

devil will perhaps pay you another visit after that, but I will be there to exorcise him." The woman told the midwife what the priest had said. The next night the Devil re-appeared and demanded the fifty florins, but at the same moment the priest rushed forth, seized him by the neck, and charged him with being a thief. The Devil, it turned out, was the husband of the midwife.—He was fastened in a room, and the next morning was taken to prison.—*Galgnan's Messenger.*

EARLY TO BED AND EARLY TO RISE.

"Early to bed, and early to rise,"—
Ay, note it down in your brain,
For it helpeth to make the foolish wise,
And uproots the weeds of pa'ly,
Ye who are walking on thorns of care,
Who sigh for a softer bower,
Try what can be done in the morning sun,
And make use of the early hour.

Full many a day for ever is lost
By delaying its work till to-morrow;
The minutes of sloth have often cost
Long years of bootless sorrow.
And ye who would win the lasting wealth
Of content and peaceful power,
Ye who would couple Labor and Health,
Must begin at the early hour.

CONSTANT LOVE.—May you never be so old, reader, nor so indifferent from any cause, as to look upon lines like these, without something like "young emotion."

"To look upon the fairy one who stands
Before you with her young hair's shining bands,
And rosy lips half pouted, and to muse
Not on the features which you now peruse,
Not on the blushing bride, but look beyond
Unto the angel-wife, nor feel less fond.
To keep thee but to one, and let that one
Be to thy home what warmth is to the sun;
And fondly, firmly cling to her, nor fear
The fading touch of each declining year;
This is true love—when it has found a rest
In the deep home of manhood's faithful breast."

A SON'S VIEW OF A MOTHER'S SOLICITUDE.

There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood—that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency—who that has pined on a weary bed, in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land—but has thought on the mother that looked on his childhood, that smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helplessness? Oh, there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son, that transcends all other affections of the heart! It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity; and, if adversity overtakes him, he will be the dearer to her, by misfortune, and, if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him!

Many of our readers will doubtless remember a beautiful ballad written many years ago, by Mrs. Seba Smith, on the death of a woman who perished in the snow-drifts on the Green Mountains of Vermont.—True, however, to the instincts of women's nature, she tore the covering from her person and wrapped her infant in it. The mother was found locked in the arms of death, but the babe survived. The infant thus preserved from the snows of the mountain, is now Speaker of the Ohio Senate.—*American Paper.*

The sweetest, the most clinging affection is often shaken by the breath of unkindness, as the delicate buds and tendrils of the vine are agitated by the faintest air that blows in summer. An unkind word from one beloved, often draws blood from many a heart which would defy the battle-axe of hatred or the keenest edge of vindictive satire. Nay, the shade, the gloom of the face familiar and dear, awakens grief and pain. These are the little thorns which, though men of rougher form may make their way through them without feeling much, extremely incommode persons of a more refined turn in their journey through life, and make their travelling irksome and unpleasant.

THE NEW COSTUME FOR LADIES.

As our lady readers are doubtless anxious to have a correct idea of the new style of dress, we copy the following description:

"The skirt comes a little below the knee, and buttons in front. The border extends round the skirt, and in front to the bottom of the waist—the latter being cut to have the border form the letter V. The trowsers are made loose, gathered into a band at the ankle."

THE ALPINE HORN is an instrument made of the bark of a cherry tree, and, like a speaking trumpet, is used to convey sounds to a great distance. When the last rays of the sun gild the summit of the Alps, the sheppard who inhabits the higher peaks of these mountains takes his horn and cries with a loud voice—"Praised be the Lord." As soon as the neighbouring shepherds hear him, they leave their huts and repeat these words. The sounds are prolonged many minutes, whilst the echoes of the mountain and grottoes on the rocks repeat the name of God. Imagination cannot picture anything more solemn or sublime than scene. During the silence that succeeds, the shepherds bend their knees and pray in the open air and then repair to their huts to rest. The sunlight gilding the tops of those stupendous mountains, upon which the vault of heaven seems to rest, the magnificent scenery around, and the voices of the shepherds sounding from rock to rock the praise of the Almighty, must fill the mind of every traveller with enthusiasm and awe.

