

very little, too, it takes to surround one's place with flowers compared to the sums paid in needless luxuries.

The garden is a *parlour* with pleasing associations. We want something when we come together to unite us socially and bring us into affinity, which the garden is eminently calculated to do. Are not the strawberry and grape ministers of civilization, if not of evangelization? In enjoying the lovely tints of a flower we exhaust nothing, and rob no one; while, at the same time, we are brought out of our own selfishness.

Elihu Burrit discourses on the same theme as follows: "the garden is a bound volume of agricultural life, written in poetry. In it the farmer and his family set the great industries of the plow, spade and hoe in rhyme. Every flower or fruit-bearing tree is a green syllable after the graceful type and curse of Eden. Every bed of flowers is an acrostic to nature, written in the illustrated capitals of her own alphabet.— Every bed of beets, celery or savory roots or bulbs, is a page of blank verse, full of *belles lettres* of agriculture. The farmer may be seen in his garden. It contains the synopsis of his character in letters that may be read across the road. The barometer by his door will indicate certain facts about the weather; but the garden, lying on the sunny side of the house, marks with greater precision, the degree of mind and heart culture which he has reached. It will embody and reflect his tastes, the bent and bias of his perceptions of grace and beauty. In it he holds up the mirror of his inner life to all who pass; and with an observant eye they may see all the features of his intellectual being in it. In that choice rood of earth he records his progress in mental cultivation and professional experience. In it he marks by some intelligent sign, his scientific and successful ceremonies in the cornfield. In it you may see the germs of his reading, and you can almost tell the number and nature of his books. In it he will reproduce the seed-

thought he has culled from the printed pages of his library. In it he will post an answer to the question whether he has any reading at all. Many a nominal farmer's house has been passed by the book agent without a call, because he saw a blunt, gruff negative to the question in the garden or yard."

### THE HEMLOCK.

It is often objected when tree and ornamental planting are urged, that these objects though beautiful and desirable are costly, and that the money needed for them is not at hand. But many forget that for some of the choicest ornaments of the lawn or shrubbery, no outlay is required. In many localities, there are to be found in a wild state, shrubs and trees fitted to grace the garden of a Prince. Among these may be named the hemlock, decidedly the handsomest of the Evergreen Family. Its graceful appearance, the delicate green of its foliage, its varied colours when the young shoots push forth, and its hardness, commend it to the attention of all who have a home to beautify. It looks well singly or in groups, and as it bears both shade and pruning well, it is an excellent tree for screens and hedges. It grows rather slowly when first transplanted, but once established it flourishes luxuriantly. Removed from a mucky swamp to upland, it requires only ordinary care to make it bear the change remarkably well. Though it does best in moist land, it soon accommodates itself to ordinary soil. We would say to our readers try the hemlock.

### PERENNIALS.

This class of plants do not require the expense of purchasing, or the trouble of planting year by year, and there ought to be a good proportion of them in every flower garden. The *Gardener's Monthly* gives the following lists of six kinds, flowering during the summer months, to which many others