

it was perfectly appalling to watch this animated river as it flowed up the road, and ascended the hill above my house.

At length, worn out with incessant skirmishing, I gave up the battle. Carrying the pots into the parlor, and covering up what else I could, I surrendered the remainder to the conquerors. For four days they continued to pass on toward the east, until finally only a few stragglers of the mighty host were left behind. A large vineyard and garden adjoining mine was as green as a meadow in the morning, but long before night it was naked and bare as a newly-plowed field or a dusty road. The noise made in marching and foraging was like that of a heavy shower on a distant forest.—Dr. Thomson, in *The Land and the Book*.

THE ONION.

I know there is supposed to be a prejudice against the onion, but I think there is rather a cowardice in regard to it. I doubt not that all men and women love the onion; but few confess their love. Affection for it is concealed. Some people have days on which they eat onions—what you might call "retreats." The act is in the nature of a religious ceremony, a heathen mystery; not a breath of it must get abroad. On that day they see no company; they deny the kiss of greeting to the dearest friend; they retire within themselves, and hold communion with one of the most pungent and penetrating manifestations of the vegetable world. Happy is said to be the family which can eat onions together. They are, for the time being, separate from the world, and have a harmony of aspiration.

C. D. WARNER.

THE YOUNG NATURALIST.

Sweet reader, to this gentle rhyme I prithee pay attention;
It will not waste thy precious time
To hear what I may mention.

I loiter, loiter here and there,
And hate all fuss and panic;
I make collections rich and rare,
Alive or inorganic.

And here I see a butterfly
Upon a garden paling,
And there another mounts the sky
And leaves me loudly wailing.

Where other fishers sit like logs
And say they capture perches,
My net for pretty pollywogs
Continually searches.

For caterpillars green and red,
For slugs upon the daisy,
I hunt while you are yet in bed,
Particularly lazy.

My dearest relatives indulge
In sermons out of measure;
For all my jacket pockets bulge
With different kinds of treasure.

A swampy stream's meanderings
Full soon my bag enriches;
For fascinating creepy things
Are found galore in ditches.

So come and join me, reader tried,
And get both damp and dusty;
There's nothing like the world outside
When thou art cross and crusty.

T. H.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM AUSTRALIA.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I received a great many delightful letters, on Empire Day, from cousins in Canada, all of which I hope to answer. There are a nice lot of flowers in blossom in the garden, and in the bush the heath is in bloom, but in the spring it will be better, and, then, too, the sarsaparilla, a creeper, will cover the ground and small shrubs, with its masses of bright purple bloom, also the different kinds of beautiful clematis, or supplejack, as it is commonly called, will be out. The wattles along the creeks and rivers will soon be hanging out their bunches of gold. Do you have tree-ferns growing in Canada? The summer here has been very dry, so dry that we were short of water, and had to cart it, although we have a large underground tank. There were large bush fires around us this year, and we had 200 acres of grass and some fencing burnt. We have been nearly burnt out

sometimes with bush fires. We do not have much snow in the winter here, and very little frost, as we are so high up. When you get this letter, you will just be in the middle of your summer, which I hope you will enjoy.

From your loving cousin,
DAPHNE BREWSTER.

Thank you, again, for the pressed flowers. I shall have to put them all in a book together. I think there are tree-ferns in British Columbia, but not in this part of Canada. The tallest I have seen were about three feet. Here, where I am spending the summer holidays, in the Province of Manitoba, there are more wild flowers than I have seen. They grow in the prairie grass, and have very bright colors.

C. D.

A Letter of Thanks.

I have been an interested reader of "The Farmer's Advocate" for some years, but this is the first attempt I have made to write you a letter. I enjoy the letters published from young and old, and have answered some who have requested it. At the time of the souvenir-post-card list, I exchanged with a great many, the most of them kindly sending me one in return; those who did not perhaps will in time when their conscience prompts them to do as they would be done by. I would like to have Daphne Brewster's address again, as I have had a very interesting little letter from her and some cards from Australia, but I am not sure whether I have her right address or not. Wishing you and your worthy magazine every success,

MRS. W. J. COX.

Box 735, Peterboro, Ont.

CLEON AND I.

(By Charles Mackay, 1812-1889.)

