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It Never Pays.

It never pays to fret and growl
When fortune seems our foe;
The better bred will push ahead
And strike the braver blow.
For luck is work,
And those who drink
Should not lament their doom;
But yield the play,
And clear the way,
That better men have room.

It never pays to foster pride,
And squander wealth in show;
For friends thus won are sure to run
In times of want or woe.
The noblest worth
Of all the earth
Are gems of heart and brain,
A conscience clear,
A household dear,
And hands without a stain.

It never pays to hate a foe,
Or cater to a friend;
To fawn and whine, much less repine,
To borrow or to lend.
The faults of men
Are fewer when
Each rows his own canoe;
For feuds and debts
And pampered pets
Unbounded mischief brew.

It never pays to wreck the health
In drudging after gain;
And he is sold who thinks that gold
Is cheaply bought with pain.
A humble lot,
A cosy cot,
Have tempted even Kings,
For station high
That wealth will buy,
Not of contentment brings.

It never pays! A blunt refrain,
Well worthy of a song;
For age and youth must learn this truth,
That nothing pays that's wrong.
The good and pure
Alone are sure
To bring prolonged success!
While what is right
In heaven's sight
Is always sure to bless.

A BABY.

What Will They do With it?

BY MRS. S. T. PERRY.

"A baby! Left on our doorstep, too! —Who dared do such a thing as to leave a baby here!"

These were the exclamations of Mrs. John Morton, one cold morning, as the servant girl bounced into the dining-room with a bundle in her arms, and made the announcement that a baby had been left on the stoop. Of all the bundles that had ever been left at John Morton's house, this was the most unlooked for and most unwelcome.

"You see, ma'am," said Bridget, "I went out to get the morning paper and to sweep off the stoop, and I sees this bundle lying on the mat. I went to lift it in my arms, and it moved, and says I to myself 'What can this be!' and when I opened the shawl, I sees a baby."

"What will we do with it?" said Mrs. Morton.

"Send it to the police station, at once," replied her husband. "Here, Michael," he continued, "take this child to the station, and tell them it was left on our stoop."

"Let me look at it first," said Mrs. Allison, Mrs. Morton's mother, as she arose from the breakfast table and approached the childless couple, who were already bending over the little waif. As the old shawl was thrown off from the babe, like Moses in the bulrushes, 'Behold, it wept.'"

"It is hungry, said Mrs. Allison. "How thin its little arms and hands are. It looks as if it was nearly starved. Let us feed it before we send it away."

Bridget had been a child's nurse; she had already prepared some food, and was bringing it to the dining room. "I ran thro' the yard, ma'am, and got Mrs. Worthington's baby's bottle, and she is coming right over to see." The baby took its nourishment eagerly, and then fell asleep.

"Its garments are very clean, although quite poor," said Mrs. Allison, as she began to examine the little one's wrappings.

"Yes, and we don't know anything about the blood," said Mr. Morton. "I think a great deal of the blood. One wants to know what sort and quality he takes across his threshold."

"As to the sort," replied Mrs. Allison in a low tone of voice, "it is one of those whom Christ took into His arms and blessed, notwithstanding the rebukes of his disciples; and as to the quality, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

"Well," said Mr. Morton, "you women must do what you think best. The car is coming, and I must go down town. Michael can take it anywhere you conclude to send it. There is a home for the Friendless, an orphan asylum, and a half dozen other charitable institutions, where they take such things."

As Mr. Morton passed out of the door he encountered a number of ladies in their morning wrappers rushing in to get a glimpse of the wonderful arrival. The gentleman jumped on the platform of the car with only a hurried 'good morning,' lest he should be overwhelmed with such questions, as 'What will you do with it?' 'Who on earth put it there?' &c., &c.

"Well, really," exclaimed Mrs. Montague, as she went into the dining-room, "you are in trouble enough. I'm so glad it wasn't left at our house," and the pretty little woman shrugged her shoulders as she bent over the little sleeper now lying on the sofa. "I wouldn't keep it a miute; the longer you keep it the harder it will be to get rid of it."

