

Sunday Reading.

From the New England Farmer.
"HIS JUDGMENTS ARE IN ALL THE EARTH!"—*Psalms.*

The glory of summer resteth on every hill top, and bath filled every valley, and brightened each brook and river. No signs of decay; that harbinger of the coming autumn days, hath met the eye. The birds, yet sing among the fluttering leaves; the soft winds yet whisper to us of an Eden somewhere, to which the unspoken yearnings of all hearts tend; the garden, the meadow, the road-side, wear yet their undimmed bloom; and who would not "feel the fleet angel by his wings," that this bright, glad, genial summer time might pause and bless the earth a little longer?

To the prosperous and the happy these long, fair days are types of that come beyond the sun and stars where winter never bears his frost and storms; the careless who see no beauty in the blighted colors of Nature, whose souls go not out at the twilight hour to him who made the silent shining stars; this season, like its predecessors, teaches no precious lessons; rather whose soul is consuming with the fires of ambition, or the lusts of gain, the rippling of the waves upon the shining sand, the shadows flickering the luxuriant grass, the holy quiet of dim wood-paths, are things neither felt nor cared for—his mortal eye is shut, his ear deaf to all but the voice of the sky—an, charming noise.

But there are hearts on which God's judgments lie so heavily that they beat with union with earth's glad and glorious things.

To the eye dimmed with many tears, the sunshine is less bright, the flowers cluster above a grave where sleep hopes too bright for earth's fulfillment, and through the shadow of that grave the eyelids hold all outward things. It is very sad to withdraw from out the home circle a kindred soul that saw with us the loveliness and majesty of God's universe, and regarded them with a pectoral of appreciating love.

God's judgments are indeed in all the earth. Wealth cannot bribe them, power cannot bar them out, the lowliest home can not hope to escape them. They come in multiplied forms, when the heart is strong, or when it seems already breaking with some previous burden. They come with a bitter winter along bleak paved way; they bring their dark haws across the opening buds of spring, they enter the wide-open portal with the spicy breaths of summer, they bleed another toe of sadness with the melancholy voices of autumn. They meet us at the social board and in festive scenes, they come at solemn midnight at the burning noon, and they must be received.

Oh! God's judgments, the soul finds it most difficult perhaps to submit to those that take from us the good, the young, the livery; they who have lost their country and their posterity—

Well, I see, are just about to commence a system of composting, and to those I have a word. There are two things, at least, indispensable to success in manuring. First, make your compost as near the field where you expect to apply it as possible, and save the labor and expense of carting. No system of manuring will pay where it has to be carted from one or two points to the whole plantation. It is just as easy to make manure in the field or near it, as it is to make it all in the horse-lot and barnyard. Manure may be made in the horse-lot and stable, and barnyard for the fields which surround them. But if you wish, at your earliest convenience, and at the least trouble, to manure every field far and near, while you are pasturing those fields, construct stock lots on the highest points, into which half leaves, corn stalks and straw, on which never fail to pen your stock every night; and when you have composted enough for that lot, remove the lot to some other point, and repeat the process. When your compost is thus made, take it into large tanks, and plow your lots, and with the loose earth thus plowed, cover your manure banks and let them remain until you wish to use them, and you will find that you have a fine lot of most excellent "Georgia ground," right in the field, where it is needed, which may be carted out with a rush, and at less than half the time and trouble which it ordinarily costs. By this you'll see in my mind's eye, a plantation improved, and discovered upon the red soil of the South, luxuriant crops of cotton and grain waving in beauty, to cheer up the sons of the Agriculturalist. I have tried the above plan, and find it to be the very system for a general wholesale manuring; and in no other way do I see that a plantation may be improved by composting in reasonable time.

