

Fruit in Amabel, County of Bruce.

The weather at present is very warm and dry, the grubs are doing a great deal of harm to the garden and field crops, both here and in the surrounding Townships. Small fruits will be very abundant, so will plums. Apples will be about an average. Pears promise well. Cherries are light, but there are not many raised. The fall wheat is good and spring wheat promises well. Peas, barley, and late oats are injured with the grub. Hay will be above the average. I never saw it better.

W. SIMPSON.

Amabel, June 25, 1872.

Killing Cut Worms.

St. Joseph, Mich., is again the theatre of another wonderful discovery in the way of destruction to insect enemies. It will be remembered that last year Mr. Ransom discovered the chip trap for catching curculios. Now Mr. Boynton has discovered a method of trapping cut worms by the thousand. It came about in this wise: In a field of tomatoes he was much troubled with the worms destroying the plants. Thinking they might be baited, he cut some green clover, wadded it up into small balls and distributed them among the hills of tomatoes, and found that the worms would collect about them, eat and go into the ground near them. In this way he took from the locality of these balls the numbers of 37, 68, 70 and 82. He has experimented with various baits mixed with the clover to destroy them, and at last took boiling water pouring it over and about these wads, in that way destroying 15,000 in a single day.

The grasshoppers are again depredating extensively in Utah.

Four cases of cauliflower, through in seven days from the stalks, were recently received in New York from Sacramento, Cal.

SCOTCH GARDENING.—Scotch gardeners and gardening have long enjoyed a well-sustained reputation. Various reasons have been assigned for this, such as their teeming numbers, climatal difficulties, and the genius and education of the people. As to the first, the Scotch have been called a nation of gardeners; they are, as it were, to the manner born. It has been facetiously added that they strike gardeners in Scotland like gooseberry bushes, and that, moreover, most of them find good warm roomy quarters in the south. To the majority of Scotch gardeners difficulty is simply a thing to be vanquished—a sort of mental spring-board by which to vault across the gulf of failure on the sure, solid ground of complete success. Cold, sunless skies but warm their skill into life; thin, poor soils are manured thickly with fruitful expedients. The school of trial turns out the most accomplished pupils, and the hill of difficulty is the best of all constitutionals for the strengthening of mental backbones. The best gardeners, whatever their nationality, have learned in this school, and exercised on that hill, till all things have become possible—easy to them.—*The Gardener's Chronicle*.

Poetry.

Aspirations.

Higher yet and higher,
Speed with upward wing
Pause not in thy mission,
Strive at once to spring;
Fling thy thoughts to heaven,
With hope's incense fraught,
That when earthly ties are riven,
Thou may'st reach thy thought

Higher yet and higher—
He who travels fast
By keeping on untiring,
Will reach the goal at last.
Never heed the distance,
Ere the goal be won,
Space hath no resistance
To him who travels on.

Higher yet and higher!
All that lowers spurn,
Flames in lofty regions,
Purer, brighter, burn,
Though our hearts be nearest
To the things we love,
He sees earth the clearest
Who gazes from above

Higher yet and higher,
Bid thy spirit soar
Through life's changeful ocean
Ply the strongest oar.
Fly ambition's juggle,
Shun the tempter's cup,
Better in the struggle
Die,—than give it up.

Higher yet and higher
Bid thy hope ascend,
Who keeps in view the summit,
Gains it in the end
Heaven hath dominions,
Naught can give us higher
Spirit plane thy pinions,
Higher still and higher

Woburn.

W S

The Childless Mother.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

I lay my tasks down one by one,
I sit in the silence in twilight's grace—
Out of its shadow, soft and dun,
Steals like a star my baby's face.

Mocking cold are the world's poor joys,
How poor to me all its pomp and pride!
In my lap lies the baby's idle toys,
In this very room the baby died.

I will shut these broken toys away
Under the lid where they mutely bide,
I will smile in the face of the noisy day,
Just as if baby had never died.

I take up my work once more,
As if I had never laid it down;
Who will dream that I ever wore
Motherhood's fine and holy crown?

Who will dream my life ever bore
Fruit the sweeter in grief and pain?
The fitting smile that the baby wore
Out-rayed the light of the loftiest brain

I'll meet the man in the world's rude din,
Who hath outlived his mother's kiss,
Who hath forsaken her love for sin—
I will be spared her pang in this.

Man's way is hard and sore beset:
Many must fall but few can win.
Thanks, dear Shepherd! My lamb is safe,
Safe from sorrow and safe from sin.

Nevertheless, the way is long,
And tears leap up in the light of the sun.
I'd give my world for a cradle song,
And a kiss from baby—only one.

Household.

Slop Barrel—Substitute for a Drain.

I was troubled in regard to waste from kitchen; tried underdrains both of wood and tile, and found many would become stopped up after a time. Then I tried open drains; the unpleasant odors from the gutters soon ended that experiment, but for the last five years I have been following a plan that I think better than underdrains even if they would work well.

I took an old axle with wheels, and had the blacksmith cut the axle, take a piece out, weld it together again so that it was just wide enough to go through my garden gate. I then had shafts set on top of the axle and bolted to it; the ends projected over behind some two and one half feet and had iron hooks to them, the shafts being connected together at the other end by a stout cross piece to push or pull by. The axle should have iron stays to come up from it to the shafts to make them firm.

I then got a common coal oil barrel and had "lugs" put on each side by the smith. This stands outside the kitchen door, and is the receiver of all waste from the house, kitchen and laundry, and once or twice a day the wheels are run up to it, the hooks hooked into the "lugs," and with the weight of a good sized boy, the barrel is raised and taken to the garden or compost pile, and its contents go to enriching the soil for future crops. I thus get rid of the refuse from the house in an effectual and economical way, and have, besides, a pair of wheels that are useful in various ways. The shafts have boards nailed to them over the axle and will hold wood pile, two bushel baskets of corn, crates of peaches, etc.—*Cor. Country Gentleman*.

Farm Household.

We, farmers, all live more or less in the home, and it is there we ought always to find comfort, rest, and peace. If we do not, there is some fault somewhere. The members of a farmer's family necessarily depend largely on each other. In cities or towns there is so much less immediate and actual contact that this is not equally felt. It little signifies whether the household is in affluence, or comparative poverty, without peace amongst its inmates there can be found no true rest after labor is over. A great deal depends on ourselves, and our bearing and treatment towards each other. If the father is violent, so will the sons be. If the mother is slovenly and idle, untidy and cross, the daughters as a rule, will follow her example. If the father and mother quarrel, so will the sons and daughters. If the sons are unbrotherly to their sisters, there will be little kindly feeling in return. In short, forbearance and mutual consideration should be the constant aim of all in-