

PRACTICAL PAPERS.

THE PRACTICAL AND SENTIMENTAL
SIDES OF FARM LIFE.

Poets have sung the delights of the farmer's life in strains so enchanting that one might wonder why all the world has not forsaken every other pursuit and betaken itself to the tilling of the soil. But the farmer himself, in the unshaded hay-field, or plodding in the clayey furrow at the tail of his plough, with a freeholder's right sticking to each boot, or bending, with aching back, between the corn rows, or breasting the winter storms in the performance of imperative duties, looks at his life from a different point of view. To him this life appears as full of toil and care and evil chances as that of any other toiler. And true it is, the life of an ordinary farmer is hard, with too little to soften it—too much of work, too little of play. But as true is what the poet sang so long ago: "Thrice happy are the husbandmen if they could but see their blessings," for they have independence, more than any others who by the sweat of the brow earn their bread, and the pure air of heaven to breathe, and the blessed privilege of daily communion with Nature.

It is not easy for the farmer to see any beauty in his enemies,—the meadows full of daisies, with which he is forever fighting, or by which he has been ignominiously conquered; the encroaching ranks of golden rods along the borders of his fields, and the bristling bayonets of those Canadian intruders, the thistles. How few farmers, or other people for that matter, see in the climbing blushes of the dawning day, or the gorgeous painting of its close, or in the perfect day itself, anything but the foretelling of fair or foul weather; or notice the ways of any untamed bird or beast, except that the crows come to pull the corn, the hawks to catch the chickens, and the foxes to steal the lambs and turkeys! However, the farmer generally does feel a thrill of pleasure when, in the hazy softness of a February or March day, he hears the caw of the first carrion-seeking, hungry crow. "The heart of Winter is broke." In April, when the fields begin to show a suspicion of coming green and give forth an odor of Spring, and the dingy snow-banks along the fences are daily dwindling, he welcomes the carol of the first bluebird, and is glad to hear the robin utter his restless note from the boughs of the old apple-tree; and the clear voice of the new-come meadow-lark strikes him as not altogether unmusical; and when he hears the plaintive cry of the grass-plover he is sure Spring has come, and then thinks of the small birds no more till the first blasts of returning Winter sweep over the bare trees and frozen fields, when, all at once, he becomes aware that the troubadours are gone. He sees that the brave little chickadee remains faithful to his post, and feels that his cheery note enlivens a little the dreariness of Winter, as does the reedy piping of the nuthatch and the voice of the dowry, fuller of life than of music, and the discordant note of the blue jay, who, clad in a bit of summer sky, loudly proclaims his presence; but the singers are gone, and he misses them.—*Scribner's for August.*

TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

Many parents make the serious mistake of not training their children early in regular habits. So fearful are they of being stern or strict, that they err on the other side, and allow their children to take advantage of their very tenderness and affection.

It is not at all uncommon, in these days, to see children who have apparently grown utterly indifferent to the pleasantly expressed wishes of their parents, and who constantly transgress the rules and regulations of the household.

They must be urged or scolded to get them up in the morning, or to come to their meals in time, and there is always a contest before they can be induced to leave their play, to study their lessons, or to do their practising. It is no kindness to children to permit such irregularities.

The training of the young is given into the hands of the parents with full power to direct and govern, and they have no right to allow their children such liberty and freedom from proper restraint as will render them disagreeable and unfit them for future usefulness.

They are too often weakly allowed to argue with their parents, and to discuss the justice of their commands. This does no good, but positive harm, which

the parent will discover as the child grows older and more difficult to manage; and when discord and wrangling have driven peace and happiness from the home.

Obedience should be prompt. Because father says so, or mother says so, should be sufficient reason. Parents who do not insist on this must not think it strange if in future their hearts are saddened by the irreverence and unfilial conduct of those who should have been a comfort and strength to their declining years.—*N. Y. Christian Intelligencer.*

RAILROAD SIGNALS.

Notwithstanding the fact that so many people travel about in the cars, few are acquainted with the whistles and signals which regulate the movements of the trains. It sometimes happens it is very important to know them. The following is the signification of those most commonly used:

- One whistle—"Down brakes."
- Two whistles—"Off brakes."
- Three whistles—"Back up."
- Continuous whistling—"Danger."

A rapid succession of short whistles is the cattle alarm, at which the brakes will always be put down.

A lantern raised and lowered vertically, is a signal for "starting; swung at a right angle or crosswise the track, to "stop;" swung in a circle to "back the train."

A red flag waved over the track must be regarded as a signal of danger. So of other signals given with energy.

Hoisted at a station, is a signal for train to "stop."

Stuck up by the roadside, is a signal of danger on the track ahead.

Carried upon an engine, a train is on the track.

RULES FOR SPOILING A CHILD.

