

and by invitation sent a large delegation to meet the American Bee-keepers' Association at Cincinnati, Ohio, February 8, 9 and 10, 1871, making a still larger gathering. All the Rail Roads, but one or two, leading to the places of meeting, granted half fare, viz., free return passes to all who paid full fare one way. The arrangements extended as far east as New York, and as far west as Kansas. Both Associations are to become one at the next Annual Session, to be held at Cleveland, Ohio, the 6th, 7th and 3th of December, 1871. The committee will endeavor to remedy the difficulties experienced last year, in making arrangements too late to have the conductors on all roads notified in due season.

HEARTH AND HOME, always fresh and good, has become fresher and better than ever under the editorial care of Rev. Edward Eggleston. It is a marvel to us how so much new, original, and really valuable matter can be got together every week. A well-told story by the editor, entitled "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" is now in course of publication, and if the general reader peruses it with as much interest as we do, it cannot fail to increase both the popularity and usefulness of this now established periodical.

TILTON'S JOURNAL OF HORTICULTURE has been received for the present month, and is fully up to its usual standard of excellence. The illustrations of new things alone are worth more than the subscription price to any one interested in horticulture,—indeed we do not see how any live horticulturist can do without it. The subscription price is but \$1.50 per annum, and the publishers offer to give the balance of this year free to all new subscribers for 1871; where a club of five or more is made, it only costs \$1.00 for the balance of this year and all of next.

THE SALTFLEET AND BINBROOK AGRICULTURAL SHOW.

—The Agricultural Society of the united townships of Saltfleet and Binbrook held their annual show on Friday in the new drill shed, Stony Creek. The day being fine there was a large attendance, say about 1,500. The number of entries was about 900, an increase of about 100 over last year. The display in general, as well as the number of entries, was better than at any previous show.

Poetry.

AN OLD MAN'S BIRTHDAY.

By JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Beneath the moonlight and the snow
Lies dead my latest year;
The winter winds are wailing low
Its dirges in my ear.

I grieve not with the meaning wind,
As if a loss befall;
Before me, as behind,
God is, and all is well.

His light shines on me from above,
His low voice, speaks within—
The patience of immortal love
Outwearing mortal sin.

Not mindless of the growing years
Of care, and loss, and pain,
My eyes are wet with thankful tears
For blessings which remain.

If dim the gold of life has grown,
I will not count it dross;
Nor turn from treasures still my own.
To sigh for lack and loss.

The years no charm from Nature take;
As sweet her voices call,
As beautiful her morning break,
As fair her evenings fall.

Love watches o'er my quiet ways,
Kind voices speak my name,
And lips that find it hard to praise,
Are slow, at least, to blame.

How swiftly ebbs the tides of will!
How fields, once lost or won,
Now lie behind me green and still
Beneath a level sun!

How hushed the hiss of party hate,
The clamor of the throng!
How old harsh voices of debate
Flow into rhythmic song!

Methinks the spirit's temper grows
Too soft in this still air,
Somewhat the restful heart forgoes.
Of needed watch and prayer.

My bark by tempest vainly tossed
May founder in the calm,
And he who braved a polar frost
Faint by the isles of balm.

Better than self-indulging years
The outflung heart of youth,
Than pleasant songs in idle ears.
The tumult of the truth.

Rest for the weary hands is good,
And love for hearts that pine,
But let the manly habitude
Of upright souls be mine.

Let winds that blow from heaven refresh,
Dear Lord, the languid air;
And let the weakness of the flesh
Thy strength of spirit share.

And if the eye must fail of light,
The ear forget to hear,
Make clearer still the spirit's sight,
More keen the inward ear.

Be near me in my hours of need,
To soothe, or cheer, or warn,
And down these slopes of sunset lead
As up the hills of morn.

—Atlantic Monthly for September.