

## Poetry.

## OUR HOMESTEAD.

BY MISS PHEBE CAREY.

Our old brown homestead reared its walls  
From the wayside dust aloof,  
Where the apple boughs could almost cast  
Their fruitage on its roof;  
And the cherry trees so near it grew  
That, when awake I've lain  
In the lonesome nights, I've heard the limbs  
As they cracked against the pane;  
And those orchard trees—O those orchard trees!  
I've seen my little brothers rocked  
In their tops by the summer breeze.

The sweet briar under the window sill,  
Which the early birds made glad,  
And the damask rose by the garden fence,  
Were all the flowers we had.  
I've looked at many a flower since then,  
Exotics rich and rare,  
That in other eyes were lovelier,  
But not to me so fair:  
For those roses bright—those roses bright—  
I've twined them with my sister's locks,  
That are lain in the dust from sight.

We had a well—a deep, old well—  
Where the spring was never dry,  
And the cold drops down from the mossy stones  
Were falling constantly;  
And there never was water half so sweet  
As that in my little cup,  
Drawn from the curb by the rude old sweep  
Which my father's hand set up:  
And that deep old well—O that deep old well!  
I remember yet the plunging sound  
Of the bucket as it fell.

Our homestead had an ample hearth,  
Where at night we loved to meet;  
Where my mother's voice was always kind,  
And her smile was always sweet;  
And there I've sat on my father's knee,  
And watched his thoughtful brow,  
With my childish hand in his raven hair—  
That hair is silver now!  
But that broad hearth's light—O that broad  
hearth's light!  
And my father's look, and my mother's smile  
They are in my heart to-night.

## The Family.

## A SHORT FIRE-SIDE STORY ABOUT HONESTY.

One evening a poor man and his son, a little boy, sat by the way-side, near the gate of an old town in Germany. The father took a loaf of bread, which he had bought in the town, and broke it, and gave the half to his boy. "Not so, father," said the boy; "I shall not eat until after you. You have been working hard all day, for small wages to support me; and you must be very hungry; I shall wait till you are done." "You speak kindly, my son," replied the pleased father; "Your love to me does me more good than my food; and those eyes of yours remind me of your dear mother who has left us, and who told you to love me as she used to do; and, indeed, my boy, you have been a great strength and comfort to me; but now that I have eaten the first morsel to please you, it is your turn now to eat." "Thank you, father; but break this piece in two, and take you a little more; for you see the loaf is not large, and you require much more than I do." "I shall divide the loaf for you, my boy; but eat it I shall not; I have abundance; and let us thank God for his great goodness in giving us food, and in giving us what is better still, cheerful and contented hearts. He who gave us the living bread from heaven, to nourish our immortal souls, how shall He not give us all other food which is necessary to support our mortal bodies!" The father and son thanked God, and then began to cut the loaf in pieces, to begin together their frugal meal. But as they cut one portion of the loaf, there fell out several large pieces of gold, of great value. The little boy gave a shout of joy, and was springing forward to grasp the unexpected treasure, when he was pulled back by his father. "My son, my son!" he cried, "do not touch that money; it is not ours." "But whose is it, father, if it is not ours?" "I know not, as yet, to whom it belongs; but probably, it was put there by the baker, through some mistake. We must enquire.—Run." "But, father," interrupted the boy, "you are poor and needy, and you have bought the loaf, and the baker may tell a lie, and—" "I will not listen to you, my boy; I bought the loaf, but I did not buy the gold

in it. If the baker sold it to me in ignorance, I shall not be so dishonest as to take advantage of him; remember Him who told us to do to others as we would have others do to us. The baker may possibly cheat us: but that is no reason why we should try and cheat them. I am poor, indeed, but that is no sin. If we share the poverty of Jesus, God's own Son, oh! let us share, also, His goodness and His trust in God. We may never be rich, but we may always be honest. We may die of starvation, but God's will be done, should we die in doing it! Yes, my boy, trust God, and walk in His ways, and you shall never be put to shame. Now, run to the baker, and bring him here; and I shall watch the gold until he comes." So the boy ran for the baker. "Brother-workman," said the old man, "you have made some mistake, and almost lost your money;" and he showed the baker the gold, and told him how it had been found. "Is it thine?" asked the father; "if it is, take it away." "My father, baker, is very poor, and—" "Silence, my child; put me not to shame by thy complaints. I am glad we have saved this man from losing his money." The baker had been gazing alternately upon the honest father and his eager boy, and then upon the gold which lay glittering upon the green turf. "Thou art indeed an honest fellow," said the baker, "and my neighbour, David, the flax dresser, spoke but the truth when he said, thou wert the honestest man in our town. Now, I shall tell thee about the gold: A stranger came to my shop three days ago, and gave me that loaf, and told me to sell it cheaply, or give it away to the honestest poor man whom I knew in the city.—I told David to send thee to me, as a customer, this morning; and as thou wouldst not take the loaf for nothing, I sold it to thee, as thou knowest, for the last pence in thy purse; and the loaf with all its treasures—and certes, it is not small!—is thine; and God grant thee a blessing with it!" The poor father bent his head to the ground, while the tears fell from his eyes. His boy ran and put his hand about his neck, and said, "I shall always like you, my father; trust God, and do what is right; for I am sure it will never put us to shame."—*Edinburgh Christian Magazine.*

## Domestics.

While there is much trial in families by reason of incompetent, unskilful, unfaithful persons employed for domestic help, there is also much experience to the contrary. For months, perhaps, your meals have been served up regularly and in a satisfactory manner; every night you have found your bed and chamber just as you could wish; and week after week on going to your wardrobe, you have been refreshed by clean and well kept apparel.

