

hours on a stretch, is highly injurious, being certain to cause remote, if not immediate disease.

3. On the return of the team to the stable in the evening, it is wise at all times to divide the night's allowance of food, giving just as much at first as will remove the sensation of hunger, and in an hour or so afterwards the remainder may be given with impunity.

It had been shewn in cases where the digestive organs fail in appropriating nourishment from various improper articles of food, that they become distended, irritated, and otherwise disordered. Sometimes imperfect food is digested, and yet produces disease, from the imperfect blood sent thereby into the circulation.

L I F E .

I was dreaming, I was dreaming of a happy land  
and bright,  
Where the sun poured down unclouded a flood of golden light,  
And I seemed 'midst flowery valleys with a gay and happy throng,  
And a choir of youthful voices ever thrilled the joyous song;  
But the sun burst through my lattice with his brightest dawning gleam,  
And recall'd my wandering spirit from its fond delusive dream—  
From the gay but fleeting vision that my fancy deem'd so fair,  
To a life not bught, but real—to a world of toil and care.

Ah! thus life's morning opens, and the world around seems fair,  
And the heart bounds light and joyous, unchained with thought or care;  
And the fancy revels freely over scenes of gay delight;  
But alas! the dream is broken with the dawn of reason's light.  
And as the mists of morning like phantoms flit away,  
As higher up his azure path the sun ascends his way,  
So boyhood's airy visions of coming joys take wing,  
Or live but in the memory to tell of manhood's spring.

Then the mid-day sun rejoiceth in the splendour of his rays,  
But soon, ah! soon, there riseth a cloud to dim his blaze;  
And, changing as he hastens ever downward in his flight,  
Now veiled with gloomy shadows, now clad in golden light.  
And thus man journeys onward through a span of fleeting years,  
His life now bright with sunny joy, now dark with doubts and fears,  
His pathway ever changing, now sorrow and now shine,  
From the morning of his childhood to the eve of his decline.

Then comes the quiet evening when the sun sets in the west,

And the moon with solemn grandeur unveils her silver crest,  
When the lamps of heaven glisten with a bright and sparkling light,  
And the gathering shadows deepen with the gloom of coming night,  
And thus may sorrows gather round the evening of the just,  
When the sun of life is setting, and earth claims her kindred dust;  
And thus the weary spirit, when its earthly bonds are riven,  
Ascends, all calm and beautiful, to tread the halls of heaven.

May 10th, 1852.

THE GILFORD MAN.

ONE STORY'S GOOD TILL ANOTHER IS TOLD.

There's a maxim that all should be willing to mind—  
'Tis an old one—a kind one—and true as 'tis kind;  
'Tis worthy of notice wherever you roam,  
And no worse for the heart if remember'd at home!  
If scandal or censure be raised 'gainst a friend,  
Be the last to believe it—the first to defend!  
Say to-morrow will come—and then Time will unfold  
That "one story's good till another is told!"

A friend's like a ship, when with music and song  
The tide of good-fortune still speeds him along;  
But see him when tempest hath left him a wreck,  
And any mean billow can batter his deck.  
But give me the heart that true sympathy shows;  
And clings to a messmate whatever wind blows;  
And says—when aspersion, unanswer'd, grows bold—  
Wait! "one story's good till another is told!"

C.W.

DAY'S PLOUGHING.—The fine old park at Goldielea requiring to be broken up, Messrs. Laurie, Terreglestown, and Henderson, Garroch, have taken it for four years, during which they will raise three white and a green crop. They have also become tenants for a similar period of two parks on the adjoining property of Dalskaith, and in order to have such a quantity of old lea turned over at once, their numerous friends resolved to give them a day's ploughing, which came off in great style on Saturday last. The teams and their drivers mustered by break of day, and were soon marshalled and set to work; no fewer than 109 ploughs and teams being present, 83 of which found ample labor on Goldielea. The day was soft, but the hardy ploughmen heeded little the rain which fell, and patiently pursued their labors. At mid-day a breathing space was allowed, when both men and horses were refreshed. A goodly quantity of bread and cheese, strong beer, and mountain dew, must have been consumed by the ploughmen and onlookers, the latter, as usual, mustering in great numbers. Work was soon re-commenced, and continued until the green sward had been fairly converted into red land. The value of the teams and appurtenances was estimated by competent judges at not less than £7,000.—*Dumfries Herald.*