

tion will, I need hardly tell you, be watched with great interest, not only by the wholesale trade, but also by the middle class and mechanic purchasers, who are the two classes that are most directly affected.

For FARMING.

Girls on the Farm.

It is quite a mystery to some of our city cousins how we poor, unfortunate farmers' daughters exist during the winter. Since they only allow us an existence, I wonder if they imagine we take a winter's snooze with the bear, only to be awakened from our Rip-Van-Winkle slumber by the gentle-throated warblers of the spring! I'm afraid there is nothing half so beautifully lazy for us during winter's icy reign, with such a poetical awakening.

Let our city cousins some morning take a peep into our kitchen. Would a beehive not be a better comparison than a bear's winter nest? For a typical farm kitchen must have at least three girls, all busily engaged in their morning duties. Even mother does not occupy the imperial throne chair of the queen bee, but she, too, has her cell to fill: and the farmer's daughters should be the happiest girls in Christendom if things are properly managed.

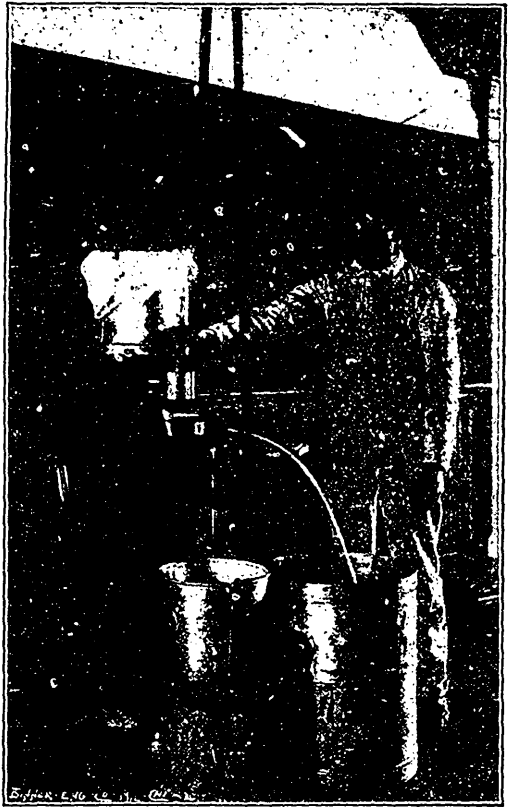
I read an article the other day entitled "Girls on the Farm." Some very unnatural man evidently wrote it. He said: "Farmers' girls do not require much of an education, as they are apt to get too high ideas into their heads, and, as a result, leave the farm. Give them a thorough education in domestic affairs, teach them to economize," etc. That is quite right, but home must be made attractive and then no one will leave.

Then we do not live in the kitchen entirely having our parlors covered with blue mould for want of sunshine and fresh air. With proper management, no one need be in the kitchen after the dinner dishes are washed; that will leave the girls at least two hours in the afternoon and the long winter evenings to improve themselves. If a girl has any particular gift, it should be cultivated; and, indeed, it is a poor farm that cannot supply enough good literature for the mother and daughters to read. So it is within our reach to be able to paint, sing, or converse upon the topics of the day with any of our city cousins who have had greater advantages. Let us show them that we can see beauty beyond the board fence, and that our hearts are not wholly wrapt up in the latest arrivals in the barn and pig-pen.

I am sure no father or mother would wish their children to grow up in ignorance, since 'tis they who are to represent their parents in future generations. Whatever our lot may be, let us

"Frame our mind
To mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms
And lengthens life."

It is no use mourning over hard times. Let us try to make home bright and happy, especially for mother, whom we can never repay for the many years of gentle patience with us.



Farm Dairy Room, Hiram Smith Hall.
Student Skimming Milk with a Small Power Separator.

We do not mind what disagreeable men say about bringing us up in ignorance. But give us "half a show" and we shall stick to the farm. As for envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness towards our city cousins, why, we never envy their fleeting pleasures, for

"Wiser it were to welcome and make ours
Whate'er of good, though small, the present brings —
Kind greetings, sunshine, song of bird and flowers,
With a child's pure delight in little things."

A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.