

KEEP WEED SEEDS OUT OF MANURE.—Some seeds will live through almost any usual fermentation of the heap, and besides it should not heat and ferment. Many weeds cut in flower will still ripen seed, and as a general thing the seeds of our most pernicious weeds are most tenacious of life. The fire is the proper place for them, and as ashes they are harmless and profitable.

SCOURS IN SHEEP.—The best remedy we know of for scouring in sheep, is milk thickened with wheat flour. A pint should be given twice a day till the unnatural discharge is stopped.

ONE SIDED GROWTH.—A few years ago an intelligent gentleman had a contract to set out a hundred shade trees. He took the precaution to mark the north side of each tree, and to plant the same side north when it was transplanted. By this carefulness he saves the life of almost all that he moved. In this hemisphere, the sun shining upon the southern half of a tree so constantly, stimulates the growth of the fibres on that side considerably above the other, so that in many cases, the annual rings are much larger on this side than on the other.

PRESERVING BUTTER.—"It is said" that butter will keep for a long time, if each pound be treated with one ounce of the following composition, recommended by Dr. Allan viz: Salt 2 parts; saltpetre 1 part; sugar 2 parts.

SODA CRACKERS.—The following recipe will make crackers superior to any ever purchased:—To 14 cups of flour, add 1 cup of lard, 4 teaspoonsful of cream tartar, and 2 of soda: rub these ingredients well into the flour, add three cups of water, work thoroughly and bake quick.

WIFIE, COME HAME.

Wifie, come hame,
My couthie wee dame!
O but ye're far awa',
Wifie, come hame!

Come wi' the young bloom o' morn on thy broo,
Come wi' the lone star o' love in thine e'e,
Come wi' the red cherries ripe on thy mou',
A' glist wi' balm, like the dew on the lea,
Come wi' the gowd tassels fringin' thy hair,
Come wi' thy rose cheeks a' dimpled wi' glee,
Come wi' thy wee step, and wife-like air,
O, quickly come and shed blessings on me!

Wifie, come hame,
My couthie wee dame!
O my heart wearies sair,
Wifie, come hame!

Come wi' our love pledge, our dear little dawtie,
Clasping my neck round, an' clamberin' my knee;
Come let we nestle and press the wee pettie,
Gazing on ilka sweet feature o' thee:
O but the house is a cauld hame without ye,
Lanely and eerie's the life that I dree;
O come awa', an' I'll dance round about ye,
Ye'll be'er again win frae my arms till I dee.

BALLANTINE.

THE CHILD OF THE COUNTRY.

Child of the country! on the lawn
I see thee like the bounding fawn,
Blithe as the bird which tries its wing
The first time on the wings of Spring;
Bright as the sun when from the cloud
He comes as cocks are crowing loud;

Now running, shouting, 'mid sunbeams,
Now groping trout in lucid streams,
Now spinning like a mill-wheel round,
Now hunting Echo's empty sound,
Now climbing up some old tall tree—
For climbing's sake—'t's sweet to thee
To sit where birds can sit alone,
Or share with thee thy venturous throne.