

All ground planted in fruit should be ridged up early in the fall, so as to give the ground time to settle, otherwise frost injures the roots more seriously. This is the most favorable time of year to underdrain usually. Nothing pays the fruit grower better. Fruit trees will not thrive with wet feet. Wet feet brings on diseases amongst trees as well as amongst men.

Red raspberries thrive better on a poor, dry hill than on wet rich land, not because the former is poor, but because it is dry. Make the rich land dry by underdraining and the crop will be in proportion to the richness of the land. Tender varieties of vines and berry bushes may be laid down this month and covered, if practicable, with earth. If not convenient, as with berry bushes, then fasten down with old rails and cover with straw, sowing grain well soaked in arsenic under the bushes to feed the mice on, that would otherwise probably girdle the bushes.

Scions and cuttings should be taken this month and packed in sand or damp moss in some cool dry place until spring. Hardy varieties of grape vines may be trimmed with advantage. Weather is more comfortable than in March, and it lessens the amount to be done then, a matter of no small importance to large vineyardists. Tender varieties are better left until spring unless laid down, in which case they should be trimmed, of course before laying down.

As soon as the ground is frozen sufficiently to bear the wagon, mulch the strawberries with clean straw free of weed seeds. Do not put on enough to smother them, but put on plenty between the rows, and only enough immediately over the rows to partly cover them, so that the leaves can be seen through the straw. The object is, not to keep out the cold, but to keep out the sun in the spring, to prevent alternate thawing in the day time and freezing at nights, which heaves out fall wheat and clover. This is the proper season to apply manure, if plowed under. If spread on the surface, any time before spring will do. I prefer to plough under in October. The juices of the manure are distributed through the soil before the spring and are then in the proper place and in the most available form to be immediately made use of by the roots and rootlets just at the time when forcing growth does good and not harm. No danger of the fertilizing matter sinking too deep; grape roots, I know, run all through a hard subsoil to a depth of three feet.

Be sure to have good surface drainage if land is not underdrained.

## The Home.

### Bubbles.

BY MRS. HANEY.

O, the bubbles on the stream,  
How they glitter, how they gleam,  
By the pencil of the sunlight  
Tinted with such brilliant dyes.  
With our feet upon the sands  
We stretch out our eager hands,  
But they break apart and vanish  
Right before our gloating eyes.

O, the bubbles on the shore,  
How they tempt us evermore.  
There's delusion in their colors,  
There is danger in their light.  
How they charm away our sense,  
With their hollow, vain pretence—  
How they rob us of our reason—  
How they turn us from the right.

The water-bubbles fair,  
As they vanish into air,  
Though they leave us none the better,  
Yet they leave us none the worse.

But the bubbles on the land,  
When we crush them in our hand,  
Like the cockatrice's eggs, they  
Break out on us with a curse.

Then let us choose the real,  
And forego the vain ideal,  
Turn our eyes from looking downward;  
Turn them upward to the sky.  
Where the flaming city stands,  
Finished work of God's own hands;  
With its golden hinges turning  
To admit us by and bye.

### The Tempter and The Tempted.

"Give me a lay down, gentlemen," said a young man as he took his seat at a table one evening in a public part of a certain hotel in Sherbrooke, P. Q., during the holding of the Quebec Dominion Exhibition at that place. There had been spread out before him a piece of cloth with the figure seven printed on it in three different places, with the words, "under," "over," and "even" accompanying each figure. "Give me a lay down, gentlemen—the old army game;" and he shook again the dice in his box. "Who will give us a lay down?" "Your money will not grow in your pockets." "Give us a lay down," again and again he repeated, and as often he shook his dice. Thus and thus he continued till the words had become very monotonous, and the gazing crowd began exchanging winks and nods that betokened they were not thus to be taken in.

Full fifteen minutes elapsed and the "lay down" had not come, and yet parrot-like the young man repeated his monotonous sentences. We concluded to stay and see what would be the outcome of this persistency in presenting temptation in only one of its forms. After a long time a fast young man from the country threw down twenty-five cents and was so unfortunate as to win. The experiment was repeated and the result was the same. The crowd drew closer, and now a second young man threw down twenty-five cents and won, and then a third stepped in and took a part in this soul-destroying game. After a time the scale turned with the first young man, and generally he lost till his money was gone, and this we observed was the rule. Those who commenced to play scarcely ever failed to win, but in the end there was the one result, they left the table with less money than they possessed when they first took part in the game.

