

ly. If that important operation could have been performed by the boys themselves, there is no doubt but they would have cheerfully undertaken it. It is probable that, if it had been in their line to do the hatching, they would have undertaken that branch of the business also.

Everything being thus made ready to receive the pigeons, they were let loose in their new quarters, there to be reconciled to the strange scenes around them. The food that had been taken from the corn-crib was carefully measured, and entered in an account book that Uncle Benny had provided, so that all should know what was the cost of keeping pigeons, and that the boys should be taught account-keeping, as well as the importance of having a written record of their doings. Besides these advantages, it was necessary for the satisfaction of Mr. Spangler. He had thought pretty well of their keeping a pig, but he had a very poor opinion of the pigeons, notwithstanding the luminous disquisition of Uncle Benny as to their being an advantage on a farm. He said from the first that they would eat their heads off, and that he knew he should have to foot the bill. It was therefore highly desirable to know exactly the cost of feeding them, if it were only to satisfy him. As the responsibility of the whole enterprise rested on Uncle Benny, he was determined to see that no part was neglected.

The pigeons very soon became reconciled to their new lodgings, as pigeons always will be when they have roomy quarters, with plenty to eat and drink. The greater the number, the sooner they accept a new place as their home; and, as a general rule, the larger the flock the better it thrives, as pigeons are eminently social in their natures. A solitary pair, put into a new house, will be very likely to leave it and unite with a larger flock established elsewhere. To do this they will travel many miles. But as in this case the boys had procured about a dozen, there was sufficient companionship to make any home agreeable that was as well attended as this was. They were constantly seen in the projecting lattice-work in front of their quarters, enjoying the sun, stretching their wings, and looking all over the premises, as if wanting to make acquaintance with them.

Poetry.

REST.

For the Ontario Farmer.

There is rest for the bird when its wanderings are o'er,
And it finds a new home on a sunnier shore;
There is rest for the tree when the summer is sped,
And the leaves that adorned it lie scattered and dead;
There is rest for the steed when the journey is done,
When the daylight is past—and the goal has been won,
There is rest for the earth when the wintry winds blow,

And her bosom is white with the sheltering snow;
But where is the rest for the poor tolling brain,
As it strains for the end that it never may gain;
Or where the repose for the laboring heart,
O'er bounded with cares which it never depart,
Or the grief-stricken soul with its sorrows oppress,
Oh, where shall the world-weary spirit find rest.

Hark! hark to that voice! 'tis the Saviour who cries,
Look up and rejoice, from troubles arise,
In me there is peace, and in me there is rest,
Let the weary and sad come to me and be blest;
Dear Lord! we believe thee, we turn from our grief,
Our toil and our care to thy blessed relief,
Tho' weary the burden, tho' stormy the day,
There is light, there is calm at the end of the way,
Let thy yoke of submission be laid on the soul,
Thy meek loving spirit our persons control,
And the heaviest cloud that o'er shadows the way,
May be bright with the glow of a fast coming day,
Let us walk in thy light, let us rest in thy love,
Till we meet thee in peace in the mansions above.

MARIE.

OWEN SOUND, February, 1870.

DON'T LEAVE THE FARM.

Come, boys, I have something to tell you;
Come near, I would whisper it low!
You are thinking of leaving the homestead,
Don't be in a hurry to go!
The city has many attractions,
But think of the vices and sins;
When once in the vortex of fashion,
How soon the course downward begins.

You talk of the mines of Australia;
They are wealthy in gold, without doubt,
But, ah! there is gold in the farm, boys,
If only you'll shovel it out.
The mercantile life is a hazard,
The goods are first high and then low;
Better risk the old farm a while longer,
Don't be in a hurry to go!

The great showy town has inducements,
And so has the busiest mart;
But wealth is not made in a day, boys,
Don't be in a hurry to start!
The bankers and brokers are wealthy,
They take in their thousands or so!
Ah! think of the frauds and deceptions,
Don't be in a hurry to go!

The farm is the safest and surest;
The orchards are loaded to-day;
You're free as the air of the mountains,
And monarch of all you survey.
Better stay on the farm a while longer,
'Tough profits come in rather slow;
Remember, you've nothing to risk, boys,
Don't be in a hurry to go!

Music.

We regret to say that a plate of music we had expected to insert in our present issue has failed to reach us in time, so that we are obliged to omit this feature for once. It is not easy to provide a music page with regularity, owing to the fact that we are obliged to be dependent on the arrangements of others for it to some extent, or to send abroad for it direct, a font of music type being about as rare in Canada as a white crow. A compositor who can set music type is well nigh as rare as the type itself. We hope to find some way of overcoming this difficulty, so as to continue a feature of this journal which we are sure, a great many of its readers highly prize.