

## Poetry.

## MILTON ON HIS LOSS OF SIGHT.

I am old and blind!  
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown;  
Afflicted and deserted of my kind,  
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong;  
I murmur not that I no longer see;  
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,  
Father Supreme! to Thee.

O, merciful One!  
When men are furthest, then thou art most near;  
When friends pass by, my weakness to shun,  
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face  
Is leaning towards me, and its holy light  
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling place—  
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee,  
I recognize Thy purpose, clearly shown;  
My vision Thou hast dimmed that I may see  
Thyself, Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear;  
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing;  
Beneath if I am almost sacred—here  
Can come no evil thing.

O! I seem to stand,  
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,  
Wrapped in the radiance from Thy sinless land.  
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go;  
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng,  
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow  
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,  
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,  
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,  
The earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime,  
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought  
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime  
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!  
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine—  
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,  
Lit by no skill of mine.

## The Family.

## A Mother's Influence.

A Christian mother once, gathering her little ones around her, on a pleasant afternoon, leisurely strolled with them, as she often did, to a little distance from the dwelling. Few, if any of those youth who joyously sported around her were acquainted with her designs, until, as they came to a retired place, the mother, kneeling, said, "Now let us pray." And she did pray, and prayed with all the fervor which a mother's love inspires. Fondly did she cleave to the spot, and while she thought on the snares which awaited their youthful feet, her prayer arose with increasing earnestness for those jewels committed to her care. She could not give them up. Still she continues pleading that her God may be their God, and cannot refrain until, in the fullness of her soul, she has calmly commended them to her Father's care.

With a heart heaving with emotions, to which she could not give utterance, she returned with them to the house. Days passed away, but not without witnessing that mother struggling in secret for her children. But all appeared of no avail, for they seemed to care not for her prayers, and turned heedlessly away from all her entreaties. She almost despaired. Months and years rolled on—that parent died, and they enjoyed her counsels and prayers no more. As they grew to manhood, some of them became converted, and, shortly after, one of them, in relating his experience, said, "I thank God for a praying mother." Then mentioning the incident alluded to, he attributed to it most of his serious impressions, and finally his conversion.

Christian mothers, do you retire with your children, and in their presence plead with God in their behalf? If not, go, and plead, as did this mother. Oh! there is power in the prayer that is prompted by the yearnings of a mother's heart! And thou, unconverted parent, think of the responsibility resting on you!—No family altar, imparting its hallowed influ-

ence; no secret prayer for those whose sacred interests so intimately depend upon you; nor any religious instruction impressed upon their minds in their early days, to arm them against the vices and follies of the world. Consider how you can meet your children at the judgment-seat of Christ—there to hear the accusation that you have placed before them no religious example, and never urged them to flee from the wrath to come! Think of these things, and no longer neglect so plain a duty, and one from which such consequences of good or evil must inevitably arise! May the Lord give you grace, and constantly attend you by his Holy Spirit!—*Chn. Advocate and Journal.*

## The Death of a Child.

No one feels the death of a child as a mother feels it. Even a father cannot realize it thus. There is a vacancy in his home, and a heaviness in his heart; there is a chain of association that comes round with a broken link: there are memories of endearment, a keen sense of loss, a weeping over crushed hopes, and pain of wounded affection. But the mother feels that one has been taken away who was still closer to her heart. Her's has been the office of constant ministration. Every gradation of feature has developed before her eyes. She has detected every new gleam of intelligence. She has been the refuge of his fears, the supply of his wants. And when he dies, a portion of her own life, as it were, dies. How can she give him up, with all the memories of these associations? The timid hands that have so often taken her's in trust and love—how can she fold them on his breast, and give him up to the cold clasp of death? The feet whose wanderings she has watched so narrowly—how can she see them straightened to go down to the valley of death? The head that she had pressed to her bosom, that she has watched in burning sickness and peaceful slumber, a hair of which she would not see harmed—O! how can she consign it to the chamber of the grave? The form that not one night has been beyond her vision or her knowledge, how can she put it away for the long night of the sepulchre, to see it no more?

