SPAIN'S SONG.

O love, sweet love, must I weep in a lonely room?
O heart, sweet heart, is there never a throb for me?
Spring flowers crow in meadow and hedgerow for me,
And a slow soft light creeps over the sombre sky.
It is time for the goddess to wake,—
Aphrodite! Aphrodite!
It is time to arise from the foam!
Arise and come
And go to my darling's home.

O born of the foam, stay light on thy rosy feet,
Where my darling is sitting and thinks never a one to hear;
Stand where her window glints in the desolate street,
And whisper low to my love that her lover is near.
It is time for my darling to wake,—
Aphrodite! Aphrodite!
It is time for my darling to love;
Take!
I die for love.

Lo! at will I not dare for thee!
I down in the pitiless sea for
Awake for a cold face,
Arise on with her garment's
Come!

I am mad for a girl's rosy cross,—
Aphrodite! Aphrodite!
It is time to awake from the foam,
Arise and come to grief,
And go to my darling's home.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

TO THE COMING FLOWERS.

Awake, dear sleepers, from your watery home be
Thou glad spring-time, with thy flowers and showers,
And give to pluck from Winter's wings the spoil
Of darkness, and to wind his silver horn
For your return. Come! Come! Come! Nature, forlorn
In absence of your odours and your forms,
Like Rachel weeps for you as she mourned more
As often as she views your empty places.
Rouse ye the dull insects of her hall, your embraces.

Come, gentle moonlight, like the sentinel star
That trembles on the brow of dusky Night;
Come, like a child that is sent to bed at night,
With pallid cheek, upon a wearied sight;
And shadow forth your shadowy charms in white.
The more those do demonstrate the power of God
To shield the weak against the arms of night,
To strengthen feeble shoulders for their load,
And making hearts trial like their could not full
forbode.

Come, crocus cup, the cup where early bees
Sip the first nectar of the Hybla Spring;
Come and illume our green, as shining
Light up the poet's song. And O ye dead
March violets, come, come, come trembling near!
You too, fair primroses, 'fair as the morning
Thine teeth, like heaven's constellations clear;
And unknown lovely flowers of the wilderness,
And without pride and meadows with your
sisters, come!

Come with thy lilies, May; thy roses, June!
Come with your riches both, Autumnal hours!
O tell your mellowing sun, your regal moon,
Your dews, your dews and refreshing showers,
To lift their blushing hands in Flora's bower,
Nor even to scorn the bud-weed's hoary goal,
Nor forgiveness banner hung with purple flowers,
Nor solitary heath the chosen the wold,
Nor the last daisy shivering in November's cold!

—*Chambers' Journal.*

READY-HOME.

Borrowing Trouble.

(From the New York Times.)

Of all borrowers they who pay the most usurious interest are the borrowers of trouble; and the worst of it is that they are obliged to repay the debt in kind again and again without satisfying the claim. The poorest of all commercial, as well as spiritual, transactions is to borrow trouble; for instead of relieving, it invariably hinders the borrower; burdens him with what nobody wants and what, as he soon discovers, he cannot dispose of at the most liberal discount. Does he learn wisdom by his unhappy experience? Not a particle. The more he borrows and the worse off he is thereby, the stronger his disposition to increase his liabilities of usurious and laborious perplexity. By a strange anomaly his fondness for discomfort grows by its accumulation, which he sincerely believes to be a measure of protection for his peace. He renders himself unhappy through his dread of unhappiness; he is so afraid of trouble that, not having a sufficiency on hand, he borrows from every available source.

