POETRY.

AN AIM.

Give me a man with an aim,
Whatever that aim may be,
Whether it's wealth or whether it's fame,
It matters not to me.
Let him walk in the path of right,
And keep his aim in sight,
And work and pray in faith alway
With his eye on the glittering height.

Give me a man who says,—
"I will do something well,
And make the fleeting days
A story of labor tell."
Though the aim he has be small,
It is better than none at all:
With something to do the whole year thro'
He will not stumble or fall.

But Satan weaves a snare
For the feet of those who stray,
With never a thought or care
Where the path may lead away.
The man who has no aim,
Not only leaves no name,
When this life is done, but ten to one,
He leaves a record of shame.

Give me a man whose heart
Is filled with ambition's fire;
Who sets his mark in the start,
And keeps moving it higher and higher.
Better to die in the strife,
The hands with labor rife,
Than to glide with the stream in an idle dream,
And lead a purposeless life.

Better to strive and climb,
And never reach the goal,
Than so drift along with time,
An aimless, worthless soul.
Ay, better to climb and fall,
Or sow, though the yield be small,
Than to throw away day after day,
And never strive at all.

A HEART SONG.

Hast thou a song, O singer of mine,
A little song to cheer the heart;
Like well-rung drops of the choicest wine,
Pressed in a vineyard far apart?

One that was caught in flying by—
A little song to cheer the heart;
Like the voice of a bird, on branches high,
Deep in a forest, far apart.

One that has come like morning air—
A little song to cheer the heart;
Like the breath of a kiss on the brow of care,
Blessing a life that dwells apart.

Sing me that song, O singer of mine,
That little song to cheer the heart;
Whisper it light as a word divine,
Unto a watcher far apart.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And waits my spirit too.
For the human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
And the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
Who suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake.
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages,
And time's great volume make.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall rule by reason,
And not by force or gold.
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live to hold communion,
With all that is divine,
To feel there is a union,
'Twixt nature's heart and mine,
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfil the grand design.

So I live for those who love me,
For those who love me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And waits my spirit too.
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
And the bright hopes in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

AGRICULTURAL

ORIGIN OF PLANTS.

Madder came from the East.
Cabbage grew wild in Siberia.
Buckwheat came from Siberia.
Celery originated in Germany.
The Chestnut came from Italy.
The Potato is a native of Peru.
The Onion originated in Egypt.
Tobacco is a native of Virginia.
Millet was first known in India.
The Nettle is a native of Europe.
The Citron is a native of Greece.
The Pine is a native of America.
Oats originated in North Africa.
The Poppy originated in the East.
Rye came originally from Siberia.
Parsley was first known in Sardinia.
The Parsnip is a native of Arabia.
Sunflower was brought from Peru.
The Pear and Apple are from Europe.
Spinach was first cultivated in Arabia.
The bulberry tree originated in Persia.
The Horse-Chestnut is a native of Thibet.
The Cucumber came from the East Indies.
The Quince came from the Island of Crete.
The Radish is a native of China and Japan.
The Zealand Flax shows its origin by its name.
Pears are supposed to be of Egyptian origin.
The Garden Cress is from Egypt and the East.
Horse Radish came from the South of Europe.
Hemp is a native of Persia and the East Indies.
The Coriander grows wild near the Mediterranean.
The Jerusalem Artichoke is a Brazilian production.
Barley was found in the mountains of Himalaya.
Japan has adopted the postal-card system.

DUCKS AS EGG PRODUCERS.—The number of eggs laid by a duck depends very much on the breed to which she belongs. In all poultry all non-sitters lay more than those that are concerned in the rising generation. Thus the Alesbury will lay a greater number of eggs than any other duck. The black duck, called the Labrador, the East Indian or Buenos Ayres is a good layer. The Rouen is an average layer, and the wild duck lays few compared to these. An old duck is, as a rule, better than a young one but it is impossible to give the average of any of them. Aylesbury ducks begin to lay in November and December; Rouens three months later. Both the time when they begin laying, and the number of eggs they lay, are influenced by their keep and by judicious management.

