

those voices of the flowers—are singing Evening Prayer.

"Bing! A star in the sky pricks its portrait in the pond—anon a second star—three—six—twenty stars! All the stars in the sky have made a tryst to meet in this fortunate pond. All around now is darkness and gloom—only the little lake is sparkling—an ant-heap of busy stars.

"The sun has gone to rest. The inner sun—the sun of the soul—the sun of art is rising. Good! My picture is made!"

Picturesque, this—poetic, religious, of a child-like happiness—and all these qualities spell the man Corot. Note, also, the peculiarity with which light, color, seem to suggest to him sound. Bing! Bam! Boum! An explosion!—and yet he writes of things absolutely soundless. The artist, the poet, the musician—three, yet one.

Although Corot won many medals and prizes in Paris, he was never a great favorite with the Directors of the Salon, who never once awarded him the "Prize of Honor." He had, during his life, however, many admirers in Paris, who, at one time, took affairs into their own hands, and presented to him a beautiful gold medal. Corot was greatly pleased. "I am very happy," he said, "to be loved like this." At another time, during the siege of Paris, in the terrible Franco-Prussian war, a company of marauders forced themselves into a room in the Tuileries in which were hung a number of Corot's paintings. A painter in the room rushed before them exclaiming, "Respect for art! These are Corot's!" and the men, after looking at the pictures, quietly went away. . . . As an instance of Corot's charity, it may be mentioned that, when this war was over, he subscribed 50,000 francs for the relief of the sufferers. Long ere this, of course, he had found the sale for his pictures which brought him an independent fortune.

In 1874, his sister, with whom he lived—for he had never married—died, and he never recovered from the shock. A year later he too passed away, peacefully, happily, as he had lived. When he knew that he was dying, he said: "Truly, if my hour has come, I shall have nothing to complain of. For fifty-three years I have been a painter. I have, therefore, been permitted to devote myself entirely to that which I loved the most in all the world. I have never suffered from poverty. I have had good parents and excellent friends. I can only be thankful to God." These were almost the last words of this talented, lovable man.

Corot's pictures are now worth fabulous prices, and he is acknowledged as one of the greatest landscape painters who ever lived. Moreover, the world owes him universal gratitude as the founder of the Barbizon School, whose influence has ever since dominated all art which has to do with the outdoor world. And yet, perhaps, in reading of him, we think more of the man than of his work, of his life, serene, lovely, full of truth and sunshine, like one of his own beautiful pictures—a life which may well be an example to us all.

FOR CANADA BEAUTIFUL.

Some of the Hardest Ornamental Trees and Shrubs.

[List given by W. T. Macoun, Horticulturist, Exp. Farm, Ottawa.]

DECIDUOUS.

Ginnalian Maple (*Acer. tartaricum, ginnala*).—A shrubby maple, growing from ten to twelve feet high and having highly-colored leaves of many shades in autumn.

Thunberg's Barberry (*Berberis Thunbergii*).—A very ornamental barberry, with scarlet berries and highly-colored leaves. Height about four feet.

Siberian Pea Tree (*Caragana arborescens*).—This shrub grows from twelve to fifteen feet in height; has

yellow, pea-shaped flowers in May, and attractive green foliage.

Russian Olive (*Elacagnus angustifolia*).—A small tree, with silvery foliage.

Green Ash (*Fraxinus pennsylvanica lanceolata*).—The green ash is a hardy tree, and is ornamental on account of its glossy, bright-green foliage.

Tamarack (*Larix pendula*).—The native tamarack is very hardy, and in early spring, especially, it is quite ornamental, as the leaves are bright green.

Tartarian Honeysuckle (*Lonicera tatarica*).—A beautiful shrub, with pink and white flowers, blooming in May, and reaching a height of fifteen or more feet.

Canada Plum (*Prunus nigra*).—The wild plum makes an ornamental flowering tree, and is very hardy.

Siberian Crab (*Pyrus baccata*).—Another highly-ornamental tree, which is useful as well.

American Mountain Ash (*Pyrus americana*).—this is a desirable tree on account of its attractive flowers, foliage and fruit.

