



"When with icy fetters broken;
Though by human words unspoken,
Spring comes, fitting sign and token
Of the resurrection morn;
Then I saw thee summer hasten
With thy gorgeous sunset hues,
And thy genial warmth and sunshine,
And thy gently falling dews."

Oh, hurrah! hurrah! it's spring once more, but it is only April yet, and only a spring baby, and all babies cry more or less—generally more; and our spring baby is no exception to the general rule. And the saying is that a baby that is cross and cries a good deal when it is a baby, will be quite a good child when grown up. Of course that depends on circumstances. But we believe in those April showers, for they bring May flowers. So let our spring baby cry, its tears will not hurt it, while they will benefit us. And now as we ramble forth may our eyes be quick to see the beauty of nature, and our ears to hear the melodious songs of the feathered songsters. Oh, how fresh and inspiring all nature appears. Oh, how delightful, how invigorating, what new life-giving material we can take hold of this morning.

"The tree-tops are writing all over the sky.

An' a heigh ho!

There's a bird now and then flitting faster by.

An' a heigh ho!

The buds are rounder, and some are red

On the places where last year's leaves were dead;

An' a heigh ho, an' a heigh!

Oh, if those fences were only out of the way we might feast our eyes on the early spring flowers, such as Snow Drops, Crocus,

and a little later on the gay Tulip bed, the Pansy bed, and grandest of all a bed of Hyacinths. But our thoughts carry us back to last summer's rambles in and about Rochester, especially out on East Avenue, where the beautiful lawns slope down so nicely to the pavement on which we walk, with a background of flowers, shrubs and trees. Not a vestige of a fence to be seen; of course no wandering cows, pigs, etc., are seen. Occasionally a dog quietly wends its way along, respecting the existing state of things. Flowers in abundance, fruit in abundance, but no one attempts to touch either. The right of owners are respected, and not only on the lawns are flowers to be seen in massive beds, but alongside and in the centre of some of these streets running off East Avenue are great masses of flowers and foliage, all nicely kept and cared for. Again may be seen on some handsome lawns the figures 1884 cut out of the sod and filled in with Althernanthea, a beautiful dwarf foliage plant that stands a great deal of pruning, or the name of the owner is engraved in the same way on the lawn, or it may be only the initials or monogram. On one lawn was noticed on each side of a broad walk a narrow bed about two feet wide, cut out of the sod, and up the centre of those two long beds were a row of Scarlet Geraniums, and on each side a row of this same dwarf foliage; this combined massiveness, beauty and good taste. Our cousins across the line give great prominence to foliage plants, in the way of Coleus, Althernanthera, Centaurea, Cerastium, Tometosum, and the Yellow Leaved Feverfew, or Golden Feather. But they are not afraid to use the shears keeping the strong growing plants back, and all signs of flowers are cut or pinched off those foliage.

RAMBLER.

Plant food, in the shape of diluted Spirits of Ammonia, say about a teaspoonful to a pint of water, or stable manure, packed into a barrel or box, and water put on it, allowing it to leach off; this, not too strong, will answer first-rate, and will be much cheaper; or, otherwise, purchase prepared plant food and feed your pot plants, your hanging baskets, etc. A little care at first will show just about how much to put on, and how often to give it to them.