"What will they do with it?" asked Mrs Turner, of any one who might choose to answer so difficult a question. "Mrs. Morton couldn't take care of it because she isn't used to children."

"Oh, no, indeed," said bustling Mrs. Worthington. "I've had four children, and I know what it is to take care of them. To be sure, I've always had a nurse for each child, and never slept with one a night. You know my nervous system would not admit of my having the care of them. I love them dearly, but my nerves are too weak to have them with me much of the time; but I see that they have good nurses, and I can't help the rest."

"Yes," said Mrs. Hartwell, who hadn't any children, and hoped she never would have, "you have been married ten years, Mrs. Morton, and you are such a nice housekeeper, and so precise in your living that a baby would turn everything topsy turvey, and you would have to work across the grain all the rest of your life. I never could take other people's children."

"What will they do with it, Mrs. Allison?" said another lady who had stood by silent, and always concurred in everybody's opinion. The mother of thirty years ago was this good old lady. She had brought up six children in the days when mothers were old-fashioned; she never had a nurse for one of them. Her own hands made all their little garments, and her nerves were firm enough to bear all their childhood grievances, and to adjust all their young hearts' troubles and differences. She had heard this conversation, and her good, warm, motherly heart felt troubled.

What could she answer? If it had been years ago she would have taken the little waif into her own nest, made it welcome, and called it her own. But she would not advise her daughter; she must act according to the dictates of her own conscience. Mrs. Allison was too old to share much in the care, though she would gladly do what she could if the baby stayed.

The ladies discussed the question at home, in each other's houses and down town shopping. Meanwhile baby slept on; slept as sweetly as if in its own cradle, at its own home, with a loving mother watching over it. "He giveth His beloved sleep." The Father was watching with loving eyes over the little one whom nobody owned, staying where it was so unwelcome.

"Mother," said Mrs. Morton, after the ladies had gone out, "what will we do with it? Do you think it is our duty to keep this baby?"

"Daughter," she replied, "have you no misgivings about sending it away? It is one of Christ's little ones. 'Feed my lambs,'" she continued, as she left the room to ask God what they should do with it.

After Mrs. Allison left the room, Mrs. Morton was left to her own thoughts. To take a baby was a serious matter. She had often been asked to adopt a child, but she had always said that she never would do it—but this had been sent in such a strange manner. She began to weigh the fors and againsts about keeping it. The against scale seemed to go down a great deal further than the other. John would not want the additional expense of hiring a nurse; if the baby stayed, she would have to take care of it herself. This would debar her from so many pleasures she had hitherto enjoyed. But is it right to live only for ourselves? Did not the Master command us to work in His vineyard? and if she sent the baby away, would He not say to her "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me?"

Mr. Morton came home earlier than usual that night. He found the baby still there. He did not seem much surprised; he too had been pondering all day whether it was right to send the baby away. At all events they would not send it away that night, and when morning came the decision had been made. Baby was to stay.—They named her Faith, because they trusted the Father that He had sent her there for good, and not for evil.

For days the neighbors in the block could hear the ceaseless music of Mrs. Morton's sewing machine, and if they had looked in they would have seen numerous garments of soft muslin and warm flannel under process of completion into sundry little garments. Some of the ladies said Mrs. Morton did not know what a piece of work she had undertaken; others that she was so foolish to confine herself at home so much taking care of somebody else's baby, whom nobody knew anything about.

Baby did bring a great deal of care with it, more than Mr. or Mrs. Morton had any idea of, but they never said or felt that they regretted the steps they had taken. There were so many stitches to take for the baby that Mrs. Morton had to take a great many less for herself, and garments that used to be trimmed and embellished, had to go almost plain—but what matter. There are no ruffles and puffs on the white robes up there. Christ's robe was without a seam. There were many wakeful nights and wearisome days, but God sent so much love with the little one, and so much additional strength, that what others called a burden was a blessing to them. It led them heavenward, for it made them less selfish, less worldly, and they had the happiness in their hearts which comes of working for the Master.

When the little voice first uttered "Papa," Mr. Morton thought that baby was very forward, and Mrs. Allison smiled over the little red and white stocking she was knitting, when he asked if babies, as a general thing, were so cunning and pretty.

