

OUR OLD APPLE TREE.

What ails this weary heart o' mine
What brings the tear draps to my ee?
'Tis the memory o' Auld lang syne
And my bairnies bonny apple tree.

I had but one in our kail yard
The queen o' all her kind was she,
Planted by Glen-Gowan's Laird
Lang e'er the birth o' John or me.

It had nae braw newfangled name
As "Bietigheimer" or sic like,
But was a tree o' guidly fame
An proudly nodded o'er the dyke.

(The diel ne'r sowed a finer apple
To gar our mother fa' frae grace.
An leave its mark on Adam's thrapple
And a' the Sons o' Adam's race).

Oft do the tears come welling o'er
My furrowed cheeks, while in my sleep
I see my bairnies, as of yore
Happy darlings on that seat.

Under the dear auld apple tree,
Where my guid man, on Sabbath days
Forgether'd wi the weans an' me,
To tell o' wisdom's pleasant ways.

"Now they are women grown, an' men."
Some gae'd east, some wander'd west,
An' some below the mools were lain
Wi my guid man in peaceful rest.

The years o' Pilgrimage gae'n me
Is dawning on three score an' ten,
Still 'neath that bonnie apple tree
I see my bairnies young again!

GRANDMA.

THE SHAMROCKS.

"Here gran'ma here's a present, it has come a distance,
too,
'Tis a little pot of shamrocks and it comes addressed
to you;
Yes, all the way from Ireland, and the card here men-
tions more—
They were gathered at your birthplace on the banks of
Avonmore."

"From Ireland! do you tell me? O, darling, is it
true?
Acushla, let me feel them—and you say 'twas there
they grew?
Why, I can scarce believe it; is it really what you say?
From my birthplace in old Ireland! poor old Ireland
far away.

"I'm old and stiff and feeble, and in darkness, God be
praised,
Yet, Katie, how it starts me, how my poor old heart
is raised,
To feel it here so near me, the soil that gave me birth,
The very clay of Ireland; let me kiss the holy earth.

"These blessed little shamrocks! I can't see them,
yet I know
They bring me back the eyesight of the happy long
ago!
And gleaming through the darkness comes the vision
that I love,
The dark green fields of Ireland and the sunny sky
above.

"I see, as I once saw them, when a girl like you I
stood
Amid the furze and heather; there's the chapel, hill
and wood;
There's the abbey clad with ivy, and the river's wind-
ing shore,
And the boys and girls all playing on the banks of
Avonmore.

"God bless the little shamrocks then, for bringing
back the scene,
The beauty of the sunshine, the brightness of the
green;
Thro' long, long years to see it, and see it all so plain,
Ah, child, I'm sure you're smiling, but I'm feeling
young again.

"And then I'm truly thankful for the blessings that
God's hand
Has brought around me, Katie, in this great and happy
land.
I can't forget the old home, 'midst the comforts of the
new,
My heart is three parts buried where those little sham-
rocks grew."

BUTTER-MILK AND WATER AS AN INSEC-
TICIDE.—To get rid of the cabbage-worm
I have successfully used butter milk and
water the last two years—about one-third
of the former to two-thirds of the latter.
My cabbages were also badly infested with
lice, but two applications freed them com-
pletely. The brown and yellow striped
bug, the great pest to cucumber and water-
melon vines, will do no damage if the
vines are occasionally sprinkled with the
mixture; but I think they require sprink-
ling oftener and with a stronger solution
of butter-milk than the cabbage.—W. C.
C. *Rural New Yorker*.

THE PEA-BUG.—Mr. T. Coryell, of
Whitby, Ont., grows six hundred acres of
peas, which he chiefly sells to American
seedsmen. For the pea-bug coal oil is the
specific, a gallon and a half for sixty
bushels. The seed to be purged of bugs
is spread in the bottom of a bin to the depth
of a few inches. Then with a fine water-
ing can, the spout of which is flattened
and perforated on the under side with fine
holes, the oil is applied. Very little does
for a depth of three inches; the rake soon
covers all the peas with a coating of oil.
Then a second layer is put on and simi-
larly treated. Mr. C. says that his experi-
ments show that not a bug survives the
sixth day, and the vitality of the peas is
not the least impaired by the oil.