

## FARM.

### BE A FARMER.

You may talk of making money  
By some risky speculation  
You may dream of being honored  
By this great and mighty nation;  
Wealth is fine when rightly managed,  
Fame's a very pretty charmer,  
But tell me, where's a happier man  
Than a good, industrious farmer?

Do not, then, forsake the homestead  
For some easy occupation;  
Be a man that is a farmer,  
In a farmer's estimation;  
Where is literature sweeter,  
Poetry so much the charmer,  
Than read at ease on a wintry eve  
By the fireside of a farmer?

Stick to farming, then, young men,  
With a firm determination;  
Do not leave it, save to get  
A good solid education;  
Study science, art, self-culture,  
Take dame Nature for your charmer;  
Then, according to my notion,  
You're prepared to be a farmer.

### WHEN TO TRANSPLANT TREES.

The question, when to plant, is an important one. Some will not plant anything in the fall; others prefer the fall to other seasons. Fall planting, however, has strong advocates among experienced tree-planters, and where a planter has given that season a fair trial, his favorable testimony is, as a rule, secured. However, there is a prejudice against fall planting, and a single failure at that season counts more against it than a dozen in the spring. Trees and shrubs planted early in the autumn will push roots before winter, for it is not necessary that the top grow to force root growth; all can prove this by observation. Take up a tree or shrub in November that was planted in August or September, and you will be surprised to see the amount of new and growing roots. A fall-planted tree becomes established by this means, and naturally is in a better condition to grow the coming spring.

I believe if careful and systematic experiments were carried on in tree-planting, the fall would be found a better season to plant than in spring; the ground is warm and moist, in the best condition for the formation of roots, the air is moist, and there are not the fierce, drying winds of early spring, or the liability of a June or July drouth soon after the tree is planted.—Vick's Magazine.

### NOTES AND SUGGESTIONS.

Water should always be given before feeding and never immediately afterward.

It is a first-rate plan to cover the soil in which next year's vegetables are to be raised, with fresh manure to be turned under as soon as the frost is out.

For a winter diet for pigeons it will be hard to choose better food in the Canadian list than good plump barley, good two-year-old peas, and a little corn.

Beans are rich in nitrogen and are good food for any sort of animals. Hogs may be fattened on them. There is nothing better for sheep, and they are just the thing for cows in milk.

Collect and protect enough of rich, mellow soil for potting such plants as may be raised in the house during the winter—tomatoes, seedling potatoes, seedling roses, berries and the like.

Never confine an animal in its stall by fastening a rope around its neck. Always use halters, both for horses and cattle, as a slight mistake in adjusting the rope, in making the knot may cause injury or loss.

It is said that 1,000 sheep, run on a piece of ground one year, will make the soil capable of yielding grain enough—over and above the capacity of the soil without the sheep manure—to support 1,035 sheep an entire year.

Is a fact that dogs seldom attack sheep kept with cattle, unless in the case of some old rogue, and then only when the sheep are found at a considerable distance, for the instinct of the cattle is to attack animals found chasing or worrying other stock near them.

Out on the old canes of blackberries and raspberries. Prune the grapevines and ladder bend the canes over on the ground and cover with evergreen branches, or litter of any kind, holding the canes in place by stones or blocks of wood. It pays to protect grapevines, even though of the hardiest varieties.

One great cause of bulls becoming vicious is that they do not have exercise enough. Kept up in stables, and especially if high-fed, they chafe in their confinement, and when let out are disposed to play or attack any thing or person they can get at. The best way to keep bulls quiet is to let them run in a strongly-fenced yard or paddock with one or more cows.

A few rules for making good butter: First, be clean in milking, washing the udder and teats before beginning; use tin pails, well scalded and clean; strain in a deep pan, about eight inches in diameter and twenty inches deep; keep the milk cool; do not allow the cream to stand over thirty-six hours after skimming, and keep the cream at a temperature of sixty-two degrees before churning.

So me coarse fodder is desirable, if it can be procured, and a supply can be grown either of millet, cornfodder or pea vines, and cut when in blossom and cured for hay. If a little roughness is given, six pounds of bran and the same of some kind of grain, and two pounds of whole clean cottonseed would make sufficient food for a thousand-pound horse. Five pounds of hay given daily with this food would be quite sufficient.

