

We have been so highly interested in reading one of the leading articles of the New England Farmer, that we cannot but copy the whole, and beg our readers to give it a careful perusal. — Eps.

THE LONG EVENINGS.

Autumn has returned once more, with its waving sheaves, its mellow, golden-hued fruits, its meek suns, its softened, serene atmosphere, its glistening morning frosts, and its cool evening dews. To the lover of nature, no season of the year, in our climate, can compare with this for brilliancy, beauty and poetical and moral suggestiveness. A New England October is itself a poem, and needs not the polished numbers of a Bryant to give itself expression. Its gorgeous imagery is written upon every tree and shrub; its sweet, low, undertone is heard in the murmuring of the lazy stream, and in the monotonous whirring and humming that proceed from the quiet woods; while the air itself seems steeped in the very image of poetry.

But the beauty of its day is not, to us, the only excellence of autumn. Not the least of the attractions of this season of the year are its lengthening evenings, which are now become quite perceptible. In the heat of summer, sunset and bed-time were separated by a little more than an hour's interval. Day and night shook hands without the ceremony of an introduction. But Evening now comes forth to assume her wonted station between them. The laborer returns home from his shortened day's toil, and finds that he has an hour or two for the pleasures of social intercourse, or intellectual improvement, before he woos the kind offices of "tired nature's sweet restorer." With the opportunity comes also the appetite. No longer exhausted by the heat of summer, which unfitted him for mental or social enjoyment when he came from the field, both mind and body now begin to assume a more vigorous tone. The book and the newspaper are more thoroughly read; the thinking powers are more active; the social affections gather new strength. After tea, a cosy family group is formed around the table. The mother plies the busy needle, mending Johnny's trousers, or hemming a new apron for Mary; keeping, meanwhile, an ear open to whatever is said, and an eye upon the sly rogue who is stroking Tabby's fur the wrong way, in the chimney corner. The father soon becomes absorbed in the newspaper, yet damp from the press, which he has just received from the post office. Perhaps it is the New England Farmer that is thus insensibly charming him away from the outer world, into fresh regions of fact, and thought, and fancy. Running his eye over the first page, he stops to read an article on "Vegetable Reproduction," or "Canada Thistles," or "Stealing Fruit," or the "Obituary of Downing." Now his eye falls upon Dr. Siedhof's anecdote of the "Oriole and Hawk," which he reads aloud to the little group. Or, turning to the last page, he reads to them the true sketch of Valentine Duval, "the French Herds-boy," or the simple and affecting "Drunkard's Story," which Mr. Putnam has woven into smooth and pleasant rhyme. And now he lays aside the newspaper to relate some incident of the day, or to assist Jemmy or Abby in solving a difficult problem in arithmetic, which comes into tomorrow's school lesson. Seth, the oldest boy, who has something of a mechanical turn, sits at work at a table of his own, surrounded with chisels, gimlets, files and pincers, and odd-shaped bits of wood, brass, and wire, which latter are the especial wonder of the whole juvenile circle. But Seth has a good share of the secretiveness which seems peculiar to the ingenious, and not the most inquisitive urchin among them will know whether these mysterious gimcracks and rattletraps are parts of a miniature air-pump, steam-engine, grist-mill, or a perpetual motion machine, until it is completed. Thus dividing the evening between work, study, reading, and conversation, the hours glide swiftly by, and the nine o'clock bell rings them to bed—as happy a party as one could wish to see.

It is to its long fall and winter evenings, that New England owes much of the intellectual and moral superiority which its inhabitants have always possessed. A French writer has attempted to prove, that the fall of the year has produced more inventions, more discoveries, more literary works of a high order—in fact, more chef-d'œuvres of every sort—than any other season. "In this season," he says, "the constitution, exhausted by the heat of summer, begins to assume a healthful and vigorous tone; sleep, appetite, and tranquility,

return. By a sympathy which is easily understood, this season necessarily acts upon the mind, developing the powers, and increasing the faculties for mental occupation." This is plausible, and facts will probably sustain the theory. Our bracing autumns and long winters are not the least of our peculiar blessings. If rightly used, they become the safeguards of family virtue, and the nurseries of intellectual strength.

We know of no more valuable hint for parents, at this season, than this—make the long evenings pleasant in-doors. Furnish your families with the means of fireside entertainment and instruction. Provide them with books and papers, and, if you have the means, with some simple apparatus, illustrative of the natural sciences. Read aloud—assist the children in their lessons—encourage those who have a mechanical taste, and take part in their fireside sports. Do this, and your boys will never acquire a taste for that worst of all schools—the evening street school, where obscenity, and profaneness, and vice, and idleness are taught with such fatal success. Set them the example; stay at home yourself; and let them see that you prefer the society of your family, to the noisy political caucus, or to the group of gossiping idlers in the village store or tavern. Much of the juvenile vice and waywardness of which we hear so great complaint, might be avoided, we are firmly persuaded, if parents would do more to make home attractive.

