

## Hearth and Home.

### FARMERS' BOYS LEAVING HOME.

A great deal is being said and written on this subject, and naturally so, for it may justly be considered a public, nay a *national* calamity, that so many sons of farmers are dissatisfied with the vocation of their fathers.

But much as this fact is to be deplored, and ardently as we may wish it were otherwise, yet the painful truth fastens itself on our minds, that this condition is likely to obtain, so long as human occupations are as varied and numerous as they now are.

It is well enough to keep saying to the farmer—make your home pleasant—give to it an air of cheerfulness and comfort, that will make it a place attractive to your boys, instead of repulsive. When they leave it for a few hours or days on their return, let a holier baptism of peace fall upon them, within the sacred precincts of home, than they have known during their absence. Make it the bright spot of all the world; the oasis, toward which their errant steps will tend; the magnet that will more strongly attract than all else beside, to draw them from the lure and sin of the great world, into the charmed influences of the paternal roof.

It is an innate desire for *change* that is at the bottom of this evil, and the boys come honestly by it. We are, all of us, ever ready to change our occupation, or our place of abode, for a reasonable probability of gain in so doing. The element of permanence, or fixedness of purpose and pursuit, is not a rational characteristic with us, but the opposite is the truth. We are looking out for a chance to do better, and we emphatically do look out, away from our present life and its environments. There is scarcely a maxim more generally adapted than the one—I have nothing that I will not sell. All we have, we hold by so light a tenure, that any one can take away our possessions, as he may desire them, if he will only pay enough money; and the rule is, that this *enough* is about a fair market price, and sometimes less.

Very many of us have become farmers, because we could be nothing else; and though we may have come to accept it at last, as the best life adapted to our needs and capacities, yet this is more a conclusion of the head than of the heart. Many, if not most of us, have secret longings for something different—for another kind of life, than that of the agriculturist; and often the thing we covet, does not assume a definite shape; we scarcely know we do want; yet the secret yearning from the depths of their natures, many will recognize, who read these lines.

In the light of these facts, how can we wonder at our failure to beget sons who will love, with an unwavering and preponderating affection, the things that we have *accepted*—not taken hold of with the warm love of the heart. It is not in the nature of things. While we are changeable, without stability of attachment, we cannot expect our boys to exhibit the virtue of steadfastness. What we are, they will be and this to a more considerable extent than most people allow.

This characteristic being so general, we must expect to see its manifestation in our boys—during

the visionary period of life. By-and-by, their feelings will be brought into subjection, to reason and will; but now young blood will show itself for a while.

And this desire for change is not confined to farmers and their sons. It is to be seen in mechanics and their sons, and, also, more or less among tradesmen. These desire, in most cases, to change to a farm. They look out from their shops, and other places of business, to the green fields and waving woods, and sigh for deliverance from their confinement. They believe farming the most desirable of all vocations.

When a boy, attending the village school, I well remember how many questions were, from time to time, asked me about my farm life at home, by mechanics' sons, who lived in the village. Their highest ambition was to get rich enough some day, to own a good farm. And, I am glad, as I sit and recall to mind the names of those school-mates, to know, that for a majority of them, their ambition has been gratified. They have become successful farmers, by the practice of economy and unwavering industry.

While something may be done towards holding our boys, by making their homes pleasant. Yet is it not true, that the army of recruits from the country, who annually seek the cities and towns, is largely made up of sons of well-to-do, if not wealthy farmers? Is it a one from the home of the poor or farmer of moderate means, that our young men fly? Indeed it is not. From homes of comparative ease and independence; from comfortable and often luxurious appointments and surroundings, they go forth to seek *something different—change*.

What then shall we do? The answer must be, that the case is a difficult one. But this may be said: When we love our vacation *ourselves*, as it ought to be loved, then may we reasonably look for a similar attachment in our sons. Their first impressions—their first and early love—would be for the business of their fathers, and this attachment would not be likely to change. There are *some* farmers, whose boys' desire no change. Let us observe these and learn why.—*North Western Farmer*.

### HOW TO GET A PIANO.

This question often asked by many an anxious farmer's wife, after visiting a neighbour who has a piano; and this question at first sight may seem difficult to answer. Before entering on the difficulty of finance, and the means to make or save the necessary amount to buy a piano, let us consider the advantage to be derived from its introduction into every farmer's household. In the first place, there can be no manner of doubt that anything we can do to lighten the cares of our wives and daughters, or enable them to more cheerfully bear with the necessary labour and privation incident to farm life, will be fraught with benefit, and nothing will do this to a greater extent, or in a more pleasing manner, than to have family music and a piano to provide it. There certainly are some grumbling undeveloped sons of humanity who will say; "What do we want a piano for? Our girls are busy enough as it is making bread, milking cows, washing dishes, and the other thousand and one household duties that are always to be done about a farm-house, and have