

## MY NEIGHBOURS GARDEN.

Up to the border of my small domain  
My neighbour's garden stretches wide and sweet ;  
His roses toss against my window-pane ;  
His jasmine wreathes my porch and doorway seat.

My threshold every May is carpeted  
With pale pink petals from his peach-tree blown ;  
His tallest lilac lifts its plummy head—  
Up to the casement where I sit alone.

Waking, I hear, as dawns the morning light,  
My neighbour busy in his bordered walks,  
Noting the added beauties born of night,  
Pulling the weeds among his flower stalks.

From early March, when the beave crocus comes,  
Edging the beds with lines of blue and gold,  
Till the consoling, kind chrysanthemums  
Contend against December's cruel cold,

My neighbour toils with wise and patient hand,  
Scarce pausing in his work for sun or shower,  
Evolving gradually from mould and sand  
The germ, the leaf, the perfect bud and flower.

A rare magician he—whose touch transmutes—  
Helped by the sprites which rule the airs and dews—  
Dry dormant seeds and dark unlovely roots  
To graceful shapes and richest scents and hues.

His garden teems with glad and brilliant lives ;  
There wheel and dive the gauzy dragon-flies,  
Bees gather tribute for their distant hives ;  
And grey moths flutter as the daylight dies.

Sparrows and wrens sing songs which need no words ;  
And over flower-cups scarce more bright than they,  
Green-winged and scarlet-throated humming birds  
Hang, trauced with sweet, then whirl and dart  
away.

From branch to branch, beneath my watching eyes,  
His net a black and golden spider weaves ;  
And scores of many-colored butterflies  
Waltz in and out among the dancing leaves.

My neighbour in their midst—thrice favoured one!  
Delves, plants, trains, weeds, and waters patiently,  
Studies the alchemy of rain and sun,  
And works his floral miracles for me.

For me! not one enjoys this Paradise  
As I, within my overlooking room ;  
It is not seen even by the owner's eyes  
At once, the whole wide stretch of growth and bloom.

With sight and mind absorbed he little thinks  
How all his garden's sweetness drifts to me—  
How his rich lilies and his spicy pinks  
Send incense up to me continually.

Yet still he labours faithfully and long  
My loneliness to brighten and beguile,  
Asking for all this fragrance, bloom and song,  
Not even the small repayment of a smile.

Unconscious friend, who thus enrichest me,  
Long may thy darlings thrive, untouched by blight,  
Unplagued by worm or frost! and may there be  
No serpent in thine Eden of delight!

And ye whose spirits faint with weariness,  
Count not you work unvalued and unknown ;  
Cheered by your toil, some silent soul may bless  
The hand which strives not for itself alone.

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN

HOW TO MAKE ALCOHOLIC PLASTIC.—  
Melt 10 parts of white rosin with one part  
of beeswax. When thoroughly melted,  
remove the dish from the stove, and cool  
until the alcohol will not smoke, then pour  
in alcohol—continuously stirring—until  
the mixture, when cool, is of about the  
consistency of molasses in cool weather.  
We do not measure the alcohol, but pour  
in very slowly until the stirring cools the  
mass. For use in the graft-room it does  
not need warming. For use in the open  
air, we place the dish on the top of a lan-  
tern-like arrangement with a kerosene  
lamp under it, regulating its consistency  
by turning the wick up and down. If  
covered with a white rag, we do not find  
this plastic to melt in the sun to more  
serious extent than the common grafting  
wax. I will add that during the past four  
years we have met severe losses in grafting  
with wax softened with linseed oil.—*Prairie Farmer.*

GRAPE NOTES.—Lady Washington is  
too late ; Jefferson is also late though of  
of the first quality. It is worthy of trial  
where the seasons are longer than at the  
Rural Grounds. Vergennes is also a red-  
dish grape, of fair quality, that keeps well.  
Eldorado is of superb quality and very  
early—but it is not a grape that will suc-  
ceed everywhere. Moore's Early is the  
best early market grape. Eaton, will make  
its mark as an early black. The Niagara  
holds its high reputation for fruitfulness  
and healthiness. It is probably the best  
market white grape known at present.  
Jessica is a very early white grape of some  
promise. F. B. Hayes (white) is hardy  
and of good quality for a purely native  
grape. Ulster Co. Prolific, (let us call it  
Ulster) and Poughkeepsie Red, are in every  
way promising. Pocklington is inferior to  
several white grapes of recent origin. The  
Woodruff Red disappoints us. It is a large  
showy, red grape, but foxy.—*Rural News  
Yorker.*