This is a sign of disease, and borrowing trouble, common as it is, denotes mental ailment of some sort—not dangerous, not chronic, not organic, perhaps, but wearing, pernicious, and wasteful. The healthful man—but who of us is entirely healthful?—interprets the future by the past, and has more confidence in his ability to deal with what is to come on account of the practical lessons he has learned. He is not filled with misgivings; if they obtrude themselves, he banishes them by force of will; he refuses to fight shadows while there is so much substance to encourage; he distrusts phantoms, and, firmly self-reliant, awaits the intelligent coming of any real trouble. The trouble-borrower, on the contrary, thinks that what never has been will surely be that which he does not want to happen and certainly happen, and that fortune takes his into such considerations as these without dealing a blow. His over-wrought imagination of the unknown makes him absurdly egotistic—unhappiness within cause usually springs from morbid egotism—by inducing the belief that everything revolves around his sphere.

We all remember the wight who borrowed money, hard that there was a run on the bank in Nassau street. He immediately dashed off to a crowded street car; jumped on the platform with the car, with intention, at risk of breaking neck or limb, to do course got to the office of the bank to shout the door of the discouraged depositors. Not, anxious, excited, he ran his way through the throng, and finally landed safely in the paying teller's desk, but only at the sacrifice of sundry buttons and the integrity of his garments, and the complete disjointment of his temper. His turn to present himself at last, he, looking into the bank's pocketbook, which he had not done till that moment, he found he had no cheque on that bank, or any other. He sagaciously turned out of the throng with much profanity, and had his pocket picked of the little money he carried before he got back to the street.

The unhappy wight was a fair specimen of the borrower of trouble. Hearing that the bank was in danger of failing, he leaped to the conclusion that he must have an interest in it, and acted on the fancy without examining into the fact. He probably thought he was a stockholder, and felt in duty bound to be. No bank would break without owing me something. That bank's going to be broke; therefore, I must have chosen on it. Otherwise, it would not be in danger—of course not." That he had no cheque on that bank gave him no uneasiness. That was a fact, and too familiar to concern him. But the fancy, he could manage the actual and the present well enough; it was the possible and remote which appealed to him and excited his fear. He borrowed trouble, and got into the hands of a usurious creditor. He would have escaped it by letting contingencies provide for themselves. So it often is with the borrower of trouble—it will be pretty apt to procure it, since it is freely lent by circumstance, and without any kind of security. Nothing is easier to get when one goes in quest of it, and nothing stays with him longer. The more he borrows the more he finds it hard to be the diligent seeker. Trouble is active and energetic, and wonderfully appreciative of attention. If you do not seek it, it will seek you in your hall way and insist on sharing your hospitality a great while after its welcome has been worn out. When you would be too glad to let it go, it won't let you go. It adheres by force of a general favourite where he has been amicably because you have yielded repeatedly to the weakness of extending it an invitation.

Borrowing trouble is largely a matter of temperament; but we can modify our temperament if we cannot change it, by exercising our will and our reason against it. To one, the sense of danger is a happy, to others—and a most expensive luxury it is—may not be very efficacious at first; but to keep moving will eventually close the avenue to our morbid sensibility, and establish us in sound mental health. Reason is wholly opposed to the habit. While we are seeking to secure trouble by entering into even the pleasant anticipations of it, we never experience the particular kind of trouble we have foreshadowed. Destiny seems to delight in defeating us. She is unwilling that we shall guess her riddles; when we are prepared for one issue, she creates another; when we look for her wing, she melts in a caress. What we anticipate seldom happens; what we dreamed is probable; the trouble we have outlived vanishes in mist.

Prudence, providence, provision, always desirable and serviceable in the affairs of life, scarcely ever have any part in borrowed trouble. The more we borrow and the worse off he is thereby, the stronger his disposition to increase his liabilities of usurious and laborious perplexity. By a strange anomaly his fondness for discomfort grows by its accumulation, which he sincerely believes to be a measure of protection for his peace. He renders himself unhappy through his dread of unhappiness; he is so afraid of trouble that, not having a sufficiency on hand, he borrows from every available source.