Man has cares and toils that draw away his thoughts and employ them; the mother sits in loneliness, and all these memories, all these suggestions, crowd upon her mind. How can she bear all this? She could not, were it not that her faith is strong as her affection; and if the one is more deep and tender than in man, the other is more simple and spontaneous, and takes, more confidently, hold of the hand of God. Faith teaches her to exclaim:—

"I know thy blood-washed soul, whose light  
To us so brief a time was given,  
With kindred spirits, pure and bright,  
Is happy now in heaven."

*Mother's Journal.*

## The Farm.

## Mixed Food for Stock.

Wherever the science of feeding is correctly understood, a mixture of food is given to domestic animals. There is thrift, health, and comfort to this practice, and economy and general advantage to the owner. Good hay is undoubtedly one of the best and most economical kinds of food in this country, as it contains the different elements of nutrition in nearly the proportions required; and when land is cheap and labour comparatively dear, and especially where the soil is adapted to it, grass is perhaps, the most economical food for general use. But there are many exceptions to this rule. Working horses and oxen require something in addition to hay—something containing more nourishment in a smaller compass, and admitting of more rapid digestion. When this is the case, the most economical food consists of cut hay, straw, or chaff, and meal, or roots cut and mixed with the hay or straw; and this is given much more economically when wet for a day or two beforehand, and allowed partially to ferment. Straw and grain, especially if the latter be ground, are entirely adequate to answer all the requirements of working animals. Grain alone is not sufficient for this. It is too much condensed, and other coarser food is requisite to distend the stomach, and preserve its healthy action. Straw is found to answer an excellent purpose for this object, and it moreover contains the phosphates in large proportions, which are essential to supply the osseous materials for the wasting of the bones.

There is great saving in the cutting of the hay or straw, in two ways. The animals do

not waste it by dragging it out of their mangers, and trampling it under their feet, and time and labour are saved them in masticating it. They obtain their supply of food readily, and then lie down to digest it. Fermentation also develops the nutritive matter, and leaves much less work for the stomach to perform, and this, by saving muscular exertion, leaves more strength with the animal to be expended on his ordinary work. The same principle holds with milk cows, sheep, swine and even poultry. If the food be given to them in a form more easily adapted to assimilation in the animal system, the greater product of milk, wool, flesh, &c., they can yield from the same quantity. Cutting, bruising, grinding, fermenting, and cooking the food, all tend much to fit it for easy and rapid digestion, and whenever it can be thus prepared without too much expenditure of labour, it should be done.

By adopting a mixed food, much of the coarser products of the farm can be worked up, which are now suffered to be added to the manure heap. Indeed, scarcely any of the vegetable production of the farm need be suffered to run to waste, till they have first contributed all the nutriment they contain to the support of animal life. It is true, by mixing them with manure, they afford whatever value they have to the next crop when incorporated with the soil. But what can be more absurd than again to undergo the labour of raising for the use of the stock what you have already secured? Straw and hay are frequently useful for retaining the valuable portions of the manure, which, from the defective system of saving it, would otherwise be wasted; and when this is the case, they are valuable for enriching the soil far beyond the materials they possess in themselves for this purpose. But this waste need not occur, even without the use of these valuable materials. The loss which is sustained from the leaky floors of stables, may be avoided by making them tight, and using conductors, which will lead the liquid manure into reservoirs, which may either consist of turf, peat, or earth, which will absorb and retain it; or tanks, where the manure may be mixed with ashes, plaster or peat, where it will ferment for future use. The comfort of the cattle may be equally secured as with straw beds, by so arranging the floors as to have them at all times perfectly dry, and the shelter made sufficiently warm. If the above arrangements are all carefully carried out, and roots or grain provided in sufficient quantity to make up the requisite nutriment essential to the stock, in a properly condensed form, and easy of digestion, large quantities of animal products from the farm, may be greatly augmented much to the profit and satisfaction of the farmer.—*Am. Agriculturist.*

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