WINTER PROTECTION OF PLANTS.—Some persons think they accomplish good when they wrap their roses and tender plants very carefully in straight, putting on twice as much as necessary 'to keep them warm.' Plants will keep themselves warm without any such injudicious treatment. What they need and must have, is protection from the sun's rays during winter, to prevent sudden change, that terrible enemy of our tender plants. The system of wrapping in straw, drawn lightly from top to bottom, is about as bad as to give no protection at all. Plants are not insects, needing a chrysalis during the winter, neither are they to be smothered up under great banks of manure. A little bunch of evergreen sprigs, such as the red cedar or arbor vitæ, cut to suit the size of the plants to be shielded, the ends sharpened and pushed into the soil firmly, on different sides, and the tops tied together, or an armful of leaves thrown over a herbacious plant will be a certain protection, just as the huge bank of manure will be likely to prove certain death. Best of all, scatter a few leaves, and over them place a few evergreen boughs. Scarcely any even of these so called hardy plants but would be benefitted by some such sensible protection during the winter months.

The public debt of Italy amounts to $1,000,000,000. The annual deficit has been less lately than in former years. Looking back for a period of thirteen years, there has been a deficit every year, varying from $126,000,000, the greatest, 1866, to $27,000,000, the least in 1873.

A LEAP IN THE DARK.

The wide tree, shaded roads and lanes about the quiet village of Lebanon were flooded with the mellow October sunshine, that tinted the sturdy oaks with gold and dyed the young maples that grew in the silent depths of the forest, with crimson. Nature had clothed hill and vale, shrub and forest tree in gorgeous robes, and mellowed the fruit that hung in luscious clusters in orchard and vineyard. Down in one of the coolest and most winding roads that led to Lebanon rode two gentlemen, chattering merrily. As a turn in the road revealed some lovely bit of landscape, the younger exclaimed:

'This is a lovely country. I don't wonder at your Northern pride in your farms, rich in coal and mineral, and—freedom.'

The speaker heaved a little sigh of discontent as he concluded. His dress, style and looks bespoke his southern blood, and he was evidently no friend to slavery, else a weak upholder of doctrines.

'I tell you what I am going to do, Fairchild,' he went on, 'I am going to take a wife home with me—a downright Abolitionist, who will help me to put down slavery on my own plantation. Can you not recommend me to some of your Lebanon belles?'

'Here comes a couple of them now. I will introduce you and you can speak for yourself,' replied Ralph Fairchild, a smooth-faced, stalwart son of Lebanon, nodding pleasantly to a couple of ladies who emerged on the high road, out of a long smooth lane, that led to an adjacent farm-house.

They were both in black, both wore black felt hats and thick green veils that almost effectually concealed their faces.

'Miss Kate Benton—Miss Nannie Rogers—allow me to introduce a dear friend of mine, Percy Uphill, of Louisiana.'

Percy Uphill bowed to his saddle bow before these veiled beauties, who bowed and gave him a gracious welcome to Lebanon in return.

Ralph Fairchild paired off with Miss Benton, while Percy Uphill rode beside Miss Rogers, and tried in vain to catch a glimpse of her veiled face. She had a slender, graceful figure, rode easily, and her hair was brown, for a long stray lock peeped out from under her hat. But her face—what the mischief did she keep her face wrapped up in that way for? growled Percy, who almost lost the thread of the narrative of Southern life and manners he was telling for Miss Rogers' edification, in his anxiety to peep under that horrid green veil. The lane left them at a cross road, and turning impatiently to Ralph, he exclaimed:—

'What the deuce do your Northern women all wrap their heads up in such horrid clouds as that for?'

'To keep impertinent strangers from catching a glimpse of their lovely faces, I suppose,' laughed Ralph, evidently enjoying his friend's chagrin.

'It's a downright shame. Either one of them could tell exactly what my face was like, while I know no more than the dead whether they are black or white.'

'They're not black,' Fairchild said, still laughing.

'White, then. Blue eyes or black, Ralph?'

