Literary Department.

MRS. F. V. POWERS, - - - EDITRESS.

Ladies, and gentlemen also, are invited to contribute articles for this department, upon subjects which will be of interest to the general reader—such as the home, the garden, health, diet, dress, culture of fruits and flowers, education, and anything which will tend to instruct and elevate humanity.

Good poetry will be very acceptable.

If you do a good deed, please, write your true name under it, with a like motive.

For the convenience of compositors please write plainly, in good, black ink, and on one side of the paper only.

Articles may be directed to the Editress, or to "The Farmer," and must be received as soon as Wednesday to claim an insertion the next week after.

For the VERMONT FARMER.

HIDDEN MISERIES.

BY CELIA A. HAYWARD.

What if the ocean could give up its dead,
Could all its mysteries unfold;
Could show all the graves in its trench'rous bed,—
Hopes wrecked on its bosom cold;

If we could look, 'neath the billows fair,
Into the watery caves,
And see all the wrecks that are lying there,
In hidden, unknown graves;

If we could look 'neath the springing grass,
And under the smiling flowers,
That grow in a beautiful, tangled mass,
In the grateful, summer showers,

And see the loved of many a one
Laid low 'neath the churchyard sod,
Whose life is lived and whose race is run,—
Who have gone to meet their God;

Could we see beyond the smiles that wreathe
The lips of those we meet;
Could we look the screening mask beneath,
See the bitter instead of the sweet.

We could never be gay and careless again;
For all that now seems so fair
Would be but sorrow, and anguish, and pain,
And pitiful wrecks everywhere.

For the VERMONT FARMER.

SONG.

WRITTEN FOR SINNEMAHA LODGE, FLETCHER, VT.

Minnehaha,—laughing water!
'Tis a gay, euphonious name;
Name of bright and dusky daughter,
Of a chieftain high in fame.

Minnehaha, Minnehaha,
'Tis a pure and fitting name
For a band of faithful Templars,—
May we keep it free from stain.

Here we've taken solemn pledges
To live honestly for others weal,
Aid to raise again the fallen,
And their sorrows seek to heal.

Wage a war 'gainst King Alcohol
And his demons, one and all;
In whatever guise we find them,
We will fight them till they fall.

Blest the man who seeks this temple,
With such purpose pure and high;
Let no brother, nor no sister
Dare to break its sacred tie.

Wake, oh, wake, ye hills and valleys,
While the contest we renew;
Send us all your sons and daughters,—
Help us fight the battle through.

Minnehaha, Minnehaha,
Sound again the happy strain;
Till its accents far are wafted;
Till it echoes back again.

R. J. H.

For the VERMONT FARMER.

THE VALE OF FATES.

BY PAUL PASTNOR.

As a weary pilgrim, gazing
From the distant vale
At a marbled city,
Clear and pale,
Sees no motion,
Hears no ocean
Beating on the strand,
And no portals
For tired mortals
Finds on either hand,

While he watcheth, turneth sadly,
Sighing, "Not for me;"
So my spirit, longing,
Can but see
Marbled mountains,
Frozen fountains
And unopened gates:
And, with sighing,
Hope is dying
In the vale of fates.

For the VERMONT FARMER.

ONE BRIGHT SPOT.

BY PAY PENTON.

'Way in the aisle of memory,
Far back and dimmed with tears,
It still is fresh within my heart,
As rolls the lapse of years.
A home like that of childhood
I never yet have seen;
I view it now through eyes of love,
For mountains rise between.

We spent each happy summer day
Roaming through field and glen;
But now I see the stone gleam white
"Our darling, aged ten."
I miss her now, that childish form
And wealth of golden hair,—
Many's the kiss I've pressed upon
Her sunny brow, so fair.

The setting sun's bright rays, I ween,
As lovingly now fall
Across the grave that nestles there,
Beneath the maple hall.
How sweet it is when looking back,
After our friends are dead,
To think each day, passed side by side,
Was like a golden thread.

For the VERMONT FARMER.

THE UNWISE REBUKE.

BY MATTIE LAWRENCE.

It was a pretty picture, the snug little white farm-house with its green blinds; its broad veranda over which the woodbine and morning glories twined their tendrils and seemed to vie with each other in their luxuriant growth, and forming a beautiful curtain across its whole length, except where they had been carefully trained back, leaving a doorway through the net-work of living green.

