

make!" says stone-mason; "What a rich geological section!" exclaims orologist; "What a worthless building site!" cries the land-agent. But Mr. H—— thinks better of his purchase. The luxuriant crop of stones supply ample material for wall and terrace, and the clay, so bottomless, readily weds a few cart-loads of exotic soil. Here and there fruit and shade trees, bushes and vines, are planted. Of some of the artificial table lands, gardens, vegetable and flower, are constructed, whilst others are habited in green vesture, borrowed, piece-meal, from a neighboring pasture. Steps, too, and tortuous gravel-paths are made, leading to every part of the inclosure, so that acclivities, once inaccessible, are now easily reached. The stream which, of late, on rainy days, was wont to spread its muddy volume wide over the hill-side, now descends in a less broad but deeper channel, a pure, sprightly musical rill. A few summers of sun-shine and shower rotate, and city-folk, riding along the dusty pike, exclaim as they gaze; "What a lovely spot! how very picturesque! how, forsooth, would Babylon's hanging gardens' contrast with this triumph of Art upon Nature's own rude arcades!" If one would make comfortable and inviting the home, he must use like pains. Uproot the wild-flower, tenderly bear it home, replant it there, and *appropriate* the beauty and fragrance which, so long, have been the desert's. Happy that one who, when autumnal winds and wintery storms render inclement and drear the world without, in the quietude of home finds warmth, sun-light, landscape, conversation, company, sport and song!