'Neither. Don't attempt to quiz me, for, I am dumb as far as their personal charms are concerned.'

'Is that Miss Rogers rich or poor?' went on Percy, obstinately bent on analyzing the mystery of the green veil.

'Rich; that is, she will fall heir to two hundred acres of splendid coal land at her father's death?'

'Only child?'

'No; but she is an only daughter.'

'Well,' slowly began Percy, fixing his dark eyes on the golden October landscape, 'I believe I'd like that girl if I knew her better, and I'll write to her when I get back to college.'

'No you won't,' Ralph said, with an angry flash of his grey eye and a reddening of the face. Long after Percy thought of Ralph's sudden anger, and found out his steady farmer friend thought more of the face under the green veil than he cared to own. 'She is a good, innocent girl, and you'll not make a fool of her.'

'Who said I was going to make a fool of her?' flashed back Percy, with earnest indignation. 'If I like her I'll marry her.'

'Without seeing her face?' exclaimed Ralph.

'Yes, if it comes to that, without seeing her face.'

'A leap in the dark, truly,' Ralph said, curtly, and fell into a moody reverie.

Percy Uphill was too busy with his own thoughts to notice his college friend, for they hae followed the girl whose face he had never seen, but who, he felt, was somehow connected with his future. He had all the passionate fire and fervor of the South in his youthful veins, a spice of romance, and knew no more of what love really was than a baby. He was genial, open-hearted and generous; kindly had he looked on all the world, and kindly had it smiled back on him, and his expressions of admiration for Northern scenery and its situations were genuine reflections of his feelings. He was spending a few days with his pet college friend, Ralph Fairchild; but to-morrow he would turn his back on sunny Lebanon with its fruit-crowned slopes, its green fields and shady country roads forever.

The two friends went back to college, Percy kept his word and wrote to Miss Rogers, to Ralph's unconcealed disgust, for there was not a particle of romance in his composition. He never expected Nannie would read the young planter's letter, or countenance the proceeding in any way, and grew hot, and then cold, when Percy triumphantly showed him the dainty white missive that came in answer to his. Percy was loud in his praises of Miss Rogers' spicy epistle, and read it over so often, and with such manifest pleasure, that Ralph began to think the correspondence was going to be a serious matter. And time wore on, and letter after letter went and came, Percy's admiration daily increasing.

'She's a lady if she is a farmer's daughter,' Percy said to Ralph one day, after reading one of Nannie's perfumed notes.

Nannie was a lady, Ralph thought, but he doubted if her qualifications would reach Percy's standard of fine ladyism. For Nannie fed the calves and chickens, and thought of her lover as she milked the cows on cold and foggy mornings, and wondered if it would not be nice to have slaves to work for her. She was not always dressed in the blue gingham gown and white apron of milkmaid notoriety; but sometimes wore slouchy wrappers and slippers down at the heels; her hair was not always done up in style, or even done up at all, and her face was often red and sometimes dirty; but she was a splendid girl for all that, and no one knew it better than Ralph Fairchild, who had loved her from a child. He felt Percy's gay sallies about the 'up country love,' as he called Nannie, keenly, and one blustering March day, just before the college chums were to separate for life, Percy burst into their room with an open letter in his hand, his face flushed, and his black eyes sparkling.

'See here, Ralph,' he called, as he poked Nannie's letter under Fairchild's nose. 'read that.'

Ralph pushed it away, and raised his drooping head.

'What foolishness have you been at now, Uphill.'

'Foolishness, indeed? I never did a more sensible thing in my life. I proposed to Nannie Rogers, and she goes home with me in April—my wife.'

'Jupiter,' whistled Ralph, jumping to his feet and going up and down the room like a racer.

'Stop,' laughed Percy, grasping his arm. 'You need not run yourself out of breath over my engagement.'

Ralph stood in the middle of the floor, staring blankly at Percy. His face wore a hard, puzzled look.

'Are you quite sure,' he began slowly, 'that you are going to marry that girl?'

'Here's the proof in black and white. A little persuasion won the old folks' consent, and they will give us a good old-fashioned wedding. You'll come—won't you?'