Just back, was the orchard, now fragrant with its buds and blossoms, where the birds carolled their sweet songs as they hopped from bough to bough, or darted swiftly away to the grand old maples that had so long spread their protecting branches around this pleasant home.

There was no lack of neatness or taste in the surroundings of Deacon Samuel Brown's home. The yard with its lilacs, its roses and honeysuckles, its nicely graveled walk with its border of gray stones, and its tidy white fence, all bore witness of its owner's taste and care. No loose boards clattered in the wind on his well-kept barns, no doors off the hinges, no gates propped up, no fence leaning as though unable to bear its own weight; but everything was in perfect order and repair.

Deacon Brown was a model farmer, but his was a stern, exacting nature; just and honest in his dealings with his fellows, he required the same of them, and the least deviation brought upon them his lasting displeasure.

In his family he was kind and indulgent when every injunction was obeyed, and none of his strict principles infringed upon, but stern and unforgiving to faults that would have been passed by with little or no comment by another less exacting than himself.

He had two children, Lottie a sweet girl of seventeen, and Fred—as he was familiarly called, a stout, well made lad, with a broad, open forehead; a pleasant, sunny face, but one that had a set, determined look about it; for it had been said, "he was father's own boy," "a chip of the old block." With him, to know was to do, and to do right was the goal to which he aspired. The warm spring in which my story opens, brought to Deacon Brown's home Edward and Herbert Denman, his nephews, and Fred's cousins.

They were born and reared in the city of New York, and their fond parents allowed them to indulge in all innocent games, as a harmless recreation, and one calculated to divert their minds from the many frivolities of the great city.

They brought with them their cards and dominoes, and on the evening preceeding the morn on which my story commences, were playing in their room, and instructing their cousin in the mysteries of the game.

Deacon Brown had an eye and ear open to watch the boys, and, as they were engaged in their play, swooped down upon them and in tones hoarse with rage forbid them to play more, and hurried Fred to his quarters where he was ordered to stay, and as a parting rebuke, told "he never wished to set eyes on him again."

The surprise of the boys at this sudden interruption, and the storm that followed, can not be described.

They had unintentionally incurred their uncle's displeasure, and got Fred into disgrace by doing what they had never been taught was wrong, and their proud spirits rebelled at the bondage and they determined to leave at once. They hastily packed their valises and then crept stealthily to Fred's room to tell him of their purpose and urged him to return with them to their city home.

They found him sitting by his table, where he had sat so many hours before, but not as now, an alien to his father and home.

The parting words, "I never wish to set eyes on you again" stung and rankled in his sensitive nature till he had resolved to leave home, and his cousins' request was acceded to at once and he made preparations to depart.

A few lines to his mother and Lottie, left on the table where they would be sure to find them, and to pack a change of clothes was his only preparation, and with noiseless steps the three boys left the house and hurried to the depot where an early train whirled them away towards their destination.

Fred lingered a moment on top of the hill to take a look at his old home, as it nestled in the bright moonlight, so peacefully mid the trees and shrubs, then resolutely kept on his way with a determination to never enter his father's presence again.

He felt he had been harshly and unjustly treated for what he had no idea was a crime, for this was the first time the Deacon had known of it, so he had never been forbidden to play.

And as he sat in the crowded car, speeding on and still on, with strange faces all about him and the shrill whistle ringing in his ears, his only regret was for his gentle, loving mother and sister who were now enjoying their repose, little dreaming that when they awoke, he would be miles away and that years would elapse before they would meet again.

The sun was just lighting up the eastern sky, gilding here and there the distant hilltops with its golden splendor, when Deacon Brown arose, and, as was his custom, hallooed to Fred to "wake up," but receiving no answer, concluded he had preceded him to the yard, so he wended his way thither. But there was no row of pails standing at the yard gate, for Fred was not there.

He returned to the house, and ascending the stairs rapped at Fred's door, saying at the same time, "come Fred, it is time to get up." Still there came no response and opening the door discovered the well-made bed, for no head had rested there through the night, and in an instant his words of the night before flashed to his mind and he realized that his son was gone. He then visited his nephews' room, and, as he expected, that too was empty.

Hastily retracing his steps he burst into his wife's room, and stood with blanched face before her.

She had just risen and was standing at the open window inhaling the perfume of the many buds and blossoms that was wafted in on the morning air, but, as he entered a glance told her something unusual had occurred. She had no time to ask the cause for he gasped out, "He is gone! Fred has run away."

