

lege of choosing which variety you will keep, and cut out the other when it has amply repaid you for the very little extra expense, as no more land cultivation or trellising is required.

Do not place any manure or other fertilizer in contact or near the roots. Thousands of vines are killed each season by doing so. After placing a few inches of fine soil about the roots, tread it firmly, then more earth and tread again. This firming the soil in planting is of vital importance.

After planting, give good clean cultivation. For cleaning and mellowing the soil, no implement answers better than a gang plough, with a bar of iron about two feet long bolted on the plough head and braced from each side, filled with holes so the clevis can be set to plough to or from the vines. By using short whitest-trees nearly all the ground can be stirred. Plough well to the vines not later than August, so the earth will become well settled to protect the roots from frost during winter. Allow no brush, rubbish, prunings, or anything of that description to accumulate about or near the vineyard. By burning everything of this kind, you will keep your vineyard free from *thrips* and other injurious insects.

The question of pruning is a very unsatisfactory one to discuss on paper. No rules can be laid down that will profitably apply in all cases. So much depends on the strength of the vine; the age; variety; amount of vitality; whether it has carried a heavy crop the previous season or a light one; strength of soil, etc. As a rule, too much wood is left. It is common to err in this direction. The haste to get fruit quickly, and plenty of it, are the chief causes of many a failure. Vines are allowed to overbear, especially when young. The demands of the fruit exceed the ability of the vine to supply them. The consequence is the fruit is late in ripening and a poor sample. The bearing canes for the next season's crop are not ripened, nor the fruit buds matured, and it requires a year to recuperate.

Whoever attempts to confine the growth to some particular system does so at a loss. Systems may answer for a garden, but in growing grapes for market, prune out the poorest wood and save the best wherever it may be found. The more I look about and see the results of different systems of pruning, the more I become convinced there is no science required but simply to cut away enough of the vine to prevent over-loading, leaving enough well-matured wood to carry a fair crop, which on an average vine at full bearing is from 50 to 60 buds on the wood of the previous season's growth. To do this properly requires some experience, joined with common-sense, to apply it.

The Home.

The Hamlet on the Speed.

The hurrying waters of the Speed are collected in a body by a dam of strong masonry on the higher side of Guelph. Just below this dam is an extensive merchant flour mill, owned by Mr. James Goldie, and opposite is "The Hamlet" and adjoining gardens, where Mr. Goldie, with a perseverance little short of infinite, has brought together one of the rarest and most complete collection of flowers and shrubs in the Dominion, if not in America.

We spent a pleasant hour in this garden one evening of July, but what is an hour amid a collection of over 500 varieties, gathered from the ends of the earth?

Here we find the marigold from its African home, the juniper with its variegated foliage, and the wild clematis and the orchid from our swamps. Foliage spruces in rich variety, and columbines of many hues; poppies dyed as by some skilful painter, and blue-bells and harebells of many shades, almost confused one by their numbers. The toad-glove flourished as in its native home, and monkshood from the precipices of the Alps, took kindly to its new surroundings, growing side by side with bells from the "Banks and braes of Bonny Doon," with some fifty varieties of the narcissus as its next door neighbors. These are but a few of the specimens of this wonderful collection.

The collection of preserved birds and other animals is quite as wonderful as that of the flowers and shrubs, and the wild animals domesticated are numerous and interesting. Egyptian geese feed in the adjoining meadow; white swans float gracefully on the waters of the river; the sand-hill crane seems quite at home in his paddock, and young pheasants follow their foster parent with as much content as though they fed in their thicket of the wild wood.

The Hamlet is a wonderful illustration of what can be accomplished in a single lifetime by the individual who, with a quiet diligence that is always on the alert, embraces every opportunity of adding to a store, whether of material or intellectual things, in unison with the natural bent of the desires. The achievement is all the more laudable when accomplished without interference with the pursuit of a most successful business career. If in a world where attainment is so much circumscribed, the achievements of diligence are so great, what will these not be in the unfettered freedom of all the ages of the yet to be?

FOR THE CANADIAN LIVE-STOCK AND FARM JOURNAL

A Backwoods Communion.

The bare walls of the log school-house with their plastered seams show distinctly, although the autumn glories brought by childish hands for "teacher" hanging here and there, screen in part its ugliness, and rest the eye. In their fading beauty we may read, if we will, of decay, of death, and of resurrection. The black-board has in the S. S. lesson of the day, a message of a smitten Rock and a fountain ever-flowing to "whosoever" will come and drink.