Percy had been a good fellow ever since Ralph knew him, but he could not be blind to the fact that Percy's matrimonial venture was a risk no sensible man would like to run. His solicitude for Percy's future happiness was almost equal to his anxiety for Nannie, who had lowered herself in his opinion by so rashly accepting a man she had never seen but once in her life, and knew nothing of his ancestors or prospects, except through his own representations. Self-praise is no recommendation, but Percy's account of himself did not exactly concern his personal self-righteousness, but rather related to the life of ease and elegance he could give to the woman who was willing to cast her lot with his. Ralph knew all this, for he had sifted it thoroughly, and the knowledge that Nannie did not know anything of the deep and tender love that he had once felt for her, and her statement to Percy, 'I never yet loved anyone,' heightened the disappointment. All this passed rapidly through his mind, as he sat debating his answer.

'Yes,' he said at length, 'I will go. But, Percy, are you sure you won't regret this step?'

'No going back, now. I'll go through with it,' Percy replied, with a look that spoke volumes of determination.

'You have never seen her face. What if she should turn out old and homely? You had better take a trip up yourself.'

Percy shivered.

'Too wretched stormy. I'll go down on the first of April. We are to be married on the second.'

So it was arranged that the two friends should journey up to Lebanon together; and one sunny April evening they alighted at the station and separated, Ralph going to his home, and Percy striking into a by-path to Mr. Rogers' farmhouse. Nannie had written to her betrothed that she would meet him, and he walked on through the green fields, fresh and sweet after the April rain, and under the withy young maples whose half green canes were just bursting into life, expecting every moment to see Miss Rogers dart from some tangled copse or behind some stalwart poplar. Was she pretty or coarse? fair or dark? were questions that he asked himself a hundred times, and his heart gave a thump against his waistcoat as he saw a figure coming to meet him down the green path. It was not a slender figure, but a short, dumpy one, clad in the gayest of plaid dresses, with innumerable flounces and frills about it. As she drew nearer he noticed that she was horridly plain, and showed to disadvantage under her dark straw hat. He had not the least doubt but that this lady was his future wife. He paused, a smothered fire in his dark eyes, and a flush on his handsome face.

'Miss Rogers—Nannie,' he ventured, looking into the lady's plain face, who looked as if she would like to burst into a fit of laughter.

'Yes,' she said slowly; and the voice he thought belonged to Miss Rogers; 'its me, Mr. Uphill.'

The manners of this fair one did not correspond with those of the lady he had met on horseback six months ago, or with the beautiful letters that had bewitched him. But Percy imagined he might like her better after becoming acquainted. So he offered Miss Rogers his arm, and alluded to the wedding. She broke out into a loud laugh.

'Our wedding! Won't it be grand! And to think you should come all the way from the South to fall in love with a girl whose face you have never seen!'

Another laugh, and Percy reddened to the roots of his hair, and called himself a fool and a dozen other hard names.

'And you're so rich,' went on this lady; 'they say I'm going to have a carriage of my own, and slaves to wait on me. Won't I be a lady?'

'Yes, won't you be a beautiful one?' muttered Percy between his teeth, and wishing some of the cows in the opposite pasture would eat her. He paused suddenly and pulled out his watch; he began to think seriously of running away. Better to rue before marriage than after it, thought Percy. Miss Rogers was eyeing him keenly.

'When does the train go back?' he inquired timidly.

'O, it's no difference to you when, retorted Miss Rogers, 'you're not going till I go with you.'

'Hang me if I ever take you!' exclaimed the planter, trying to break away from his captor.

'You will! you will!' shrieked Miss Rogers, convulsed with laughter; 'you'll marry Nanny Rogers to-morrow.'

Percy struggled to free himself from the strong arms that held him, until his face was as red as a lobster.

'Let me go, you bold hussy,' he raged.

'You'll marry Miss Rogers to-morrow, you will, you will, laughed the girl.

'Belle,' cried another voice, 'what are you doing?,

'Belle' dropped Percy, and turned round to see a brown-haired little girl, with the tenderest of brown eyes, standing in the path behind Percy.

