

this section, and almost all others stand well; they were sold at a big figure.

Again the Russian Apricot was sold at \$1 each, and not one out of scores is living, and this was something "remarkably hardy"; now they are pushing this pear and plum at a big price.—WALTER HICK, *Goderich, Ont.*

The Saunders Plum.

SIR.—In reply to the question by Mr. Trotter, of Owen Sound, respecting the Saunders Plum, page 163, June number CANADIAN HORTICULTURIST, you state that the Saunders Plum was first brought into public notice at the meeting of our Association at Barrie in 1884. Permit me to say that I think this is an error on your part, as it was first brought to the notice of the Fruit Growers' Association at our meeting in St. Catharines, commencing 29th August, 1883. The plum was then over-ripe.—Yours very truly, THOS. BEALL, *Lindsay, 19th June, 1889.*

NOTE.—Mr. Beall is correct. In the fruit committee's report on page 183, Report for 1883, will be found the following words:—"There were very good specimens of a yellow

seedling plum, grown by John Aris, Belleville. They are of excellent quality, and worthy of extensive trial." It was not named until the following year at Barrie.—EDITOR.

The Forestry Report.

SIR.—In Mr. Phipps's letter in the May number we read, "Such crops of wheat, such weight of grass per acre, etc. A brother of mine writing on last year's harvest, says, "Last summer was very wet and dull, the corn (grain) was very small, for we had very little sunshine and the corn did not get fit. With respect to such crops of grass, those who have to be off to the cities or towns, as the writer has had to, and be clear of their limits not later than five o'clock in the morning with the load of night manure, know something about what underlies such crops of grass other than the planting of trees. And the contrast made by Mr. Phipps between the Canadian and English farmers is, in my opinion, very misleading, for there are any amount of as good farmers in Ontario as are to be met with anywhere.—T. B. WHITE, *Clarksburg, Ont., June 8th, 1889.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

The Crofter's Farewell.

A TORRENT of imagining,
Rise in sorrowful array,
As we hear those weeping Crofters sing
Their wail of Highland melody!

See them gather on the strand
Sighing their farewell o'er and o'er,
Shall ever that heart-riven band
Return? sad waves reply, "No more!"

Lochaber! thy sunny braes shall never
Fade from our vision, in weal or woe,
Death only shall our fond hearts wither,
But Freedom beckons, we must go!

Away to the land that is owned by the free!
Away to the glorious West,
Away from all toll-worn penury
Where lordly power oppressed!

Good shepherd lead, with gentle hand,
Soothe each wild and wasted soul,
Guide them in a distant land,
Be thou the Pilgrim's Sentinel!

Ah, see their now deserted cots!
Dark and green, their white-washed walls.
Casements let in the drowsy bats,
From chimney clefts the ivy falls!

See their little "Garden Patch,"
Thorns and thistles usurp their sway,
Ripp'd from the roof the cosy thatch,
All's desolation and decay!

There's where the spacious ingle stood,
That yawning ruin, dark and gray,
Where the old cotters' happy brood
Were gathered every Sabbath day!

Grandsire's chair stood in that nook,
And by the light of the crackling log,
He read aloud from the holy Book,
Then raised a loving song to God!

Where now is the good old man of God,
Who fill'd love's seat in days gone by,
He sleeps beneath the moorland sod,
And the skylarks sing his requiem high.

The grave shall keep its hallowed store,
In mountain, plain or dell,
Their quickened clay shall rise and soar
At th' evicting trump of Gabriel!

GRANDMA GOWAN.

May.

WITH floral sweets the air is redolent,
And beauty breathes a soul through every
spray,
For now is Spring, and Spring's divinity—
May.

And every sense is eager turned, intent
To catch her voice and touch beneficent,
A polio charmed now lengthens much the day,
So lover-like he thus prolongs his stay.
The coy Queen weds—'tis Power and Beauty
blent.

Now zephyr gently summer's cradle rocks,
The green boughs waves to part the sun's
bright hair,
That so his child may sport the golden locks
Which warmly fall upon the infant fair.
Earth all unconscious that she suffers ill,
Sings, laughs and loves as though 'twere Eden
still.

S. P. MORSE, *Milton.*