THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS DEATH. "There's no such thing as de ath,"
To those that think aright ";
"Tis but the racer casting off
What most impedes his flig bt;
"Tis but one little act,
Life's drama must contain
One struggle keener than the
And then an end of pain.

There's no such thing as death:"
That which is thus miscalle d,
Is life escaping from the chair as
That have so long enthralle d;
Tis a once hidden star,
Piercing through the night,
To shine in gentle radiance forth
Amid its kindred light. There's no such thing as deat th In nature, nothing dies!

From each sad remnant of dec by
Some forms of life arise.

The fuded leaf that falls,

All sere and brown to earth, to long will mingle with the shap There's no such thing as dea th Tis but the blossom spray, inking before the coming fre sit That seeks the summer's 12/7:
This but the bud displaced,
As comes the perfect flower.
Tis faith exchanged for sight,
And weariness for power.

THE PLOW.

God speed the plowshare! Teld me not Disgrace attends the told Of those who plow the dark green sod, Or toil the fruitful soil. Why should the honest plowman shrink From mingling in the vau Oil learning and of wisdom, since Tis mind that makes the man? God speed the plowshare, and the hands

For there is in this world, so wide No gem like honest worth. And though the hands are dark with toil, And flushed the mauly brow, t matters not, for God will bless The labors of the plow

A MECHANICAL BIDDY.

NELLIE M. GARABRAMT. I was literally tired out! I had only een married two years and had been & housekeeping just six months. I thought when I first moved into that dear little Gothic cottage, all covered with roses and woodbine, that I should be perfectly happy; indeed. I was fully convinced that life in that charming bird's nest with big John (that's my busband) and little John (that's the baby), would glide on, as the poets say, like one "neelodious dream." But I hadn't been there two weeks before I found out that there is at least one thing in housekeeping that takes all the melody out of it, and that

is Biddy.

Biddy! What if your house is a perfect little palace? What if your house is a perfect little palace? What if your house is a perfect little palace? What if your house is a perfect little palace? What if your household is part to dearch follow and the boby the rosice pet in the world, if that providing creature in the kitchen is to keep you in a constant werry, and turn all the honey of your life init had a nice garden all the palace, just the thing for a young couple to begin life in it had a nice garden all round, with plenty of flowers, two greats and quince trees in front, and currant bubbes and quince trees in front, and currant bubbes and quince trees in the back yard. I liked it, and so John bought it, and had it papered, calsonineed, and painted throughout. We went together to see home from business at \$6 clock and works to describe that dinner. Only longer to the little the correct of the palace in the beach you had not seen that when he took me too tester into the house until all was finished. I must say that he exhibited the most perfect that when he took me too see it I thought to myself that I could arrange he memory.

I what is it, John? "what is it, John? "I when the time is to keep you in a constant werry, and the baby." What is it, John? I what is it

The white General Age of the control of the control

to-day is a place to live in and make the heart glad, and not a place to look at and

clean every six months and be miserable in all the rest of the year.

Services of the control of the contr

onlt in intellectual and physical rain, All a state of the state of being on the state of the st

strength, wealth and independence. Commerce flourishes by circumstances precarious, contingent, transitory, almost as liable to change as the winds and waves that

in prophesying areas of depression and lower temperature over the Lake region, but the sun has got fairly at work and there is no probability he will bank his fires merely to please a few scientific

dish, having a glass cover, half full of soft water; insert the ends, out a little place—not too warm—taking care to replenish the water as fast as it evaporates. In a short time tiny white roots will shoot out from the stems, and in two weeks they will be ready to ret in pots.

Press the earth very carefully around the tender roots, using a little sand if convenient, and keep very moist for a few

Council began on Tuesday afternoon last. The following Reeves and Deputy-

been read and signed,
The report of the Auditors, Messrs.
W. H. Radenburst and Peter Shields,