'I was giving your lover a welcome, Miss Nanny,' promptly replied Miss Rogers' maid-of-all-work, who had imitated the voice of her mistress, and 'played a joke,' as she called it, upon Mr. Uphill.

'And he was trying to run away?' laughed Miss Rogers, her fresh dimpled face rosy with blushes. 'O fie! where is your chivalry now, Percy?'

She spoke his name so naturally that Percy instantly felt at home in her presence, and laughed merrily at his mistake.

'But you know I never saw your face,' he said in apology, as he looked down in the smiling face, whose freshness and fairness far exceeded his expectations.

The next day they were married, and contrary to the expectations of her friends and the prophecies of croakers, Nanny found a happy and luxuriant home in the Sunny South, and never regretted her 'Leap in the Dark.'

Sir Walter Scott used to say that "of all vices drunkeness is the most incompatible with greatness."

Real glory springs from the silent conquest of ourselves, and without that, the conqueror is naught but the first slave.

Every person has two educations—one which he receives from others, and one more important, which he gives to himself—GIBBON.

—These two things, contradictory as they may seem, must go together—manly dependence and manly independence, manly reliance and manly self reliance.

The highest object of life we take to be to form a manly character, and to work out the best developement of body and spirit,—of mind, conscience, heart and soul. This is the end; all else ought to be regarded but as means.

Even the poor man, though he possesses but little of the world's goods, may in the self consciousness of a well cultivated nature, of opportunities used and not abused, of a life spent to the best of his means and ability—look down without the slightest feeling of envy upon the persons of mere worldly success—the man of money-bags and acres.—SMILES.

RANDOM READINGS.

The senior editor acknowledges the receipt, by mail, postage paid, of "Another book," bearing, notwithwithstanding its mutilation, ample evidence of the identity of the sender. We receive the offering in the spirit of the of the donor, regretting, however, that he should have marred the completeness of his library by the removal of this book, in whose pages he mus have frequently turned to find mental pastime congenial to his mind.

Not being able to devote much space to extracts or criticism, we rest contented with printing the following, which presented itself on a casual glance over its pages. It has at once simplicity and point, although it lacks finish:—

I like a first-class grumbler;
A spirit choice is he,
To cheer the rugged ways of life,
And make us happy be.

To snarl when other people laugh,
Or give ascetic smiles;
And act amid the general joy
As if he had some "biles."

The grumbler, he is never fat,
For fat why should he be?
When others on good nature thrive,
"The're knaves or fools," quoth he.

He never judges fellow-man,
Nor snaps the critic's whip;
Oh, no! but smirks hyena-like
When others chance to trip.

He is a literary man,
As known is, far and wide,
And tearful quotes affective tales,
As "How cock robin died."

Ye printer-man, he oft declares,
Him in the print derides,
But, coward like, the act beneath
"Communicated" hides.

He thinks, as he is free to think,
(But how to do 'ts the puzzle),
That all things would be quite serene
If he the press could muzzle.

He sneers at Lawyers, Doctors and
The Clergy, like a Turk—
And everybody else that don't
At sweating labor work.

And sets a high example to
All kind of labor scorners,
By retail of the smallest talk
At counters and at corners.

Then hail a first-class grumbler,
And praised in song be he—
And chiefly him that's in my eye,
A worthy [illegible] P.

Faith in your own ability is half of every battle.

The contented man is never poor, the discontented never rich.

Let friendship creep gently to a height; if it rushes to it, it may run itself out of breath.

He only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into Living Peace.

Honest industry is always rewarded. No young man need complain of being kept poor if he rolls up his sleeves and goes cheerfully to work.

A good citizen must know how to be able in command and to obey; he ought to know to what manner freemen ought to govern and be governed.

The dead of winter—Flies
A grate game—Playing poker.
A rooted sorrow—An aching tooth
The best cure for dirt is a water cure.
After a hard panic comes "hard pan"
A simple-ton, Twenty hundred weight.
The best thing to take before singing—Breath.