Years went on. Faith Morton's babyhood and childhood passed away. Those that knew of the circumstances of her early babyhood had forgotten it, and those who had never heard of it, supposed that she was Mr. Morton's own child. She had been the child of prayer and religious training, and when girlhood came, she was a devoted Christian. Beautiful in person and heart, she was beloved by all the wide circle of friends who gathered around her, and not only by them, but by the many whom she sought out from the poor, and befriended. The wedding day came, and Faith, clad in her bridal robes, was more beautiful and loving in her father's and mother's eyes than ever before. After the bridal party had passed into the church, a woman, clad in rusty black, followed on and stood in the aisle. Those who saw her weep, wondered why she wept. What had she to do with the bridal party?—When the guests had left Mr. Morton's house, and the bride and groom had gone to their own home, the door-bell rang, and this woman was ushered into the presence of the lonely father and mother.

"Now that she is gone, I can tell you all," she said. "That was my child. I left it on your doorstep that cold morning long ago. I was a widow with six children. I worked hard from morning until night, and far into the night oftentimes, to get them food and clothes. Sickness was coming upon me, and that day we were to be carried to the poorhouse. That baby was my pet. She seemed some way better than the rest. What should I do with it? Somebody whispered to carry it to you.—Nobody but God knows what it cost me to give it up. I got up before daybreak, and while the children were asleep, and wrapping my darling up in the only warm garment I had left, took it and laid it on your stoop. I watched until I saw it taken in then I felt you would keep it. God only knows what you kept that child from; but you will have your reward when you go home to your Father's house. I have often been here to look upon my child, but shall never come again. I shall never make myself known to her."

The woman in black was gone, and the rest of the story forever remained a mystery.

As old age crept on, the two hearts that had sheltered the homeless child so long, began to feel their loneliness more keenly. After a few years they went to their daughter's home, and when they went to their reward, it was from the loving arms of Faith, whose husband and little children wept for them. "And the King shall answer and say unto them, verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

Moral Gems.

"Reading," says Bacon, "makes a full man; confidence, a ready man; writing, an exact man." The mind must be fed as well as the body. If the body depended as much on chance diet as the minds of men generally do upon what they catch up, as it passes, or what is, in a manner, forced on them, where would be the healthful vigor of our frames? We would starve in the midst of plenty, or at least, would maintain but a feeble or sickly existence.

Prayer is of no avail, unless the soul is in earnest with God. Observe the small but sweetly melodious bird, the lark, which keeps longer on the wing than most others, how when he tries, he drops a little, and then rises with redoubled effort, determined to sing out his song. Thus the praying soul pursues its devotions before the Lord.

Love is a diamond amongst the jewels of the believer's breastplate. The other graces shine, like the precious stones of nature, with their own peculiar lustre and various hues but the diamond is white—now, in white, all the colors are united, so in love is centred every other Christian grace and virtue—love is the fulfilling of the law.

It is much easier to get money than to get justice. The world is apt to resent, as a wrong done to its self-esteem, that you should claim anything as a right. It prefers to bestow, as a right. It prefers to bestow, as a charity, that which you properly, perhaps, can regard only as a debt.

Christians you must be teachers. This is your vocation, as those who have themselves been taught by God. Teach by your lives. Teach also in words. Loose no opportunity of instructing others, young or old. Let your lips keep knowledge for all. Live an instructive life.

A Christian may triumph in the death of Christ! "Oh death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory? O hell! where is thy terror? O world! where is thy malice? O sin! where is thy strength? O my soul, where is thine accusers?"

You are made to be kind, generous and magnanimous. If there's a boy in school who has a club-foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there's a boy in school with ragged clothes, don't talk of rags in his presence. If there's a lame boy in school, assign him some place in the play which does not require much running. If there's a dull one, help him to get his lessons.

An Iowa school teacher has been dismissed for kissing the big girls. The girls say the school-board had no right to interfere with their studies in that way.

What it is to be a Widow.

"I think it must be a jolly thing to be a young widow!" I heard this remark, the other day, in a group of laughing girls. I think I remember saying such a thing myself in the careless girlish times.

