

for "that dear hut, our home." And so I, in the sober afternoon of life, when its sun, if not high, is still warm, have bought me a few acres of land in the broad, still country, and bearing thither my household treasures, have resolved to steal from the city's labors and anxieties at least one day in the week, wherein to revive as a farmer the memories of my childhood's humble home. And already I realize that the experiment cannot cost as much as it is worth. Already I find in that day's quiet an antidote and a solace for the fevering, festering cares of the weeks which environ it. Already my brook murmurs a soothing evening song to my burning, throbbing brain, and my trees, gently stirred by the fresh breezes, whisper to my spirit something of their own quiet strength and patient trust in God. And thus do I faintly realize but for a brief and fitting day, the serene joy which shall irradiate the Farmer's vocation, when a fuller and truer education shall have refined and chastened his animal cravings, and when Science shall have endowed him with her treasures, redeeming labor and drudgery, while quadrupling its efficiency and crowning with beauty and plenty our bounteous beneficent Earth."

Stability of Character.

What is more essential to the welfare, the prosperity and fame of any man, than stability of character? What is that virtue which, if implanted deep in his heart, will render harmless the thousand pointed arrows aimed at him by the arch enemy of mankind? What is that which saves him from the countless temptations which beset him in the career of life?—What is that which holds its footing on the precipices of destruction, and rescues him from falling into the yawning chasm which burns beneath, and where the unquenched waves roll ceaselessly on, in which millions of imperishable souls are confined to eternity's eternity? It is stability of character. That virtue which is more to be prized than pearls raked from the ocean's bed, gold dug from the bowels of the earth, or diamonds from the opulent rocks of Golconda. Stability of character is, to those who possess it, a broad and drastic ægis to shield them from the many snares and vices of a fallen world; a charm to him, who, being tempted to drain the venomous drink would dash its accursed contents to the earth. It is more efficacious than the magic wand of the conjured to him, who, being allured by the syren song of the abandoned, would fly the infernal spot, which blooms and blossoms as the viscid rose, but beneath whose fragrant leaves slumbers the asp, ready to inflict the death wound on him who places it to his lips.—*Mer. Ledger.*

TO MAKE A PLUM CAKE.—Take a pound and a half of flour, a little yeast, half a pint of milk, eight ounces of sugar, the same quantity of butter, and a little mixed spice; make it into a dough before you add the currants, of which put in as many as you please.

Greeting to J. B. Gough.

[Written for the Demonstration of the London United Temperance Societies, September 12th, 1853.]

BY T. BROWN.

Hail! Friend and Brother dear! To thee we bring
The well-earned laurel wreath—an offering just;
Who, David like, with moral stone and sling,
Battlest to lay Intemperance in the dust!

Courage is thine which conscious right imparts,
And philanthropic sentiment inspires—
Pathos, that wins spontaneously all hearts,
And zeal, whose ardour every bosom fires!

Mid adverse fortunes tending to the best,
Thou hast indeed a thorny pathway trod;
Now anxious, since thyself so greatly blest,
To carry on a work approv'd of God!
No diction "fashion'd to the varying hour,"
But words unstudied gush from thy heart's fount,
Full of refreshing fertilizing power,
As streams that issue from some lofty mount!

To-day we recognize thy social worth,
And hail thy presence in thy Native Land;
While from her heart the Country of thy Birth
Prays—as she gives her warm and faithful hand:—
That when at length remov'd from scenes like this,
With brow encircled chaplet of renown,
Thy bright abode may be in realms of bliss!—
And thy reward an amaranthine crown!

Cold Water Song.

BY J. E. MARSH.

In the ocean, on the mountain,
'Neath the ground, and in the air,—
Running, leaping, singing, shouting,
Water, water, everywhere:
To and fro,
See it flow,
Thund'ring loud, or purling low.

Ocean billow, darkly heaving,
Breaking grandly on the shore;
'Gainst the gray rocks chafing, fret
Sending far their sullen roar:
Reckless Sea,
Wild and free,
Image of Eternity.

On the mountain brightly gleaming,
Like a beacon-light afar;
Dripping o'er the rocks, or streaming
Down to crystal lakelet,—where
Mountain fay,
Wood-nymphs gay,
Bathe their tresses in its spray.

In the dell, now hear it tinkle,
Like a little silvery bell;
In the moonlight—as it twinkles,
"Many a tale in music tells,"
Of the time,
When in prime
Of youth I first heard its chime.

In the fantastic summer cloud,
That wreaths its fleecy folds so high;
Where lurks the vengeful thunder loud;
Where the subtle lightning's play:
Now it pours
Grateful showers,
On the smiling fields and flowers.

View the noble river coursing,
Onward to its natural deep;
Wayward down the rapids foaming,—
Plunging now the fearful steep:
Midst its spray
Naiad's play,
Through the live-long summer day.

Joyfully the fountain dances;
Softly falls the virgin snow;
Icy brilliants send bright glances,
Painted on the cloud the bow:
Rain and light,
Token bright,
Earth no more shall watersblight.

—*Maine Law Advocate.*