

prosperity. If not desirous of each other's happiness, we would, at least, take no pains to promote it, and indifference is always a foundation for hostilities. Regardless of esteem, we should lose a powerful inducement to be virtuous; and careless of admiration, we should sink into sloth and obscurity. Thus the affairs of life would stagnate; virtue, industry, and enterprise would be lost to the world. On the other hand, from the overflowing source of the social affections are derived the most exquisite enjoyments of lovers, the confidence of friends, the charities of philanthropy, the beneficence of patriotism, and the blessings of gratitude. All these are the offspring of those generous and virtuous feelings which prompt us to extend our views, exertions, and anxieties, beyond the contracted sphere of our own personal concerns.

CALICO.

Calico dresses are grand institutions. Delaines, silks, and even satins are good enough in their place—in the parlor or band-box, and all such, but after all, the old "stand by," the substantial, is the shilling calico. Care must be taken not to soil the silk, nothing must come in contact with the nice dress that will tumble or stain it; but the calico is made for work, and as the high-salutins say, "nobly does it fulfill its mission." Silk rarely finds its way into the realities of life; that is, into the kitchen at home, or the hut of the sufferer abroad. But calico, O! what rich meals we get by it; how it cheers the suffering, as with its bright colors and cheerful presence it stands with soft gentle hands ministering to our distresses. Calico seems to be always more willing and ready to give to want than silk. It is a curious fact of our nature, that the nicer our dress the harder our heart is, as if when dressed in silk we changed our natures and rose above base, worldly things. What! our silk dresses to be seen near enough to that poor workman to give him assistance or drabbing into a dirty hut? No, never! Calico might do it—silk, it's just impossible. But when, in addition to all, calico comes in rosy with the exercise of kitchen duties which it knows how to do so well, and loves to do so dearly, and sits down at the piano, melodeon, and makes the liquid melody flow sweetly forth; aye,

even blending its own sweet voice with the music of the instrument, then do we appreciate and admire calico.

HOW FOWLS GRIND THEIR FOOD.

Fowls have no teeth to grind or masticate their food with, and the best way they are able to do with it at first, is to pick it to pieces and swallow it whole. Kernels of grain are swallowed whole by them, and as they are surrounded with a tough pelicle or skin, which the juices of the stomach of animals will not readily dissolve or digest, they could obtain no nourishment at all from grain if this tough pelicle were not broken. Let horses, cattle, or people swallow kernels of grain, or ripe seeds of fruit, whole, and they will pass off in the ordure unbroken, and most of them will not lose their vitality, in consequence of such a process, and such grain would afford no more nourishment than so many smooth gravel stones.

Now, if we dissect the gizzard of a fowl of any kind, we find a lot of small gravel stones, which are usually the hardest kind of flint, granite, or sand stone.—Surely here is a pocket edition of Farm Grist Mills. The mystery is, where do fowls find such little flint-like stones, when their abode is on farms, the soil of which is a complete mould or muck, destitute of gravel, or when they are confined in close quarters for month after month, during winter, for example, or in a grass-yard in warm weather; these little gravel stones are very important articles with fowls—quite as important as the teeth of ruminating animals?

Fowls swallow their food, broken or not, and it enters the crop or first stomach, and remains in it until it has become softened, more or less, when a small quantity at a time, just as grain runs into a grist mill, is forced into the gizzard, among the gravel stones. The gizzard is a strong, muscular stomach, and plays night and day, when there is a grist to grind, similar to a bellows, contracting and expanding, thus forcing the gravel stones into the grain, and breaking it to fragments; and triturating the whole mass; after which it is in a suitable condition to be digested. Of course, these little stones will become very dull, after having been in operation for a month or two, and the gizzard, like an economical

mill, throws them out of doors, and demands a better set; and if they are not furnished, of course the grist is not half ground, and of course more than twice as much food is necessary to sustain life, and form eggs, as would be required were it well ground; and of course the eggs of fowls would cost double in this case that they would in another with the same food. This suggests the importance of supplying fowls and birds in cages with plenty of sharp gravel stones, and of having their food bruised or ground fine before they eat it.

OUT OF DOORS.

It is best for everybody to be out of doors all he can. The inside air is nothing to that we can get outside. It is wonderful what a ruddy, fresh colour the consumption of so much oxygen gives to the cheeks, and how it elevates the spirits, what a dance and play it gives to the fancy, and how much larger grows the disposition in a person to be happy and contented. Some people shut themselves up too much. There is pure atmosphere for miles above us, and in every imaginable direction around us; and yet we caulk up our windows, when we build our houses, just as if we were afraid the air would poison us! What nonsense and folly! Why, it is an impossibility for people to be strong and healthy if they regularly deny themselves draughts of pure air. They can no more expect it than if they were to go without proper food, nor one-half as much. We are none of us out of doors enough, but stay in the house and mope until we are really become more ill than we merely fancy ourselves. If a strong man should lie in bed without intermission long enough, his friends would be apt to find that he required their personal care, so weak and helpless would he become by reason of his self-imposed confinement. So with breathing pure air; if we deny it to our lungs and our blood long enough, through a mistaken notion of tenderness or of comfort, we shall just as surely reach the same result, though perhaps by a different path somewhat. Air and water are wonderful invigorators; no human soul can be healthy and happy without both of them, and in plenty.

Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you.