Do you know, girls, what it is to be a widow? It is to be ten times more open to comment and criticism than any *demoiselle* could possibly be. It is to have men gaze as you pass, first at your black dress, and then at your widow's cap, until your sensitive nerves quiver under the infliction. It is to have one ill-natured person say, "I wonder how long she will wait before she marries again?" and another answer, "Until she gets a good chance, I suppose!" It is now and then to meet the glance of real sympathy, generally from the poorest and humblest women that you meet, and feel your eyes fill at the token, so rare, that it is, alas! unlooked for. It is to have your dear fashionable friends condole you after the following fashion: "Oh, well! it's a dreadful loss. We know you'd feel it poor dear." And in the next breath, "You will be sure to marry again, and your widow's cap is very becoming to you."

But it is more than this to be a widow. It is to miss the strong arm that you knew could never fail you, though all the world might forsake you. It is to miss the dear voice that uttered your name with a tenderness none other could give it. It is to hear never more the wellknown footsteps that you flew so gladly once to meet. To see no more the face that, to your adoring eyes, seemed more lovely than any other. To feel no more the twining arms that folded you so lovingly; the dear eyes that, looked into your own, said, so plainly, whate'er it might seem to others, yours was the fairest face earth held to him. It is to fight with a mighty sorrow as a man fights with the waves that overwhelm him and hold it at arm's length for a while only to have—in hours of loneliness and weakness—the torrent roll over you, while—poor storm-driven-dove—you see no haven of peace in the distance but heaven.

The Way She Cured Him.

"What brings you here, Mary?" said Truesdall to his wife, as she entered the liquor store.

"It is very lonesome at home, and your business seldom allows you to be there," replied the meek but resolute wife. "To me there is no company like yours, and as you cannot come home to me, I come here to you. I have a right to share your pleasures as well as your sorrows."

"But to come to such a place as this?" expostulated Tom.

"No place can be improper where my husband is," said poor Mary. "Whom God has joined together, let no man put asunder."

"Surely you are not going to drink that stuff," cried Tom, as she was taking up the glass of liquor.

"Why not? You say that you drink to forget sorrow, and I have sorrow to forget."

"Woman! Woman! you are not going to give that stuff to the children!" cried Tom, as she was passing the glass of liquor to them.

"Why not, can children have a better example set them than their fathers? Is not what is good for him good for them also? It will put them to sleep and they will forget they are cold and hungry. Drink; see how much good it does your father."

With much reluctance Mary suffered her husband to lead her home, and that night he prayed long and earnestly that God would help him to break off an evil habit, and keep a new formed but firm resolution.

His reformation was thorough. Mrs. Truesdall is now one of the happiest women, and remembers with a melancholy pleasure her first and last visit to the dram shop.

The Beauty of Purity.—Goethe was in company with a mother and daughter, when the latter, being reproved for something, blushed and burst into tears. He said to the mother: "How beautiful your reproach has made your daughter. The crimson hue and those silvery tears become her much better than any ornament of gold or pearls; those may be hung on the neck of any woman; these are never unconnected with moral purity. A full-blown flower, sprinkled with purest hue, is not so beautiful as this child, blushing beneath her parent's displeasure and shedding tears of sorrow for her fault. A blush is the sign which nature hangs out to show where chastity and honor dwells."

Living Beyond Their Means.—Bulwer says poverty is only an idea, in nine cases out of ten. Some men, with $10,000 a year, suffer more for want of means than others with $500. The reason is, the rich man has artiffcial wants. His income is $10,000 a year, and he suffers enough by being dunned for unpaid debts to kill a sensitive man. A man who earns a dollar a day and does not go in debt, is the happier of the two. Very few people who have never been rich will never believe this, but it is true. There are thousands and thousands with princely incomes, who never know a minute's peace, because they live beyond their means. There is really more happiness among the working men in the world than among those who are called rich.

Licensed to do What?

Licensed—to make the strong man weak,
Licensed—to lay the wise man low,
Licensed—a wife's fond heart to break,
And make her children's tears to flow.