1. Begin young by giving him whatever he cries for.
2. Talk freely before the child about his smartness as incomparable.
3. Tell him that he is too much for you, that you can do nothing with him.
4. Have divided counsels as between father and mother.
5. Let him learn to regard his father as a creature of unlimited power, capricious and tyrannical; or as a mere whipping machine.
6. Let him learn (from his father's example,) to despise his mother.
7. Do not know or care who his companions may be.
8. Let him read whatever he likes.
9. Let the child, whether boy or girl, rove the streets in the evenings—a good school for both sexes.
10. Devote yourself to making money, remembering that wealth is a better legacy for your child than principles in the heart and habits in the life; and let him have plenty of money to spend.
11. Be not with him in hours of recreation.
12. Strain out a gnat and swallow a camel; chastise severely for a foible, and laugh at a vice.
13. Let him run about from church to church. Eclecticism in religion is the order of the day.
14. Whatever burdens of virtuous requirements you lay on his shoulders, touch not with one of your fingers. Preach gold and practise irredeemable greenbacks.

These rules are not untried. Many parents have proved them, with substantial uniformity of results. If a faithful observance of them does not spoil your child, you will at least have the comfortable reflection that you have done what you could.

KEEP YOUR TROUBLES SACRED.

A worthy wife of forty years standing, and whose life was not made up of sunshine and peace, gave the following sensible and impressive advice to a married pair of her acquaintance. The advice is good: "Preserve sacredly the privacies of your own house, your married state and your heart. Let no father or mother, sister or brother, ever presume to come between you two, or to share the joys and sorrows that belong to you two alone. Build your own quiet world, not allowing your dearest earthly friend to be the confidant of aught that concerns your domestic peace. Let moments of alienation, if they occur, be healed at once. Never, no never, speak of it outside, but to each other confess, and all will come out right. Never let the morrow's sun still find you at variance. Review and renew your vow—it will do you good; and

hereby your souls will grow together, cemented in that love which is stronger than death, and you will become truly one."—*Selected.*

DAUGHTER AND WIFE.

A bad daughter seldom makes a good wife. If a girl is ill-tempered at home, snarls at her parents, snaps at brothers and sisters, and "shirks" her ordinary duties, the chances are ten to one that when she gets a home of her own, she will make it wretched. There are girls who fancy themselves so far superior to their parents that the mere privilege of enjoying their society in the house ought to be all the old people should have the assurance to ask. While their mothers are busy with domestic duties, they sit in the easiest chairs, or lie on the softest sofas, feeding on cheap and trashy novels, and cherish the notion that they are very literary individuals. The household drudgery is too coarse for such fine ladies as they. The business of their parents is to provide them with nice clothes, and to be content with admiring their handsome appearance in the intervals of labor. Girls of this sort are very anxious to be married, that they may escape the disagreeables of a home where they are held, more or less, under subjection; therefore, they are smiling enough to eligible bachelors, quickly smoothing down the frowns which alone they give to the members of their own families. A caller who doesn't have a chance of seeing how they behave as daughters, may be excused for fancying them loving and lovable beings; but one who does see it, is foolish if he commits himself by offering marriage to a girl of this sort. She is not fit to be the wife of a worthy man. If she will not assist her mother in the domestic labors, and badgers the servants, is she not likely to be equally slothful and ill-tempered when she marries? If she now thinks herself too fine to work, is it safe to expect that her views as to that matter will radically change if she becomes a wife?

MILLSTONES MADE OF GLASS.

We call the attention of manufacturers who can cast heavy pieces of glass, and also of millers, to a recent German discovery, that the finest flour is produced by those millstones which have the most glassy texture and composition, and the consequent discovery that pieces of glass combined in the same way as the French burr, and similarly grooved on their surfaces, will grind better than the burr millstones. The consequence of this discovery has been the invention of the glass millstones now made by Messrs. Thom, and used in Germany and in Borkendorf with great satisfaction, as it is found that they grind more easily and do not heat the flour as much as is the case with the French burr stone. In grinding grist they run perfectly cold. In order to make such stones, blocks of glass of from six to twelve inches side are cast in a shape similar to the French burrs, but more regular and uniform; they are connected with cement in the same way, and dressed and furrow-cut with picks and pointed hammers, but we believe that diamond-dressing machines might be profitably applied. It is said that these millstones, made of lumps of hard glass, do not wear away faster than the burr stones. Stones of four and a half feet in diameter, driven by six horse-power, ground 220 pounds of flour per hour, and did it while remaining cold. The grist is drier, looser, and the hull more thoroughly separated from the kernel than is the case with other stones. If all this turns out to be correct, it is a valuable discovery, especially when we consider the expensiveness of good blocks of burr.—*Manufacturer and Builder.*

THE divine in its revelation can be known only by means of the divine in man, that is allied to it.—*Ncander.*

How shall we dare to behold that holy face that brought salvation to us, and we turned away and fell in love with death, and kissed deformity and sin?—*Jeremy Taylor.*

It is a most important lesson, and too little thought of, that we learn how to enjoy ordinary life, and to be able to relish our being, without the transport of some passion, or the gratification of some appetite.—*Steele.*

SOME of the most cheerful men and women we meet with are the class who have suffered the most trials. There is no merit in suffering fretfully, but there is great virtue in suffering patiently and cheerfully.