

Shall you go out this morning?	Werden Sie diesen Morgen ausgehen?
I shall not remain the whole morning at home.	Ich werde nicht den ganzen Morgen zu Hause bleiben.
I have some visits to pay.	Ich habe einige Besuche zu machen.
Is the carriage come?	Ist der Wagen gekommen?
No, not yet; you ordered it at two.	Nein, noch nicht; Sie haben ihn auf zwei Uhr bestellt.
The carriage is just come.	Der Wagen ist eben gekommen.
At what o'clock shall you come back?	Um welche Zeit werden Sie zurückkommen?
Give my compliments to Mr. F.	Grüßen Sie Herrn F. von mir.
I will not fail.	Ich werde nicht erman- geln.

The Inmate Gardener.

BY GEORGE GLENNY.

THE names of a few cheap hyacinths for culture in manufacturing towns, and where they have not the advantage of full air and light, will be useful to many; for although we might say that all the family can be so grown, there are some—and they not the least expensive—that would not grow handsome, because they are much longer before they bloom, and would get lanky and ugly before the flowers come out. Those we are now giving are early.

DOUBLE BLUE.—Bleu foncé, Bouquet pourpre, Alamode, Duc de Normandie, King of the Netherlands, and Grande Vidette.

DOUBLE WHITE.—La Déesse, La Pureté, Anna Maria, Passe Virgo, Pyrene, Francina.

DOUBLE RED.—Cœur fidele, Acteur, Lavater, Panorama, Wilhelm II., and Bouquet Royale.

SINGLE BLUE.—Drapeau bleu, La plus Noir, Sir Robert Peel, Amicus, Emilius, and L'Ami de Cœur.

SINGLE WHITE.—Grande Vainqueur, Prince de Galitzin, Voltaire, Triumph, Blandina, Pigeon, and Artemisia.

SINGLE RED.—L'Ami de Cœur, Adelaide, Belle Helene, Belle Quirini, Duchesse de Weimar, and La Fortune.

These are all cheap—say, none over sixpence. It would be folly to say there are no better, because—for qualities which many would not appreciate, and scarcity, which has much to do with price—some are charged as high as ten shillings, and hundreds vary from one shilling up to that price.

But there are many which are of first-rate character, as good, in fact, as the very dearest, which may be had from ninepence to eighteenpence. Of the early ones, we might recommend:—

DOUBLE BLUE.—Laurens Koster, Othello, Bonaparte, Bloxberg, Shakspeare, L'Abbé de Veirac.

DOUBLE RED.—Bouquet tendre, Goëthe, Marquis de la Coste, Rex Rubrorum, La Délicatesse Josephine.

DOUBLE WHITE.—Madame de Stael, Koning Stanislaus, Og Roi de Basan, Queen of England, Hooft, Duc de Valois.

SINGLE BLUE.—Grande Vidette, General Romanzoff, General Lauriston, Thorwaldsen, Siam, Canning.

SINGLE RED.—Amable Catherine, Flamingo, Lord Byron, Lady Stanhope, Pompon Carmine, La plus Eclatante.

SINGLE WHITE.—Grandeur à Merveille, La Noblesse, La Vigniti, Semiramis, Suprema Alba, Pucella d'Orleans.

There are some very fine and cheap hyacinths that cannot come under the colours mentioned: such as Grootvoist, a splendid blue—very double; l'Unique, a rich violet lake; Heroine, yellow. There are others of fine character, but much higher price.

With regard to early tulips, there are many which are very beautiful, and others that are only prized because they are scarce. The earliest of all are the *vanthols*, of which there are red and yellow, yellow, rose, crimson, and white and red—all very cheap. They are very early, with narrow-pointed petals; but extensively grown because they bloom soon after they begin to grow; but other early tulips are some-

what later than the *vanthols*, and may be had of brilliant colours; scarlet, purple, crimson, yellow, white, and striped. These are generally 3d. each by name, and about half-price or less if mixed and without name.

Of snowdrops, there is only one colour, pure white; but there are single and double, generally 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. the hundred.

And now we think we have fairly started all our friends who grow in the smoky air of towns, and are deficient of light; and all those in the open air will, with the same management, grow them finer; for, with regard to narcissus and jonquils, there is no variation in the prices; but polyanthus and narcissus are the ones we recommend alike for town and country.

Bulbs will keep borders in bright flower from February till the end of June; and if we admit lilies, we can go on to August and September, but not for house culture.

All we have to urge is early planting, for we never attempt to plant later than November.

Chrysanthemums for the beds and borders should be turned out of their pots into their places now, and those in pots have their last shift.

Continue to loop up the branches of dahlias, and pinch off the growing shoots beyond the buds. As the flowers of hollyhocks fade, pull out the dead petals, for they both look untidy.

ABOUT CHILDREN.

WOMEN can be good and happy without children, but they are always better and happier with them, and, to develop this better and happier nature, the children need not be their own, the care and management of them sufficing. What better school can there be for teaching us self-control, self-reliance, and justice, and mercy? In our contests with grown folks, as responsible as ourselves, we are too apt to give the reins to our tempers, and often forget these kindly graces; but, with helpless, unreasonable, irresponsible children, all conscientious women—and most women are more or less so—try, at least, to exercise them.