Licensed—to do the neighbors harm,
Licensed—to kindle hate and strife,
Licensed—to nerve the robber's arm,
Licensed—to whet the murderer's knife.

Licensed—thy neighbor's purse to drain,
And on his soul a shadow cast,
Licensed—to heat his feverish brain,
Till madness crowns thy work at last.

Licensed—like a spider for a fly,
To spread thy nets for man, thy prey,
To mock his struggles, drain him dry,
Then cast the worthless husk away.

Licensed—where peace and quiet dwell
To bring disease, and want, and woe;
Licensed—to make this world a hell,
And fit man for a hell below!

[COMMUNICATED.]

A Day in a Berry Field.

Mr. Edilor:—

Few persons know or appreciate the value of Mr. White's berry fields. I do not mean the money value to himself alone, but to the community in which he lives; and Caroline county may well be proud of her adopted son.

It is not for the purpose of lauding his enterprise or his energy that this is written, for they have a more enduring character than a newspaper article can give them.—It is our intention to spend a part of the day in the berry patch amongst the pickers, to see what we can learn of life. Let the time be half-past five in the morning.—The pickers are crowding around the tent, or shanty, erected on the field to screen the ticket agent and the packers, and, we suppose, to keep the packed berries from the sun's rays. Well, here are kept the trays and baskets, and a good-natured scramble ensues to secure a tray on which to put the baskets, and one cries, "You've got my tray," another, "You've got my crate."—"'Taint so," says one; "I had this the other day." "I guess I know," says another; "here's my mark," and he bears it away in triumph. Another says, "Well, take it and be done with it, &c., &c.

But here comes Mr. White, and all hands file out, each one stationing him, or herself, beside a row, each one hoping that that particular row of bushes has many berries on it, and each one is already calculating how many boxes he or she can pick, and how soon they will get to another row; for in this business, as well as other manual labor where you work by the job, it depends on the expertness and nimbleness of the hands how much you can make.

For the first few hours, to a superficial observer there is little to interest, but as the sun climbs higher, and his rays begin to be felt, the pickers become more animated. Here, in this field, we find food for study. Here are depicted many phases of life; we find here women who have been kindly nurtured, but who, by the visisitudes of life are compelled to maintain a precarious life as best they can, perhaps without the comforting assurance that genial companionship awaits them at some distant day; and whilst they roast their brains in the hot sun, others, not more worthy than they, lounge away their time in idle luxury.

But it is now ten o'clock, the liveliest time. You can see the proprietor walking over the field, keeping an eye to the rows to see if the work is well done, stopping now and then to chide some slovenly picker, to answer a question, or to settle a dispute about the rows. We will follow him, but more at our leisure, and see all we can.—Each picker has pint boxes, either bowl shaped or square. The majority have trays, on which are from ten to a dozen boxes. The first row we come to is occupied by an old colored woman. She has an old felt hat on her head and presents a somewhat grotesque appearance. She has little to say, but is intent on the main chance of how many cents she can make till quitting time. Old Aunty is an adept, and keeps well to her work. We go further into the patch; now comes the sound of a boyish voice. "How many have you picked?" Another, "How many have you gathered?" Back comes the replies, and back goes the jealous "'Taint so!"—Even in picking berries, there is an undercurrent of selfishness.

But here is a great stalwart man; he seems to be out of his sphere. We stop to ask him, "You here?" "Yes, I hadn't anything else to do; I thought this better than doing nothing." As we go a few rows further, we find a mechanic, grum, silent and wilful you can see at a glance. I know it don't set well with him, but necessity knows no law. In the next row, are two children, as lively as crickets, and as busy as bees. The next three are occupied by a mother and two children; the former has evidently seen better days.—She is animating her son to pursue a certain plan she has mapped out for him, high and noble. Will he reach the goal of his and her ambition, or will they be disappointed in their cherished hopes?

But hark! A tiny voice cries out, "Git out of my lo, (row)! We look over the bushes and see a youngster of some five summers, with three boxes in his arms, calling to some one farther down, who has invaded his and his mother's vested right. "Git out of my lo, he calls again, "or I'll tell Mr. White!" Back comes a laughing rejoinder to the little champion, and off he marches for the tent to get his tickets and more boxes.

