

Sunday Reading.

I HAVE CAST MYSELF AWAY. A young lady whose mind was seriously impressed on the subject of religion, had received an invitation to a wedding party, at which, according to the place, there was to be ball and free enjoyment of the fashionable amusements of the day, including dancing.

Her cousin, who had recently professed faith in Christ, and who was also her homely companion, endeavored to dissuade her from accepting the invitation. "Oh," said she, "that party may cost you your soul; God is now striving with you, and if you give in, your Spirit may perish for ever."

She replied, "I am going to that party from a sense of duty, they will think so strange of me if I do not go, but no one can induce me to engage in dancing."

Said her cousin, "It matters little what you may think of you, but what will your Saviour think of you, if you go? Indeed, indeed, I tremble for you."

"I don't see things in the same light with you," she replied, "I must go to the wedding. On next Sabbath I will see you at church, and will then tell you all about myself. I have not lost my serious impressions, nor relinquished the hope of being a Christian. Do not, dear cousin, give me up, but pray for me."

"When you give yourself up to pleasure and to sin," she said, "you are giving up your soul, and your soul will be all human sympathy."

To the wedding she went, although the weather was excessively cold, and the place was six miles distant from her home. That whole night was spent in a whirl of excitement, and from midnight until 3 o'clock in the morning she was the "gayest among the gay" in the merry dance. She retired to her room, but not to sleep; and when the gay party met again at the breakfast-table, she was not among them. The exposure of her frail person, in light costume, on that cold night, together with the usual physical and mental excitement of those few hours, had proved too much for her; and there she lay upon her bed with burning fever, inflamed eyes, and parched lips, and by night fall she is in a delirium.

Her mother and her place cousin soon arrived, but she does not know them; and she sits on a cold, her cousin's name. On Sabbath for about one hour her reason returned; and looking her cousin in the eye, she said in the most plaintive tone and pleading manner, "You did not cast me off—I am cast off. I cast myself away, and God has let me go." These were the last rational words she ever spoke, and she lay in that state until her death, which met the resolutions of eternity. Oh, that men were wise, they would consider that God has said, "He that believeth upon me, shall not die, but shall live forever." He that believeth upon me, shall not die, but shall live forever. He that believeth upon me, shall not die, but shall live forever.

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of Josephine Zeule, confined for twenty-two years in the same madhouse, because of his Protestant faith.

A Bohemian writes, "It may be confidently asserted, that since 1845 no less than 3,000 persons have renounced Popery in that country. A Unitarian Protestant church has been formed since that time in Prague, consisting of 1,200 souls." And it is asserted that of the 4,000 Roman-catholic priests in Bohemia, the half of them are not properly Popish. A great number of them sigh for reform.

We would bespeak prayer for the land of Huss as well as for the land of Luther, that God may revive his work by the diffusion of his truth, and the outpouring of his Spirit.

Agricultural.

EUROPEAN PLOWS AND PLOUGHING. So with regard to ploughing. It is not quite so bad here as in Spain, where a friend this season saw peasants ploughing with an implement composed of two clumsy sticks of wood, one of which (the horizontal) worked its way through the earth after the manner of a hog's snout, while the other, inserted in the former at a convenient angle, served as a handle, being guided by the ploughman's left hand, while he managed the team with his right. With this relic of the good old days, the peasant may have annoyed and irritated a rod of ground per day to the depth of three inches; and, as care is taken not to afflict any field that cannot be irrigated, he may possibly, by the conjunction of good luck with laborious culture, obtain half a crop. It is safe to guess that this cultivator, living the year round on black bread not mixed with weak vinegar or rancid oil, because he is able to live better, cherishes a supreme contempt for all such specklers as hook farming.

The display of Plows in the Palace of Industry, I may have already alluded to, but I am not yet done with it. It is there in perfectly demonstrable that the same expenditure of human effort and animal muscle which is now employed to disturb the earth indifferently to an average depth of five inches, would suffer, if properly directed, to pulverize the same area to the depth of ten or twelve inches, increasing our annual harvests by at least twenty-five per cent, and affording a safeguard against the evil influences of both wet and dry seasons. A few enlightened minds here are contemplating this result; the great majority of French farmers either never think on the subject, or else regard it much as one of our own inveterate black heads—of that sort which not only know nothing but believe in it—expands his substitute for wit in any meeting of a Farmers' club.—Horus Greyley.

CARROTS FOR FEEDING POULTRY. We find the following in the Rural New Yorker. "Eds. RURAL.—I have never seen anything in your paper recommending carrots as food for poultry. I feed them to my fowls every day, and find it profitable to do so. In the present high prices of grain, etc., it is worth while for people to use any substitute that will answer the same purpose. I venture to say that those who have fed their fowls on carrots, chopped fine, will not readily discontinue the practice. The chopping is most easily done with a common sausage meat cutter, costing about \$3.—These machines will pay their entire cost, in most families in a single year, in various labor-saving ways. A couple of boys, in a single evening, could easily cut a barrel full of carrots, which if fed to hens, mixed with meal, scraps, etc., would be worth much more than the same value in grain at present prices.

At the conversational meeting of exhibitors at the last National Poultry Show, carrots were recommended for general use, as better than anything else for laying hens; "cheaply considered," it was said "they contain more of the substance necessary to form eggs than any other food." One of the speakers went so far as to assert that one bushel of carrots contains more food than a hundred cart-loads of turnips. This may be a few cart-loads too many, but I think their value as an article of food for almost everything in the farmer's barn and barn yard, or his family oven, is not generally overrated, since we should see more of them raised.

One reason, doubtless, why no more are grown, is the labor and expense necessary to raise a good crop. I think the usual method of raising carrots can be improved so that the crop need not cost more than one-half what it now does. In my own private I have managed to dispense with a good deal of labor which I once thought necessary, and I will think there is room for improvement.

Probably you may learn from me again on this subject. Farmers, now is the time to watch your minds and the columns of the Rural, by writing out your experience in farming, and do not forget to contribute your own mind, while profiting by the contributions of others, remembering that the subsidizing more than is most useful to society.

HOW WE DID IT. Some twelve years since, my father bought a farm which he called "worked to death," as the neighbors said. Well, we found out how it had been worked, when we put a heavy team and new plough at work, and the virgin soil was turned up six inches below the four inches worked to death. Our neighbors prophesied a failure, and when

our crops failed, with an exception of their own, they were full of strimings as to the wonderful strength which were so successful in renewing such ill killed soil.

"What manure did you put on that field?" a neighbor asked my father, one morning, as they were looking at the deep green waving corn, growing so rankly therein.

"Ploughed deep," ploughed deep," answered he, "there is nothing like ploughing deep, and thoroughly pulverizing the soil, to bring good crops in all kinds of weather."

This field had been used as a meadow some fifteen years, producing half a ton of hay to the acre. We broke it up deep, ploughed one year, sowed oats the next with clover and timothy, and third cut two tons to the acre.

Another field has been used for oats the same length of time. We ploughed, but had poor oats, as so much deep, new soil was turned up, never having been exposed to the weather, a hard and almost impenetrable crust having been formed at the depth of three or four inches, where the plough had scraped for years.

As soon as possible, we grassed it, and had excellent meadows, where others thought nothing but a bad weed, called devilgut, could grow.

All the pasture land had a vigorous growth of elders on, but we fixed them by ploughing, and carefully picking up the roots, drawing them in piles to some large log or stump heap, and enjoying a beautiful bonfire after they had become well dried; so ended all trouble with our "elders," but not letters, as they had failed to establish themselves in our estimation.—Cures, O. W. Farmer.

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