

The dannels should not be rubbed with a large piece of soap, nor should the material itself be rubbed, as in washing linen, &c.; the fibres of the wool contain numberless little hooks, which the rubbing knots together; hence the thickening of the fabric and consequent shrinking in dimensions. Well sluice the articles up and down in plenty of suds, which afterwards squeeze (no wring) out. The American clothes-wringers (consisting of a pair of india rubber rollers between which the clothes pass) are a great improvement upon hand labour, as, without injury to the fabric, they squeeze out the water so thoroughly that the article dries in considerably less time than it otherwise would do. After rinsing, squeeze out the water, and dry in the open air, if the weather is such as to admit of the articles drying quickly; if not, dry in a warm room, but avoid too close proximity to a fire. Let any dust or mud be beaten out or brushed off prior to washing."

Poetry.

CANADIAN FARMER'S SONG.

BY W. G. MONCRIEFF.

To make our farm a tidy one,
We'll heart and hand combine;
The work, my dear, is well begun—
The land is yours and mine.
The land is yours and mine, goodwife,
The land is yours and mine;
At home we battled sore for life,
Without one cheering sign.

Our house is small and rudely built,
Its furnishing not fine;
But what care we for gaud or gilt?
The land is yours and mine.
The land, &c.

I chop the trees and clear the soil
From morn till starry shine;
And never grudge the weary toil—
The land is yours and mine.
The land, &c.

The frost is keen, the sun is hot,
There's no breeze from the brine;
But we can face our chosen lot—
The land is yours and mine.
The land, &c.

I yonder wrought with clouded brow,
Like others in my line.
It's pleasant now to guide the plough;
The land is yours and mine.
The land, &c.

Around our wee things in their bed
Our hearts delighted twine.
It cannot fail: they shall be fed—
The land is yours and mine,
The land, &c.

You'll work within and I afield,
Attending horse and kine;
'Tis all our own the acres yield—
The land is yours and mine.
The land, &c.

It's here a man a man can be,
And need not cringe or whine;
There's none to fear and none to fee—
The land is yours and mine.
The land, &c.

Heap on the wood this wintry night,
And crackle let the pine;
We can afford both heat and light—
The land is yours and mine,
The land, &c.

THE CLEAR VISION.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

I did but dream: I never knew
What charms our sternest season wore—
Was never yet the sky so blue,
Was never earth so white before
Till now I never saw the glow
Of sunset on yon hills of snow,
And never learned the bough's designs
Of beauty in its leafless hues.

Did ever such a morning break
As that my eastern windows see:
Did ever such a moonlight take
Welsh photographs of shrub and tree:
Kang ever bells so wild and fleet
The music of the winter street:
Was ever yet a sound by half
So merry as yon schoolboy's laugh?

O Earth, with gladness overfraught,
No added charm thy face hath found.
Within my heart the change is wrought:
My footsteps make enchanted ground
From couch of pain and curtained room.
Forth to thy light and air I come,
To find in all that meets my eyes
The freshness of a glad surprise.

Fair seem these winter days, and soon
Shall blow the warm west winds of spring
To set the unbound rills in tune,
And hither urge the bluebird's wing.
The vales shall laugh in flowers, the woods
Grow misty green with leering buds,
And violets and wind flowers away
Against the throbbing heart of May.

Break forth, my lips, in praise, and own
The wiser love severely kind;
Sluce, richer for its chastening gown,
I see, whereas I once was blind.
The world, O Father, hath not wronged
With loss the life by Thee prolonged;
But still, with every added year
More, beautiful Thy works appear.

As Thou hast made Thy world without,
Make Thou more fair my world within;
Shine through its lingering clouds of doubt:
Rebuke its haunting shapes of sin.
Fill, brief or long, my granted span
Of life with love to thee and man.
Strike when thou wilt the hour of rest,
But let my last days be my best.

Miscellaneous.

Agriculture in Schools.

We are inclined to think that a knowledge of Agriculture as a science might be advantageously introduced into our common schools in country districts, through a simple and concise reading book, treating upon the composition and cultivation of the soil, the primary laws of nature, and the points of excellence in each and every breed of farm stock; together with some insight into Geology, Botany, Entomology, Meteorology, and perhaps Animal Physiology. The great majority of the children taught in such schools are likely in the future to become farmers, or wives of farmers, and it would be well to bring their powers of observation into activity, and turn them into such a channel as would have a good effect in showing them the usefulness and dignity of their future calling.

Farm Well—it Pays.

As a general rule, no man should attempt to cultivate more land than his capital will enable him to fully occupy with profitable stock and well cultivated crops. A farmer with a large farm half cultivated and half stocked, is like a merchant with a large and costly store in which to show a small stock of goods. The rent, in the shape of interest on dead capital for outside show, eats up more than the profits made, and his labour goes for nothing beyond a bare living, while he gets poorer each succeeding year.

We know of a farmer, not far off, who owned one hundred acres of a farm. He sold half of it a few years ago, and has since then applied to the remaining fifty acres the same amount of capital and manure that he formerly expended on the hundred. He finds he now actually makes more money from fifty than he did from one hundred acres, as his crops have doubled, in yield per acre, while his labour is greatly lessened, and his stock being better fed and cared for, gives larger returns, both in money and manure.

Farmer's Creed.

We believe in small farms and thorough cultivation.

We believe the soil loves to eat as well as the owner, and ought, therefore, to be well manured.

We believe in going to the bottom of things, and, therefore, in deep ploughing and enough of it. All the better if it be a sub-soil plough.

We believe in large crops, which leave land better than they found it—making both the farm and farmer rich at once.

We believe that every farm should own a good farmer.

We believe that the best fertilizer of any soil, is a spirit of industry, enterprise and intelligence—without this, lime, gypsum and guano, will be of little use.

We believe in good fences, good barns, and good farm-houses, good orchards, and children enough to gather the fruit.

We believe in a clean kitchen, a neat wife in it, a clean cupboard, a clean dairy, and a clean conscience!—*Dixie Farmer.*

The Road to Poor Farming.

1. Invest all your money in land and run in debt for more.

2. Hire money to stock your farm.

3. Have no faith in your business, and be ever ready to sell out.

4. Buy mean cows, spavined horses, poor oxen and cheap tools.

5. Feed poor hay and mouldy cornstalks exclusively, in order to keep your stock tame; fiery cattle are terribly hard on rickety waggons and ploughs.

6. Use the oil of hickory freely whenever your oxen need strength: it is cheaper than bay or meal, and keeps the hair lively, and also pounds out all the grubs.