

though it is probable that at the same period it was already multiplied in Africa and Spain. The rind of the lemon is much smoother than that of the citron; the bark of the tree is also rougher; the leaves are oblong, of a pale green, with a winged stalk.

The LIME, or sour lemon, is a small fruit, much less than the citron or lemon, bring from an inch to an inch and a-half in diameter. The tree is small and shrubby, and is not much cultivated in Europe. It is grown in great abundance in the West Indies, where it is a great favourite, because of its acid juice; it is drunk as a beverage, because of its cooling qualities. There is, also, a sweet lime, somewhat between the lemon and the sour lime.

THE CITRON.

This fruit, in its native state, is a thorny tree which grows about eight or ten feet high; its leaves are of a pale green; the flowers are white, and emit a very sweet fragrance. The fruit is oblong, about six inches in length, with a rough, yellow rind, the outer part of which contains a considerable quantity of highly aromatic and inflammable oil; the pulp is white and edible, but very acid. These are grown plentifully in Spain and Italy; but with artificial heat in winter, and with care generally it may be grown to perfection in England.

BEAUTY AND COMFORT OF A GARDEN.

The following extract from a recent and most charming work, entitled "RURAL HOURS," written by Miss COOPER, the daughter of the late celebrated novelist, cannot fail of being pleasurable to the reader. That gardening promotes health and domestic comfort, and is a powerful means of advancing the civilization of a people, cannot admit of a question; and it would be a happy thing if every child in the land were taught the principles upon which successful cultivation depends, and to form such observant habits of mind as would lead him to respect and love the simple and beautiful, although *inanimate*, works of God. A people trained from their infancy to reverence the true and the beautiful, in nature and art, would be provided with a safeguard against the too common practice of stealing from gardens, and the sheer barbarism of mutilating plants or trees:—

One always loves a garden; labour wears its pleasantest aspect there. From the first days of spring, to latest autumn, we move about among growing plants, gay flowers, and cheerful fruits; and there is some pretty change to note by the light of every sun. Even the narrowest cottage patch looks pleasantly to those who come and go along the highway; it is well to stop now and then when walking, and look over the paling of such little gardens, and note what is going on there.

Potatoes, cabbages and onions, are grown here by every family, as first requisites. Indian corn and cucumbers are also thought indispensable, for Americans of all classes eat as much maize as their Indian predecessors. And as for cucumbers, they are required at every meal of which a thorough-going Yankee partakes, either as salad in summer, or pickled in winter. There is usually a pumpkin-vine running about the corn hills, its large yellow flowers and golden fruit showing, as a matter of course, below the glossy leaves of the maize; a part of the fruit is made into pies, the rest goes to the cow or pig. Sometimes you find squashes, also, in these small gardens, with a few tomatoes, perhaps; but these last are difficult to raise here, on account of the occasional frosts of May.

Flowers are seldom forgotten in the cottage garden; the widest walk is lined with them, and there are others beneath the low windows of the house. You have rose-bushes, sun-flowers, and holly-hocks, as a matter of course; generally a cluster of pinks, bachelor's buttons, also, and a sweat pea, which is a great favourite; plenty of marigolds, a few poppies, large purple china asters, and a tuft of the lilac phlox. Such are the blossoms to be seen before most doors; and each is pretty in its own time and place; one has a long-standing regard for them all, including the homely sun-flower, which we should be sorry to miss from its old haunts. Then the scarlet flowering bean, so intimately connected with childish recollections of the hero Jack and his wonderful adventure, may still be seen flourishing in the cottage garden, and it would seem to have fallen from a pod of the identical plant celebrated in nursery rhyme, for it has a great inclination for climbing, which is generally encouraged by training it over a window. We do not hear, however, of any in these parts reaching the roof in a single night's growth. You must go to the new lands on the prairies for such marvels now-a-days. They tell a wonderful story of a cucumber vine somewhere beyond the great lakes, in the last "new settlement," probably; the seed having been sowed one evening in a good bit of soil, the farmer, going to his work next morning, found it not only out of the ground, but grown so much that he was curious to measure it; "he followed it to the end of his garden, over a fence, along an Indian trail, through an oak opening, and then seeing it stretch some distance beyond, he went back for his horse, but while he was saddling old Bald, the vine had so much the advantage of him that it reached the next clearing before he did; there he left it to go back to dinner, and how much farther it ran that day Ebenezer could not tell for certain."

We have no such wonders hereabouts; and even the ambitious bean seldom reaches higher than a low roof; nor is its growth always sufficiently luxuriant to shade the window, for it often shares that task with a morning-glory. The plan of these leafy blinds is a pretty one, but they are too often trained in stiff and straight lines; a poetical idea, *trois a quatre epingles*. Frequently we see a cottage with a door in the