

of those who desire a happy and contented life, and who wish to enjoy a peaceful mind, to engage in some sort of daily labor; for to be engaged in honest labor is manly and noble; and "for six thousand years God has been uttering it in human ears, that he who will not work, shall not enjoy."—*New England Farmer*.

### SYSTEM—ORDER—REGULARITY.

The importance of attending to these points must be apparent to every one who has had any experience in managing a household, and who has the important and indispensable talent of observing. Supposing, then, my young friends to be early risers, your attention should be next directed towards having a system and regular time for every-thing you do. "There's a time to work, a time to sing, necessities, or tastes, have your moments or hours set apart, and when once fixed, adhere to them, and make every other thing about the houses adapt themselves accordingly. In this way you will soon have united and harmonious action, and everything go on like "clock work." You know always where to find yourself, and every one will know where to find you, and place their dependence and make their calculations accordingly. This is supposed that you are at the head of the establishment, for there must always be a head to a body. But, if you are not at the head, you can regulate according to that head, and, if there is a system about it, you are as much the governor of your time, as if you were the main regulator. If there is not system about it, I pity you from my heart; you are a slave indeed, and must have the patience of Job and the meekness of a lamb, if your temper is not ruffled. From all the scourges and distempers incident to the ills of human life, God save me from factions and disturbances of an irregular household. Behold the beautiful, grand and incomprehensible system of all nature, the sublime regularity of the heavenly universe; watch the harmony of system, and the beauty and regularity displayed by the Divine Regulator, and who will deny that we have not there an unmistakable example for us to follow?

**ST. PAUL'S CLOCK.**—A writer in the *Foreign Quarterly* thus describes the machinery of this great London clock:

"The pendulum is fourteen feet long, and the weight at the end is one hundred weight; the dial on the outside is regulated by a smaller one within; the length of the minute hand on the exterior dials is eight feet, and the weight of each seventy-five pounds; the length of the hour figures two feet and two and a half inches.

The fine-toned bell, which strikes, is clearly distinguished from every other bell in the metropolis, and has been distinctly heard at the distance of twenty miles. It is about ten feet in diameter, and is said to weigh four and a half tons. The bell is tolled on the death of any

member of the royal family, of the lord mayor, Bishop of London, or dean of the cathedral.

The whole expense of building the cathedral was about a million and a half pounds sterling—in the United States currency, about six and two-thirds millions of dollars."

### ROOM IN THE WORLD.

There is room in the world for the wealthy and great,

For princes to reign in magnificent state;  
For the courtier to bend, for the noble to sue,  
If the hearts of all these be but honest and true.

And there's room in the world for the lowly and meek,

For the hard horny hand, and the toil furrow'd cheek;

For the scholar to think, for the merchant to trade,

So these are found upright and just in their grade.

But room there is none for the wicked; and naught,

For the souls that with teeming corruption are fraught!

The world would be small were its oceans all land,

To harbour and feed such a pestilent band.

Root out from among ye, by teaching the mind,  
By training the heart, this chief curse of mankind!

'Tis a duty ye owe to the forthcoming race—  
Confess it in time, and discharge it with grace!

### OLD WINTER IS COMING.

Old Winter is coming to see us again;  
He has issued forth from his frozen den;  
On iceberg tops his path has he,  
Which roll and clash in the Northern Sea,  
He hardens the earth with his ice-cold breath,  
And the silver streams are silent as death;  
He has bound them fast with his icy chain,  
And to break his fetters they struggle in vain.

Thick clouds are gathered around his head,  
And glittering snow 'neath his feet is spread,  
And howling blasts his approach declare,  
Singing through trees with their branches bare,  
And with ceaseless fury lashing the oak,  
Till he smiteth the ground with a crashing stroke.  
As onward he comes, the orb of day  
To the smiling south speeds on his way,  
And his glorious face, as in fear, he shrouds  
In cold thick fogs, or a mantle of clouds.

Though Winter will come, he will not always stay,  
For the sun of the Spring time shall drive him away,  
When the frost and the snow shall have mellowed  
the soil.

And rendered it fit for the husbandman's toil,

In the winter of Life, the heart may be light,  
Let him never despair who is acting right.  
O, son of affliction! look upward and hope,  
By aid from above, thou art able to cope  
With thy trials and sorrows, and soon there shall be  
A spring time of sunlight and gladness for thee.  
*Shipston.* W. D. H.