Her only reply was to rush past him and up to Fred's room where his words were confirmed. There was the bed with its unwrinkled counterpane and on the table the neatly superscribed envelope directed to herself. Hastily breaking the seal she read—

Dear mother, and sister Lottie :—Do not think me heartless or unfeeling, for I grieve to leave you. But I cannot stay here longer, after what father said to me last night. The words, "I never want to set eyes on you again," cut me to the quick. If it was a crime to play with the boys I did not know it, as I had never been forbidden to do so. Do not worry about me, but ever remember me in your prayers; and may God watch over and keep you, is the wish of your unworthy but loving son and brother,

FREDERICK D. BROWN.

It seemed for a few moments, that the mother's heart would break. Tears were denied her, and she stood as one stunned by some heavy blow. Then she sank into the chair where he had sat and written this note but a few hours before, pale and motionless, while the choking sensation became more and more unbearable.

How her thoughts, like the electric flash, traveled backward to the time she had held him, an innocent, helpless babe on her breast, and built, as it now proved, bright, beautiful air castles for the future. Ah! vain human expectations. How soon the cup, we have bedecked with the bright flowers of hope, is shivered and each fond anticipation blasted. Yesterday, the home circle was complete; to-day, what a vacant place—and who was in fault?

The thought gave her new strength and she tottered down stairs and confronted her husband with reproaches such as she was never capable of uttering before.

She grew eloquent as she expiated on his harsh injustice and the hasty, unwise words he had used for a rebuke. And now, her noble, proud-spirited boy was a wanderer, surrounded by the sin and temptations of a world of which he knew nothing, or next to nothing.

The deacon bore in silence the invectives heaped upon him for conscience was a more perfect accuser than the poor mother, for it reached deeper than her words could.

But I will not dwell on the sad scene. Suffice it to say, the whole tenor of their lives was changed.

In place of the brisk, business appearance the place had always worn, there came a dull, listless look, a quietness that even the chirp of insect life seemed to disturb.

There was the same taste and care, the same attention to business, but here the old-time resemblance ceased.

The father grew more gentle in his words, and his bowed frame and gray hairs told of the grief that was unspoken, for Fred's name was never mentioned in his presence. But the mother's heart! how can we describe its loneliness!

After the first outburst, she never reproached her husband, for she saw that remorse was doing its work, and that his unguarded words were a burden that weighed like a mountain on his mind.

Thus, the years rolled by with no news from the son and brother that had been, as he deemed it, thrust from his home, except the assurance from Mr Denman to Lottie in one of the few letters that passed between the families, that he was well, and a brother of which she might well be proud.

Ten years and more had passed, for it was now late in the autumn, that a stranger entered a crowded lecture room in one of the cities of the great West.

He was a well dressed man, past the meridian of life, with hair white as the driven snow but a face that looked much younger. He took his seat in a listless manner and seemed to take no interest in the place, or the crowd about him.

The lecture was not one of a regular course, but given by a popular speaker whose aim was to stimulate the social and intellectual growth of the community.

But to-night, his was a theme of interest to all, and one that will never be exhausted.

It was "Parental Responsibility."

He was now seated on the stand in conversation with some of the city officials, but soon arose and was introduced to the audience as Frederick Denman, Esq. of New York.

He was a splendid type of manhood, and a murmur of admiration ran through the immense crowd as he bowed his acknowledgment.

He began with a preamble relative to our first parents, and, as he came gradually and grandly down from them to the parents of the present day, he waxed more and more eloquent, till the vast sea of humanity gathered before him, had no thought but of him, and the words he was uttering.

His broad, high forehead, from which a wealth of dark, wavy hair had been carefully combed, was a true index of the mine of knowledge contained within, while the strong, commanding voice, and the soul-speaking eye held every hearer captive.

But the stranger that had seemed so careless and indifferent, what of him?

He was deathly pale, and cowered in his seat like some wild animal subdued by the strong will of his keeper. And, as the speaker went from one point to another, he sat as though spell-bound, his eyes riveted upon the floor, till he came to speak of the harsh, cruel words with which some parents rebuked their children, and the woe and desolation that oft-times followed, when he could bear it no longer, and, darting through the crowd, fell at the speaker's feet with the words, "Forgive me, my own, my darling son! forgive your cruel father."

It was an affecting scene. The white-haired sire pleading the strong man's forgiveness, for hard, unfeeling words spoken in the "long ago," that had rankled in his breast wearing out his very life.

