

of discernment is brought into play when the minor weeds, etc. (such as summer grass, spear and quack grasses, although not really of the noxious family) do not help but rather do they hinder, and greater care with a sharp-edged hoe is essential so that the root of the plant is not injured thereby, but rather that more earth is drawn around it, so causing the protection necessary for its survival in its natural element. Once more one reflects that in this stage of its growth, it affords a simile to the training of the youth of the human family in the mad rush to cram a child's mind with the highest scientific educational methods ere it has scarcely had time even to observe the rudiments of nature—out here in the cornfield one realizes all the significance of the poet Whittier's words,

No knotted scourge, nor sacrificial knife,
But the calm beauty of an ordered life.

And to that end the brain of a child should not be forced too much until it has had its chance to learn to love the trees and birds and flowers and all such things that sink almost unconsciously into its brain in the first seven years of life.

Surely that man who in passing, said to me, "Why do you seem so satisfied when you are at work in the corn? I always found it so deathly monotonous, in fact I hate to work among the corn in any form!" Surely his vision was impaired, his love of nature demoralized, he could never have enjoyed the pleasure of reaping the harvest. Such a man would be tired to death of seeing a repetition of miracles, and he forgets the lesson of the cornfield, "That a man is not only what he is, but what he *has been.*"

On the old rail fence that skirts the winding creek, I noticed to-day a grape vine with several bunches of fruit hanging over reminding me

again of the wayside sacrament, which Kingsley suggests; but I made a mental note of the geography of that particular spot, and probably I shall find myself wandering along that way some evening, if that man who "hated to work in the corn" has not previously made the same pilgrimage. The skirl of the sandpiper when the hoe has disturbed its little brood, is apt to startle one into alacrity—which reminds me of a personal friend of mine whose duties in the Press Gallery of the House of Commons made him almost a recluse and dwarfed his ideas of conventionality. His way was not to worship in any building made by man's hands—"Shew me the stars," said he.

I think if he had been privileged to see those little sandpipers he would also understand that there are many chances for building up character in human life by listening to the call of more familiar forms of God's handiwork, than the brilliancy of some other world than ours.

In a wonderfully short time the tassels on the corn seem to burst and the silk shows out in all its beauty of colour, and then the joyous call of the harvesters as they pick off the milk-laden ears and place the bundles of ripened cornstalks together awaiting the time of the husking bee. "When the frost is on the pumpkin and the corn is in the shock," is, undoubtedly, a consummation of the farmer's doubts and fears, a fulfilment of "the substance of things hoped for", and last year especially was he indeed thankful for the abundant crop that was his to be reaped and garnered into his erstwhile treasure house; surely then as one of the muses tells us,

There is a place where each man keeps his
heart,

Where weariness is bathed in sweet content—

His own peculiar shrine, serene, apart,
A sanctuary where dreams with life are
blent.