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Prudence, providence, provision, always desirable and serviceable in the affairs of life, scarcely ever have any part in borrowed trouble. These anticipate, enlighten, prepare, often mitigate or avoid the difficulty or evils to which they are directed; this simply forebodes, darkens, torments, predicts gloomily that which never comes to pass. To borrow trouble is to imagine the worst and to discard reason, to repress cheerfulness and to turn a deaf ear to hope. It is not good, nor wise, nor manly. It is childish resistance and weakness action; and, toward of all, it wastes the force needed for the actual battle of the world. It makes more than half our anxiety and unhappiness, and generally to no purpose; for what are our sufferings from the ills that have come compared with our sufferings from the ills that might have happened, and didn't?

The British Consul at Bangkok reports that the Emperor of Siam has of late assumed the gorgeous uniform of a French general officer. The country is said to be a delightable condition, everybody and everything being heavily taxed to support the court and its officers. Even a bundle of wood bears a tax of 20 per cent. *ad valorem*.

The excitement and alarm which was caused by the burning of Slagth's mill, on the night of Saturday, the 3rd of February, and which was generally believed to be the work of an incendiary, had of late quite subsided, and the majority of citizens had begun to look upon it as one of the things of the past. The Mayor and others, however, have been quietly working up the case, assisted by a Toronto detective. With a view to finding out as much as possible, a young man from Toronto named Moses Berres was brought here by Detective Ellison, and locked up in the gaol as a decoy prisoner, and placed so that he could have easy communication at all times with prisoner Mauly. The result was that the inquest was resumed one evening last week. When evidence was given by Mr. Slagth, proprietor of the mill burned down, of a very contradictory character. Joseph Short proposed to sewing up on the floor of the mill burned down, as if it had been thrown down, to help the building to burn. The decoy prisoner, Berres, deposed that, in his conversation with Manly, the latter said that if it hadn't been for Slagth he would never have done it. The jury returned the following verdict:—"That we have, from the evidence given regarding the fire of Philander Slagth's steam grist mill, found it destroyed on Saturday, the 3rd, and on the 4th of February, 1877, and from the said evidence the said jurors believe that Philander Slagth was an accomplice before the fact to the feloniously setting of the fire and burning of the said mill." Slagth was at once arrested and lodged in gaol, where he now lies to await his trial at the Assizes in May. Manly has also been committed on charges of incendiarism.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

The great town of Nottingham, England, is establishing a sewage farm, and the waters of the Trent will no longer be polluted.

A permanent committee for fêtes and regattas has been organized at Nice. The first boat races to take place under its auspices are announced for next month.

The Austrian army is gradually to exchange well known white uniform for blue. Half of the infantry will receive blue pantaloons this year, and the rest of the troops will receive them in 1878.

At a recent auction in Paris the dagger worn by Henry IV. at his marriage in 1572, was knocked down at 12,000 francs, or nearly $2,400. The sword worn by the principality of Monaco, on the Italian coast, was 20,000. Most of them were attracted to the place from a desire to see for themselves the world-renowned gambling-house.

At Barrow, Lancashire, England, a porter saved and bought real estate. His wife, who drinks, secretly pawned his coat, in the pocket of which were the title deeds. The pawnbroker refused to restore them unless the accomplice of the thief who had stolen the story has restrained him from parting with them pending the hearing of an action.

The Prince of Wales has consented to grant a license for the new theatre of Sadler's Wells until three years have been completed for all portions of the building, and his lordship is understood to have stated that he is determined that the theatre shall be opened for any theatre in which wooden stairs are used.

A movement has been set on foot in Paris to erect a monument to the memory of George Sand. On the committee are the Dukes of Mme. Victor Hugo, Duquesnel, Perrin, and a number of other leading literary men. It is proposed to fix the statue in the Place de l'Odéon, which is almost the centre of the classic Latin quarter of Paris.

