

crumbs, it must be either at the expense of their own health, or of their owner's profits; for, leaving out the "crack feeds" of bread soaked in old ale, fresh roast beef, hempseed, candle-maker's greaves, &c., and taking only the cheapest grain—barley, for example—at present prices, we have one-third of a peck a week for each hen, or four bushels a-year, say 18s., or if wheat, 27s.; and six dozen of eggs a-year, even at a 1s. a dozen, is but a poor set-off against such a sum, and this does not include the cost of keeping the cock bird; and if chickens reared are to be taken into account, so must the food they eat be accounted for also.—*David Sangster.*

### Poetry.

The following lines, written on occasion of the recent death of a young lady, only 15 years of age, (a niece of the Editor of this Journal) have been sent us by a friend residing in the south of England, who is a constant reader of our paper. The spirit which they breathe will commend itself to many a bereaved and sympathising heart:—

'Tis past! thy pains are ended,  
All suffering now is o'er;  
Thy spirit freed has landed,  
On a far happier shore.

Long did the Angel tarry  
Before he struck the blow,  
And sent disease to carry  
The summons hence to go.

For weary hours you waited,  
And calmly bore the pain;  
By Hope—kind Hope—supported,  
No murm'ring accents came.

I watched thee when thy sister  
Would try to ease thy pain:  
When not thy faintest whisper  
Was ever breathed in vain.

Her kindness thou wilt treasure  
In that sunless home of thine,  
And feel an Angel's pleasure,  
To tell to ear's divine.

How bitter is the sorrow  
Thy parents too will feel,  
As each returning morrow  
They miss thee at their meal!

When, with agonising sadness,  
The memory of the Past,  
Sweeps o'er them in its madness  
Like a bitter winter's blast.

Oh! if thy spirit wander  
Back to this earth again,  
Thou'dst know the broken slumber—  
The silent heart-felt pain.

The tears that flow unnoted,  
(The holiest that fall)  
The prayers that are presented  
Unto the Father of us all;

The thoughts thy image wakens,  
Of the vacancy and gloom,—  
The spirit-speaking tokens  
Of Love beyond the tomb;

The still pent-up emotion  
Relieved not by a tear;  
The earnest calm devotion,  
Too pure for mortal ear;

Thou—hid from finite vision—  
Thy heaven-taught soul may know,  
And breathe in soft compassion  
O'er those you lov'd below!

Then bend still o'er them hourly,  
While here on earth they stay;  
And guide them all securely  
In the true and living way.

### GARDEN VISITORS.

It was only last summer that a friend from the city, affecting for the moment a taste for horticulture sought admission to our little garden. We took him thither, and he rushed through as if a railway whistle had pierced the tympanum of his ear, or if he had been bent on "proving by his heels the prowess of his head." We waited at the door until his return, and had not long to wait, when taking the adjoining border as our text, we proceeded to descant upon its inhabitants. The first was a Peruvian novelty, which had never flowered beneath the Tay, and for whose inflorescence we were waiting in high expectancy.—The second was a hybrid Veronica, the gift of an early cherished friend, and most accomplished floriculturist—a child from a marriage of his own making; for our friend's is highly potential in commanding parties to join hands—in manipulating those quaint clandestine marriages, for which nature does not provide—in tying those mystic hymenial knots among Flora's children, the progeny whereof does oftentimes give a pleasant surprise at once to the parent and priest.—The third was a rose—the *Geant de Battailles*—a gift from another friend, who varies his exertion in the gloomy province of criminal law by frequent recreations among the innocent and lovely denizens of his exquisite Rosarium. We were making slow progress in our descriptive narrative—for, indeed to us a flower border is not a mere border of flowers, but an unrolled volume of many-colored history. Each plant has its pedigree and its parentage—its peculiarities of habit and education, and its biography. One brings to our recollection dear friends in a distant land; another transports us to its native home among the snowy Himalayas. Every plant forms a nucleus of kindly associations, and "on every bough we have learned to hang gentle thoughts and pleasant memories." To number three in the border we had only reached, when, accidentally looking into the face of our friend from the city, we saw depicted there blank ignorance, and a cold negation of all sympathy with our floricultural enthusiasm. It was enough; we were throwing words away. We conducted Mr. Urban out of the garden; but not before he had cropped, with most rash and profane fingers, the flowers of an *antirrhinum* of such clean and brilliant stripes, that we had severed it from its compeers for the purpose of seeding! Smothering our indignation we led the gentleman back to our parlor, and put into his hands an Edinburgh newspaper! We have made up our mind on the subject. A man that can walk rapidly through a garden is an undoubted barbarian. He ought to keep to the highway—or the boards of the Parliament House; or if he must enter a garden, let it be a large one, where he may take an airing, and pedestrianize at his pleasure.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

AN APPLE PUDDING DUMPLING.—Put into a nice paste, quartered apples, tie up in a floured cloth, and boil two hours; serve with sweet sauce. Pears, plums, peaches, &c., are fine done this way.