The audience were on their feet in a moment, and some rushed forward; but he waved them back, and taking the prostrate man by the hand, raised him to his feet, and said, "Father, it is all forgiven." He then placed him in the seat he himself had occupied and proceeded with the lecture; only telling them that the scene they had witnessed was caused by an unwise rebuke, and was a warning to all parents to temper their words with caution, lest they, too, taste the same cup.

So faithfully did he delineate the woe and anguish that inevitably followed, depicting in vivid colors the temptations that beset the young and inexperienced when thrust from their homes, and their probable ruin and downfall, that tears filled the eyes of many unused to this luxury.

He closed, thanking the audience for their kind consideration, and, taking his father's arm, retired from the hall.

They proceeded at once to the hotel where the son was stopping, and in his own room perfected the reconciliation. It would be useless to attempt to portray the joy that permeated the hearts of this father and son. The one, that the lost son was found, a noble, useful man, an ornament to his family and the world, and the other, that he could again visit his mother and sister and enjoy the companionship of those he loved, and with them roam about the old home, where he had spent his childish days. They sat long into the night recounting to each other the events of the past, and it was arranged that he should accompany his father on his return home.

The business of each required some days to accomplish, the son's engagements taking the longest, so a letter was dispatched to the little New England home, telling them, "that important matters detained him longer than he expected, and he should not arrive till Thanksgiving day. And, that they must prepare to meet a dear friend,—one they had had not seen for many years."

This letter, so vague and unsatisfactory, raised the highest hopes in the mother's and sister's hearts, and though little was said, the thoughts of the return of the son and brother were paramount to all others.

So the days wore away, filled, as it were, with alternate hopes and fears, till the day came that was to bring Deacon Brown and his guest to Woodbine Cottage. It was a cold, November day; the wind whistled and sighed through the trees, while, now and then, a snowflake came whirling down, as a reminder that winter was at hand. At one o'clock a team was started for the depot, for they were to come on the two p. m. train, and would arrive at home just in season for the Thanksgiving supper.

Lottie and her mother were in a fever of expectancy; yet, they were self-possessed enough so the roast turkey and chicken pie were done "to a turn," and the plum pudding, famous. The table was nicely set with its snowy cloth, its glistening silver and china, when the rumbling of wheels as they came swiftly over the frozen ground announced their arrival, and the Deacon entered, followed by a noble-looking man some twenty-four or five years of age, closely muffled and his hat drawn a little down, so you could scarcely discern his features.

The usual greetings exchanged, he turned to the gentleman with, "This is—"

"My son!" exclaimed the mother, as she was clasped in his strong arms.

It is needless to describe the deep joy of that meeting. Words would fail were I to attempt it. But, we will listen and repeat to you, in our own words, some of his history in these ten years of absence.

On his arrival in New York he went directly to his uncle's, Edward and Herbert's father's, where he was warmly welcomed. The event of that sad night was rehearsed, and his leaving home, and it was thought best that he drop his surname and be known as Frekerick Denman, which was no myth, as he was named for his uncle.

His uncle took a lively interest in his welfare, and, being a wealthy man and feeling that his sons had been the innocent cause of his downfall, had aided him in every possible manner, till he had obtained a collegiate education, which, added to a fine, natural talent had given him the prominent position he now occupied.

And now, as we leave this re-united family gathered around the table, where they are enjoying a *true* Thanksgiving, and for which sincere thanks have been offered to the Giver of all good, we will quote the words, "Parents, provoke not your children to wrath," lest you, too, suffer such a parting as this, with no happy re-union.

For the VERMONT FARMER.

Infants.

The FARMER of November 5th copied from the Herald of Health an article entitled "Mother with Sleepless Babe," which contains some very good suggestions, and I, for one, hope to receive more light upon the subject, from some of the members of "Our Happy Band."

"Find out the cause of the sleeplessness of the babe and remove it." Very good, but how can Mother Inexperience make Baby Bright Eyes tell its tale of woe? That is what I want to know, and if I succeed in writing a few more lines with Miss Three Months Old in my arms, and Master Fifteen Months Old at my side vigorously sucking his thumb, and teasing me for my pen and paper, perhaps some of the good mothers in Israel, will have mercy, and tell me how to make these happy, frolicking, but too wide awake babies of mine take "a little more slumber, a little more sleep."