Piles are caused by the dilations of the blood vessels of the lower gut or rectum and the formation of tumors. In horses they are rare, and the melanotic tumors on the lining membrane are often confounded with them. The treatment is as follows: Give daily three ounces of Glauber salts and common salt; also bran and linseed mashes, with one drachm each of sulphate of iron and ground gentian root. If the piles appear outwardly, or there is much irritation, and the horse rubs the tail, inject one ounce of a solution of a drachm of sugar of lead in a pint of water.

A story is told of General Buttler to the effect that he was once examined for an appointment as a department clerk. Among the list of printed questions he found this:—"What States and Territories would you cross in going from New York to the Pacific coast?" The future general's geography was not equal to an answer to this question, but his native wit was. He wrote:—"None. I would go around by Cape Horn."

## Facts About Lightning.

Every one is familiar with the fact that lightning does not spring from cloud to cloud, to the earth, but pursues a zig-zag course. This is due to the fact that the air is not equally humid throughout. Electricity always takes the path which offers the least resistance to its passage. Damp air is a better conducting medium than dry air; consequently the lightning selects the dampest route, avoiding the drier strata and zones it encounters, and advances, now directly, now obliquely, until it reaches the opposite cloud, where it subdivides into a number of forks. Owing to the resistance it encounters in its path, intense heat is generated, which causes the air to expand. Immediately after the flash, the air again contracts with great violence and with a loud report, which is echoed and re-echoed among the clouds. The report reaching the ear of the listener from varying distances, is drawn out into a series, and, being still further prolonged by the echoes, the roll of the thunder is produced.

It is a curious fact that, although the sound of thunder is exceedingly loud when heard near at hand, the area over which it is audible is comparatively circumscribed. The noise of a cannonade will be heard, under favorable conditions, at a distance of nearly a hundred miles, while the sound of thunder does not travel over fifteen miles. The occurrence of the thunder and the lightning is, of course, simultaneous; but as the light travels faster than sound—its passage is almost instantaneous, the flash may be seen several seconds before the thunder is heard. The distance of thunder may thus be approximately estimated, an interval of five seconds between the flash and the thunder clap being allowed to the mile.

Sheet-lightning has the appearance of a sheet of flame, momentarily illuminating part of the sky or cloud surface. It is, in reality, but the reflection of lightning flashing beyond the horizon or behind the clouds, at too great a distance for the thunder to be audible.

But the most remarkable of all the manifestations of electricity is globular lightning, in appearance like a ball of fire moving leisurely along, and remaining visible, it may be, several minutes. Many curious facts are related of its vagaries. One of the most interesting and circumstantial is that given by Mr. Fitzgerald, County Donegal, Ireland, who saw a globe of fire slowly descend from the Glendown mountains to the valleys below. Where it first touched the ground, it excavated a hole about twenty feet square, "as if it had been cut with a huge knife."

This was scarcely the work of a minute. For a distance of twenty perches it plowed a trench about four feet deep, and, moving along the bank of a stream, it made a furrow a foot in depth. Finally it tore away part of the bank five perches in length, and five feet deep, and "hurling the immense mass into the bed of the stream it flew into the opposite peaty bank." The globe was visible twenty minutes, and traversed a distance of a mile, showing that its progress was, for lightning, very slow indeed. During thunder storms of extreme violence on Deeside, balls of fire are occasionally seen to roll down the sides of Lochnagar, which are, no doubt, identical with globular lightning.—Chamber's Journal.

## The Prodigal Son of 1887.

No, my son, it isn't that the world has grown hard-hearted; it isn't that we aren't just as glad to-day to see the prodigal come back, and just as lovingly anxious to welcome him home as ever was anybody in the fifteenth chapter of Luke. It is the manner in which the prodigal son of 1887 frequently returns that throws a wet blanket over the festivities of the welcome. When he comes down the road with his hat hanging on his ear and his hands in his pockets; when he kicks the faithful old house dog as he lounges in at the gate; when he calls his father "Guvnor," and the hired man "Cull," when he wants to know "What's for dinner?" before he has been in the house fifteen minutes; when he gives his elder brother two fingers to shake, and advises him to comb the hayseed out of his hair; when he throws himself into the easiest chair in the house, perches his feet on the window sill and announces that he will take a tub before dinner; when he comes back with a general forgiving air of good fellowship about him, and tries to make all the rest of the family feel very easy and reassured, then it is, my son, that your father longs to run and meet you while you are yet a great way off, and fall upon your neck with a plow-line and welt you into a state of becoming humility and penitence by the time you are ready to take off your hat to the bound boy, and crawl up the front steps to ask your brother to shake hands with you. Good people are just as glad to-day as they ever were, my son, to see the prodigal come home, but it does rattle them a little to see him come home in a hack and ask them to pay the driver and send for his baggage.

