

member boys *must* have amusements, and if they do not get these amusements at home they will find them somewhere else where your influence cannot reach them, and by-and-by you may find they are going to worse places. I can look back, to companions of my youth who were ruined by harsh treatment. Their fathers were what they called "strict" with them. They were too strict. They controlled them whilst they were boys, but as soon as they grew to be men they were so wild with the delight of freedom from restraint they could not contain themselves, and went all to destruction.

Whenever going by a premises I like to see bird-cages hanging at the door, pigeon-holes in the end of the barn or shed, and boys around holding their boy-day conversations. I always think there is an indulgent father there, and that happiness reigns. So far, at least, these boys have not to hide anything from their parents. They are having their full fill of boyhood happiness, and are now passing days so happy that they will look back on them with pleasure to the end of their lives.

Where is the parent that would not desire to occupy a prominent place in the picture conjured up in the mind of his offspring as the most pleasant recollections of a lifetime? When the tables are turned, and with the lapse of years the boy in turn becomes the strong, self-reliant man, while his parent becomes weak and dependant, and perhaps childish, those pleasant memories of the past cannot fail but stir the heart of the latter, and prompt him to acts of kindness and forbearance.

I shall never forget my first visit to the scenes of my boyhood; how I walked through the garden, peeping into nook and corner, recognizing the places where we boys had our chicken-pens and rabbit-houses, and in imagination again filling them with the pets of long ago. I turned around and looked up at the back of the old house. There I saw where our pigeon-boxes used to hang. The pigeons and their lockers had long, long passed away, but the old spikes which my brothers and I had driven into the wall to hang the pigeon-boxes on, were still there. No one had disturbed them; they were away up out of harms way, and no one had troubled to climb up and take them out. What pleasant memories did the sight of these old spike-nails bring back to my mind. It was a pleasure mixed with sorrow—a pleasure to be reminded of the happy, happy days of my boyhood, and a sorrow to think that those happy, happy days to me would never return. This was a very strange feeling, one mixed with joy and sorrow; a feeling so strange, so peculiar that it utterly defies description in words. To be realized it has to be participated in.

For a long time I did not think that American boys enjoyed themselves and took in boyhood pleasures as fully as Old Country boys. People here have less regard for their old homes, and less reverence for old houses and old places. Americans are poor antiquarians. An Englishman owning a house that is old, very old, and has a history dating back from the dark ages, jealously preserves and protects it. As soon as an American's house gets old and dilapidated he pulls it down, and buys, builds or rents a new one. So much do our people move about, so rapidly does the country improve, and new towns spring up, that few families of children can look on one house as the place of the birth of all. Boys become men quicker, and are more self-reliant at an early age than are Old Country boys, and in some respects perhaps, the amusements of their boyhood differ; but boys are boys whether American or English, and all look back on those days as the happiest of their lives; those days which gave them neither thought nor care. It concerned them not what the morrow might bring forth; all was sunshine. Is it not strange that when thinking of these boyhood days we never think of the wet days and the stormy days when we could not get out to play. It is always of the bright, sunny days, when the sky was clear, that we took our long Saturday rambles, which had been planned all the week before, both in and out of school. These are the days we remember so well. We remember no obstacles, no clouds, no bad weather, nothing that marred our boyish pleasures. Our whole boy's life was to us, as we remember it, a cloudless sky.

× ROADS.

Strathroy, July 11st, 1885.

### Chicken Coops.—Scoring.

Editor Review.

Having had some experience with tent coops and slatted runs this summer, and they having proved more than usually satisfactory, I shall give a description of those used, for the benefit of beginners. But before doing so let us enquire what we think are the essentials to a good coop. They are as follows:—1st, Ample ventilation above the chicks, and so situated as not to subject them to any direct draught. It appears, then, that at the peak of the roof is the best place. 2nd,—Easily cleaned, without disturbing the hen and her brood; and as the hen and chicks must occupy the slatted run during the process of cleaning, it is evident that this work should be performed from the rear. 3rd,—Handy to move from place to place, and as the hen and chicks should be moved with the coops it is necessary that the bottom or floor should move with the coop. 4th,—Vermin proof. 5th,—Good rain-proof roof. 6th,—Dry floor.