I never give soothing syrup or anything of that nature, but I have used Ridge's Food, manufactured by Woolrick & Co, Palmer, Mass., and find it a very valuable daily diet. It is made from the best of wheat, the inner and outer hulls being reduced to an almost uniform fineness, after which it is thoroughly cooked by a process invented by Dr Ridge of London.

My little boy was threatened very strongly with dysentery, and I believe Ridge's Food saved him a serious attack of that dreaded disease. He would not take it in the form of pudding or gruel, but if I mixed it thoroughly in his milk without heating, he was very willing to take a table spoonful several times a day, and it did him a great deal of good. I wonder that it is not more generally kept by the druggists of Vermont. If mothers knew its value there would be a loud call for it.

C. C. H.

[Not being a "Mother in Israel" we hardly feel competent to advise sister H. but give as our opinion (provided the babies are in good health) that the cause of their sleeplessness is inherited nervousness; for we opine the parents of these babies are not a very sleepy couple, and we think it is an almost invariable rule that children born of parents with active brains and a slight physical development possess a highly wrought nervous temperament.

We pity these over-sensitive little bits of humanity knowing only too well by experience that every sudden or unusual sight or sound will send a thrill through their whole beings equal to a shock from an electric battery. Such little ones whose lives are all smiles or tears, should be dealt with very tenderly—kept from all excitement, nourished with strengthening but easily digestible food, and induced to sleep as much as possible, for such children seem to live so much faster than stupid ones, they require more rest.

The physical systems of such little ones need especial care, lest they become too frail a tenement for the struggling, impatient soul within.

We think the milk from a carefully fed family cow is more conducive to quietness, than the sustenance derived from a nervous mother, which must necessarily be effected by ill health, improper diet and weariness. Being the eldest of six we served more than an English apprenticeship caring for babies in our girlhood days, and our only thought then was to keep them comfortable and quiet; but looking at such matters now from a different standpoint, it seems that a mother with two such babies as sister H. describes needs more loving care, patience and wisdom than would be required to train a whole regiment of men.

Trusting that all these may be vouchsafed to her, we will only add, if Master H has commenced to tease for pen and paper at his tender age, he may more than fill his father's place as the years roll on—who knows?]

For the VERMONT FARMER.

"It is More Blessed to Give than to Receive."

From the first of my reading and sabbath-school-going experience, I have often read and heard this text—in the little Sunday-school Advocate; and when they wanted a collection for the poor, benighted juveniles in heathen land, or any other "poor," this was one choice argument why we should be generous. Even ministers, when reporting their own donations (by them received), close by saying, "it is more blessed to give than to receive." By the way, I don't think that is in very good taste—as much as to say, "we had a very good time, but you had the best enjoyment, after all."

Well, I did not understand or believe it when a child, and I do not believe or comprehend it now. Do you think it is because I never give? Not so; for I do, often,—many times cheerfully, sometimes grudgingly; usually feeling both emotions,—and all these years I have looked in vain for the blessing of giving.

Now, to make you understand my perplexity, though I do not understand it any better than I do the maxim.

I often impulsively divide my store of that of which I have an abundance with friend or neighbor who has none, and so far from feeling any pleasure in giving, I only am pleased that they, too, enjoy what I am blessed with; and I know if I had been the one that had none, I should have been pleased fourfold more with a like gift. I have fed the hungry, and I know by actual experience that they were blessed; and I rejoiced with them. I have clad the shivering, and I know they were blessed, because I am so when warm and comfortably clothed. I carried a basket of well-cooked food to the weary, worn-down mother of three sick children, with as many more who were well, and rejoiced to help her because she needed help.

Years ago, a very poor neighbor had a sick baby, just the age of my own darling, and the poor little fellow had no shoes, while my boy had two pairs, and twice as many stockings; and his tiny feet were so cold, and his face and hands so blue—well, the next morning I sent him shoes and stockings, though at the same moment almost jealous that any other feet should wear what my baby had worn. O, how glad I was to think he was warm,—that *he* had *received*,—and even to this day I rejoice that as long as he lived in this wintry world he was warm; and he is now where winter's cold never comes.

Is not the really true enjoyment in receiving, either ourselves, or sympathy with those who receive from us? And then, do we feel so truly thankful to our friends, and so grateful to God, the giver of all good, as we ought? If we will realize our blessings and be truly grateful, and in everything give thanks, how much less repining, and how much more happiness, in the hearts and "homes."

I think a person who cannot feel that it is blessed to receive cannot enjoy life himself, or make others so happy as we all may be if we "do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly before God."