## The Sage and His Dress.

It is said that on one occasion Cogia Effendi, a Persian sage, dressed as a beggar, entered a house where a gay feast was being held. He was pushed thither, hustled by one and another, and noticed kindly by no one. So Cogia withdrew, and repaired to his home, where he arrayed himself in his most splendid style, with jeweled shoes on his feet, a robe of cloth of gold on his back, and a turban glittering with a diamond aigrette on his head. Then, having hung at his side his sabre, in the hilt of which flashed some valuable jewels, he returned to the feast. His entrance was the signal for attention on all sides. The guests, who before had rudely pushed him aside, now made way for his passing to and fro. The host came hastily towards him with the words, "Welcome, my Lord Effendi, thrice welcome; what will your lordship please to take?" In reply, Cogia quaintly, but expressively stretched out his foot so that the jewel on his shoe sparkled; and then, taking his golden robe in one hand, and holding it away from him, said, with bitter irony, "Welcome, my lord, welcome, most excellent robe; what will your lordship please to take?" "For," said he, turning to his perplexed host, "I ought to ask my coat what it will take, seeing that my welcome is due solely to it."

It is not every bicycle rider who can lower the record, but it is a poor bicycle that cannot lower the rider.

There have been more railroad accidents and more people killed thereby this year than ever before in the history of the country. Whisky, old age and color-blindness are to blame in four-fifths of the cases.

## THE SHADOWS OF A GREAT CITY.

BY REV. J. B. SILCOX.

The greatness of London appals one. It is great in every direction; in poverty as in wealth, in vice as in virtue. An American gentleman said to me the other day, "This is the only city I ever failed to compass. It is too big for me. I cannot take it in." It is an education to see London. No man should allow himself to live thirty years in this world without visiting it, even if he had to come 5,000 miles to see it, as I did. There are certain places here that every stranger is expected to visit. I need not enumerate them. I had visited many of these Meccas. I had seen the Queen and Mr. Gladstone, had heard Joseph Parker in the Temple, Charles Spurgeon in the Tabernacle, and Henry Irving in the Lyceum. I had reverently looked on the relics resting in the British Museum, had stood in wonderment before St. Paul's Cathedral, and had tried to absorb some of the beauty looking down on me from the walls of the National Gallery. But there was another side of London life that I was anxious to look upon. One of the theatres was daily advertising, as an attractive drama, "The Shadows of a Great City." To see the shadow side of London I did not go to the theatre, but took a more direct route, for it was not the shadow of the shadow but the substance of the shadow that I wanted to see. I had read "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London," and knew somewhat of the relief work undertaken by the London Congregational Union, and had welcomed to my far away Western city some who had been rescued by the Self-help Emigration Society. Through the kindness of Rev. Andrew Mearns, who has done so much to awaken and direct the thought of Christian men and women to this good work of reclaiming the outcasts, it was arranged that I should spend a day with the missionaries working in the south-east of London, and also spend a night on the streets and lanes of London. It is the night tramp that I attempt to describe in this article. According to agreement, I met Mr. Gates at midnight, at Piccadilly Circus. Here we saw what is perhaps the saddest sight, the darkest shadow of this great city. In a short walk of five minutes we counted 150 victims of man's inhumanity to women. They were young, and, as a rule, beautiful in form and feature. They might have adorned homes of wealth and culture. Alas! "it might have been."

As we pass from this shadow of death, we can hear the pitiful heart cry of many an unfortunate, saying, "Can you help me to a better life; can you show me the way back?" What response does the Church of Christ make to that importunate appeal? Turning our steps eastward, we meet a youth of sixteen shuffling aimlessly along the streets, with his hands in his pockets. Addressing him we find him to be a quiet, modest-appearing boy, with a sad, hungry face. His father is dead. He left his step-mother in the country, and had come to London for work—a printer by trade, but now out of work and homeless. We gave him a ticket to Collier's Rent Hall, where he could have a chair to sleep on and a breakfast in the morning. His face brightened at the prospect, and with a quickened pace he started for what to him was a "Bonanza."

