

PLANTING THE APPLE TREE.

Come, let us plant the apple-tree !
 Cleave the tough greensward with the spade ;
 Wide, let its hollow bed be made,
 There gently lay the roots, and there
 Sift the dark mould with kindly care,
 And press it o'er them tenderly ;
 As, round the sleeping infant's feet,
 We softly fold the cradle-sheet,
 So plant we the apple-tree.

What plant we in the apple-tree ?
 Buds, which the breath of summer days
 Shall lengthen into leafy sprays ;
 Boughs, which the thrush, with crimson
 breast,
 Shall haunt, and sing, and hide her nest.
 We plant upon the sunny lea
 A shadow for the noontide hour,
 A shelter from the summer shower,
 When we plant the apple-tree.

What plant we in the apple-tree ?
 Sweets for a hundred flowery springs,
 To load the May wind's restless wings ;
 When from the orchard-row, he pours
 Its fragrance through our open doors,
 A world of blossoms for the bee—
 Flowers for the sick girl's silent room.
 For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
 We plant the apple-tree.

What plant we with the apple-tree ?
 Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
 And redden the August noon,
 And drop as gentle airs came by
 That fan the blue September sky ;
 While children, wild with noisy glee,
 Shall scent their fragrance as they pass,
 And search for them the tufted grass
 At the foot of the apple-tree.

—Bryant.

WHICH BRANCH OF FRUIT GROWING PAYS BEST ?

We are often asked this question, but it is one that we can seldom answer to our satisfaction, as so much depends upon the locality, nature of the soil, climate and the surrounding market. Usually it is best not to confine yourself to one branch entirely, but to plant both large and small fruits. We have known inexperienced men to begin fruit growing by planting 100 acres to pears and nothing else, or 50 acres to grape vines, or large fields to strawberries. These people often come to grief. How much better it would have been if they had divided their planting among numerous species. Fruit trees, plants and vines are liable to occasional failure, the same as everything else in this world is liable to fail. Therefore, if one has planted a variety of fruits, the failure of one or several does not cause him serious loss, and he continues from year to year to receive an average income. Aside from this, if he plants a large acreage of one specialty, he is obliged to harvest and market his specialty in haste at a certain date ; whereas, if it was divided into numerous species, the time of harvesting and marketing would be extended over a large period, and could be done with much less outside labor, at much less expense and danger from storms and other contingencies.

Usually the drift of such inquiries are to learn whether small fruits or large are most

profitable. There is this much in favor of small fruits : they can be made to bring in revenue sooner than larger fruits, therefore most fruit growers begin fruit growing by planting strawberries, raspberries and blackberries, grapes and currants. They plant at the same time orchards of pears, apples, peaches and quinces, depending upon the early grapes, strawberries and other small fruits to tide along the way until the large fruits get into bearing. Then they have an opportunity of testing thoroughly whether large or small fruits pay best in their locality and on their soil. Thus, if they find the market for small fruits in excess of the supply, they can gradually diminish that department, and devote their attention to large fruits. This is the proper way to begin fruit growing. Orchards of large fruits require years for their maturity, and it is a matter of speculation somewhat as to what the outcome will be, and yet we have every assurance that they will prove profitable, but how profitable no one can say. In planting small fruits we have but a short period to look forward to, and we can decide with some certainty regarding the demand.—*Fruit Grower.*

THE FOUNDATION.

If the question were asked any mother of thought and character, What do you consider the most important quality to be developed in your child's mind ? the answer, without doubt, would be, Truth ; for the corner-stone of character is truth, and there can be no true success without. 'Electricity cannot follow a broken wire, nor success a lying life.' Without truth there is no development. And how many ways there are of proving, without speaking, that absolute truth is essential in the first steps a baby takes toward learning ! Give him a box of blocks to build a house, and you can show him that unless the first blocks laid on the floor are in line the whole structure will be crooked ; that in making the lines on a slate, if the first is not straight, not true, the lines will all follow the first, or the space will not be true ; that in copying any work exactness is the very foundation of success, and but another name for truth.

In repeating a conversation, in telling of a scene, to watch carefully that the actual fact is related, is described as a mother's duty.

So often a grave fault is overlooked because it is a child, and it is a pleasant fiction that the child will outgrow it. Any fault that indicates a weakness of character should receive immediate and prayerful care. An exaggeration, however amusing, should be checked at once. Carelessness in giving accounts of its own or its playmates' doings should be checked by questions so put that a child will discover, if it is carelessness, that a mistake has been made, and correct it at once itself ; if the trouble is a want of love or truth, the knowledge that false

hood is always recognized, as falsehood, whether intended or not, will help to develop a regard for truth and exactness.

Another great requisite for teaching a child to regard truth, is for the parents to set an example of perfect truthfulness. In all the intercourse of life, in the home, the social life, let truth in all purity be ever present, and the children will by instinct and principle follow the example that commands their love and respect.

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What is more cheerful than the farmer's fireside ?—*Rocky Mountain Husbandman.*

Make this read, what ought to be more cheerful than the farmer's fireside, and we can answer emphatically, "Nothing this side of Heaven." But we have been to some farmers' abodes—we cannot call them homes—when if the question had been asked "What is more cheerless than the farmer's fireside," our response would have been, "We give it up." Imagine a house that is all kitchen, no books on the shelves, no pictures on the walls, no papers on the tables. The programme is work, eat, sleep, and if there is any variation in it, it is sleep, eat, work. After a hard day's toil, the boys and girls are provided with some work until bedtime, such as churning, shelling corn, or some other drudgery, then they are banished into a cold, cheerless room, and promptly routed out before daylight the next morning to put on the harness and enter the same old treadmill. Is this the typical farmer's fireside. We hope not, but have not many of our readers, neighbors under whose roof they can see the living reality of our pen picture ?

'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true. More's the pity because it is unnecessary, cruel, heartless and inexcusable.

A Lost Ring Found by a Vegetable.

A curious instance of this kind transpired some time ago in Sweden. A lady at garden-making time neglected to remove a gold ring that she had on her finger, when she went out to sow some seeds. During the work the ring unconsciously slipped from her finger, and, when missed, could nowhere be found. As the sequel goes to show, she must have dropped it into one of the holes made when setting out some *Celeriac*. The ring was given up for lost, and with the exception of an occasional regret at this, attention to the matter passed away. But when winter came around, some *Celeriac* was being prepared one day for soup, when, imagine the surprise of the woman, to find her lost ring on one of the finger-like roots of the vegetable. This root somehow found its way through the ring and here continued to grow until filled out, afterwards holding it securely.

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"Uncle," said a seven-year-old boy, as he stood looking at a speckled trout for the first time, "this fish has got the measles ; hasn't it ?"