Bad times pressure the destruction by fire of the superb historic seat of Count Hinsky-Stetsky, in Volhynia, a province contiguous to Austria and Poland. It contained rich furniture of the time of Catherine II. and Paul I., splendid paintings and frescoes, a library, and chapel, and the grand style of life there gave a maintenance to the people of half a dozen villages.

A very interesting scientific report on oyster culture has lately been presented to the French Government. From this it appears that oyster culture has for some time been prosecuted in France so carefully and with such success that the supply will soon be very largely increased. The English fairly say that they have been fools for some years almost had to go without any.

Financial distress rapidly increases among the peasant proprietors. Government by the Government is loudly called upon for employment. New railroads and canals are suggested, forests are to be planted, quite long preparatory surveys, work cannot be immediately commenced upon them. All that can be employed will be placed upon the repairs of roads.

A young girl living in the Rue de Rome, Paris, while leaning suddenly from a four story window to catch a bouquet in the act of being thrown to her, accidentally fell out. She held, however, to a piece of iron near the window with her hand and made frantic efforts to re-enter the window. There was no one near to assist her, and she dreamt of by us. Scarcely a day passed without some new demand being made, which apparently it was perfectly impossible to do without. But at last we seemed to be satisfied with our possessions, and the servants seemed to have learnt the end of their requirements; so the only thing that we had to think of was the bill, which had not yet been sent in to us. I was frightened to think about it; but Henry was quite prepared for its being considerably over the two hundred pounds. Judge of our dismay when we did receive it to find it more than twice that sum—four hundred and fifty-six pounds odd! There were frightful entries for "Time," which in themselves represented a serious item, and upon which we had never calculated; and our small sundries, which we had hardly taken at all into account, came to something quite appalling.

But the first shock over, the offending document was thrown aside—it would be paid all in good time; and for the present we both resolved to dismiss it from our minds. Friends were rapidly gathering round us; we must receive and pay visits; so it was not very difficult to banish disagreeable, and to enter with the greatest enjoyment into the new life which lay before us. I had landed our house very complete and perfect until I saw some of the elegant drawing-rooms belonging to my new acquaintances; after that, many defects which were plainly visible; and in order to supply them, we went to different shops, making various purchases which in the end reduced us down to our account. Then came our first entertainment, which its absolute success, at which it was absolutely impossible to avoid; for in Henry's position it was, as we thought, most necessary for us to maintain a good appearance; and as his wife, it was also incumbent upon me to dress as well and fashionably as I could.

So things went on; and before we had been married three months, we found that we were hopelessly and horribly in debt. To retrench seemed utterly impossible. I hardly ever saw Henry except at meals; the office hours remained, we were living far beyond our means, and we were sinking deeper and deeper into the mire. To add to our difficulties, a nursery was established, and though one might imagine so small an addition was quite a serious one, it cost us no small sum. I could not have endured to see my baby badly dressed. How could I have seen it go out with a nursemaid in a cheap apparel of garments? So it was daily adorned in the purchase of fresh clothes, which involved a most satisfactory amount of patronage for our laundress, and most appalling bills for nursery requisites, established, and through some one of our acquaintances, I was enabled to get a situation as governess to a lady in the neighbourhood, and thus I was to pay interest for until the principal itself was paid off.

Nothing could have surpassed our prudence—before we set out. When into the shop we had selected as the one to be patronized, we found that the things we had thought of were very inferior to our imaginings; a trifle more became necessary; and before we had great difference in the sum total, and be everything to us in the nicest and prettiest manner, besides which our estimate of necessaries proved a very inadequate one, when immeasurable stories were declared absolutely indispensable by the attendant shopkeeper. We made apparently endless purchases, which we could hardly remember until they were deposited in Amberly Villas, where, with my newly engaged domestics, I awaited them with immense delight.