To stand on Trafalgar Square in the daytime is an inspiration. It makes one proud that he belongs to so great a nation as Great Britain. Here the spectator is reminded of the magnificent achievements of Nelson, Napier, Havelock, and others of England's heroes. What splendid triumphs of art and arms, of commerce and degradation I never before looked on. In the square surrounding the base of Nelson's Monument we counted 312 human beings huddled together like hogs, taking Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep.

I am not wholly a stranger to "Buffalo Bill's Wild West" land. I have seen the Ojibway Indians of Dakota in their wigwags; have visited the Sioux in his tepee, where a dozen men, women and children lay around almost as nude as many of the pictures that adorn the art galleries. Strange how Nature in her coarseness and Art in her refinement meet and overlap! I know by actual observation how filthy and degraded the Indians live; but the Indians over our prairies are clean and comfortable compared with the mass of humanity heaped together on this square in the centre of Christian London.

It was a pitiful spectacle to look on. There were mothers with babes at their bosoms, sleeping in the damp night air, the hard stone their only bed and pillow. Let me briefly sketch some of the characters we met. There is a boy lying on his back sound asleep. The gaslight shining on his upturned face shows a bright, intelligent, beautiful face. There are mothers in the palace homes near by who would be proud to call such a boy their son. What possibilities of manhood lie sleeping in his soul. But what will his future be? Would that this lad could be saved before sinking to lower levels! An old man of nearly seventy is shivering on his seat. He has been out four nights in succession. "I'm almost done up, sir," he said. He looked it, as well as said it. At the morning breakfast I saw the same weary, wasted face again.

Curled up against the stone wall, we find a woman apart from the rest, as though she shrunk from such companionship. As she slowly opened her eyes, we saw her to be a woman about fifty, with a quiet, gentle lady-like address. Her clothes were poor, but clean and neat. She sold chickweed for a living—had her unsold bundle at her side. She was not often out at night. "I went to-day," she said, "to see my brother at Battersea, but found that he was sick in St. Thomas's Hospital. My day's sales were not sufficient to procure a bed, so I was compelled to sleep on the streets."

Sleeping side by side on a seat are a man and his wife. While Mr. Gates talks with the man, I speak with the woman. Unable to get work in the country, they had tried the city. The woman keenly felt her position. "I never expected to come to this, sir. It's a terrible hard life, and sometimes I almost wish I was dead." After the morning breakfast I observed Mr. Gates talking with them, and planning to get them some work.

A discharged soldier—and, by the way, we met many of this class in our nocturnal ramble—tells us that he was "in the army nineteen years for nothing," and wishes he could get back to Africa, where there is always plenty of work to be got.

There is a woman talking in a semi-preaching style to the motley crowd around her. Here are a few specimen sentences that I caught as I stood looking on the weird scene at two o'clock in the morning: "God made you in His own image. God loves you. What does drink do for you? Drink is your curse." I asked a young man at my side what she was doing. "She is talking religious, sir." "Do you know much about religion?" "No, sir." "Don't you ever go to church?" "I was in once, sir, a little while." And this home-heaven was born in a land of churches.

To a young Scotchman I expressed surprise to find one of his nationality in such a sorry plight. He had come some three weeks ago from the North of Scotland, expecting to get work, but failing in this, was compelled to sleep, like Jacob, with a stone for a pillow. Leaving the square, we wended our way toward Charing Cross, stumbling on men who were lying around everywhere.

"Why are you here?" we say to a man curled up against a wall. "Well, sir, like other unfortunate wretches, I have no work. Times are hard. Surely the Government should do something. The Jubilee didn't do us much good. The aristocracy don't care whether we live or die. They would let us starve in the ditch, and kick us for dying." This seemed to me to be a severe criticism on the aristocracy. Repeating it a few days ago, to a prominent Congregational minister of London, he said: "I regret that the man's words are only too true. Those high up have really little or no sympathy with those who are low down." My own idea is that if those who have the control of London possessed an ordinary amount of sympathy and fairness they would clean the narrow streets of South-East London as well as the streets of the West and Central parts. One needs a nose protector to walk through many of those streets.