—There are two reasons why people don't mind their own business. One is that they haven't any buisness, and the other is they haven't any mind.

FOLK-LORE.—On Monday morning last a young man, on taking up the daily paper, turned to the column of births, and said, "I wonder if there is anybody born that I know."

The word bankrupt is from the Italian words *banco rotto*—broken bench. Bankers and merchants in Italy used formerly to count their money and write their bills of exchange upon benches in the street, and when a merchant or banker lost his credit and was unable to pay his debts his bench was broken.

What length ought a lady's skirt to be?—A little above two feet.

It is apparent to a parent that a great many children get on the wrong track because the switch is misplaced.

A little girl asked her sister what was chaos, that her papa read about. The elder replied, "It was a great pile of nothing and no place to put it in."

There are things which a sensitive right-minded, conscientious young man cannot do. There is a sort of training which would make it impossible for a man to risk other people's money for his own personal advancement: to take doubtful courses because offering a short road to success; to associate with swindlers or gamblers, or to pursue any line of business which involved him in constant anxiety as to its moral quality.

A receipt for perpetual youth is to study God's book of nature. Never be idle. See the good in mankind, pass the evil. Love yourself least. Strive to do some good every day of your life. Speak only kind words. Thus your heart will always be young, and your friends will not notice the wrinkles of age.

Dumas, tne elder, was a bright man, but often met his match. He was proud of the large sums paid him for his writings. One evening, in the parlor of a rich financier, the conversation turned on the reputation of men of letters. "I," said Dumas, "am certainly the best paid. I receive thirty sous a line." "But Mensieur," said a bystander, "I have never worked for less than a million a line. What do you think of that?" "You are joking." "Not at all." "What are you, then?" "A constructor of railways."

AN ANECDOTE FROM DR. ROBERT CHAMBERS SCRAPBOOK.—It is not wise to say anything to a child under an injunction not to tell. Here is a story in a point, which was reported to me from the ladies at Fingask, Perthshire, (1833). A Highland family of some dignity, but not much means, was to receive a visit from some English relations for the first time. Great was the anxiety and great the efforts to make things wear a respectable appearance before these assumed fastidious strangers. The lady had contrived to get up a pretty good dinner, but, either from an indulgent disposition, or from some defect in her set of servants, she allowed her son Bobby, a little boy, to be present, instead of remanding him to the nursery. But little was she aware of Bobby's power of torture.

Bobby, who was dressed in a new jacket and pair of buff colored trousers, had previously received strict injunctions to sit at table quietly, and on no account to join in conversation. For a little while he carried out these instructions by sitting perfectly quiet till the last guest had been helped to soup, whereupon, during a slight lull in the conversation, Bobby quietly said—

'I want some soup mamma.'

'You can't be allowed to have any soup, Bobby. You must not be always asking for things.'

'If you don't give me some soup immediately, I'll tell *you*.'

The lady seemed a little troubled, and instead of sending Bobby out of the room, quietly yielded to his demand. Soup being removed and fish introduced, there was a fresh demand.

'Mamma, I want some sea-fish,' (a rarity in the Highlands.)

'Bobby,' said the mother, 'you are very forward. You can't get any fish. You must sit quietly, and not trouble us so much.'

'Well, mamma, if I don't get some fish, mind, I'll tell *you*.'

'Oh, Bobby, you're a plague!' and then she gave him the fish.

A little further on in the dinner, Bobby, observing his papa and the guests taking wine, was pleased to break in once more,

'Papa, I would like a glass of wine!'

By this time, as might be supposed, the attention of the company had been pretty fully drawn to Bobby, about whom, in all probability, there prevailed but one opinion. The father was irritated at the incident.

'Bobby, you must be quiet; you can have no wine.'

Well, papa, if I don't get some wine, mind—I'll tell *you*.'

'You rascal, you shall have no wine!'

'You had better do it,' answered Bobby firmly. 'Once, twice—will *you* give me the wine? Come now, mind I'll tell *you* Once, twice—'

The father looked canes and lashes at his progeny. Bobby, however, was not to be daunted.

