

no time for playing on the piano." Such a man may almost as reasonably say they have no time to sleep. Such an old obstructive need not expect that the females of any household can go on from week to week without some home recreation and amusement. "We," the men on the farm, are actively engaged out of doors, and have some change, excitement and relaxation in going to town or market, or the like; but unless our daughters go with us they have literally none, except going to meeting, which generally only occurs on Sunday. Whereas if they had a piano, when work was over, or sometimes when it could be hurried through by a little extra exertion, what more delightful mode of passing an evening than to have the opportunity of enjoying, and letting others enjoy a little music; and let me tell the above old "obstructive," that his neighbour's sons would be quite as likely to "pull out" and get their day's work over an hour sooner to be able to run over to our intelligent friend's house who advocates buying a piano, and whose daughters can play it. Nothing helps work along more than to feel that some such innocent enjoyment awaits its completion. In truth, the piano is at all times and seasons a welcome addition to any household, and especially to the female portion of it.

Farmers must not think they can keep their girls and boys at home and make them contented and happy, whilst they deny them such innocent amusement.

Let me now proceed to answer the question: How can I get a piano for my daughter; and that too without seriously cramping the head of the family? Let us suppose \$110 a year in addition to the first payment of \$100 has to be found, (the first \$100 having been previously saved by some means as the nest); that will be due in about a year from date of receiving the instrument. Did you ever know a whole family set their determination to work, to do any one thing *with reason*, and not be able to do it? I never did; nor can you cite any instance. Where all are to be so much gratified and amused, and where all determined to help, it is as good as done already. The produce of two extra cows, with calves raised, will nearly pay \$60 of the amount required, and allowing \$8 more, the produce of one sow and sale of her young ones, and twenty extra hens, and sale of their proceeds, will do the rest.

I yesterday was talking to an old woman who three years since planted out fifty back currant trees, to help out housekeeping; and for two years past she has sold \$20 worth of currants each year from a small patch not more than 8 square rods. I saw the bushes myself. Almost every inmate of a farmer's family can have some one or two young animals given, specially devoted to the piano instalment, and only requiring some extra care to be worth some \$20 or \$30 in one or two years. The cost is not felt; and only requires the will and determination to succeed, to enable any one to answer the question under consideration by an immediate order for the instrument.

I would suggest, in conclusion, to any one who has not got the cows just at first, and whilst things are "turning round," persuade your father to buy you two cows on credit. He will have to pay for them if it is true, when the note given for them matures; but then, after the piano is paid for he has the cows, so it is only a question of

about two years' use of the money, or even less, and you have got a piano.—C. In *Weekly Globe*.

Poetry.

THE GARDENER'S SOLILOQUY.

To sow? or not to sow?—that is the question,
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The greatest torment of a gardener's life
In poring early through "fat catalogues,"
Or to take means by popping them, when sent,
Into the waste basket,—to be loathed
No more; and, by doing so, to pay we end
The thirst for new and special novelties
That flesh is heir to. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To grow? to sow?
To grow? perchance to cram our beds and borders
With useless rubbish—ay! there's the rub!
For to pick out the best of the trade lists,
Full of "ennobled roots," and "improved seeds"
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That raises have for their own progeny;
For who would bear to look o'er all the lists
Now daily sent to gardeners and employers,
"Descriptive guides," "Vade mecum," "Little books."
For teaching when to sow, transplant and reap,
When he himself might the common end
By never reading them? Who would yearn to bear
To sow the good old seeds of former lists?
But that the thoughts of something after seed-time—
That the "ring-leaders," "gems," and "first crop" peas,
New broccolis, kails, French beans, and cauliflowers,
Might not turn out so profitable or early
As the well-tried old sorts, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather grow the seeds we have
Than order others that we know not of.

W. T., in *Gardener's Weekly Magazine*.

THE FARMER FEEDETH ALL.

My lord rides through the palace gate,
My lady sweeps along in state,
The sage thinks long on many a thing,
And the maiden muses on marrying;
The sailor ploughs the fuming sea,
The hunter kills the good red deer,
And the soldier wars without a fear;
But fall to each whate'er befall
The farmer he must feed them all.

Smith hammereth cherry-red the sword,
Priest preacheth true the holy word.
Dame Alice worketh braiding well,
Clerk Richard tales of I've can tell,
The tap wife sells her foaming beer,
Dan Fisher fisheth in the mere
And courtiers' ruffles strut and shine,
While pages bring the Gascon wine
Man buildeth his castles fair and high.

Where'er river runneth by;
Great cities rise in every land,
Great churches show the builder's hand,
Great arches, mountains and towers,
Fair palaces and pleasing bowers;
Great work is done be it here or there,
And well men worketh everywhere.
But work or rest, whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.