

and illustrative pictures that are published of them in the American Horticultural Journals. We reproduce descriptions of what seem to be the two leading sorts, and without in any way authenticating their accuracy, we still think that they may be worthy of trial by our gardeners:

CONOVER'S COLOSSAL ASPARAGUS.—This variety is said by the advertisers to be the best and most valuable novelty in vegetables introduced in many years. It was raised on Long Island, and very much improved from seeds imported six years ago from Europe, has been thoroughly tested alongside of the best-selected stock of both foreign and home-grown seed. On the same soil, and with the same cultivation and manure, it has made fully *four times the growth* of the best Oyster Bay Asparagus of the same age. It is such a vigorous grower that, at two years old from the seed, it will invariably send up from fifteen to forty sprouts from one-half to one and a half inches in diameter; consequently Asparagus may be cut for market or family use at least a year in advance of the ordinary sort. The color is deep green, and the crown very close.

LESHER'S ASPARAGUS.—This sort is said to be noted in the Philadelphia market, and "excels in stature, weight and excellence, by a very long odds, anything of the kind ever seen or tasted."

Bunches of 14 stalks or spears, weigh from 4 to 5 lbs.; each stalk from 1 to 1½ inches in diameter, and 12 inches in length; tender as marrow to the very end.

To grow Asparagus to perfection, the roots must be planted 3 feet apart each way. Mr. Leshner has sold \$1000 worth of Asparagus from one acre, planted in this way.

ADORN YOUR RURAL HOMES.

The people of Nova Scotia have done a gross injustice to themselves. They have neglected to adorn their Rural Homes. It is true that in some of the more fertile and flourishing districts, we have a decided appreciation of the beautiful,—comfortable, neatly-painted houses, embosomed in trees, with flower plots scattered before the parlour windows, shedding a fragrance upon the passer-by; but on many of our country roads we may travel for fifty miles without once meeting with a cottage that looks out upon the road with a pleasant smile, as if the owner or his family cared a straw for the beauties of art or nature. When strangers pass through our country, and report that they have found it a cheerless and desolate one—an Acadian desert—there is a loud outcry that gross injustice has been done to us. But who is to blame? If the clematis and the honeysuckle and Virginian creeper, and the ordinary forest trees and ornamental bushes of England and America, will grow in Nova Scotia, why are they not to be seen around every cottage home? The *Horticulturist* for April gives good advice:—

Take carefully from your woods or fields

the evergreen spruce or fir, and plant a dozen or more in front of your door. Plant along the road-side a few maples and elms in alternate rows; let your wife or daughters get some flower-seeds and bulbs, and plant those also in front of your parlour window; paint up your fence, and make it neat.

Then wait for the gentle warmth of the sun, and watch the appearing of the leaves of the trees, the budding of the flowers, the coming forth of the bloom of the honeysuckles and roses, and notice how quickly the creepers climb up the sides of the house.

Wait, too, until some beautiful day in summer, when one of your old farm friends and his family come to visit you. Listen to their exclamations of pleasure at the simple and wonderful transformation; look at the pleased faces and bright smiles of your wife and children, and you will feel you have at last got something worth praising—something to compel respect from your neighbours.

Watch the travellers by your house, as they partially stop and look over your little yard, and with silent praise testify to its beauty.

When some Sunday afternoon comes in early summer, and you return from church and drive up to your house, as you look over the fence, the flowers, shrubbery, and lovely deep green of the silk-soft, wavy grass will impress you with sentiments of beauty you can not force away. How charming it is, and yet how little it cost!

Watch the influence of these little things upon your children, how rapidly their taste and manners improve; how much more cheerful they are in disposition; how quickly they gain a superior standing among their school-fellows; how popular their home becomes as a visiting-place by their friends.

See how gradually books and papers find their way into your house—how well they are read and remembered; see how insensibly your own tastes improve; how much better you farm it than formerly; how well you are able to get along. The farm produces more, and, notwithstanding the apparent increase of expenses, yet you are able to meet them, and find, at last, that it does pay to adorn your homes.

The influence will not rest here. This is but the commencement of a series of salutary lessons which must be taken. Every one of them will produce a greater and still increasing good; the exertion will be less and less hard, and instead of being, as it once was, an object of dread, the beautifying of your place will become a *labour of love*.

There is a class of persons who come out from a city to locate in its suburbs with ill-defined notions of how to appreciate and enjoy country life to best advantage.

By the time their house is finished their capital is entirely exhausted, and further improvements seem to be impossible. For months, or even years, the *debris* of the builder hangs around the house in unsightly heaps; or, if even wheeled away, no effort is made to lay out the ground neatly, and form neat lawns.

In how many towns and villages have we seen scores of such houses, repulsive in their very plainness, and always carrying in them an unfinished look!

By and by the place changes hands, and the new proprietor begins to improve his lots or acres as soon as he can, by setting out choice trees, shrubs, and flowers. He thinks nothing can make home so attractive to his

family, or so delightful to himself, as the cultivation of a few of nature's fairest gifts.

He twines the honeysuckle around his porch, and in summer sits on the piazza, and watches the humming-bird and bee fly in and out, gathering their fragrant store.

He decks his lawn with beautiful tulips, peonies, roses, pansies, dahlias, and other flowers, and laughs to see how his neighbours stop before his gate and gaze with admiring eyes on the delicious sight.

What a charm his cottage immediately possesses, and how great the contrast with other plain and barren yards around!

Year after year this tasteful man adds here and there many a choice root and plant, and never fails or flags in his love for such beauties until the little field becomes almost a paradise in itself.

We can not expect great results from every suburban resident. Tastes differ, and people differ in their powers of application and perseverance; but every human being is capable of exerting an effort and accomplishing some such result, be it of greater or less comparison.

Plant out handsome variegated shrubs, the Japan quince, snowball, deutzia, and others, that, when flowers are lacking, there will be something to give pleasure.

Plant out evergreens, that, when both flowers and shrubs are gone, there will still be left an element of life and beauty, and your grounds not seem altogether bare and desolate.

Every owner of a country place, from a single lot to a villa site, or a large farm, should possess, according to his ability, either few or many of these charming adornments and indispensable accompaniments of a well-kept country home.

The possession of them will enable him to spend his days in peace, and enjoy, with quiet contentment, the luxury of such a rural life, while the influence of these simple yet beautiful charms will be productive of an everlasting good in both mind and heart.

"More than building showy mansions,
More than dress and fine array,
More than domes and lofty steeples,
More than station, power, and sway,
Make your home both neat and tasteful,
Bright and pleasant, always fair,
Where each heart shall rest contented,
Grateful for each beauty there.

"Seek to make your home most lovely,
Let it be a smiling spot
Where, in sweet contentment resting,
Care and sorrow are forgot.
Where the flowers and trees are waving,
Birds will sing their sweetest song;
Where the purest thoughts will linger,
Confidence and love belong.

"There each heart will rest contented,
Seldom wishing far to roam;
Or, if roaming, still will ever
Cherish happy thoughts of home.
Such a home makes man the better,
Sure and lasting the control;
Home with pure and bright surroundings
Leaves its impress on the soul!"

We would rather see our farmers spending their energies in raising heavy crops, than in attempts at ornamental farming, but it always pays to make home comfortable; where there is the will there is the way, and the time to do it.

An attempt is being made in Scotland to revive falconry. The Marquis of Bute is said to have taken a great liking to this species of pastime.