

## LINES ADDRESSED TO A BED OF PANSIES.

(Written a few years since.)

Bright eyed pansies opening wide  
In the glory of your pride,  
Who would think that fashion's hour  
Over you could cast its power.

Yet you're now the reigning belle—  
Such at least the florists tell ;  
Well you merit all the fame  
Which is thrown around your name.

Dare I now with you compare,  
What by nature still you are,  
Those tiny things the children bring  
In the early days of spring.

True I love your happy face,  
Though the smallest of your race,  
And you love a quiet spot,  
Well contented with your lot.

You, I call the laughing flower,  
You enjoy a shining hour,  
And you bear transplanting well :  
To my heart repose you tell ;  
For I've not the calm content  
Of my little favorite yet.

Would the meekness that you teach,  
Every discontent could reach ;  
Would all hearts were free from guile,  
As your playful winning smile :  
Would each mind were daily taught  
With the lessons you are fraught.

\* \* \*  
Where is reason's boasted power  
Which is baffled by a flower!

M. W. M.

## A TREELESS COUNTRY.

"I had a dream which was not all a dream !"  
A great State was a desert, and the land  
Lay bare and lifeless under sun and storm,  
Treeless and shelterless. Spring came and went,  
And came, but brought no joy ; but in its stead  
The desolation of the ravine floods  
That leaped like wolves or wildcats from the hills  
And spread destruction over fruitful farms,  
Devouring as they went the works of man,  
And sweeping southward nature's kindly soil  
To choke the watercourses, worse than waste.

The forest trees that in the olden time—  
The people's glory and the poet's pride—  
Tempered the air and guarded well the earth,  
And under spreading boughs for ages kept  
Great reservoirs to hold the snow and rain,

From which the moisture through the teeming year  
Flowed equably but freely—all were gone.  
Their priceless boles exchanged for petty cash,  
The cash had melted, and left no sign ;  
The logger and the lumberman were dead ;  
The axe had rusted out for lack of use ;  
But all the endless evil they had done  
Was manifested upon the desert waste.

Dead springs no longer sparkled in the sun ;  
Lost and forgotten brooks no longer laughed ;  
Deserted mills mourned all their moveless wheels ;  
The snow no longer covered as with wool  
Mountain and plain, but buried starving flocks  
In Arctic drifts ; in rivers and canals  
The vessels rotted idly on the mud  
Until the spring floods buried all their bones ;  
Great cities that had thriven wondrously,  
Before the source of thrift was swept away,  
Faded and perished, as a plant will die  
With water banished from its roots and leaves ;  
And men sat starving in the treeless waste,  
Beside their fruitless farms and empty marts,  
And wondered at the ways of Providence !  
*New York Sun.*

THE NEW ORLEANS WORLD'S EXPOSITION.—California expects to make a point at the World's Fair next winter by sending to the Crescent City a wonderful collection of photographs of natural scenery. Photographers in various parts of the State are at work making views of the most noted mountain and valley scenes. "The glorious climate of California," has heretofore been regarded as one of the chief promoters of the beauty of the photographs made on "the slope ;" and now the matter will be brought to a test, for the photographs of all nations at the great Exposition will be placed side by side.

CURRENTS.—Currants are yearly growing in favor and the price of the fruit advancing ; and now currant culture is profitable, and likely to continue so for a series of years. Ground can not well be made too rich for currants and gooseberries. Plant in rows four feet apart, and plants three feet apart in the rows ; give thorough culture or deep mulch over the entire surface, cut out all wood of three years' growth (or after first crop is often considered better), and a good crop is almost certain. Red Dutch, White Grape, Victoria, and Versailles are still the favorites.—*The Prairie Farmer.*