Cleon hath a million acres, ne'er a one have I;
Cleon dwelleth in a palace, in a cottage I;
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes, not a penny I;

Yet the poorer of the twain is Cleon,
And not I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres, but the landscape I;
Half the charms to me it yieldeth money cannot buy.

Cleon harbors sloth and dullness, freshening vigor I;
He in velvet, I in fustian, richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur, free as thought am I;
Cleon fees a score of doctors, need of none have I;
Wealth-surrounded, care-environed, Cleon fears to die;
Death may come, he'll find me ready—happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charm in nature, in a daisy I;
Cleon hears no anthems ringing in the sea and sky
Nature sings to me forever, earnest listener I;

State for state, with all attendants, who would change?
Not I.

WHO BIDES HIS TIME.

Who bides his time, and day by day
Faces defeat full patiently,
And lifts a mirthful roundelay,
However poor his fortunes be,—
He will not fail in any quail
Of poverty—the paltry dime
It will grow golden in his palm,
Who bides his time.

Who bides his time—he tastes the sweet
Of honey in the saltiest tear;
And though he fares with slowest feet,
Joy runs to meet him, drawing near;
The birds are heralds of his cause;
And, like a never-ending rhyme,
The roadsides bloom in his applause,
Who bides his time.

Who bides his time and fevers not
In the hot race that none achieves,
Shall wear cool-wreathen laurel wrought,
With crimson berries in the leaves;
And he shall reign a goodly king,
And sway his hand o'er every clime,
With peace writ on his signet-ring,
Who bides his time.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

CHANGING THE SENTIMENT.

A public reader is oftentimes at the mercy of the whims and caprices of a cranky audience. At a recent entertainment given to a boys' club near Paisley, under the supervision of some charitable ladies, a reader was to recite Scott's poem, "Lochinvar."

His consternation was extreme when the minister's wife, who was president of the temperance society, rushed up to him shortly before the reading of that number and requested him to change the sentiment of the following lines:

And now I am come with this lost love of mine,
To tread but one measure, drink one cup of wine.

to this version:

And now I am come with this beautiful maid,
To tread but one measure, drink one lemonade.

The usual calm and self-possession of the reader was greatly shaken by this sudden change, and, fearing he might forget, he said the lines over and over again. When he at last mounted the platform his mind was quite at rest. With thrilling effect he recited the lines, until he reached the climax by saying:

And now I am come with this maiden here,
To tread but one measure, drink one glass of beer.

The shiver that ran down his back communicated itself to the audience, and congealed them into rows of frozen niceties. The awful solemnity was only broken by convulsive giggles and gasps from a group of fair students.—[Canadian Magazine.

PLEASURES OF AUTOMOBILING.

Twomilesaminute,
Seehowwelly!
Swiftasameteor
Streakingthesky.

Whatisthatblur?
Onlythetrees.
Lookatthemwawe,
Mywhatabreeze!

Ahankandarush,
Aflashandasmell—
Whathiddidwehit?
Didsomebodyell?

Ajarandascreech—
Itlookedlikeahorse.
Notellingnow,
Keep to the course.

Outoftheroad!
Giveusashow!
Twomilesaminute,
Seehowwego!

—[Newark News.

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leaves his broken playthings on the floor,

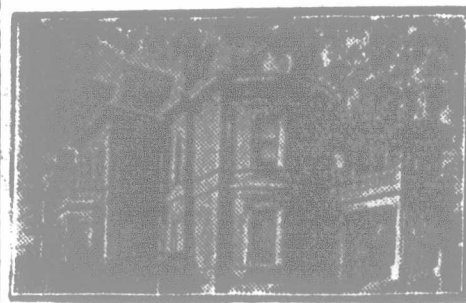
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;

So Nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the thoughts we know.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

ASBESTOS HORSESHOES.

Asbestos horseshoes are an invention of a Honolulu blacksmith. There has long been a demand for such an article, it is said. Visitors to the volcano near Honolulu usually ride from the Volcano House down into the pit and across to the Halemauman pit on horses. But the heat underneath the floor of Kilauea has been increasing to such a degree that the horses' feet suffer, hence the need of non-heat-conducting shoes.



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