Is there no cause for gratitude in this? I confess that I have not felt sufficiently grateful to God and to those of my fellow beings from whom I have derived such uniform aid and comfort. Perhaps we do not sufficiently prize nor reward such constant faithfulness.—There are many things which we can do for faithful domestics, to gratify their feelings and cheer them in their work. I have noticed that an expression of satisfaction at their services has given them peculiar pleasure, and has seemed to be all which they desired.

In sickness, and when a family has been much disordered by changes in the house, and especially in preparation for funerals, weddings, company, when much planning and severe labour needed to be done, I have known several able and faithful domestics undertake to do that which the Duke of Wellington or even Napoleon never could have accomplished, and in their province show as real tact and ability as was ever put forth. I have looked on with astonishment to see things cleansed and put in order, and quiet and comfort restored where ever thing had necessarily been in confusion, and I have entertained as real a feeling of respect for the female domestics who did this as for the men who projected the Thames Tunnel or the Simplon Road.—There is genius and talent in many a poor girl at service which, if she be a redeemed spirit, will be developed and employed hereafter. To such an one the words of the Saviour will have a peculiar application, "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things; be thou ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Some of the most touching parts of Paul's Epistles, it seems to me, are those addressed to servants. He passes from exhorting them about their common duties to

some of the sublimest truths of Christian doctrine. It is in such a connection that he says, "For the grace of God which bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us" &c. He tells servants that they may and should do their work "as unto Christ."—Astonishing and affecting truth, that one may sweep a room or take care of a house from motives and with a spirit of faithfulness and with an eye to Christ's approbation, which will as really secure his love and reward as the mistress of a house can do, or even a queen, in their most exalted stations.—*Puritan Recorder.*

## The Farm.

## ASHES AS A MANURE FOR GRASS LANDS.

There is scarcely any part of the country where leached ashes cannot be obtained in greater or less quantity; and in the vicinity of asheries, abundance may generally be had. If the following remarks by Count Chaptal are applicable to soils, of whatever materials they may be composed, a knowledge of this property of leached ashes would, in many instances, be of very great value. At all events, the experiment is easily performed on a moderate scale.

"The ashes, produced by the combustion of wood in our common domestic fires, give rise to some very remarkable results. Without being leached, these ashes are much too active; but after having been deprived by the action of water, of nearly all their salts, and employed in this state, under the name of buck-ashes, they still produce great effect.

"The action of the buck-ashes is most powerful upon moist lands and meadows, in which they not only facilitate the growth of useful plants but if employed constantly for several years, they will free the soil from weeds. By the use of them, land constantly drenched with water may be freed from rushes, and prepared for yielding clover and other plants of good kinds."

It has been frequently supposed that ashes applied to wet, heavy soils, is injurious. This is probably owing to the application being too uneven, and in too large quantities, and to the want of mixing them immediately with the soil. Chaptal says, "Wood ashes possess the double property of amending a wet and clayey soil by dividing and drying it, and of promoting vegetation by the salts they contain."

It is well known, that the evenly spread and intimately intermixed layer of ashes which soils receive by burning the turf, produces extraordinary effects upon grass lands.—*Gene-see Farmer.*

## RECLAIMING CLAY LAND.

An English agricultural writer says that the present tillage system as practiced by scientific men in England is doubtless an immense improvement on the system in vogue some years ago—"but of all the discoveries of the present day, the conversion of stiff stubborn clays into a friable mould, through the means of thorough draining, double trenching, or subsoiling, is by far the greatest. And if we consider fully the great importance of it, the enormous benefit it has conferred on landed proprietors, the great change it has effected on the face of a country, and the complete revolution it has made in the whole farming practice, we cannot be too thankful to Mr. Smith, of Deanston, the author of it."

## BLIND BRIDLES.

"Yes, use your thinking powers, friends. They were given to you to use, and not abuse. Blind bridles! Truly named, surely. Art never invented a more fatal thing to the eyes of horses, than when she devised this plan of depriving the horse of what Nature intended he should enjoy. But, says one, how are blinders injurious to the horse? Because they gather dirt and heat around the eye.—Dirt irritates the eye, and heat produces inflammation. These bridles so entangle the eyes of the horse, that he is compelled to be constantly straining them to see his way.—The over exertion of the nerve brings on disease. Eyes were not made in vain. Had they been needless, the Creator would not have located them in the head. They were placed in the corners of the head, that he might have the advantage of looking in different directions. Men, in the abundance of their wisdom, concluded that the horse had too much sight, and they wished to curtail it: hence the origin of blind bridles, and diseased eyes are inseparably connected. Custom hoodwinks the senses of men, as much as blind bridles do the vision of horses."

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