

wished to speak, if perchance my curiosity might be gratified in regard to what the mysterious future had in store for me, but from my midnight visitor came no sign. Eagerly I scanned the closely-written scroll at his feet, but no revelation save that of the past was recorded on that once fair page. And can it be said that eightenn hundred and seventy-nine is so soon to be numbered with the past? It seems but yesterday we welcomed his advent into our world, with joyful songs and happy hearts, and yet the seasons have rolled their rounds Young hopeful Spring, with springing grass and bursting buds, gurgling streams and laughing winds; Summer, bright and beautiful with full-blown rose and perfected beauty; Autumn with solemn form, bearing in his train the mellow fruit and ripened harvest; and Winter, wild with chilly blasts, frost and snow.

Time, swift merciless Time, is ever on the wing. On, still on, he presses, and for ever. No chain can bind his rushing pinion, and, for him, the weight of sleep or weariness is never known. Exultingly he mocks the pride of man, who while idly dreaming of glory, honor and illustrious deeds, wakens to the solemn lesson: "Time must conquer." The year has gone, and with it many a throng of unrealized dreams. How many plans frustrated, how many airy castles demolished, how many sweet blossoms scattered, by the fury of the whirlwind!

"The bowers we hoped to decorate with beauty and with bloom,  
Are shrouded, dark and desolate, by festoons of the tomb."

But while castles lie crumbling in dust, and hearts are saddened by disappointed hope, there is much to cheer and brighten our pathway. Old time brings not all of sorrow, all of shade, but, in the tide of years, as in impulsive youth, they come with tardy feet, or, in the swiftly passing years of age, we may ever find bright gleams of sunshine to gladden our hearts. In all the changes that come to us, the sweet legacy of love, pure gentle love, is still unmarked by time's corroding strain.

"Love lifts us to a loftier clime,  
For love is still untouched by time."

This heaven-born principle implanted in the heart can never wither or decay. The poet Southey says:

"They sin who tell us love can die,  
With life all other Passions fly,  
But love is indestructible,  
Tho' oft deceived and oft oppressed,  
It hath in heaven its perfect rest."

Love comes to us in many ways, but none so true, so abiding, as that a mother bears her child. In his guileless infancy she folds him to her bosom in a fondness and devotion only known to a mother's heart, and, though in later years he may yield to the tempter, and seem to forget the sweet influences of her love, yet she

never wearies in efforts to restore him, for is he not her own loved boy whose waywardness perchance has only served to strengthen her affection? I need not hesitate for proof that a mother's love outlives ambition, avarice, and every other consideration, as innumerable instances present themselves. See bending o'er the coffin of her only son the Empress Eugenie, she weeps until exhausted nature succumbs and the grief-stricken mother sleeps. Would you recognize in that blanched face and silvery hair the beautiful the admired Eugenie of a few short years? Time has roughly traced his lineaments on her lovely cheek, and destroyed the golden sheen of her fair hair, but what heeds she? for sorrow has made her indifferent to trifling cares; but love for her princely boy, "whose life was so barbarously sacrificed by the cruel hand of the Zulu," can never, never die. Not for her loved France, from whom she is now an exile, the return of her lost wealth or prestige does she now pray, but for the repose of the soul of him who sleeps, "that sleep that knows no waking." 'Tis a dainty story, but 'tis said 'twas love, not like that of a mother, but a softer, tenderer emotion that prompted this fair scion of a noble house to encounter the perils of a battle-field—even love for the fair daughter of our illustrious Queen.

Nature, also has been most lavish in spreading before us an inexhaustible source of enjoyment in her beautiful and varied works. In looking over our nature, we discover amongst its most admirable endowments a lively perception of beauty, and it only remains for us to cultivate this germ, and we shall find ourselves surrounded on every side with new objects for admiration and research, for nature is of unlimited extent, and the history of the smallest plant far exceeds our highest powers. Where shall we find, among the geographers, the botanists, the naturalists, one who can unveil to us the mysteries of nature? Much indeed has been done by the earnestness with which many have applied themselves to the analysis of this delightful and fascinating study, the enjoyments of which are so refined and pure, the beauty so congenial to our noblest feelings, and, which, above all other considerations, links us so unmistakably to the grand and interesting attributes of the soul, that it is painful to think of the multitude surrounded by Nature's loveliness who live unmindful of the charms which she has provided for their gratification, while many who live in the hustle and confusion of the city, and move where the crowd is great, are wearying for the sweet influence of nature, the sunshine and the flowers, the fields and the woods.

Whosoever we turn our eyes, beauty is an all-pervading presence—in the heavens

above us, in the rising and setting sun, in the flowers by the wayside, or the tiny shell washed on the shore by the restless billow.

There is beauty, too, in the grand old sea; and who can gaze upon its heaving bosom, or its giant waves dashing upon the rocks, without emotion? for doth not our Father hold the waters in the hollow of his hand? and are they not obedient to his command,—“Thus far shalt thou come and not farther.” To the world of literature we are also largely indebted for pleasure, as well as information and culture. We should, however, be very careful in the selection, always remembering that the best books have the most beauty.

History we consider not only a most improving, but a most agreeable part of knowledge, making us familiar with the rise, progress or declension of the most flourishing empires of the world, whereas, without this medium, we might have remained ignorant in regard to many most interesting and important facts. History is also replete with many moral lessons. The instability of man, his tyranny over his brethren, and that the great of this world are not always the good, mark most undeniably the annals of historic lore.

In Biography we also find a most attractive form of literature, and so rich is it in pleasant or profound thoughts, so valuable in revelation of character, so abundant in material to elevate and enlighten, that it is not wonderful it should be read with avidity.

Poetry, we presume, is admired by most classes, and we would heartily recommend its study, as it not only conveys instruction, but also refines the sensibility.

Music seems to have existed in all countries at a very early date. It has been advancing through the centuries, until to-day it has been presented to us as a new art, and is not only an accomplishment appreciated in polished society, but is the means of much enjoyment in the family of the cottager.

Having noticed some of the facilities for improvement and pleasure within our reach, let us, in bidding the sweet old year a sad farewell, banish all useless repining, and, entering on the new, cultivate a spirit of cheerfulness, which may extend, not only into our homes, but let its influence be felt in the Grange.—*Bridgetown Monitor.*

A CORRESPONDENT adds the following postscript to a business letter, 27th February, 1880:—"I have just weighed a short-horn heifer calf this morning, three months old, weight 314 lbs." Not bad for a short-horn.