

cheaper for us to buy corn than to raise it. I will take my one acre of strawberries, and next season will get as much money from it as will pay for all the corn you can raise on ten acres. You never yet had over thirty-five bushels to the acre, at a dollar a bushel; but I shall have at least eighty bushels of strawberries, and will clear five dollars a bushel from them. Now, how can we afford to raise corn? Do you think that you can afford to do so, when you are within reach of a great city market? You see, Mr. Spangler, everybody raises corn, but only a few persons raise fruit."

Spangler stood with his hands in his pockets, but said nothing, and Uncle Benny continued his lecture to an appreciating audience of four.

"You see, Mr. Spangler, it is not the quantity of land a man has, but the use to which he puts it, makes him rich or keeps him poor. There is your 'Old Field,' which you put growing briars, but which we put to growing berries, and you know the result. I told you it could be made to pay off your mortgage. If we had had an improved variety of blackberry, such as the Lawton, our receipts would have been three or four times as much as they were. It costs no more to raise the best than it does to produce the poorest. But we took what we could get, and what no one else would have. Still, this shows what may be accomplished when a man is determined to make the best of circumstances. It proves, moreover, that there is sometimes great value in things which careless people neglect as worthless."

"Now," continued the old man, "if you were to sell half your land, pay off your debts, invest the remainder of your money in labor and manure, and change from all grass and grain to about twenty acres in fruits, you would only have half as much land to work over, and could save money every year."

"What! buy a thousand dollars' worth of manure?" inquired Spangler, drawing his hands from his pockets, and utterly amazed at the idea. "It would ruin me!"

"But the ruin will come if you do not," rejoined Uncle Benny.

Poetry.

MY LOVERS.

In the early golden morning,
Walking in the break of day,
While my little, youngest darling
Close beside me nestling lay,
Fearing to disturb his sleeping—
Fearing happy dreams to break—
Lay I there and softly watched him,
Ere from slumber he should wake.

One small hand his cheek supported,
One was thrown across my breast:
Soft and gentle was his breathing,
As a zephyr sunk to rest,
On the cheek, fair silken lashes,
On the lid, a smile of light—
Azure veins, I fondly noted,
Noble brow, and tresses bright.

As I looked he sudden opened
Eyes that instant sought my own—
Eyes that filled with tender love-light,
While he spoke in cooling tone.
"Father made a good select,
When," said he, "he selected you;
For" he added with deep fervor,
"You are good and pretty too."

Oh, my little precious darling!
Oh, my little lover true!
Always finding in his mother
What is best and fairest too!
Caught I him with smiles and kisses,
Clasped I him with springing tears,
Thanking God for such affection
To enrich my future years.

Answer me, true-hearted mothers!
(Many such, thank God! there be:)
In your fairest, rosiest girlhood
Fonder lovers did you see?
Gave they deeper admiration—
Choicer, tenderer, or more sweet—
Than you now have from your children,
Than your sons lay at your feet.

Four such lovers God hath given me,
And I owe Him fourfold praise!
Tranquilly, thus love-environed;
On the future I can gaze—
On the future, when life's taper
Shall be flickering dim and low,
When the Autumn tints have faded
Into Winter's cold and snow.

Ah, my sisters! ah, my sisters!
Little know ye what ye do
Who refuse the joy and beauty
Of a love so pure and true!—
To whose strange, perverted vision
Childless widowhood seemeth good—
Who despise that crown of sweetness—
Noble crown of Motherhood!

[Lippincott's Magazine.]

Music.

Having devoted nearly three pages to the choice piece of music which appeared in our last issue, to the exclusion of a chapter of "Farming for Boys," we must postpone the publication of another piece of music until next month when we hope to fill this department worthily again.