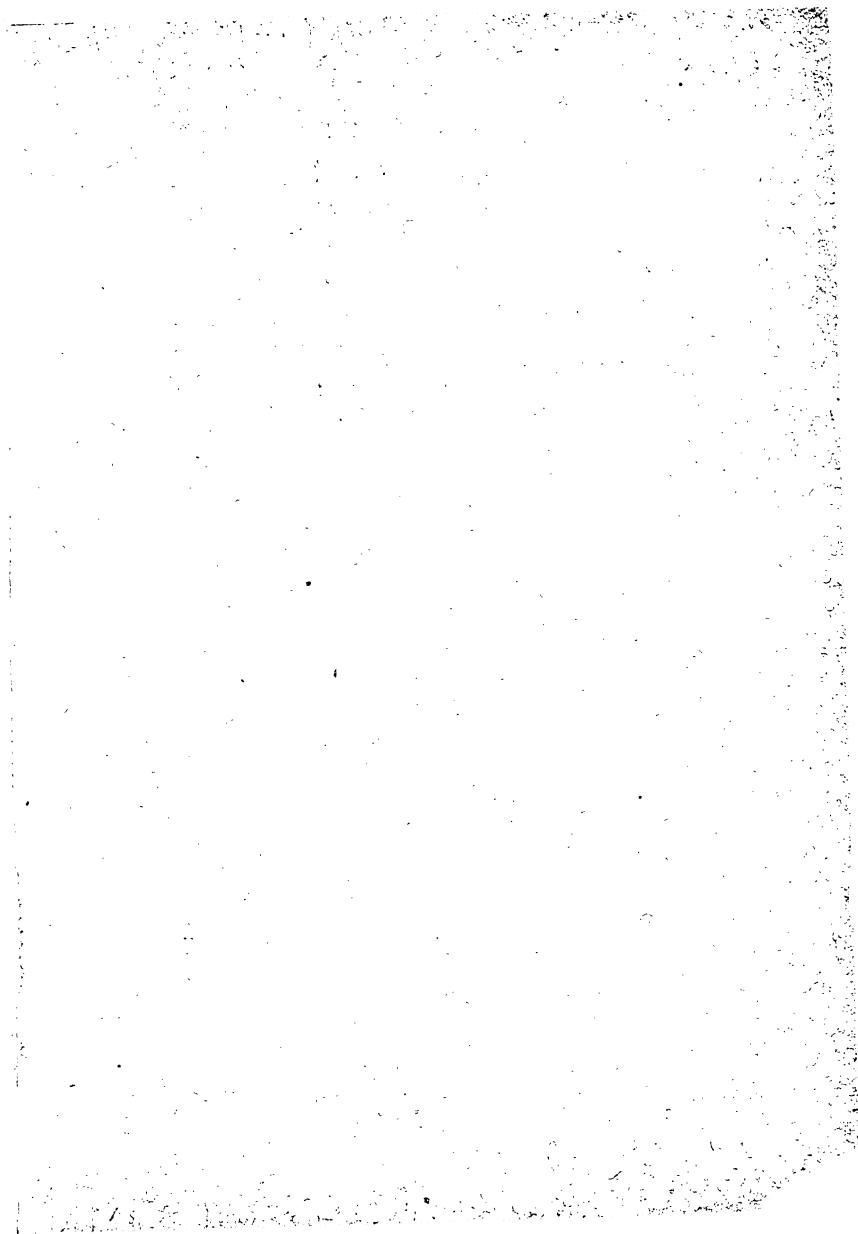
On page 25 fourth line from the bottom cure should be care.

On page 30 first line light of sun should be light of the sun.

On page 32 last line and efficacy should be the efficacy.

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