Here in the next row is a family of colored people, speculating on the amount they can earn during the week, and what they can buy for the money. In the next are two half-grown colored girls, talking about the time it will take them to earn enough to buy their dresses. In this one is a family of colored people, counting their tickets, and in the two next are a couple of boys, well known in town, chaffing about the number of boxes gathered. In the next five rows is a full white family—father, mother and children. On every side you hear good-natured jokes, snatches of song, parts of hymns, pleasant repartees, and a general good feeling, reminding one of the scenes described in the hop fields of England.

Sixty-three pickers occupy a good deal of ground, but all goes on as merry as a marriage bell. Old and young are here, from the five year old to the stalwart man. The female portion predominates, and I believe the white population are the most numerous.

But there goes the horn, and at its sound each one hurries up to the tent. Here is indeed a busy scene; in come the pickers laden with ripe, luscious fruit; tickets blue, red and pink are in demand. The proprietor is intent only on packing, marking and loading the crates, for the fruit must be at the depot in time, for the train, like time, waits for no man.

The last crate is on the wagon, and Mr. White is at his leisure. The question is asked, "How many to-day?" "Twenty-five." "Good," says one, and *"good"* say we. Twenty-five crates of berries to bring money to help build up our not over plethoric community, giving numbers employment who would otherwise be idle, helping the poorer classes to obtain the necessaries of which they would be deprived were it not for the berry patches of Josiah White.

Landholder of Caroline! you who have more than you know what to do with, give some one an opportunity of making it fruitful.

A Looker On.

Brilliant.—One of the finest qualities in a human being is that nice sense of delicacy which makes it impossible for him ever to be an intruder or a bore.

It is a great blunder in the pursuit of happiness not to know when we have got it; that is, not to be content with a reasonable measure of it.

Grief knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can; and common sufferings are far stronger links than common joy.

Any work whereby men and women earn an honest livelihood is neither to be despised or ridiculed, except by branches of fops and silly bells.

The mind is like the body in its habits, exercise can strengthen, as neglect and indolence can weaken it; they are both improved by discipline, both ruined by neglect.

Men are frequently like tea—as the real strength and goodness is not drawn out of them until they have been a short time in hot water.

Coleridge said that he would "creep toward the light, even if the light had made its way through a tent in the wall of the temple."

A white garment appears worse with slight soiling than do colored garments much soiled—so a little fault in a good man attracts more attention than great offences in a bad man.

History of The Old Red Cent.—As the old "red cent" has now passed out of use, and, except rarely, out of sight, like the "old oaken bucket," its history is a matter of sufficient interest for preservation. The cent was first proposed by Robert Morris, the great financier of the revolution, and was named by Jefferson, two hours after. It began to make its appearance from the mint in 1792. It bore the head of Washington on one side and 13 links on the other. The French revolution soon created a rage for French ideas in America, which put on the cent, instead of the head of Washington, the head of the Goddess of Liberty a French liberty, with back thrust forward and flowing locks. The chain on the reverse was rep'aced by the olive wreath of peace. But the French liberty was short lived, and so was her portrait on our cent. The next head or figure succeeding this, the staid classic dame, with a fillet around her hair came into fashion about 30 or 40 years ago, and her finely chiseled Grecian features have been but slightly altered in the lapse of time.

How to be Happy.—It is the easiest thing in the world to be happy, if men and women would only think so. Happiness is another name for love, for where love exists in a household there happiness must exist, even though it has poverty for a close companion. Where love exists not, even though it be in a palace happiness can never come. He was a cold and selfish being who originated the sayings that "when poverty comes in the door love jumps out the window;" and his assertion proves conclusively that he had no knowledge of love, for unquestionably, the reverse, of the axiom quoted is more than ever inclined to tarry and battle with the enemy. Let those who imagine themselves miserable, before they find fault with their surroundings, search their own hearts for the true cause. A few kind words or a forbearance, will open the way to a flood of sunshine in a sky darkened by the clouds of discord and unamiability.

Petroleum V. Nasby is D. R. Lock.

Never Prove False to a Friend.

