

Furthermore, I am of the opinion that in localities which are not favorable for the growth of the most desirable sorts in the ordinary way, it would be advisable to plant Talmian Sweet trees for the purpose of top-grafting with such sorts, simply because on trunks of Talmians most varieties will endure much longer than on any other kind of trunk.

The quality of the fruit is never impaired by being grown on this kind of stock, but in many cases is quite perceptibly improved, although "why" is somewhat of a mystery to me and others.

The Home.

Eventide.

" Now I lay me down to sleep
Long and hard has been the day,
I have come a weary way
Since life's morning, but at last
Night is falling, sweet and fast
" Now I lay me down to sleep
" I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep
I have tried 'alas' in vain
From the world's dark soil and stain
Free to keep it. Weak and worn
With my strength all overborne,
" I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep
" If I should die before I wake
Treasures have slipped fast away
From my keeping day by day
And I shrink from coming ill,
This thought holdeth joys glad thrill
" If I should die before I wake
" I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take
From all the sorrow it hath known
Smile and bliss, and tear and moan
To the dear ones gone before,
To Thy presence evermore,
" I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take
" This I ask for Jesus' sake
Name alone that can prevail,
Anchor-hold within the vale
Every other plea has flown,
Worth or merit claim I none;
" This I ask for Jesus' sake

Kate W. Hamilton, in Fairy

A Great Secret.

Men have walked unconcernedly over hills that were considered worthless at the time, although deep in their bosoms were rich veins of yellow gold. Others have roamed over rich regions of wonderful fertility, content to feed themselves and their children upon a piece of unsavory flesh, where now the choicest fields of wheat are grown, and others have laid them down to die of thirst within a stone's throw of living water. All these erred in their innocency, and are more to be pitied than blamed.

But there is a class far more numerous whose whole life is a far greater mistake. They belong to no one tribe, or clan, or nation, but are in numbers wherever the human race is numerously found. One of the grandest secrets of life they have never learned, and yet it is within their reach: a secret that would moderate the cold of winter and the heat of summer, and that would make the heavens overhead, "Oh, so bright!" We refer to the great secret of knowing experimentally that *doing good is its own reward*, or, in other words, that the reflex influence arising from doing good to others abundantly repays the doer in the very act.

The motive that prompts to the deed will always have a modifying influence, the satisfaction following always being proportionate to the purity of the motive. The same act may be performed by two individuals

and very different feelings follow, because the motives that have prompted it are very different. One may give a piece of bread to the hungry out of compassion, and in the doing of it will be repaid a hundred fold; while another may do so that men may sound his praises, and thereby rob himself of the best part of his reward; and a third performs the same act, the almoner of the bounty of the state, his heart feeling no thrill of the happiness that pervades that of the first party.

This law is, without a doubt, divine in its origin, and, like every other divine law, unfailing in its exactness and the universality of its application. It has its fountain in the counsels of eternity, and flows through time a mighty river, parted into a thousand heads for the fructifying of the desert and the waste-places of the earth, and would, if all men would drink of its waters, make a smiling Eden of the whole world.

There is no class in life who are debarred from its benefits by any other hindrance than some barrier of their own construction, for there is not a man upon the earth who may not show kindness to his fellow-man if he so wills it. The king upon his throne and the beggar at the door of his lowliest subject may share alike of this fund of happiness that eternity itself shall not be able to exhaust.

The marvel is that the pleasures arising from doing good to others are so little known. That a man should grow gray without having tasted of those joys is strange indeed, and yet the world is filled with such. Happy is he who early in life learns the great secret, and puts it into practice all his days. He has within him a fountain of happiness, a well spring that is always running over; his whole life is a perpetual feast.

Why, it may be asked, do some pass through life with the secret unlearned? Do not all enter into relations with others whereby they must do them kindness? While this is true, the motive may be faulty. Self, that hideous spectre that haunts so many all through life, even in the apparent good they do, may be the mainspring, hence the reflex currents of happiness, congealed by the motive, refuse to flow.

And yet it is a secret so early learned. The opportunities of doing good to others are ever recurring. No day passes over us without meeting them numerous, unless when completely isolated. We meet them in the highway, in the field, in the household, everywhere, so that we never require to go in search of them. We have but to embrace these opportunities as they pass, lend a helping hand sincerely to our fellow pilgrims on the journey, and the great secret, worth more than the pearls of Ceylon, is ours.

