

the Michigan State Horticultural Society, and therefore is of special interest to us as members of the Ontario Fruit Growers' Association. A letter has been received from President Lyon, of New Haven, Michigan, asking that we should make an exhibit as an Association. This the Directors thought not best to attempt, but at the same time would call the attention of all members of our Association to this Fair, who may receive prize lists on application to Mr. T. T. Lyon. His letter also appears in another column.

HORTICULTURE IN MINNESOTA.—We have just received the Report of the Minnesota State Horticultural Society, a well

bound volume of 477 pages. It differs from ours in several particulars, and especially in having a large number of sub-reports from various committees, and from the various local horticultural societies of the state. This latter feature might, perhaps, be very wisely adopted by us, if the secretaries of all local societies in Ontario would send in their addresses and in response to our call, give us some account of their year's work for publication. There are also two dozen committees on such subjects as Floriculture, Small Fruits, Vegetable Gardening, Deciduous Trees, Russian Fruits, Forestry, Ornithology, etc., etc., all of which are expected to report at the annual meeting following their appointment.

GARDENER'S SONG.



H! a gardener's life is as pleasant a life
 As a working-man's can be:
 'Tis a glad pursuit to plant the root,
 And nurse the flower and tree.
 His life is set to ceaseless song,
 Sweeter than poet can sing,
 Warbled in notes from the feather'd throats
 Of the birds, from summer to spring.
 And doth he not make the wildest brake
 Gay as a conqueror's fleet?
 For his strong right hand is the magic wand
 That brings fresh flowers to our feet.

With a sneer or a frown a man may look down
 Upon many ignoble trades;
 But Purple and Pride even dare not deride
 The work of the King of Spades.
 The oldest craft known he claims as his own,
 The only work Heaven thought well
 Should be done by a man ere a trouble began,
 Or the "grand old gardener" fell.
 Then the men of the spade should be proud of their trade,
 Invading no crowded mart,
 Whose daily toil gives wealth to the soil,
 And joy to the home and heart.

—Rowland Brown, in the "Gardener's Magazine."