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SEPTEMBER waves his Golden-rod
Along the lanes and hollows,
And saunters round the sunny fields,
A-playing with the swallows.

The Corn has listened for his step ;
The Maples blush to meet him,
The gay, coquetting Sumach dons
Her velvet cloak to meet him.

Come to the hearth, O merry prince !
With flaming knot and ember ;
For all your tricks of frosty eyes,
We love your ways, September.

—*Ellen M. Hutchinson.*

THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

A HIGH sounding title for an apple surely! and complimentary or not to Her Royal Highness, according to the beauty and real worth of the apple which bears it. It is not,

however, an unnatural one, for we have already among our apples a "King" and a "Queen." Why then not expect a "Princess"?

This apple is a true Canadian seedling, and the original tree is growing