'Here goes, now! Once—twice—thrice! My trowsers were made out of mother's old window blinds!'

Stiff English party dissolves in incon. strainable merriment.—*Chambers Journal*.

THE ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

MAGISTRATES AND SUBJECTS

O Thou, the favourite of Heaven, whom the sons of men, thy equals, have raised to sovereign power, and set as a ruler over themselves, consider the ends and importance of their trust, far more than the dignity and height of thy station.

Thou art clothed in purple; thou art seated on a throne; the crown of majesty investeth thy temples; the sceptre of power is placed in thy hand: but not for thyself were these ensigns given; not meant for thy own, but the good of thy kingdom.

The glory of a king is the welfare of his people; his power and dominion resteth on the hearts of his subjects.

The mind of a great prince is exalted with the grandeur of his situation; he revolveth high things, and searcheth for business worthy of his power.

He calleth together the wise men of his kingdom; he consulteth amongst them with freedom, and heareth the opinion of them all.

He looketh among his people with discernment; he discovereth the abilities of men, and employeth them according to their merits.

His magistrates are just; his ministers are wise; and the favourite of his bosom deceiveth him not.

He smileth on the arts, and they flourish; the sciences improve beneath the culture of his hand.

With the learned and ingenious he delighteth himself; he kindleth in their breasts emulation; and the glory of his kingdom is exalted by their labours.

The spirit of the merchant, who extendeth his commerce, the skill of the farmer, who enricheth his lands, the ingenuity of the artist, the improvements of the scholar; all these he honoureth with his favor, or rewardeth with his bounty.

He planteth new colonies; he buildeth strong ships: he openeth rivers for convenience, he formeth harbours for safety; his people abound in riches; and the strength of his kingdom increaseth.

He frameth his statutes with equity and wisdom; his subjects enjoy the fruit of their labor in security, and their happiness consists in their observance of the law.

He foundeth his judgments on the principles of mercy; but in the punishment of offenders he is strict and impartial.

His ears are open to the complaints of his subjects: he restraineth the hand of oppressors; and delivreth them from their tyranny.

His people therefore look up to him as a father, with reverence and love; they consider him as the guardian of all they enjoy.

Their affection unto him begetteth in his breast a love of the public; the security of their happiness is the object of his care.

His subjects are faithful and firm in his cause: they stand in his defence as a wall of brass. The army of his enemy flieth before them as chaff before the wind.

Security and peace bless the dwellings of his people; and glory and strength encircle his throne for ever.

BENEVOLENCE.

When thou considerest thy wants, when thou beholdest thy imperfections, acknowledge his goodness, O man! who honoured thee with reason, endowed thee with speech, and placed thee in society, to receive and confer reciprocal helps and mutual obligations.

Thy food, thy clothing, thy convenience of habitation, thy protection from the injuries, thy enjoyment of the comforts and the pleasures of life, thou owest to the assistance of others; and couldest not enjoy, but in the bands of society.

It is thy duty, therefore, to be friendly to mankind, as it it is thy interest that men should be friendly to thee.

As the rose breatheth sweetness from its own nature, so the heart of a benevolent man produceth good works.

He enjoyeth the ease and tranquility of his own breast; and rejoiceth in the happiness and prosperity of his neighbour.

He openeth not his ear unto slander; the faults and the failings of men give pain to his heart.

His desire is to do good, and he seeketh out the occasions thereof: in removing the oppression of another, he relieveth himself.

From the largness of his mind he compresheth in his wishes the happiness of all men; and from the generosity of his heart he endeavoureth to promote it.

JUSTICE.

The peace of society dependeth on Justice; the happiness of individuals on the certain enjoyment of all their posessions.

Keep the desires of thy heart, therefore, within the bounds of moderation; let the hand of Justice lead them aright.

Cast not an evil eye on the goods of thy neighbour; let whatever is his property, be sacred from thy touch.

Let not temptation allure, nor any provocation exite thee to lift up thy hand to the hazard of his life.

Defame him not in his character; bear no false witness against him.