Missouri Currant (*Ribes aureum*).—This currant has yellow, pea-shaped flowers, and is quite ornamental.

Japanese Rosa (*Rosa rugosa*).—A handsome hardy rose, with large, single, deep-pink flowers and glossy, green foliage.

Spiraea arguta.—A white, graceful spiraea, blooming early in May.

Van Houtte's Spiraea (*Spiraea Van Houttei*).—Another graceful, white-flowered spiraea, blooming in May, a little later than the last.

Lilac (*Syringa*).—The lilac, in many varieties, is one of the hardiest and most ornamental shrubs.

American Elm (*Ulmus Americana*).—One of the most graceful hardy trees.

Snowball (*Viburnum Opulus sterile*).—A well-known hardy shrub, with white flowers in globular clusters. The high-bush cranberry, of which this is a sterile variety, is also desirable on account of the highly-colored fruit.

Wayfaring Tree (*Viburnum Lantana*).—Attractive principally on account of its white flowers and ornamental fruit, which is red, afterwards turning black.

EVERGREENS.

White Spruce (*Picea abies*).—A native spruce, and very satisfactory.

Rocky Mountain Blue Spruce (*Picea pungens*).—The most attractive hardy spruce, the best forms of which have blue foliage.

Banksian Pine (*Pinus banbisiana*).—The native scrub pine, which makes a useful ornamental tree.

Scotch Pine (*Pinus sylvestris*).—This pine is hardier than the white pine, and, while not so ornamental, is well worth growing.

American Arbor Vitæ (*Thuja occidentalis*).—The Arbor Vitæ is well known, and it and its varieties are very useful for planting. T. occ. Wareana is one of the hardiest.

Balsam Fir (*Abies balsamea*).—Where trees are scarce, this evergreen, which is one of the hardiest, may be planted to good advantage.

Common Savin (*Juniperus Sabina*).—A very useful, low-growing juniper, and quite hardy.

HOW TO IMPROVE THE FARM LAWN.

By W. O. Throop.

As one drives through the country, the great number of farmhouses to be seen without any pretense at a lawn or flower garden whatever, must be very noticeable, while, if there are any trees, it is an odd one that has fortunately been spared by the woodman's axe for some unknown reason, and has grown till it has become the only redeeming feature about the farm dwelling.

One of the problems confronting us to-day is "How to keep the boy on the farm," and the solution of this problem, we think, would be to make the home-life so attractive that the boy will not wish to leave it. Surely a well-trimmed lawn, with its accom-

panying flowerbeds and shrubbery, would appeal to the care and pride of our country boys and girls, and they would bring their friends to their homes without feeling any need of an apology regarding its surroundings. Some will say, "There are so many farmers who have not time for this," but, if a little time and thought were expended each year much could be done in the way of improvement. After all, the labor would be amply paid for in the increased value of the farm property, and even if the pecuniary side of the question were not considered, the pleasure and satisfaction derived would be sufficient.

If there are no trees growing naturally around the farm buildings, no time should be lost in starting them. What can improve a place more than a fine row of maples along the front? while a row of evergreens on the exposed sides of a dwelling is always much appreciated. The spruce or cedar may be planted in May or early in November, as they are then well set for the first growth in the spring. Great care should be taken to protect the roots from exposure to the atmosphere, as this will very quickly kill the tree. Much attention and care should also be taken in planting. The roots should be carefully spread out in their natural position, and some fine rich soil should be well worked in among the fibrous ones, for it is through them that the tree or shrub is to be fed, and, if the planting is carelessly done, and an air-space left among the roots, the tiny fibres cannot find nourishment enough, and consequently the tree will die.

After the tree is planted, it should be well mulched and watered, if possible, with rain water. Each tree should be supported by being attached to a stake driven into the ground, as this holds it in its place, so that the winds during the first summer's growth cannot blow it about. A good plan is to tear some old sacks into strips, drive a stake on each side of the tree, and then tie the stakes and tree together. The wide piece of material, such as the strips of sack, is preferred, because, in rubbing the tree, it will not injure the bark.