If I were an artist I would put on canvas some of the pictures we saw that night in the streets of London. Here is a rough sketch of one scene. We are in Covent Garden. It is half-past two o'clock. The gray morning light is breaking through and driving back the night. A mother lies on the hard stone pavement, her tired head resting on an upturned basket for a pillow. Her little boy, about five years old has awakened. He has a thin, sorry little face. But he is making the best of the situation, for with a little broken toy in his hand he is playing with a kitten. What a little hero he was, to be able to extract mirth from such surroundings, and what a pleased gratified look the little fellow gave me when I handed him a penny!

An old Irish woman, sitting near by, tells us she was only able to earn fivepence shelling peas, and some of the other poor women, she said, "were not able to make that much." After a little friendly talk we pass on. Her parting words are, "Thank you, gentlemen, for the ticket; but I'm really more thankful for the little conversation we have had than for the breakfast even." These people are human, and are hungry for human sympathy.

We wakened a young woman about eighteen years old, sleeping soundly on the hard stone. I saw her after breakfast in the mission hall, and she told me the story of her life. Father and mother had died when she was young. She had a brother and sister somewhere in London, but "they don't care for me now, since I'm down in the world," and her lips quiver and the tear forces itself to her cheek. The woman in the mission hall persuades her to stay behind, and she will get her in the home, and after a while, find a place for her.

But I must stop describing the characters we met. Along the Thames Embankment we found the seats filled, and also the recesses in the bridges. At four o'clock life begins to move again. The "cheap breakfast" stalls are open to make an early penny from the hungry out-door sleepers. We are near our journey's end. South and east of London Bridge we turn off a main street, into Angel Court, passing the old Marshalsea Prison, familiar to the readers of Dickens as the birthplace of Little Dorrit. Entering the mission-hall, we find it full of our invited guests, who have one by one gathered in during the night. What a strange, sad sight! If one could know the causes that led to this poverty, what a wise man he would be. The theologian accounts for it on the theory of total depravity and the solidarity of the race; the political economist and socialist affirms that it all arises from a wrong adjustment of labour and capital; Henry George avows that it is the natural result of vicious, unjust land laws; the teetotaler is quite sure that nineteenth is traceable to the liquor-traffic; the don't-care-man of the world, looking on the scene, says it all comes from "pure cussedness"—that it is their own fault, and serves them right.

What cause or combination of causes has brought these people to this low level I don't presume to say. But here they are. If we believe the first chapter of the Bible, these people were made in the image of God, are our brothers and sisters and we are their keepers. From conversation with them, I am persuaded that a large number are honest English working men and women who cannot get work, and are therefore driven to the streets. England has done much to Christianize and civilize the world. Her statesmen and philanthropists have given freedom to slaves and have elevated whole empires. If she will, she can remove the blighting shadow that rests on her own great city. London is full of monuments, columns, statues, commemorating the heroic deeds of those who lived nobly and died gloriously for England's honour on sea and land. Will not men, and men of equal self-denial and valour, arise to deliver the land from her internal foies, ignorance, poverty, irreligion and drink? More men of the Shaftesbury and Peabody type are needed.

I have not space to describe the breakfast scene. After breakfast Mr. Gates gave out the hymn, "What a Friend we have in Jesus!" That hymn will always have a fuller meaning to me. I noticed that nearly all sang it. Over yonder a woman's clear voice rises above the others singing, "Have we trials and temptations?" When the line "We should never be discouraged" is reached, I notice that the woman who sold chickweed has stopped singing. Her tears are her song. A man not far from me began to sing, but his head soon dropped, and I could see him struggling to hide his emotion. Who can tell what memories, what repentances, swept through the soul as they sang, "Are we weak and heavy laden?" etc.? Does not their present condition arise as much from their weakness as from their wickedness?