The lessons of revelation we have learned, the teachings of faith we heed. We know that the grave conceals not the departed, only their mortal remains were deposited there, and we would not recall them again to see them sick and depart, but what shall fill their places by our hearts and in our homes? What shall come sight unto like them, and share our joys and sorrows, our highest aspirations and our deepest hopes? There are those we know not how to spare, and a crowded universe cannot compensate for their absence, and the hearts is left to mourn deeply with a void that can never be filled.

While we lay our sorrows at God's feet, and leave all there that He permits, let us bear the memory of our griefs about us—a sacred thing, hallowing the paths wherein our feet must tread, hallowing the words of our lips, the desires of our hearts; and if the sunlight be less joyous, and the song of birds be less grateful than of yore, let us still appreciate the loveliness which is a type of that world where our treasures are gathered.

God's judgments are laid upon us to strengthen, to purify, to wean us from an absorbing love of life and its blessings. They are not blindly sent that they may happen to have this effect, but they come with full power to effect their object, unless thwarted in their mission. It is for us to use them with an enlightened submission, or to pass them by with other wasted opportunities.

Amid the darkest hour there is light; under the worst bereavement consolation; therefore we will not look into the grave, which is all darkness, but rather into the Father's house whose mansions are filled with light.

—*J. L.*

NO GLOOM—NO FAITH.

Look at the power of what men call cross-purposes and discouragements, to cast the soul into Christ's faith. This is a joyous grace—one of the greatest three which are stars of the last magnitude, in a firmament of Christian peace. It is evidence of pardon; it is the medium through which we look up and see the blessed One. Faith is to the believer, "for we walk by faith, not by sight."

But without some unusual darkness, there can be no light. The things of which it is the evidence, are not seen. The good of which it is the substance, is hoped for, and not now possessed. If we could now see every thing take the face in which our first power would shape it, wherein would reason for the revealing sentiment of *forsaking*, which keeps us so near to Christ? But as it is, God's ways are so inscrutably above human policies, and his paths in such a deep sea, that much of mystery in Him grows out of that oversight consciousness which tells us that all which our heavenly Father does, is well done. Whatever wekins faith, be exalted to our delight.

Then it is not strange if our covenant Lord leads us along dark paths, that he may teach our trembling hearts the blessings of trust. Perhaps for this very reason, he purposely withdraws from our sight, there ward which he holds only the eye of faith to behold at present. What are the discouragements of expending capitals and efforts only to see things grow worse and worse, than in a divine estimate of the very grace which draws the heavier load to us?—to wait under the shadow of his throne, for the clouds over which we shall

be allowed to see, as well as believe, that all went on well. In this spirit, Cooper wrote of the "mysterious way" in which God moves, "his wonders to perform."

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning Providence,
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And sees not even in vain;
God is known in Interpreter,
And we well-mane if plain.

TRUE NOBILITY.

If it be an enabling fact that one can trace his lineage through a succession of illustrious nobles, how much must be the dignity which rests on one who claims to be a child, not of the royalty that is doomed to die, but of the King of kings, the everlasting Father, who is enthroned on the fishes and the glory of the universe. It is this conviction that dius the splendor of an earthly crown, and sheds a halo of beauty and of dignity on the head of the orphan, and the novel of the peasant.

Agricultural.



From the Cotton Planter and Soil.
SYSTEM OF COMPOST MANURING.

DR. CHAPIN—Dear Sir: Having taken the Cotton Planter from the first number, and having been requested by you to give my experience in the farm through its columns, I have done so with no ordinary pleasure, in a plain, practical way; and I thank you and others for your kind expressions of approval from time to time of my poor services in the great cause of our country's Agricultural salvation. Every man who has a *soul* in his body, can feel grateful to those who cheer him along through the rugged path of life. What a dreary, desult life's voyage would be if destitute of here and there a bright spot!

I notice of late an unusual interest manifested in the various Agricultural journals, on the subject of manure making, and the improvement of the hills of our "land of flowers." This manifestation no doubt, is gratifying to you and to all those who walk within their country and their posterity—

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