

## THE BEAUTIFUL DAY.

"We did not mean to do wrong," she said,  
 With a mist in her eyes of tears unshed  
 Like the haze of the midsummer weather.  
 "We thought you would all be as happy as we?  
 But something, must always go wrong, you see,  
 We have our play-time together.

"Before the dew on the grass was dry,  
 We were out this morning, Reuben and I,  
 And truly, I think that never—  
 For all that you and Mamma may say—  
 Will there be again such a happy day  
 In all the days of forever.

"The sunshine was yellow as gold, and the skies  
 Were as sleepy and blue as the baby's eyes;  
 And a soft little wind was blowing,  
 And rocking the daisy buds to and fro;  
 We played that the meadows were white with snow,  
 Where the crowding blossoms were growing.

"The birds and the bees flew about in the sun,  
 And there was not a thing that was sorry—not one,  
 That dear morning down in the meadow  
 But we could not bear to think—Reuben and I—  
 That our beautiful day would be done, by and by,  
 And our sunshiny world dark with shadow.

"So into the hall we quietly stepped.  
 It was cool and still, and a sunbeam crept  
 Through the door, and the birds were singing.  
 We stole as softly as we could go  
 To the clock at the foot of the stairs, you know,  
 With its big, bright pendulum swinging.

"We knew that the sun dropped down out of heaven,  
 And brought the night when the clock struck seven—  
 For so I had heard Mamma saying;  
 And we turn'd back the hands till they pointed to ten,  
 And our beautiful day began over again,  
 And then ran away to our playing.

"I'm afraid I can't tell you the rest," she said,  
 With a sorrowful droop of the fair little head,  
 And the misty brown eyes overflowing.

"We had only been out such a few minutes more,  
 When, just as it always had happened before,  
 We found that our dear day was going.

"The shadows grew long, and the blue skies were  
 grey,  
 And the bees and butterflies all flew away,  
 And the dew on the grass was falling.  
 The sun did not shine in the sky any more,  
 And the birds did not sing, and away by the door  
 We heard Mamma's voice to us calling.

"But the night will be done, I suppose, by and by;  
 And we have been thinking—Reuben and I—  
 That perhaps"—and she smiled through her sorrow,—  
 "Perhaps it may be, after all, better so,  
 For if to-day lasted forever, you know,  
 There would never be any to-morrow!"

*St. Nicholas.*

PROFITS OF SMALL FRUITS.—As a sample of the profits they make in Southern Illinois, Mr. Endicott owned up that he made, clean profit, \$4,200 this year from twelve acres of strawberries and grapes. This, he said, was after the picking and crates were all deducted, the net profit; and some of the berries, Sharpless, were so poor a crop as to yield only about a dozen crates of marketable fruit per acre. His berry for money, is the Crescent, with the Capt. Jack or Wilson. The grapes, Ives, pay an annual profit of from \$200 to \$300 per acre, with good culture.

## A NEW WAY OF BLEACHING CELERY.—

Some time since in strolling through Stratford, the market garden of Bridgeport and Birmingham, Conn., I was much interested in meeting W. H. Benjamin and learning his method of bleaching celery. Instead of earthing it up as is usually done, Mr. Benjamin simply ties it up closely in old news or other papers when it is ready for bleaching, and at the end of from 12 to twenty days finds it as nicely bleached as though it had been laboriously banked up. He says one-third more celery can be got from an acre, because when it is not banked it does not need to be planted so far apart; that a great amount of labour is saved and that by this process the celery never rusts.

COAL-ASHES FOR HEAVY SOILS.—For the purpose of making stiff soil friable, sifted coal-ashes, where they can be readily had are better than sand. They are more easily disseminated through the mass, and contain a small proportion of mineral salts likewise, though their merit is principally mechanical. I had a patch of clay over traprock that, after a rain, took on the consistence of putty. I could do nothing with it. Vegetable manure it scorned, and the spade cut in it as though it was skim milk cheese. The place was made the receptacle of the winter's ashes. Two years after, it was dug up through a mistaken order in the fall. Next spring I manured it, and had it dug over. Then I planted it, of all things in the world, with melons. They were a striking success. More than that, the friability of the soil remained permanent.—*American Garden.*