

That he with comfort his home might fill,
No longer treads through the old red mill.

No more we see him, with silvery hair,
Slowly ascending the broken stair
That leads from that doorway, with rubbish strewed,
Up the steep green bank to the village road ;
Or, pausing awhile on the brow of the hill,
Gaze thoughtfully down on the old red mill.

He has passed away with his kindly smile,
With his heart so cheerful and free from guile ;
Sweet is his memory, sweet and dear,
To the friends that loved him while he was here ;
And long will the depths of our being thrill,
To the memories linked with the old red mill.

The sire has passed, and ah ! *not alone*,
Another link from our chain is gone !
Another whose heart of love is cold,
Whose form has passed to the dust and mould,
No more will cross our cottage sill,
Or gaze with us on the old red mill.

Then let old ruin about it lurk,
Let it rumble on in its daily work :
It will pass away as they have passed,
For we all must tottle and fall at last ;
Well would it be could we each fulfil
As patient a lot as the old red mill !

MRS. MAYO.



A MAN who has no enemies is seldom good for anything. He is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked, that every one tries a hand in it. A sterling character—one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks—is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air. They keep him alive and active. A celebrated person, who was surrounded by enemies, used to say: “They are sparks, which, if you do not blow them, will go out of themselves.” Let this be your feeling, while endeavoring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellows talk. There will be a reaction, if you do but perform your duty ; and hundreds, who were once alienated from you, will flock to you, and acknowledge their error.