

ceed is this: I saw off a nearly horizontal limb, if such can be found, leaving a stump of three or four inches upon which to operate; then secure a pretty heavy wooden mallet, having its head covered with an elastic cushion, then two cotton sheets of six by twelve feet each, to two sides of which I tack strips of lath so that it enables me to lay them under each tree at full length adjoining each other, thus covering a space of twelve square feet, the whole being easily gathered up and removed to any tree. So armed, I may be seen during the growing season, from the time the young fruit attains the size of a small pea, "just at peep o' day," spreading these sheets beneath my plum trees, and then with a quick sharp strike against the stump of the sawed limb, with the afore-said battering ram, I bring the enemy to bay. No quarter is ever asked or given. Under the power of such a storm, after the first few mornings the enemies' numbers grow small and by degrees beautifully less, until at length the war cry of the last "Mohegan" sounds a solemn dirge in the dewy morn. The secret is, by surprising the enemy so early in the morning, you have him at a disadvantage; for then his wings and joints are stiff, his powder damp, he falls easily into your bags; when there he looks (do not mistake him) like a dead plum bud. Now, good reader, if a little lassitude prevents your getting up with the lark, you will never secure a glorious sight of purple and golden plums after the above fashion, unless, indeed, you are fond of hogs, for they, if allowed to roam among your trees, will eat the wormy fallen fruit as soon as dropped, and thus the year following there will not be quite so many Curculio, and perchance, from paucity of their numbers, not quite able to puncture all your plums, you may have the felicity of pointing to a few stray fruits; you will at the same time have the gratification of seeing your soil cultivated without a ploughshare. This, to a man of taste, would scarcely be considered scientific. A few words more; the wind blows your plum trees at times severely, without dislodging the little "Turk;" so that no mere shaking with the hands will accomplish the object sought; it must be a quick, decisive jar. Destroy all plums as soon as fallen, and enjoy the fruits of your labour as I have done. Try it; you will come to learn that it is not half the labour your fancy painted it.

FRUIT GROWER.

Hamilton, 9th May, 1868.

Questions on Pear Culture.

To the Editor of THE CANADA FARMER:

SIR,—Will you be kind enough to answer the following questions on pear culture:

1. What kind of soil, cultivation and manure, are best adapted for the pear?
2. Which varieties are least liable to disease?
3. Which variety of the quince is best adapted for dwarfing the pear?
4. Which would you recommend as the best six kinds of standard pears; two summer, two fall, and two winter varieties?
5. Are there any varieties of the pear adapted for cultivation on the thorn stock?

W. HAWTHORN.

St. Marys.

ANS. 1.—A deep rich loam, or clay and loam, is the best soil for the pear. Mellow cultivation and well-rotted barnyard manure are the best appliances for it.

2. This question is difficult to answer. All varieties are more or less liable to the blight, a mysterious affection for which, so far as we know, there is no remedy. Blight and winter-kill are the two banes of pear culture in this country.

3. The Angers quince.

4. Tastes differ, and there is no infallible standard of excellence; the following, however, would make a good collection: Dearborn's Seedling, Bartlett, Flemish Beauty, Beurre d'Anjou, Beurre Diel, and Vicar of Winkfield.

5. Almost any variety of pear will unite with the thorn stock, but we do not know of any special advantage there is in using it in preference to the natural root. It will not dwarf the pear; the quince is the only stock used for this purpose.

Poetry.

The Waning Moon.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

See where, upon the horizon's brim,
Lies the still cloud in gloomy bars,
The waning moon, all pale and dim,
Goes up amid the eternal stars.

Late, in a flood of tender light,
She floated through the ethereal blue,
A softer sun, that shone all night
Upon the glittering beads of dew.

And still thou wanest, pallid moon!
The encroaching shadow grows apace;
Heaven's everlasting watchers soon
Shall see thee blotted from thy place.

Oh, night's dethroned and crownless Queen,
Well may thy sad expiring ray
Be shed on those whose eyes have seen
Hope's glorious visions fade away.

In thy decaying beam there lies
Full many a grave on hill and plain,
Of those who closed their dying eyes
In grief that they had lived in vain.

Another night, and thou among
The spheres of heaven shall cease to shine,
All rayless in the glittering throng,
Whose lustre late was quenched in thine.

Yet soon a new and tender light
From out thy darkened orb shall beam,
And broaden till it shines all night
On glistening dew and glimmering stream.

The Household.

Home Influence of Country Life.