As regards the hedge, the cedar makes a much better one than the spruce, as it is likely to fill out better and make a more uniform growth. The hedge should be planted as early in the spring as possible, so that it may benefit from the spring rains and receive all the spring growth.

In selecting the bushes to plant, one should gather them of a uniform size, as this will be a great advantage in growing the hedge. Of course, the larger the bushes, the more quickly will the hedge develop.

The cedar bushes to be planted on a lawn should never be taken from swampy ground, or from a place where they have been protected from other growth, as the change of conditions will be so great that they will probably die. Before gathering the bushes, a trench should be dug of a suitable size, as this enables one to get them transplanted more quickly, as it is very important to not let the roots be exposed to the atmosphere. The bushes should be planted not less than eighteen inches apart. They should be carefully dug, and not pulled. A careless planter will pull them up, but this so tears the roots that it is the cause of many dying.

In planting the cedar, a single row of bushes is to be preferred to a double one, as they thrive better and grow more quickly, and soon become as thick and lusty as can be desired.

In pruning the hedge, if the farmer be equipped with a large pair of hedge shears, that can be bought for a dollar, the work can be done very easily, and at any time throughout the summer.

The hedge, like the trees, should be well watered, and, during the first summer, if a drouth occurs, both

should be frequently watered, as it will pay better to lose a little time watering them than to have them die for the need of a drink, and have all the trouble of planting for nothing.

Then there are the flower-beds and ornamental trees to be considered, which help much to beautify a lawn. Of course, if a farmer is determined to have his farm stock around his door, as is seen so often, there will be little use in his trying to have much shrubbery, as a cedar hedge is a poor thing to turn cattle or horses. But if he be anxious to improve the surroundings of his home, with a little exertion, he can easily do so. Hiawatha.

INTRODUCTORY.

A few days ago, when turning out some old clippings, I came across the following account of a happy day spent at Port Stanley by the inmates of the Protestant Orphans' Home, of London, Ontario, nearly twenty-five years ago, written by myself in the character of a reporter. The remembrance of that day, with an almost life-like picture of some of the wrinkled old faces, stands out vividly before my mind's eye as I write. Each of the old folks has passed away long ago, and we who were then middle-aged are now upon the "old folks" list instead, many, however, remaining upon the Board of Trustees of that admirable institution, and taking as deep an interest as ever in its welfare. Their work is now more definitely confined to the care of the orphan and friendless, a separate home having since been established for the old people. Seeing that probably many of the little ones who shared in the joys of that eventful 23rd of August, 1883, are scattered throughout the broad Dominion, probably in homes of their own, and, looking for inspiration as to the cultivation of their land and the management of their farms to the pages of "The Farmer's Advocate" for them; more, perhaps, even than for any others of our readers, my little old-time story may have an interest, and to them I would dedicate it:

A True Tale.

Some Children's Money Boxes, and What They Did With Them.

Every morning's paper tells of some big picnic to Port Stanley—the picnic of this society and of that society, of this Sunday School and of that, etc., etc.; of the speeches made and the compliments exchanged; and very interesting it all is to read about. Now, I venture to think that some will like also to hear of our little picnic, too, and of how it came about that we had a picnic at all. This "we" applies, if you please, to the inmates of the Protestant Home and a few of its friends.

As Mr. Hiscox's big wagon unloaded our party at the Richmond street depot, on the morning of Thursday, 23rd inst., I assure you we created quite a sensation—or we ought to have done so, if we did not. After the goodly array of baskets (thank you friends, for their contents) were safely deposited on the ground, a real weighty subject had to be settled, viz.: How should one of us, who was a good way out of her eighties and into the nineties, of good, substantial make, and, from infirmity, having no legs to speak of, to be conveyed out of the wagon into the train? A pair of sturdy arms settled the question by conveying her in triumph through the admiring crowd, and depositing her in the waiting-room. We were some of us lame, none of us blind, thank God; one of us, alas! deaf and dumb, a few more or less shaky, or why should we need the shelter of the Home, kind friends? whilst amongst the little ones of the flock were some almost mere babes in arms. But we all meant to enjoy ourselves, and sure enough we did. You should have heard the jokes! You need not think that we have no fun left in us. Why, we have