Corrupt not his servant to cheat or forsake him; and the wife of his bosom, O tempt not to sin.

'Twill be a grief to his heart, which, thou can'st not relieve; an injury to his life, which no reparation can atone.

In thy dealings with men be impartial and just; and do unto them, as thou wouldest they should do unto thee.

Be faithful to thy trust; and deceive not the man who relieth upon thee: be assured, 'tis less in the sight of God to steal, than to betray.

Oppress not the poor, and defraud not of his hire the labouring man.

When thou sellest for gain, hear the whisperings of Conscience; and be satisfied with moderation: nor from the ignorance of the buyer make advantage to thyself.

Pay the debts which thou owest; for he who gave thee credit, relied upon thy honour; and to with-hold from him his due, is both mean and unjust.

Finally, O son of society, examine thy heart; call remembrance to thy aid: and, if in any of these things thou findest thou hast transgressed, take sorrow and shame to thyself; and make speedy reparation to the utmost of thy power.

GILT-EDGED BUTTER.—In making fancy butter there are three essentials—color, texture, and flavor. 'The color must be a rich golden yellow; the texture firm, tenacious, wavy; and that nutty flavor and smell which impart so high a degree of pleasure in eating it.' Butter of the very highest quality will bring $1 a pound readily. A Philadelphia maker who receives this price gave Mr. J. B. Lyman these facts as to his management. He feeds on clover or early mown hay; cuts fine, moistens, and mixes in cornmeal and wheaten shorts, feeds often, and a little at a time, uses no roots except carrots, keeps his pastures free from weeds, keeps the temperature of the milk room at about fifty-eight degrees, skims clean, stirs the cream in the cream-pot, churns once a week, just before the butter gathers he puts in a bucket of ice-cold water in the churn, in working he works out all the butter-milk without the use of the hand, absorbing the drops with a fine linen cloth wrung from cold water, and at the second working handles delicately, with fingers as cold as may be, salts nearly an ounce to the pound, packs in one pound balls.—*Ex*.

Quebec papers announce the death of Mr. James Ross, Dominion Emigration Agent. The deceased was a native of Scotland, but emigrated to Canada and settled in the Eastern Townships of Quebec many years ago. He represented the County of Compton in the Local Legislature for many years. He was appointed Dominion Emigration Agent in 1872, which position he held till his death. He was acknowledged a superior and able representative.

An amber attracts a straw, so does beauty attract admiration, which only lasts while the warmth continues; but virtue, wisdom, goodness, and real worth, like the loadstone, never lose their power. These are the true graces which are linked and tied hand-in-hand, because it is by their influence that human hearts are so firmly united to each other.

"Let others plead for pensions," wrote Lord Collingwood to a friend, "I can be rich without money, by endeavouring to be superior to everything poor. I would have my services to my country unstained by any interested motive."

The men of mark in society—the guides and rulers of opinion—the really successful and useful men—are not necessarily rich men, but men of sterling character.—SMILES.

Young's Cove, May 13, 1867.

This is to certify, that I have been afflicted with the Asthma for ten years, in its worst form, was able to do little or no work, when in September 1866, I applied to Mr Caleb Gates for his celebrated medicine, and after taking a few bottles I found great relief, and am now once more able to work on my farm. For further particulars apply to

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NOTICE.

AS the Act of our Legislature, passed in June, 1872, enacts, that from and after the first day of January, 1874, it shall not be lawful, under certain penalties, to inter any dead body in the Protestant burying Ground, on the Malpeque Road, in the fifth ward of this City; and as the New Cemetry is now ready for interment, application for burials therein must be made to the undersigned, at his residence in Kent Street.

Persons desirous of obtaining allotments in the Cemetry, will please apply to William Cundall, Esq., the Treasurer of the Company.

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The character which this *Magazine* possesses for variety, enterprise, artistic wealth, and literary culture that has kept pace with, if it has not led the times, should cause its conductors to regard it with justifiable complacency. It also entitles them to a great claim upon the public gratitude. The *Magazine* has done good and not evil all the days of its life.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

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