FANNY.

[This lady seems to be in a dilemma, and has really taken "a new departure." We are pleased to see our contributors questioning some of our axioms. It shows they are beginning to think for themselves. We cannot agree with her, for we think "it is more blessed to give than to receive," if the giving is done in the right spirit—to benefit the one upon whom the gift is conferred. Will some contributor please convince Sister Fanny that the text is correct, after all.]

For the VERMONT FARMER.

About Grandmothers.

Dear me! a pretty pass things are coming to, if a woman can't be a grandmother, in this age of progression, before she gets to be as old as Methuselah, without its being put in the newspapers! (Kitty, wipe my spectacles, please, and hand me my snuff box.) The fact is, you don't know of how much consequence you are in the world until you get to be a grandmother; no, indeed! Don't the minister bow down his stately form before you in imminent peril to his suspender buttons, and inquire so tenderly for grandma's health? Don't you always get the "chair of state," and the softest hassock for your little feet?" Don't all the girls and boys come to you with their little love affairs, and other troubles, thinking you with your age and experience just the one to advise, counsel and comfort them? Don't that sour-visaged spinster, Jerusha Jenkins, turn up her nose and toss her sparse ringlets in disgust when little Rosebud caresses your cheek with her chubby hand, and you kiss the coral mouth and coo in soft, low tones a language that only baby understands. Don't she declare babies a nuisance and hug her fat poodle with sore eyes till it howls with pain? We take no offense, baby and I; we pity her, for we know she can never be a grandmother.

When of a fine morning you enter the cars for a short trip, and that nice young man with the black spot on his upper lip politely offers you a seat, and is so officious in his attentions. The sun—saucy fellow—is not allowed to glare into your face too rudely, nor the wind to tumble your curls too roughly; you accept them all gratefully knowing, of course, it to be of deference to your being a grandmother, you feel so full of the importance of it yourself that you suppose every one must see it written all over your benign countenance. Presently a friend steps in and comes up to you with, "Good morning, grandma, and how is little Rosebud." Well if it isn't refreshing to see that fellow look at you out of the corners of his eyes and say as plainly as though he spoke. "If I hav'nt been playing the gallant to somebody's grandmother, ugh!" and settles himself back in his seat, closes his eyes and remains oblivious of passing events the rest of the journey. O, it is delightful to be a grandma! Little Rosebud has four pearls of teeth, and walks alone. Kitty you may add another inch to the width of my cap borders.

SARAH BRIGHAM MANSFIELD.

For the VERMONT FARMER.

The Fashioning of Beautiful Garments.

MRS EDITRESS:—In a September number of the FARMER, I noticed an article on "the cultivation of taste in dress," and other matters. Now I do not wish to criticise our sister's well written article, but only speak a few kind words which the perusal of it suggests.

She thinks "we can spend our time in a worse manner than fashioning beautiful garments," and also says: "In furnishing our parlors we should have more regard for uniformity of colors, so as not to offend the eye."

I agree with her that it is well for those whose circumstances will permit, but do not too many make this the first object in life, so that it is likely to interfere with helier and higher duties? We hope, however, it does not hinder our sister from dispensing charity in her neighborhood; or administering comfort at the bed-side of the sick and dying.

There is no occasion for stimulating this love of display, while so many of our sex deprive themselves of nearly all other pleasures to gratify it; even among the poor, many are denying themselves the comforts of life, to enable them to make an appearance of luxury, and this is carried to such an extent that it is impossible to ascertain whether a woman has emerged from a hovel or a palace; whether she be a servant or queen; if she is clad in fashionable attire, she seems to claim the appellation of "lady," and moves in society with a haughtiness of mien that bespeaks to those less favored: "Stand by thyself," etc.

Have you never called on a neighbor who does her own work, but you always find her "of an afternoon" in a nicely arranged parlor, in faultless attire, and you almost envy her the comfort she apparently enjoys, in being able to have everything so perfect around her; but a sudden call some day to her kitchen and pantry, is sickness, exhibits a side of the picture not so lovely, they have an untidy appearance; her cupboards are destitute of cordials to relieve distress, (which would save the expense and necessity of calling a physician), and her larder is so poorly supplied, that you could scarcely find materials for cooking a comfortable dinner.

The present financial troubles of the nation have been traced (in part at least) to the extravagance of woman, and shall those who see and feel this evil make no effort to bring about a reform both by precept and example?