But rest as the importation appeared, I had yet to learn of the legion waste unfully aware as he was with the exact amount of Henry's income—shocked and sorry to see that Henry Arden had married a wife who had not a farthing to her name, and seemed with our possessions, and the servants seemed to have learnt the end of their requirements; so the only thing that we had to think of was the bill, which had not yet been sent in to us. I was frightened to think about it; but Henry was quite prepared for its being considerably over the two hundred pounds. Judge of our dismay when we did receive it to find it more than twice that sum—four hundred and fifty-six pounds odd! There were frightful entries for "Time," which in themselves represented a serious item, and upon which we had never calculated; and our small sundries, which we had hardly taken at all into account, came to something quite appalling.

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FARM AND OTHER NOTES.

CARROTS.

By Alexander Hyde.

Among the crops to be raised on the farm for stock feeding, I would strongly recommend carrots. They are not fashionable as they were a score of years since, as at that time potatoes were considered the best. The labour required on an acre of carrots is three or four fold more than what is required for potatoes, and as the root disappeared, so did the cultivation of the former has diminished. As the Canadian beef is again rendering the culture of potatoes more laborious and uncertain, we hope to see more attention paid to carrots, for though they are not so nutritious as potatoes, and never can be a substitute for them on the table, still, as food for stock, especially horses, they rank No. 1, and as a money crop few, if any, equal them. Twenty bushels of potatoes, if fairly calculated upon with great certainty, and 30 and even 40 tons, are frequently raised. On the prairies of the East and near our own villages and cities is very uniformly from $10 to $12 per ton, farmers can easily see that there is money as well as labour in this crop. Take the minimum crop of 15 tons per acre and the minimum price of $10 per ton, and the profit per acre will be at least $100, and if the yield is as it ought to be, 25 tons, the profit is greater than on any corn crop that was ever raised.

As to the nutritive value of carrots as food for stock, opinions vary greatly. The analysis of this root does not show so high nutritive value as that of the potato, but it is by practical feeders. The fresh root gives the cattle a healthy appetite, and a fine sleek coat. This, however, does not vary much from most roots. As compared with the potato, the carrot gives an animal food, sweet, more water, and, of course, the same per cent. less of solid matter. There is no question of the superior nutritive value of potatoes, but at the same time, in consequence of the bulk of the carrot, the amount of nourishment can be derived from an acre of carrots than from one of potatoes. As corner in an extremely cold climate, I would say that he considered a bushel of carrots and a bushel of oats, and then two bushels of oats for his animals, who they were not as hard, work, and even in the busiest season of the year, I would not be surprised if he would feel inclined to give a pint of oats to keep his horses in good heat and good condition. In the winter, when his horses were lying idle, he fed on grain, but a bushel of carrots and eight to ten pounds of hay would be better than a bushel of oats. Let him be sure of a good crop of carrots, and he can put in the spring with a stock lock, sound in wind and limb, and ready for any campaign of the summer. A fortnight or three weeks before being put to hard work the ration of carrots was diminished gradually, and a ration of oats substituted, commencing with a quart or two daily, and gradually increasing.

As compared with hay, the analysis of carrots shows them to be, with about one-third as much, pound for pound, but we raise on the average ten pounds of carrots where we do one of hay. Some farmers, even from the chemist's stand-point, is not as much against this root as would at first sight appear, for the analysis shows it to be fed to the exclusion of hay, which all allow is the staple diet for stock. Some enjoy the same position in the manger that vegetables do on the table. We would not be surprised if some substituted carrots for horses only; they are good for them, and all know that it is their food, they do not make bad stock rapidly, they certainly improve the quality of both the animal and the food; the roots are juicy and rich, and carrot-fed cows will give a highly nutritious and palatable milk, which transmit the same properties to its butter. A farmer who feeds carrots, having sold under the name of carrot-fed, which would be more appropriately called carrot-colored, to a friend who was about to make a long journey, and on his return he said, "Carrots are a good thing for a journey." Carrots are a good thing for a journey, and for a long pull, and carrots are a good thing for a journey, and for a long pull, and carrots are a good thing for a journey, and for a long pull, and