When that first young man stepped up to the table we thought of the words of Solomon applied to the yielding to temptation in another form—"He goeth after her straightway, as an ox goeth to the slaughter, or as a fool to the correction of the stocks; till a dart strike through his liver; as a bird hasteth to the snare, and knoweth not that it is for his life."

Those young men, they were strangers to us, we do not know that we had met them before and possibly we never shall again, but we do know this regarding them, that in all probability they are doomed young men, doomed to dwell beneath a more bitter curse than that of Canaan, for thus with open eyes deliberately choosing the wrong and rejecting the right, for had they been successful we know that the curse of Heaven would rest upon their gains, as it always does upon "riches" obtained "and not by right." And the fact that they lost in no way lessens the guilt of the act. When once taken in the meshes of the gambler it is exceedingly difficult even to extricate ourselves again. It has been said of history that it repeats itself, but in this sad sense, its repetitions follow with unerring precision.

It does seem strange so large a number cherish views of life and its ways, that are so low and un-

worthy. Had those men been successful, what other would they have been than thieves? They would have obtained money without giving an equivalent, which is one form of stealing, for the cash thus played for was not handed them as a gift in the case of a legacy, and with stolen money in their pockets, how could they be right at heart? They were standing between two eternities like the rest of us, in that little gleam of duration called time, and the infinite before would be determined as to their condition by the way they valued time. With intellects to cultivate and hearts to soften, and manners to improve, surrounded by intelligences many of them sorely in want of their help—boundless room for the expansion within them of much that is beautiful and good, with homes to make happy and the Infinite who held their breath in his hands to serve, they had allowed themselves to be chained by the cunning of the tempter, and had without any reason gone down into the ways of sin.

How surely are "the children of this world wiser in their generation than the children of light." Where is any of the former that would have shown like perseverance in the attempt to work out something for the good of the race? There the young man sat for more than fifteen minutes, without making apparently the least impression. The effort to move men in the opposite direction, would in all probability have been not so well sustained, and thus it is that darkness has a great advantage in the contest with light. We expected to see the young man withdraw blushing with shame at his discomfort in one third of the time, but there he sat with brazen front apparently sure of his prey, as the event afterwards proved, and surely if sin by persistency of action can accomplish so much, how much more will righteousness avail with heaven on its side, if it weary not in well doing?

We would that we could hang out to our young men a banner of warning against the first step in the gambler's way. Listen not to the voice of the "charmer" though he charm "never so wisely," for although he may entice you with "much fair speech" his "house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death." As no man can take fire in his bosom and not be burned, so none can enter the den of the gambler and come out unscathed.

### "Papa, How Much Do I Cost You?"

A little girl, ten years old, lay on her deathbed. It was hard to part with the pet of the family; with her golden hair, her loving blue eyes and affectionate nature, how could she be given up? Her father fell on his knees by his darling's bedside and wept bitterly. He tried to stay, but could not, "They will be done." It was a struggle and a trial such as he had never before experienced. His sobs disturbed the child, who had been lying apparently unconscious. She opened her eyes and looked distressed. "Papa, dear papa," she said at length. "What, my dear?" answered the father. "Papa," she asked in faint, broken accents, "how much do I cost you every year?" "Hush dear; be quiet," he replied, in great agitation, for he feared that delirium was coming on. "But, please papa, how much do I cost you?" To soothe her he replied, though with a trembling voice, "Well, dearest, perhaps two hundred or three hundred dollars. What then, darling?" "Because, papa, I thought may be you would lay it out this year in bibles for poor children to remember me by." With a bursting heart her father replied, kissing her clammy brow, "I will, my precious child; yes!" he added after a pause, "I will do it every year as long as I live; and thus my Lillian shall yet speak, and draw hundreds and thousands after her to heaven."

WILLS, WON'TS AND CAN'TS.—There are many kinds of boys and girls in the world, but there are three kinds which deserve special mention. They are the "Wills," the "Won'ts" and the "Can'ts." The "Wills" accomplish everything, the "Won'ts" oppose everything, and the "Can'ts" fail in everything.