CONTROL OF THE TEMPER.—Who is he that says he cannot help being angry or sullen, or peevish? I tell him he deceives himself. We constantly avoid being so, when our interest or decorum requires it, when we feel near those whom we know are not bound to hear our whims, or who will resent them to our injury: but what strangers will not endure, we cast upon our friends. That temper can be corrected, the world proves by thousands of instances. There have been those who set out on life with being violent, peevish, discontented, irritable, and capricious, whom thought, reflection effort, not to speak of piety, have rendered, as they become mature, meek, peaceful, loving, generous forbearing, tranquil and consistent. It is a glorious achievement, and blessed is he who attains it. But taking the argument on lower ground, which I do unwillingly, you continually see men controlling their emotions when their interest demands it. Observe the man who wants assistance, who looks for patronage, how well, as he perceives coldness or hesitation, does he crush the vexation that rises in his throat, and stifles the indignation that burns for expression. How will the most proud and lofty descend from their high position, and lay aside their ordinary bearing, to earn a suffrage from the meanest kind. And surely those who hang around us in life, those who lean on us, or on whom we lean through our pilgrimage, to whom our accents and our deeds are words, to whom a word may shoot a pang worse than the stroke of death—surely, I say, if we can do so much for interest, we can do something for goodness and for gratitude. And in all civilized intercourse, how perfectly do we see it ourselves to be the recognized laws of decorum, and if we have not universally good feelings, we have generally, at least, good manners. This is hypocrisy, but it ought to be sincerity and we trust it is. If then, we can make our faces to shine on strangers, why darken them on those who should be dear to us? Is it that we have so squandered our smiles abroad that we have only frowns to carry home? Is it that while out in the world we have been so prodigal of good temper, that we have but our ill-humours with which to cloud our firesides? Is it, that it requires often but a mere passing guest to enter, while we are speaking jargons to beings who are nearest to us in life, to change our tone, to give us perfect self command that we cannot do for love what we do for appearances?—*Giles' Discourses on life.*

A reflecting mind is not a flower that grows wild or comes up of its own accord. The difficulty is indeed greater than many who mistake quick recollections for thought are disposed to admit; but how muchless it would have been had we not been born and bred in a Christian and Protestant land very few of us are sufficiently aware.



Agricultural

AGRICULTURAL SONG.

BY JOHN PALMER.

Plough deep to find the gold, my boys!
Plough deep to find the gold!
The earth hath treasure in her breast
Unmeasured and untold.

Clothe the mountain tops with trees,
The sides with waving grain!
Why bring over stormy seas
What here we may obtain?

O, Britain need not bring her bread
From countries new or old,
Would she but give the ploughshare speed,
And depth to find the gold!

Earth is grateful to her sons
For all their care and toil;
Nothing yields such large returns
As drained and deepened soil.

Science, lend thy kindly aid,
Her riches to unfold;
Moved by plough or moved by spade,
Stir deep to find the gold!

Dig deep to find the gold, my boys!
Dig deep to find the gold!
The earth has treasures in her breast
Unmeasured and untold.

FRUIT IN THE NIAGARA COUNTY.

In the County of York and on the northern side of Lake Ontario, the Peach and Plum trees, as also the Apple trees will have scarcely any fruit this year. It is quite otherwise on the other side of the Lake. Every thing there is two weeks more forward than with us. The wheat and rye are already heading out, and the field peas are nearly in blossom. Peach, Plum and Cherry trees are quite full of coming fruit. Generally the crops look well. The grass is also good. The country in Pelham looks very beautiful.

A PROLIFIC SOW.—Whilst at Beamsville last week, we were informed of a strange freak of nature, that beats the one mentioned in our last number. A sow owned by Mr. William Gibson, of the Glen Elgin Mills, in the Township of Louth and County of Lincoln, gave birth to 22 pigs at one birth. She was sold afterwards for \$20. Beat this who can, ye farmers of Canada!!

SOMETHING VERY STRANGE.—Mr. Dean, butcher of this city, some few weeks ago had a sheep that gave birth to a strange lamb. It had all the appearance of a dog. The body was covered with hair resembling that of a dog. The ears were nearly of the same shape and hung down, also the tail and the upper part of the legs. The nose and head were likewise similar to that of the canine breed. Its hoofs were like those of the common lamb. It lived but a few days. He has got it stuffed as a curiosity. Fright at the sight of some dog was probably the cause of this hybrid of nature.