There is a bitter wail of anguish coming from the homes of the destitute all over our land—many without employment, or the means to procure food and clothing for their families, the coming winter; and still there is plenty for all, if it was equally distributed.

Sister grangers I appeal to you. We are solemnly bound to assist each other, but this does not exempt us from duties outside; it is those who are unable to avail themselves of the benefits our Order confers, who most need our sympathy and assistance. Ye whose store-houses and closets are full, divide with your less fortunate neighbors, remembering "he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord;" and while we endeavor to array ourselves in comely apparel, let us make it our first object in life, to fashion some garments for the adornment of the soul when we "go up higher." The fabric out of which these garments are made must be woven in the web of life—the materials of which it is composed are faith in God and man; it is carded with good will; spun on the wheel of forbearance; bleached in the fountain of purity; colored with truth; warped on the bars of love, and filled with sympathy; and out of this home-made fabric we may adorn ourselves with garments which we need not lay aside even in death. Alas for the unclothed spirit drifting toward eternity.

L. M. R.

Pomfret, Vt.

For the VERMONT FARMER.

Recipes.

POP-OVERS.—One cup of sweet milk, one cup of flour and one egg, one teaspoonful salt. Stir well together, and pour into a hot-buttered roll-iron, and bake quickly. The above will make twelve.

GRAHAM ROLLS.—Take one pint of sweet milk, one teaspoonful salt and stir in graham flour to form a thick batter. Mix this at night and in the morning have your roll-iron smoking hot; pour in the batter and bake in a quick oven. They are delicious.

R. J. H.

HOUSE GARDENING.—At this season the calla will be growing vigorously, and will need water more abundantly. A saucer of water under the calla is much relished by this plant. It is sub-aquatic in its nature. Other plants have saucers under them in order to keep the water from dripping on the floor; but the water should not be allowed to stand in them. The calla flower is liable to the attacks of the green fly, as indeed are many plants which grow in windows. There are many remedies which gardeners use in greenhouses that are inapplicable in rooms. The best thing for the room gardener is to take the pots to a back kitchen, or, if not frosty, to the open air, lay the pots on their sides, and syringe with warm soap suds.

WASHING HOUSE PLANTS.—Have a large pail or tub filled with warm soap-suds; then spread the fingers and palm of the left hand over the soil in the pot, turn the branches topsy-turvy, into the warm suds, swing the plant briskly in the water till every leaf has become completely saturated, then put it through a pail of clean water, and rub each leaf with the thumb and finger; give it a good shake, and when dry return it to its place in the window.

The leaves of a plant are its lungs, each leaf being furnished with hundreds of minute pores, whence the plants breathe in carbon and exhale oxygen. The perspiration of plants is said to be seventeen times that of human beings. Many plants, never bloom on account of the accumulation of dust upon their leaves.—*Land and Water.*

PIANOS AND ORGANS!

ORGANIZED beings owe their progressive development largely to the number, the frequency, the kind and the urgency of their wants. From the lowest created living thing, the polyp, whose simple and transient wants are easily satisfied from the surrounding elements, air, earth and water, to the highest being in the scale—man, there is indeed a va-st distance; yet many of the wants of all the creatures in the animal kingdom are alike in kind and degree. Of these we may instance: hunger, thirst and sleep, the so-called uncontrollable wants; of these, thirst has been a curse as much as a blessing to the human race, which shows that in some cases instinct is a safer guide than mind, the former being unerring, while the latter may be perverted.

Ascending the scale we meet sundry wants (artificial) shared by men in common with animals; the attentive reader will recall many instances of the kind among his horse, dog and bird acquaintances. The writer has seen camels inhale tobacco smoke with all the gusto of a Mohawk; and, alas! for poor animal nature, a dog in our neighborhood visited an adjoining brewery and got sadly fuddled.

But to come to the clincher—which are the wants that make man what he is, or should be?

They are of an intellectual, æsthetic, or religious nature. The safest and most enjoyable wants are the æsthetic. Among these we will mention but two branches—poetry and music. To excel in the former requires genius or talent. Mechanics come to our assistance in the latter, and enable any ordinary mortal to be a pleasure to himself and others. Violin playing depends for excellence on a delicacy of feeling given to few among men. The organ and the piano are the instruments which carry joy and pleasure into the remotest hamlet and the loneliest farm-house. To enable all persons to have one of these sources of pleasure at moderate cost,

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