AMONG the chief peculiarities belonging to a country life may be placed that home feeling which has the power, through the whole course of after years, to bring back the wandering affections, and centre them in one point of space—one point of importance to a very limited portion of the community indeed, but a portion consisting of our nearest and dearest connections. In towns there can be comparatively little of this feeling. A man steps out of his door immediately upon common ground. The house he lives in is precisely like his neighbor's, one of a number, which he returns to without attachment, and leaves without regret. But in the country, not only the grass we tread on, the fruit on the trees, the birds that sing above our heads, and the flowers that bloom beneath our feet, but the very atmosphere around us seems to be our own. There is a feeling of possession in our fields, our gardens, and our home, which nothing but a cruel separation can destroy; and when absent far away in foreign lands, and exiled from that home perhaps forever, we pine to trace again the familiar walks, and wonder whether the woods and the green lawns are looking the same as when they received our last farewell. In the haunts of busy life the music of our native stream comes murmuring again upon our ear; we pause beneath the cage of the prisoned bird, because its voice is the same as that which delighted us in childhood; and we love the flowers of a distant country when they resemble those which bloomed in our own.

And all this has a higher moral significance and influence which have often restrained the tempted, or restored the lost to virtue and peace. There are other wanderers besides those who stray through foreign realms—wanderers from the ways of God. Perhaps such may have spurned the restrictions of parental authority, and cast away the early visitations of a holier love; but the home feeling, which neither change of place nor of character can banish from the heart, renews the memory of social ties, and draws back the exiled soul to the deserted hearth. Along with that memory, associated with the soothing affection which the self-banished has lived to want, and the wisdom of sage counsel which experience has proved true, the tide of conviction rushes in upon the burdened heart, and the prodigal,

rousing himself from the stupor of despair, exclaims, "I will arise and go to my father!" Parents, we counsel you to make the most of this influence; believe that it is more important to make your children's home lovely and pleasant than to render your farms ever so productive; and young people, who have the privilege of such a haven of affection and security, cherish the love of home as your most precious talisman and treasure.

Those who boast of plain speaking generally like it only in themselves.

A desire to say things which no one ever said makes some people say things which nobody ought to say.

THE OPEN FIRE.—"I am a firm believer," says Dr. Cuyler "in the moral and spiritual influence of an open fire. To make home attractive, there must be somewhere in the house a common family rendezvous; and that ought to present a more radiant attraction than a black hole in the floor, through which hot air pours forth from a subterranean furnace. Men will fight for their altars and their firesides; but what orator ever invoked a burst of patriotism in behalf of stove-pipes and registers? I never cease to be thankful that I was brought up beside the hickory fire of a rural farm house."

KEEPING FURS.—The ladies are often anxious about keeping furs free from moths during the summer months. Some one advertises to send the requisite information for \$1. Darkness is all that is necessary. The "Miller" that deposits the eggs from which moths are hatched, only moves in light; the moths themselves work in darkness. Hang the furs in a very dark closet, and keep the door shut; keep it always dark, and you can have no trouble. But, as closet doors are sometimes left open, the better way is to enclose the articles loosely in a paper box, put this in a pillow-case, or wrap around with cloth, and hang up in dark closet. Camphor, spices or perfumes, are of no use. Continual darkness is sufficient. And do not take out the furs in June and July to give them an "airing," for even then cometh the enemy, and it may be that in fifteen minutes after exposure, has deposited an hundred eggs. If you consider an airing indispensable, give the furs a good switching and put them quickly back.—Country Gentleman.

RICH WITHOUT MONEY.—Many a man is rich without money. Thousands of men with nothing in their pockets, and thousands without even a pocket, are rich. A man born with a good, sound constitution, a good stomach, a good heart and good limbs, and a pretty good head-piece, is rich. Good bones are better than gold, tough muscles than silver, and nerves that flash fire and carry energy to every function, are better than houses and lands. It is better than a landed estate to have had the right kind of father and mother. Good breeds and bad breeds exist among men as really as among herds and horses. Education may do much good to check evil tendencies or to develop good ones, but it is a great thing to inherit the right proportion of faculties to begin with. That man is rich who has a good disposition—who is naturally kind, patient, cheerful, hopeful, and who has a flavour of wit and fun in his composition. The hardest thing to get along with in this life is a man's own self. A cross, selfish fellow, a desponding and complaining fellow, a timid, care-burdened man—these are all born deformed on the inside. Their feet may not limp, but their thoughts do. A man of fortune, on the brink of the grave, would gladly part with every dollar to obtain a longer lease of life.

PREPARATION OF WHITEWASH.—Whitewash is one of the most valuable articles in the world when properly applied. It prevents not only the decay of wood, but conduces greatly to the healthiness of all buildings, whether of wood or stone. Out-buildings and fences, when not painted, should be supplied once or twice every year with a good coat of whitewash, which should be prepared in the following way: Take a clean, water tight barrel, or other suitable cask, and put into it half a bushel of lime. Slake it by pouring water over it, boiling hot, and in sufficient quantity to cover it five inches deep, and stir it briskly till thoroughly slaked. When the slaking has been effected, dissolve it in water, and