

SONG OF THE COUNTRY.

AWAY from the roar and the rattle,
The dust and din of the town,
Where to live is to brawl and to battle,
Till the strong treads the weak man down.
Away to the bonnie green hills,
Where the sunshine sleeps on the brae,
And the heart of the greenwood thrills
To the hymn of the bird on the spray.

Away from the smoke and the smother,
The vale of the dun and the brown,
The push and the plash and the pother
The wear and waste of the town!
Away where the sky shines clear,
And the light breeze wanders at will,
And the dark pine wood nods near
To the light plumed birch on the hill.

Away from the whirling and wheeling,
And steaming above and below,
Where the heart has no leisure for feeling,
And the thought has no quiet to grow.
Away where the clear brook purrs,
And the hyacinth droops in the shade,
And the plume of the tern uncurls
Its grace in the depth of the glado

Away to the cottage, so sweetly
Embowered 'neath the fringe of the wood,
Where the wife of my bosom shall meet me
With thoughts ever kindly and good.
More dear than the worth of the world
Fond mother with bairnies three,
And the plump-armed babe that has curled
Its lips sweetly pouting for me.

—J. Stuart Blackie.

FARMS NO EYE HAS SEEN.

EASTERN OYSTER BEDS AND THE METHOD OF PLANTING AND HARVESTING THE CROPS.

OYSTERS are raised by cultivation, just as fruits and vegetables are. They are found in all seas in from four feet to six fathoms of water, and never at a great distance from the shore. They are most abundant in the quiet waters of gulfs and bays formed at the mouths of larger rivers. The principal sources of supply for the United States are the Chesapeake Bay, New Jersey coast, and Long Island Sound. Formerly the Northern beds were almost wholly kept up by restocking with seed oysters from Chesapeake Bay and the Hudson River, but of late the oyster reapers have secured the seed, or spat, as the fishermen call it, during the spawning season, and new grounds have been utilized until the area of the oyster beds can be measured by townships, and is constantly extending.

Although there is no such thing as buying the beds on any of the public waters, yet oyster grounds are, in a manner, bought and sold in this way. A man or a company will clear up a new place and begin raising oysters. If these men wish to go out of the business they sell their squatter's right to their bed. The right is recognized in the business, and such a right holds good by common consent. The spat gathered in the spawning season is scattered over the beds from which oysters have been gathered or on newly prepared ground, as the may be. Here it lies from one year to five or six years. Rockaways lie about one year and Sounds from three years to five years. The increase is from three to six baskets for every one of spat. The chances, as a rule, are in favour of a good crop, but the oystermen have many things to contend with, so that it sometimes happens that when they go to gather the oysters they find either dead ones or none at all. The oyster has its natural enemies, such as the drumfish and starfish, which destroy a great many, and in the second place the ground sometimes proves

unsatisfactory. Sometimes a heavy weight of grass grows fast to them, and, pressing them down into the mud, smothers them, or, when they are on sandy soil, a storm will occasionally cover them entirely with sand. However, with the constantly improved methods of cultivation, means are being continually devised for the better protection of the oyster.

Two-thirds of the oysters now brought into the New York market during the summer and autumn come from the lower bay and are called Sounds. The remainder may be said to come from Rockaway, Blue Point, and the East River. The winter trade depends more or less on the supply from Chesapeake Bay, although large quantities taken in the New York waters are stored for winter use.

The boats usually stay out a week or six days. Each is provided with oyster tongs and a dredge. At first, while the oysters are thick, the men use the tongs. Afterward they finish up by raking over the ground with the dredge. The dredge is an iron rake in two sections. It has a big bag hanging from the back of it, made of iron links. This is always held open by an iron frame. The oysters, as they are raked up by the teeth of the dredge, are shoved back into the bag until it is filled, and then it is raised and its contents are emptied on board. It is either dragged by the sailboat with spread canvas or worked by steam.

When a boat has a load of oysters, which is from 1,000 to 6,000, according to the size of the craft, it carries the oysters to a water-logged crib. This is done in order that the oysters may drink, and thus gain a fine, plump appearance for market, and also supply themselves with a circulating fluid to stand long transportation. They are usually put in the crib at ebb tide, as it is only then that oysters open. After this other boats deliver them to the wholesale dealers. Oysters are classified according to their size, as extras, box, cullins, and cullentines. Some of the dealers open the oysters that they handle, while others simply deal in them in the shell. The openers get \$1 a thousand for opening the oysters, and one man can open from 3,000 to 6,000 a day.—*Tidings*.

A WORD FOR THE BOYS.

BY AUNT HOPE.