To aid in promoting this most desirable end is one of the leading objects of the New England Farmer. While no pains are spared to make our sheet valuable as a practical guide to the farmer, we do not forget the wants of his wife and children. True, we do not cater to a taste for light and frivolous reading, but it is our constant aim to make this a family paper, in the highest and best sense of the term. To co-operate with parents in making home attractive; to instruct and enliven the fireside group; to entertain the aged, and draw out and cultivate the tastes of the young; to inculcate salutary lessons for the heart; to keep old and young well posted up in the great movements of the times; to furnish an abundant supply of topics for thought and remark; these are our constant aim, our highest ambition. With this number of our paper, a great reduction takes place in the rate of postage, which is now so low that the poorest family cannot find an excuse for going without its weekly paper. We may, therefore, say with much truth, that "now is the time to subscribe" for the Farmer. If this be your mind, good non-subscribing reader, we will only add that you are a sensible man—that's what you are," as Mr. Bucket says, in Bleak House.

MIGHTY MEN.

Dr. Adam Clarke said, that "the old proverb of having too many irons in the fire was an abominable old lie." Have all in it, shovel, tongs, and poker." It is not so much the multiplicity of employments, as the want of system in them, that distracts and injures both the work and the workman. Wesley said, "I am always in haste, but never in a hurry, leisure and I have long taken leave of each other." He travelled about 5000 miles in a year; preached about three times a day, commencing at five o'clock in the morning; and his published works amounted to about 200 volumes! Asbury travelled 6000 miles a year, and preached incessantly. Coke crossed the Atlantic eighteen times, preached, wrote, travelled, established missions, begged from door to door, for them, and laboured in all respects, as if, like the Apostles, he would turn the world upside down." At near 70 years of age, he started to Christianize India! It is said that Luther preached almost daily; he lectured constantly as a Professor; he was burdened with the care of all the churches; his correspondence, even as now extant, fills many volumes; he was perpetually harrassed with controversies, and was one of the most voluminous writers of his day. The same or even more might be said of Calvin. While in Strasburg, he preached or lectured every day. In a letter to Farel, dated from that city, he says, that on one day he had revised twenty sheets of one of his works, lectured, preached, written four letters, reconciled several parties who were at variance, and answered more than ten persons who came to him for advice. In Geneva he was pastor, professor, and almost magistrate. He lectured every other day; on alternate weeks he preached daily; he was overwhelmed with letters from all parts of Europe; and was the author of works a-

mounting to nine volumes folio, which any man of our generation would think more than enough to occupy his whole time. And this amid perpetual infirmity, headache, catarrh, stranguary, gravel, stone, gout. Baxter says of himself that before the wars, he preached twice every Sabbath, and once in the week, beside occasional sermons, and several regular evening religious meetings. Two days in the week he catechized the people from house to house, spending an hour with each family. Besides all this, he was forced, by the necessity of the people to practice physic, and as he never took a penny from any one, he was crowded with patients. In the midst of all these duties, though afflicted with almost all the diseases which man is heir to, he wrote more books than most of us can find time to read. All these men were poor. We find Luther begging the elector for a new coat, and thanking him for a piece of meat; Calvin selling his books to pay his rent; and Baxter was a curate with sixty pounds a year.—Sketches and Incidents.

THE DIFFERENCE MADE BY THE BIBLE.

Rev. Dr. Adams spoke of the Bible as added to the civil government of our country, and illustrated its republican character by some observations from his late tour in Europe, and contrasted the oppressed Italians, who inhabit the most delightful country in Europe, with the Waldenses, who have been driven from peak to peak of the bleak Alpine mountains, but who have held fast to the Bible, and so held fast to liberty. In Italy, said he, the useful and inventive arts languish, commerce droops, there is no advance in enterprise or habits. There is an oppressiveness about the very atmosphere, men speak in whispers, an armed police parades the streets, and the press is guarded by public censors. There is no lack of churches—their spires and domes glitter on every side, and no lack of the clergy—there are priests, black, white, and gray, of every grade, a vast population of lazy, mendicant friars, living upon the hard earnings of the poor; but the Bible is not there, the guard takes it from you as you enter the Pope's dominion, and if you inquire in any of the few bookstores you meet with, it is not there. You go into the churches—you hear sermons, but no texts from the Bible. Enter the Vatican, you wander among its piles of books and manuscripts, but see no Bible; and if you ask for it, you are shown to some obscure nook, where it is locked among the "libri prohibiti," with the works of Diderot, Voltaire, and Rousseau?

