

are of a delicate creamy white, slightly tinged—as seen in the glare of sun-light—with green; but in the moon-light look like frosted silver. It must be seen in the moon-light to be seen in its beauty; then the plant looks stately, and the silver bells glisten and shine in the soft rays of the moon with a most bewitching loveliness. Yet it is not true that it blooms only at the full of the moon. It is too bad to break the charm that Margaret Fuller has thrown over this flower, holding it spell-bound by the moon, unable or unwilling to open its flowers until she shines forth upon it in full orbéd brightness; yet we have seen a bed of them that bloomed and faded before the moon came to the full, only here and there a flower upon the almost naked stalks to reflect her light; yet it is none the less true that its beauty can be seen in its perfection only if it be in full bloom when the moon is at the full, shining upon it from a cloudless sky, in the soft air of a July night. One stands and looks at it with wondering eye, amazed at the purity of its whiteness, as though some fairy's wand had touched it since the evening hour, transforming its greenish petals to a frost-work of silver, and turning its dull grey filaments into silver threads.

This plant thrives best in a rich sandy soil, and if planted in a bed large enough to hold half a dozen plants two feet apart each way, and allowed to remain without being disturbed, the plants will increase in size and strength, flowering more and more abundantly. A bed planted with ten of them for four years, produced fifteen flower stems, fully six feet high, upon which the flowers could be numbered by thousands. We hope many of our readers will plant a bed of them, and enjoy the pleasure they will most assuredly give.

THE EARLY CANADA PEACH.

It is quite refreshing in these days of shams to find now and then a genuine article; to find that a fruit, for instance, which has been put forth under certain claims and pretensions turns out to possess all the good qualities claimed for it—that all is not mere pretence, but reality. Three or four years ago we were shown a peach by one of our members, Mr. Allen Moyer, which was then ripe, it was July, and informed by him that he had taken it from a tree growing in a fence corner on the farm of Mr. High, not far from Jordan Station. We were not then