The spirit has been pleaded for and we feel we have the Presence with us. The communicants are few in number, but there is godly reverence and due solemnity, and a glance around us brings Luke's words forcibly to mind, "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." It is a year since our devoted little band have thus met before. Some faces we long to see are absent to-day, but our hearts go out, and our eyes moisten as the mothers enter with their little ones—so lately offered to God in baptism. They have come miles through many difficulties to commemorate our Lord's last command. Strong manhood, weather-beaten and brown, with broad shoulders and brawny arms, is here, and, as the earnest faces riveted on Christ's ambassador throughout the service tell they are drinking in the words, and even bend forward that none be missed, our heart thrills to know that such men—men indeed—are not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, but ready to stand firm as members of his flock. All join in singing "The Lord's my Shepherd," and more than one face shows "This is indeed the gate of heaven." In earnest words from an overflowing heart comes the prayer so full of what we long to express but cannot, and we feel we are near His hand. Eyes fill with tears and hearts heave as the speaker, with quivering voice and pathos, approaches his God. That communion paraphrase—the thirty-fifth—is next sung. It is dear to many of us as part of the past we have left behind us, and from Highland glade to Canadian home the memories are drawn, where in other days we worshipped with the worshippers whom on earth we'll meet no more.

This school-room is truly a Bethel, and the Spirit is with us, and with him who breaks for us the bread of life. Simple, plain, earnest, true, straight it comes from the heart, and no part is neglected. The "fool need not err," and the little child has no need to stray. We need it all. Ours is a flock which needs the

Master's word inculcated. The responsibility of each one is impressed, the necessity of being lights is shown and the "drinking unworthily" is fully explained. New communicants are earnestly addressed, and given the right hand with a clasp that means what a hand-clasp should mean. Then side by side, and not without trembling, we touch the sacred emblems. Our eyes may be dim but our hearts are away up in the sunshine, high on the Mount of Transfiguration. The Spirit rests on us, and does abide even as asked for.

O ye, who mourn departed reverence and old-time communions, come in the spirit and hold communion with your God and find the days you regret live still. It is not necessary to come to either backwoods or lumber district, but in your own hearts it lies. Not necessarily in rude simpleness or uncouth surroundings, but in yourselves.

KATE ROBERTSON.

Town or Country.

"I wouldn't live in the country for all the world; nothing could induce me to, at least all the year round. I might like it for a couple of months in the hottest weather, but no country place for me for a hom." This is a declaration that one hears very frequently when the subject is broached, and strange to say, from very different classes of women. I do not remember ever to have heard it from the lips of any man, whatever their sentiments might be if declared. And there are many reasons for this; one is that men go out into the world more, or at any rate, out in the open air, and hence are not so narrow in their views, when educated, and not so dependent on environment as women. Doubtless there are scores, nay, multitudes of men who would not live in the country all the year round by choice any more than the women, because they are of the same type, but their aversion is not so general as that of the other sex. There are good reasons why some women should live in the city; they may be compelled on account of their husbands', fathers' or brothers' business; they may also be obliged to earn their living in a town, or they may be tied down by property interests or other very strong interests, but this does not excuse them for giving utterance to the sentiment alluded to, which seems unwomanly and ungentle from gentle woman's lips. But what shall be said of the woman who, untrammelled by any such ties, elects to live in the city for the city's sake especially the woman who has a young family to rear and chooses to do this in crowded apartments or the not less desirable small flat, where the children must pine and fade for lack of fresh air, or run the streets to get the only substitute for this vital necessity in a crowded, dirty town? And this lack of fresh air is not the only evil that the city-loving mother entails upon her hapless offspring. She subjects them to the horrors of a street education gained from bad companions, and she it is who is responsible for the poisoning of their pure young minds, for this is unavoidable. A child brought up in apartments and small flats must either die if it is kept within doors, if it has not the strongest constitution, or it must grow up if not steeped in depravity, at least so contaminated that it has hardly a trace of innocent childhood. I have heard language on the lips of small children, well dressed and decently kept, that I would not write or repeat, to say nothing of volleys of oaths that in strength equalled anything that could be said by their elders. As for their behaviour at times, it was evidence of actual depravity. I am now alluding to one class of women supposed to be well-meaning, decent women, women who can read and write fairly well, but possess little information of a valuable kind, and who therefore may be termed frivolous and empty-headed, given to gossip and shopping and dearly loving these small excitements; for their sake sacrificing the health and morals of their children, by living in flats or apartments in a crowded city, where these pleasures are procurable. I have seen such women hanging out of an upper window, a child, perhaps, on either side, all three gazing vacantly down in the street at nothing more than the passers-by, spending perhaps an hour in this lazy fashion. I have seen these same women issue from their apartments, decked off in silks, satins and laces, glittering with multitudinous trimmings of