Never prove false to a friend,
In love, and in friendship be true;
Never prove false to a friend,
So long as he's faithful to you.

He may be dishonest; a knave
In other's opinions, but then
To you he is generous and kind,
And one of the noblest of men.

Is any man free from each fault,
All righteous and good in his ways?
Lives there a woman so perfect on earth
That she can be named but in praise?

Never speak ill of a friend,
To gossipers keep closed ears;
An excellent rule in the main,
Is to credit one-tenth that you hear.

Stand by a friend in distress,
When you know he is really in need;
What matter if even he fails,
There is honor for you in the deed.

That one may deceive you 'tis so—
Then his, not your's the disgrace;
Because we find one man untrue,
Shall we wrong or distrust a whole race?

Censure a man for his faults,
Give him honor when honer is due;
But never prove false to a friend,
So long as he's faithful to you.

The Farmer's Column.

Summer Management for Horses.

A member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, writing to the *Times*, exposes the fallacy of the popular belief that a horse is benefitted by "a month's run." He says that new pastures are beginning to look green, and the weather promises to become warm, owners are thinking of giving their horses a treat by turning them on to grass. "I have worked my horses hard," say they, "and they need a summer's run." It will rest their legs and feet; besides, green food is the natural provender for horses, and they will enjoy a few months' rest at grass, and all the better for it." It is all very well for the young animal, protected by long hair, lengthy mane, and tail, whose time while young has to be got over one way or another, and it is found convenient to let him forage for himself; but with stale and "groggy" horses requiring rest, and whose owners turn them out with this object, the matter is entirely different. "Rest," properly so called, is not to be had in the pasture. In the simple process of gathering his food the horse walks many miles during the twenty-four hours, if the pasture be bare, and the same process obliges him to throw extra weight on his forelegs and feet, which it has been the intention of the owner to "rest." Besides, in the summer months, witness the poor horses huddled together for shelter from the myriads of insects which surround cattle when grazing, and watch them nervously tossing their heads, switching the tail, stamping, and thus jarring the feet and legs, moving to and fro in the vain hope of escaping from their tormentors, and ask if this be "rest."—When the sun is powerful, the feet become hot and parched, the horn is rendered brittle and breaks off in pieces. Besides, nothing throws a horse so soon out of condition as green food. The consequenee, in eight cases out of ten, is that the animal comes up from the grass in much worse form than when turned out "to rest"—if he escapes getting staked, or being kicked by his companions. What, then, is the best method of dealing with horses in the summer, when either rest is a necessity or otherwise desirable? Put them into a loose box or shed, well littered with tan-bark, sawdust or straw, or all combined; remove the shoes, and rasp off the sharp edges of the crust to prevent them from breaking, supply water without stint, give a liberal allowance of oats, Indian corn and bran, with cut chaff and hay, the whole of which will be better for being made ready damp with water. If, on the part of the owner, there is a predilection for green food, give it in small quantities mixed by hand with the hay, always remembering that the fat which it invariable produces is so much lumber, not condition, and that when the horse returns to work, the fat is thrown off at the cost of additional wear in the feet and legs.

Hard Times for Farmers.

A farmer in debt always will have hard times, such as those who own land and have a comfortable home, free from all incumbrance, cannot fully comprehend.—Mr. Beecher, who knows the cost of farming perhaps, better than its profits, says candidly:

"No blister draws sharper than interest does. Of all industries, none is comparable to that of interest. It works all day and night, in fair weather and foul. It has no sound in its footsteps, but travels fast. It gnaws at a man's substance with invisible teeth. It binds industry with its film as a fly is bound in a spider's web. Debts roll a man over and over, binding him hand and foot, and letting him hang upon the fatal mesh until the long-legged interest devours him. There is but one thing on a farm like it, and that is the Canada thistle, which swarms new plants every time you break its roots, whose blossoms are prolific, and every flower the father of a million seeds, every leaf is an awl, every branch a spear, and every plant like a plantoon of bayonets, and a field of them like an armed host. The whole plant is a torment and vegetable curse. And yet a farmer had better make his bed of Canada thistles than attempt to be at ease upon interest.

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