

of sufficient depth and breadth, to allow the delicate fibres to be gently expanded, without touching the sides of the hard earth, and to have the uppermost, about four inches below the common surface. Have the soil which is taken from the pit, laid by the side of it, and every clod broken, and crumbled as finely as possible. Then place the tree in its new home, and hold it firmly erect, while the earth is, at first, filled in lightly, and each root laid in a natural position. When the cavity is evenly filled, begin and tread first on the outer circle, and thus round and round, until the stem or trunk is reached—not violently, but so as to make the soil gently and firmly embrace the stranger in its hospitality. Pour water on the roots, and finish with a slight mound, which shall leave a little cavity around the tree, to retain moisture, unless the locality is of itself too humid.

When the soil is unfriendly, and must be removed, for instance, where it is a stiff, clay basin, more care is requisite. If it is a shade-tree, and destined to obtain a considerable size, remove the soil to the depth of three feet, and the width of four, each way. Procure a sufficient quantity of dark coloured loam, or earth, drawn from the bottom of a river or pond, cast out all the stones, and break small the adhesive masses, fill in at the bottom sufficiently to raise the tree to its proper level, when while it is held in a right position, do not hesitate to step into the pit, and lay, with your fingers each root and fibre at ease in their new bed, while the fine earth is sifted in among them. When they are covered, pour on half a bucket of water, and if you have rich, decomposed, vegetable or chip manure, add a layer of it, and fill up to the surface, and tread down as in the former directions; then pour on the remainder of the bucket of water, and finish in a mound with a cavity. Water at sun-set for some time, should the season prove dry, and add a little ashes to the water. Soapsuds is nutritious to most trees; and it is well at commencing the transplantation, to rub their bodies and principal boughs with a coarse cloth dipped in soft soap.

Trees that are transplanted in autumn, need to be trimmed rather closely, and if they will be subjected to the action of high winds, should have stones laid around them to keep their roots more firmly, and layers of straw to repel injuries from frost.

Surely, none will consider this labour too great, to secure the growth of a healthful and beautiful tree, which may cast its grateful

shade over a future generation. Every revolving year its improvement will be watched with interest and delight. Sir Walter Scott has spoken often and fervently of the "pleasures of planting." These pleasures may be correctly and conveniently shared by the sex, which has so long busied itself with training the frail plant, and nursing the tender blossom. The greater part of the fine trees at Barley-Wood, were planted by the hand of the venerable Mrs. Hannah Moore, and a cabinet table which attracted the attention of many visitants, was inlaid with small diamond shaped pieces of wood, from the different trees of her own planting and nurturing. Would it not be pleasant, to be remembered by a lofty grove, which should be a covert from the noon-tide beams, to the friend and the stranger, give shelter to the sweet choristers of the air, and lifting heavenward an arch of living verdure, grow more and more beautiful, while we lay mouldering in the tomb?



Sonnets on the Lord's Prayer.

I. *Our Father.*

Our Father! Holiest name, first, fondest, best!
Sweet is the murmured music of the vow
When young love's kiss first prints the brow:
But sweeter to a father's yearning breast,
His blue-eyed boy's soft prattle. This is love!
Pure as the streamlets that distil through mountains,
And drop, in diamonds, in their cavern'd fountains;
Warm as our heart-drops; true as truth above.
And is such Thine? For whom? For all—
ev'n me!
Thou to whom all that is which sight can reach
Is but a sand-grain on the ocean beach
Of being! Down my soul: it cannot be!
But He hath said! Up, soul, unto His throne!
Father, "our Father," bless and save Thine own!

II. *Who art in Heaven.*

Who art in Heaven! Thou know'st nor mete nor bound.
Thy presence is existence. Neath thine eye,
Systems spring forth, revolve, and shine—
and die;
Ev'n as, to us, within their little round,
The bright sands in the eddying hill-side spring
Sparkle and pass forever down the stream.