IT is a great mistake to think that you can tell what sort of a man a little boy is going to become, and so discourage your mischievous, fun-loving brothers with your croaking of "O, you're such a torment of a boy you'll never grow up to be anything." Very often our worst boys make our best men. I don't advocate harm in boys, but a real, open-hearted, full-of-fun boy, is often a comfort, and ought not to be condemned by his "home folks," or made to feel that there never was such a bad boy, and that he surely will grow up to be a wicked man. Let your boys feel that they are wanted at home, that they are missed from the home circle, and if their fun-loving spirits over-reach the boundary of propriety, gently draw them back with words of love. Never set them the example of acting carelessly at home, and then punish them for not being able to put on "company manners,"

as readily as you can. Give them a room, where they can have a perfect curiosity shop if they wish, and encourage their having companions in play; but watch carefully how they choose their companions, and what influence they have over them. Don't call them away from their play to do this and that thing you forgot, but respect your boys' feelings by remembering what you want them to do in their work time, and then let them feel that their playtime is theirs. And if their merry voices ring out through the house, don't dampen their spirit, with, "You're a thoughtless, bad boy, to be so loud and rough; I won't have you in the house; go somewhere else to play," but quietly say, "I guess my boy forgot that mother doesn't like so much noise;" that will make him feel your reproof, while the other will only make him hate it, and have little respect for your wishes. Encourage your boys to talk; don't laugh at their earnest questionings; let them feel frank with the home circle. Don't laugh at their slang phrases at one time, and let them think it is smart, and then condemn them the next. Never countenance anything of the kind; tell them they must use the language they were taught at home, not the language they hear on the streets. Above everything, don't let your boys think you have a bad opinion of them simply because they are full of mischief; half of it doesn't mean any harm; it's only the outcropping of a bright mind, light heart and happy life.

HABIT.

HERE was once a horse that used to pull around a sweep which lifted dirt from the depths of the earth. He was kept at the business for nearly twenty years, until he became old, blind, and too stiff in the joints to be of further use. So he was turned into a pasture, or left to crop the grass without any one to disturb or bother him. But the funny thing about the old horse, was that every morning after grazing awhile, he would start on a tramp, going round and round in a circle, just as he had been accustomed to do for so many years. He would keep it up for hours, and people often stopped to look and wonder what had got into the head of the venerable animal to make him walk around in such a solemn way when there was no earthly need of it. It was the force of habit. And the boy who forms bad or good habits in his youth, will be led by them when he becomes old, and will be miserable or happy accordingly.

SELF-CONTROL.

ONE day, when I was a very little girl, I was watching my mother making strawberry preserves. I can see the great kettle of boiling liquid now, clear as rubies. Beside the stove stood a large milk pan containing some squash for "company" pies, with plenty of milk and eggs in it. "Now, Bridget," said my mother at last, in a satisfied tone, "it is done; take the kettle off." This was accomplished, and then, with almost incredible stupidity, the "help" actually emptied the strawberries into the squash! My mother turned her head just too late. She was quick

and impulsive, but there escaped from her mouth only a despairing "Oh, Bridget!" Then as she saw the girl's instantly regretful face, she uttered no angry reproaches, no useless lamentations. No doubt when my tired mother, who was not strong (I lost her at 15), went up stairs to rest, she felt disheartened, and thought that her preserves and squash, her time and labour, had all been wasted; but probably she never did for me a more valuable morning's work than when she gave that unconscious lesson in sweet self-control.—*Mothers in Council*.

THISTLE DOWN.

O thistle down! Soft thistle down!
A breath dispels thy dainty snow.
The softest of all winds that blow
May carry wide from each roadside
The treasure of the thistle down.

O thistle down! Fair thistle down!
A host of winged faeries spring
Into my thoughts, and with them bring
Uncontrolled memories old
Of days as fair as thistle down.

O thistle down! White thistle down!
In olden, golden summer hours,
Through meadows sweet with woodland flowers
My light heart blest with peaceful rest,
I walked amidst the thistle down.

O thistle down! Light thistle down!
Your barbs have stung my careless breast,
You fill my soul with wild unrest;
Tearful I gaze these summer days
On silver of the thistle down.

O thistle down! Barbed thistle down!
Your beauty mocks my sense of pain;
My faith, my trust, your barbs have slain;
For friends, who seemed true as I dreamed,
Are false and light as thistle down.

O thistle down! False thistle down!
Scatter thy flakes o'er hill and lea,
Thy barbs alone remain with me:
Love, friendship, faith, joy, life and death
Are but barbed thistle down.

—Jessie F. McDonnell.

PAPER.

ONE-third of the paper consumed in the world is made in the United States by one thousand mills, each averaging two tons daily. The four thousand paper mills in the world make annually a million tons of paper—one-third of which is used for newspapers. Holyoke, on the Connecticut river, is called the "Paper City." It turns out daily one hundred two-horse waggon loads of beautiful papers of various tints. At Castleton, on the Hudson river, millions of postal cards are made each day for the Government out of wood pulp. Paper has become a great necessity as iron, and is employed in fully as many ways. Scores of railways use paper car wheels. Stoves and chimneys, even, are made of paper. It is used for pencils, for lumber (in imitation of mahogany), for roof tiling, jewellery, bronzes, false teeth, water cans, row boats, flour-barrels, powder kegs, clothing, shoes, collars, blankets and carpets. A fashionable New York lady once gave a party at which the women wore paper dresses. A paper house was exhibited at the Sydney Exhibition, the doors, floors, and furniture being made from paper. In Sweden paper thread is made. Thin silk paper, with tasteful designs painted in oil, pasted on common windowpanes, makes an admirable imitation of stained glass. Paper dipped in chloride of cobalt makes the French "barometer flowers," which are blue in fair weather and change to pink on the approach of rain.—*St. Nicholas*.