These people are recoverable. The lost silver is silver still. If the preachers don't teach this the novelists do. Victor Hugo, in "Les Miserables," and Charles Reade, in "Never too Late to Mend," have preached the gospel to us. Bret Harte's "Outcasts of Poker Flat," and "Miss," the ignorant child of "Old Bummer Smith," have the germs of noble manhood and womanhood in them, so also have the "Outcasts of London," whose "Bitter Cry," should touch the hearts and call forth the humane efforts of all who love their kind. These men and women are recoverable. As I was looking at a babe in a mother's arms that morning, she said to me, referring to his sore eyes, "My little boy has got the blight, sir." Yes, poor mother, your boy has got the blight in a deeper, darker sense than you mean. The shadow of a great city's poverty and vice has fallen on him and on many more. The gladness and gratitude of those who that Sunday morning received a breakfast, and a few words of warm Christian sympathy, are full reward for those engaged in this Christly work of feeding the hungry. If any one has doubts about the wisdom of giving a free breakfast to guests that must be personally invited and gathered in from the highways and alleys of London, let him go once and witness the scene; let him hear the miracle of Christ feeding the multitude, as I heard it read that Sunday morning by Mr. Gates; let him hear the fervent expressions of gratitude from those to whom this kindness is shown, and all doubts will for ever be banished, and the doubter will become a helper. As a policeman said to me that night, "It's a great mystery to see men and women in such a plight. I suppose God knows all about it, and why it is. I don't." As I have walked the streets and lanes of London, and looked at the vast mass of men and women struggling for a livelihood, I have reverently pondered the question, and offered the prayer:—

When wilt Thou save the people?  
O God of mercy, when?  
The people, Lord, the people!  
Not thorns and crowns, but men!  
Flowers of Thy heart are they, O Lord,  
Let them not pass like weeds away;  
Their heritage a sunless day;  
God save the people.

## Japanese Women as Physicians.

Japan has for several years been showing some readiness to admit western influences within the precincts of its civilization, although this has apparently been done after considerable hesitation and deliberation, for it is said that this nation some years ago sent several deputies to the west to enquire into our civilization and religion and that after careful observation as to practical Christianity, at least, they decided that their own morals were quite as good as those of the west, and that, for a time at least, they would still adhere to their own religion. But, nevertheless, they have slowly been adopting some of our usages, as, for example, the admission of women to the practice of medicine. Two Japanese ladies have lately returned from the western world, where they have been studying medicine, and which they intend to practice in their native land. But there has really been less prejudice against women physicians in that country than in the western countries; for it has long been the custom to instruct the women of Japan in medicine. As far back as 723, says an authority, female professors were appointed to teach medicine to their sex; and now they are accorded the further privilege of practising it. Yet in these more enlightened countries it has, until quite recently, been considered droll, and I think there may still be found traces of the old prejudice, that a woman should take a professional interest in this or any other branch of knowledge or practice. May we not still learn something from the east and find our missionary efforts react upon ourselves?

## A Marvellous Lake.

Henry's Lake is one of the wonders of the Rockies. Directly on the summit of the continental divide, in a depression or gap called Targee's Pass, is a body of water that was given its name in honor of an old trapper who made his home on its borders.

Henry's Lake is of oval shape and has an area of forty square miles. It is entirely surrounded by what seems to be solid land, and one really concludes that it has no outlet. On the west side lies a level meadow, which floats on the water, and the hidden outlet is beyond it. Near the rim of the basin, is a shallow pool, out from which flows a creek, the source of the north fork of Snake river.

A species of the blue joint grass of luxuriant growth floats upon the water and sends out a mass of large hollow white roots, which form a mat so thick and firm that a horse can walk with safety over the natural pontoon. The decayed vegetation adds to the thickness of the mat and forms a mold in which weeds, willows and small trees take root and grow. Back from the new border the new land is firm, and supports pine and aspen trees of small growth.

An island of the same turf formation floats about the lake. The floating body of land is circular and measures 300 feet in diameter. A willow thicket thrives in the centre, interspersed with small aspens and dwarf pines. The little trees catch the breeze and are the sails that carry the island on its orbits.

## Life on the Farm.

It is a common complaint that the farm life is not appreciated by our people. We long for the more elegant pursuits, or the ways and fashions of town. But the farmer has the most safe and natural occupation, and ought to find life sweeter if less highly seasoned, than any other. He alone, strictly speaking, has a home. How can a man take root and thrive without land? He writes his history upon his fields. How many ties, how many resources he has; his friendships with his cattle, his team, his dog, his trees, the satisfaction in his growing crops, in his improved fields; his intimacy with nature, with bird and beast, and with the quickening elemental forces; his co-operation with the clouds, the sun, the seasons, heat, wind, rain, frost. Nothing will hurt the various social distempers which the city and artificial life breed out of a man like farming, like direct and loving contact with the soil. It draws out the poison. It humbles him; teaches him patience and reverence, and restores the proper tone to the system. Cling to the farm and "make much of it; bestow your head and your brain upon it, so that it will savor of you and radiate your virtues after your day's work is done.