Nearly all homes where there are no children are monotonous and gloomy; but better such than those where the little folks are unnoticed, save for the trouble and annoyance they cause, where their comforts and pleasures are not considered. How many homes are there where the children are oppressed by no positive cruelty, yet are surrounded by such an atmosphere of coldness and intolerance that all their efforts to be happy and good are "nipped in the bud," all their resolves to struggle up into sunshine, which must be somewhere in this world, frozen to death in early youth. To such homes we have seen children creep back from school, or from visiting a playmate, like dogs into their kennel, because they have no other place where they can get shelter, and where they can sleep and eat. At table, they are asked what they will have, knowing there are various delicacies which they want particularly, yet must always decline, though their parents indulge in them. If things at table are refused children because they are known to be unwholesome, and the children fully understand it, there is no harm done; but if it is only because children must not be indulged, or that the delicacies are too costly for any but papa and mamma, little hearts will rebel.

They are asked no questions about their study or amusements of the day, and, as soon as possible, they hasten to their own apartment, to unburden to each other the thoughts their minds are teeming with—thoughts and feelings which, for the want of proper guidance to temper and direct, too often distil into the deadly poisons which for ever destroy or taint their after lives. To such, as they go through life, what are the sensations awakened by the name of *home*? Better that it were an empty sound than that it should recall the coldness and the bitterness in which their hearts were reared.

Fathers and mothers, we beseech you, let it be your sacred duty to make *home happy* for your children, no matter what the blight which has fallen upon you, what the daily trials of your life. Inasmuch as you are the cause of their existence, it is incumbent on you to provide nourishment for their hearts and souls as for their bodies and minds. This is a text on which a sermon should be preached, two or three times a year, in every place of worship in the land, for the evil is, not that parents generally do not care to make their homes happy, but that they do not think about it, or do not know exactly how to do it.

Though there are few parents who hate their children there are a great many who are indifferent

to them, and some who almost unconsciously regard them as a great cross, hindering work, confusing arrangements, baffling attempts at system, and interrupting amusements; and so, though they would not blot out their existence, they try to ignore it as much as possible. These are they who, when they hear quoted that sweet old proverb, "Children are the poor man's riches," reply in the words of grim old Johnson, "Children are objects of affection, but to be without children is to be without care." These are they who solicit the world's sympathy for Mrs. John Rogers, on a false issue—not that her husband was burnt at the stake, but that she had "nine small children, and one at the breast." To this class belong the beggars, who ask for charity for the small children and babies at home, parading their *riches* to prove their poverty; so, if the old proverb had said, "Children are the beggar's riches," the gruff parents would readily assent.

As a picture of a home in which children are welcomed with joy, we could mention that of a lady whom we will call Edith. It cannot be said of her babies that "they rule the household four months before their birth," though they certainly exert an influence some time before that event, as Edith is one of those happy, and, we may say, egotistical women who not only make a virtue of necessity, but honour the necessity as though it were a triumph. She does not make herself miserable because she cannot obtain for baby's use the lovely dressing basket embroidered in forget-me-nots, that cost such a sum of money, or a full dozen of every kind of garment needed. Her conscience and her taste do not require these; but there is something quite impressive in the dignified importance with which she provides her plain and useful things. Nothing is neglected, nothing forgotten, and the time which so many women worry and fret through is serenely passed by her in constant devotion to home duties compatible with her health and strength.

What a delightful home theirs is! Her husband and herself have a theory that all the management so much talked about is not needed, so they manage the children as little as possible, leaving Nature to form their shades of character, while they religiously endeavour to suppress the evil and encourage the good that is in them, not expecting or caring to have them all turn out like so many rods from the turner's hand exactly alike. The children are allowed great freedom, and romp through the house, upsetting a chair here, and scattering a few toys there, and making the old walls ring again with their shouts of laughter and merry songs. Mother and Father are their companions, as well as mentors, and are always welcome at their sports. We do not wish to deceive with the idea that this is an Arcadian home, where there is never any hasty temper and reproving, pouting and disobedience. Far from it; they are all human, and err like the rest of mortals; but the children are not always punished by father or mother for their misdemeanors, for they are content to consider the inevitable consequences of many of these often a sufficient punishment.

Snowdrops.

TRUE RELIGION.—It consists not in a nice orthodoxy, but in a sincere love of truth; in a hearty approbation of, and compliance with, the doctrines fundamentally good; not in vain flourishes of outward performance, but in an inward good complexion of mind; not in a furious zeal for or against trivial circumstances, but in a conscientious practising the substantial parts of religion.

We have seen persons who gather in the parlour choicest flowers, just as they begin to open into full bloom and fragrance, lest some passer-by should tear them from the bush and destroy them. Does not God sometimes gather into heaven young and innocent children for the same reason—lest some rude hand may despoil them of their beauty?

DON'T SWEAR.—Profanity is one of the most offensive and disgusting habits to which unredeemed humanity is given; to say nothing of its sinfulness (which every one of course understands), profane swearing is a vile, vulgar, low-bred habit, from the indulgence of which a proper self-respect should restrain a man, even if he has no regard for the dictates of religion. It is a habit, too, which increases with fearful rapidity, when once given way to; and we have known of instances, where men who were once highly respectable, but who unfortunately contracted this habit, have soon sunk so low as to use profane language in their own families, and even to swear at their wives and children.