The secret once learned, the habit of doing good usually becomes one of rapid growth. The person who has tasted of the fruit that grows upon this tree of Paradise is never satisfied, and therefore is impelled in the pathway of duty, so that his efforts to lessen the cup of human sorrow multiply as the tide rolls on.

Reader, have you ever felt a thrill of satisfaction such as you never felt before after doing kindness to some fellow mortal from whom you never expected benefit in return? Ah, then you are to be pitied indeed. Your heart has been caged all your life in a dismal little prison, into the dark avenues of which the true sunlight of heaven has never shone. Go, and learn the secret before it is too late, for when once it is learned you will not require to seek the excitement of the ball-room to give you a passing gleam of earthly happiness, nor the expensive luxury, of very doubtful benefit, of the distant watering-place to drive dull care away. You will then be the possessor of what will gladden the remainder of the journey, and that will brighten all the long forever "over there."

For the CANADIAN LIVE STOCK AND FARM JOURNAL.

His Jewels.

It is the evening of an October day. Two children of five and seven years, respectively, and their dog "Scott," make the picture.

School is dismissed, and they start homeward for a walk of a mile and a half, through woods at least one mile of the way.

Bears are in those woods, and the howl of wolves may at times be heard; a deer may see them and turn at their approach, or the partridge start up before them. They are a brave little pair, our Maggie and Freddie, as they turn eastward and face the dark shadows of the forest. The setting sun lights up the western horizon, but to it our children turn not. And why so brave? They are motherless little ones, but strong and not afraid, because they know God is caring for them, because they have perfect trust that He is with them and takes care of them. Happy the teacher and great the privilege of influencing these little ones and using it aright.

Freddie voluntarily turns to the subject, and says: "God takes care of us;" then adds in his babyish accents what he shall do to please Him. And from under the broken hat rim and above the bare feet the little man shows the possibilities of the man there may yet be. Maggie follows with the reassuring "Big people are the sheep and children are Jesus' lambs, and He will take care of them."

Wise little philosophers of unwavering faith! may you ever be as now in this, and may you through life thus simply trust even as little children. You have taught your teacher a lesson, and brought her back to Jesus' feet. In that quiet walk through the autumn woods there has been found rarest pleasure; and those little pupils, with their simple faith and innocence, have shown that while grasping for barren rocks, "Christ's jewels" to use Freddie's own words—have been undervalued. Yes, *His jewels*, and precious in His sight, the highest privilege given mortal to lead, as His messenger, such little feet and turn such minds to Jesus.

K. ROBERTSON.

Stralane.

Jottings.

Latest Reports from the Northwest. Our Northwest correspondent writes from Winnipeg, under date of Aug. 2nd, as follows: "Fine weather, and in respect to the crops, very fine everywhere. I will on all good land come up to a good average. Potatoes doing well; showers this week helped them considerably. Harvest well along, and a little threshing will be done next week in the south. The prospects have brightened in many respects."

American Horses in English Market. The Aberdeen *Free Press* says: Mr. John M. Hattie, Aberdeen, landed this week from Montreal eleven very superior carriage horses by the steamship *Citce*, four of which he sold immediately on their landing to Mr. Robb, of the Caledonian Railway Company, Glasgow, at £100 each. Mr. M. Hattie within the past few days bought several well-bred Clydesdales for Messrs. Nelson & Sons, including several of the Aberdeen winners.

Alma Ladies' College, St. Thomas, Ont.—Graduates of Alma Commercial College are now in lucrative positions in the leading cities of Canada and the United States. Full courses in Bookkeeping, Stenography, Penmanship, Type-writing, Certificates and Diplomas granted. Young ladies pursuing either of the above courses can also enter for Music, Fine Arts, or Elocution, and enjoy all the advantages of residence. Rates low. 60 pp. Announcement free. Address Principal Austin, A.M.

Changes Recommended.—Mr. John R. Martin, C.C.A., Cayuga, Ont., is now on a visit to Ireland, and writing in the *Irish Times* of August 5th, he recommends the landing of store cattle from Canada on the west coast of Ireland, instead of Scotland, and finishing them there. He argues that Ireland has a