Cross the Alps, we are in Switzerland, compare the cantons of Uri, Fribourg, and Unterwalden, with old Bale, and Zurich and Bern, and you need not be told which has the Bible. Let us sail along the Rhine; we are in France. Cross the channel, we are in England; proceed northward, we are in Scotland. And here we have a population who inhabit a mountainous region, with no such genial clime as Italy;—we find not so many churches, not so numerous a clergy, but the Bible is here, and you find the arts and sciences in perfection.—You are in a new world; you are hurried on your journey on railroads and in steamboats; and you may say what you will, go where you will, and no one will ask your plans, or demand your passport.

LENGTH OF RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

Whitfield is reported to have said, that a man, with the eloquence of an angel, ought not to exceed forty minutes in a sermon, and it is well known that Wesley seldom exceeded thirty. We do not suppose that a man ought to subject himself invariably to a definite time, but we do think that regard ought to be had to this point, lest our good be evil spoken of.—I have almost always found that the last fifteen minutes of a sermon, an hour in length, was worse than lost, both upon the speaker, and the congregation. We wish in this place also to say a word about prayer. It is admitted that public prayer is a duty, and that meetings for prayer in which the members of the church shall participate as the Spirit giveth utterance, are both useful and important; so much so that a church would regard itself as dead, if it did not maintain meetings of this character. And yet who has not seen prayer-meetings so conducted, as to become positively offensive and injurious. It often happens that one or two brethren consume the entire amount of time that ought to be devoted to such a meeting. Prayer is the last thing that should be made the occasion of evil speaking—the last

service that should be made wearisome and tedious. And yet we have known the patience of a congregation entirely exhausted, and the good influence of a meeting apparently lost, through improprieties of this kind. It is a poor shift to say that people ought not thus to feel, and that if they had religion enough they would not. It will be nearer the truth, to conclude that if we had religion enough, we should not weary them in making long prayers—in using vain repetitions. We have no objection to a man praying long in his closet; but we do earnestly protest against long prayers in public, save when special circumstances justify them, whether in the pulpit or prayer meeting; and we believe it will generally be found true, that long public prayers are preceded by short and hasty secret ones. As a man usually preaches longest, when for want of due preparation, he has nothing to say, so for the same reason it is to be feared many pray long.—Ch. Secretary.

THE SNARES OF MINISTERS — DESULTORY HABITS.

Cecil says of a minister, "that he must not be to be had." That is to say, his calling must so entirely pre-occupy him, that nothing else can take possession. He must be able to say, "This one thing I do." He must keep his powers in tension, and his time occupied, so that trifles shall not divert him. The idle must turn away from him, feeling that he has nothing for them. His people must be made to feel that long calls are a bore to him. What they have to say and do with him must be with dispatch, that he may be about his business. He must go through the world like a strong man running a race, to make everybody feel that they must get out of the way or be knocked over.

COULDN'T SUPPORT OUR MINISTER.

A writer in the "Christian Index" records the following dialogue. A member of the church, lamenting in the presence of one of the deacons, its destitution, observed,— "O we are a neglected people; no man seems to care for our souls." "Brother," said the deacon, "perhaps you do not care enough for men's bodies, or they would care more for your souls. Where is your preacher that you had settled among you?" "O, he moved off to a new country." "Why?" "We couldn't support him." "Couldn't, brother? Have you not made a mistake of one letter? Ought you not to have said WOULDN'T?"

THE ROSE AMONG THORNS.

A pious man was one day pacing sorrowfully up and down his garden, and doubting the care of Providence. At length he stood before a rose bush, and the spirit of the rose spoke to him thus:—"Do I not animate a beautiful plant; a cup of thanksgiving full of fragrance to the Lord, in the name of all the flowers, and an offering of sweetest incense to Him? And where do you find me? Amongst thorns! But they do not sting me; they protect and give me sap. This, thine enemies do for thee; and should not thy spirit be firmer than that of a frail flower?" Strengthened, the man went thence. His soul became a cup of thanksgiving to his enemies.

THE HEATHEN AN EXAMPLE FOR CHRISTIANS.

It is the custom among the Hindoos, when gathering in their harvest, before it is removed from the threshing floor, to take out the portion for their god. However poor, however much in debt, however small the crop may be, the god's portion is first given. Nor is it a small portion grudgingly bestowed. Would Christians in America give as heartily and abundantly for the honor and glory of Him who has redeemed them with His precious blood, as do this poor heathen people to their dumb idols, there would be no lack in the Lord's treasury; the evangelization of our sin-polluted world would go rapidly forward.

Will not these very heathen rise up in judgment against professing Christians in this land.

Miserable is he who slumbers on in idleness. Miserable the workman who sleeps before the hour of rest, or who lies down in the shadow, while his brethren work in the sun. There is no rest from labour on earth. There are always duties to perform and functions to exercise; functions which are ever enlarging, and extend in proportion to the growth of our moral and mental station. Man is born to work, and he must work while it is day.