

spread out before us, and been fanned by breezes as soft as those that now kissed our brows; but I doubt if any one of us ever enjoyed a sunset hour more keenly than the one we spent in that orange grove.

"SPRING WORK IN THE GARDEN."

(For Canadian Horticulturist.)

MR. EDITOR.—I send you a fine description of spring work in the garden, and the results, as clipped from one of our village locals. I am sure you will be very much amused at it, for although it may be true of that particular village, it is not true of any other that is within the range of my observations:

"At this season of the year the industrious owner of a town lot, riseth up before the sun in the morning, girds up his loins, seizes a spade, and delves the fertile blue mud until the welcome breakfast bell recalls him from his labors. As the net result of his season's work he will have: one case: rheumatism, one ditto lumbago, one pair d-moralized pantaloons, two pairs second hand shoes (tramp's choice), half-a-dozen sickly onions, two bunches lettuce, five stalks of rhubarb, and half-bushel potatoes."—*Watford Advocate*, May 2nd, 1884.

On the other hand, we frequently have occasion to admire the beautiful locations of many of the pleasant and thriving towns and villages of our proud Ontario. They seem to be founded on the very richest and most beautiful spots of earth that ordinarily fall to the lot of man to possess. Every township in every county holds as a precious inheritance high, and well-drained, rich alluvial soils that are the wealth of nations, and these are sure to be the proud site of some large or small, more or less thriving town or village, with its wealth of happy and prosperous citizens. This is just as it should be, and they are the pride of the country at large. Talk about hard feelings, bickerings and war between the

town and country! It is all purest nonsense; they all need one another, and are proud of each other's possession. Those town and village sites are the loveliest spots of earth that enrich and beautify a country, and are as stars in the ever blue firmament of its glorious history. Each of its inhabitants is an ant in the mole hill, and all are working for the general good of the entire community. The poorest man amongst them may be as happy and self-important as a prince in the possession of a town lot or of several, and on this he toils with never-tiring energies early and late, delving, not in the "*fertile blue mud*," but in the *more fertile grey or black mould* of our rich alluvial soils. And why should he not thus work with unflagging diligence! It may be that his lot is the admiration and pride of the entire corporation. In this very village to which our extract applies, we know in particular of one of those happy and fortunate possessors of a beautiful town lot that is looked to and is the admiration of the entire village. The owner is a florist of no mean pretensions, and to walk up and down that street and only gaze from the outside upon those lovely beds of rich and varied colour is a joy and lasting pleasure every villager prizes, and is in the conversations of every gossip. Now, sir, you yourself, with your finely cultivated attainments, I may be safe to say, would be delighted to pass some fine summer evening by that man's garden, and you would in all likelihood be amongst those who stop to gaze at the variety of colour and beauty, and to sniff the fragrant perfumes that float from that spot of cultivated earth and fill the surrounding air. Is not this as it should be? In every village we find them; these precious workers for the general good; the very "*salt of the earth*," with their rich endowment of fine taste and well trained muscle.