

What is the Farm Fit For?

By PRESIDENT HARRIS, MAINE STATE COLLEGE.

A word to the restless people—to the fast and feverish age. A perfect manhood is better than any wealth or woe. Some are for gold, some, glitter, but tell me, tell me, how can you stand for the farm and the college that go for the making of men? It is a scanty soil for feeding, but here we live with our brains. And a stout heart may grow stronger where plough and harrow are sped. Then break up the black, high hillsides and trench the swamp and fen. For what should the farm be fit for, if not the raising of men? The crop by the frost is blighted, a nig-gard the season seems. Yet the ready hand and dutiful, and the heart of the youth has dreams. The bar and the senate to-morrow, to-morrow the sword or the pen. For what should the farm be fit for if not the raising of men?

And what if our lot be lumber if we on the farm abide? There is room for noble living and the calm of thought is wide. A mind enriched is a fortune and you will know it when. You see that the farm is fit for the rear-ing of noble men.

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various periodicals with prices: The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular. Includes Christian Guardian, Magazine and Mission, etc.

THE AMERICAN FRUIT AND VEGETABLE MARKETS

WILLIAM BRIDGES, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. C. W. COATES, S. F. HERRICK, 215 1/2 St. Catherine St., Montreal.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK. Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MARCH 3, 1900

APPLES OF GOLD.

A young girl was passing her aged great-aunt one day when she suddenly stopped and laid down gently on the white hair beside her, and said, "How pretty and curly your hair is, Aunt Mary! I wish I had such pretty hair." The simple words brought a quick flush of pleasure to the wrinkled face and there was a joyous quiver in the brief acknowledgment of the spontaneous little courtesy. Few of us realize, writes Kate Upson Clark, the dearth of such attentions which the old suffer. Many of them have been persons of consequence in their prime. As illness and sorrow gradually weaken their spirits they retire into the background. They are no longer pursued by the honored words which interest or action once heaped upon them. Too often they linger on in more or less cheerless obscurity until they die. Even if they are surrounded with what are called "the comforts of life" they lack the sweet stimulus which comes from social approval.

"Did you think to tell her how much you had enjoyed talking with her?" "No that didn't occur to me. The knowledge that her words and personality were so far-souled impressed her visitor might have given the quiet old lady a pleasure which would lighten many weary hours. There is no tonic like happiness." A young man said to his mother "You ought to have seen Aunt Esther to-day when I remark. I usually, "What a pretty gown you have on to-day, and how nice you look in it." She almost cried before that such a little thing as that would be likely to please her. I never expect to eat any cookies so good as those you used to make, either. I had a leaved man one day, and he was looked when he saw her evident delight in his words for he remembered that he had not thought to speak before for years of any of the thousand comforts and pleasures with which her skill and love had filled his boyhood—Our Sunday Afternoon

FARMER LAWTON'S HERO.

BY HELEN KENT. At full length in the tall, sweet grass lay Roy Davis looking up at the fleecy clouds of Muskego, which seemed to him like tiny white boats sailing upon a great sea. "Perhaps you are a hero," he cried, "for he was the song of the thrush in the orchard beyond, which in a low whistle he was trying to imitate, that kept him so quiet. He could not have told you how long he had been so busy with his mind with the funny little plans and imaginings which seemed a part of his real life. It took but an instant to bring him to his senses, however, when a laugh and a voice called out, "What are you doing in my grass? Pretty mowing you'll make of it." Roy was on his feet and over the wall beside the big farmer in less time than it takes to tell it. "I beg your pardon sir, I had not thought of hurting the grass. You don't want a boy to help you get your hay done, do you?" "No I don't know as I do. Boys are not much account in the hayfield, nor anywhere else, for that matter, except for the mischief they do."

Roy glanced into the speaker's face, a regular long stare in his brown eyes, and a saucy answer trembling upon his lips. "I won't," he said to himself, resolutely shutting his mouth. "Mattie wouldn't like it," he promised her to be good, or something of the sort. "I wonder why grown-ups make it so hard for us youngsters?" "I wish you would let me stay all night with you. I can get up with the cows any way," he murmured, milking time. "Well, go along then. Here, Don," calling to a noble collie asleep on the porch. "Go with this fellow and show him where the bars are."

The old dog came running to his master, looked up in his face, cast one glance upon the boy, then trotted contentedly, saying as plainly as dog language could, "I think you will do." "This may be the beginning of the end, as Mattie says," mused Roy, as he followed Don down the lane. "Are you going to speak a good word for me, old fellow? I'm stopping to pat the dog's brown head as he let down the bars. As Roy walked slowly toward the house after seeing the cows safely yarded, hardly knowing what move to make next, his ear caught the sound of music, and sitting himself upon the porch steps he gave himself up to enjoyment. "She sings almost as well as Mattie. I wonder if she is about the same age, and who she is anyway. Probably the big man's daughter." Just then the "big man" came out of the house. "Got the cows, eh?" "Yes, sir, what next?" "Take that pile of cans and come to the house. Got the milk, boy?" "No, sir, but I can try." "He took hold remarkable," Roy heard the farmer say to some one inside, while he stopped in the porch to wash his hands and clean up the peasant-faced lady called him to supper. This is the boy I found in my meadow, the farmer said, as Roy entered the kitchen. "No doubt he has a name. I have heard his name yet more than he deserves of this world's good things. He is what I call a hero."

"Walked from Toronto?" "Yes, sir." "Looking for work all the way?" "Well you are a hero. Know anything about farming?" "No, sir." "Would like to try?" "What do you say, wife. Suppose you could manage to have a boy about the house." "I think we could get on very nicely," said Mrs. Lawton with a kindly glance at Roy. He looked into the lady's face, and then across at his representation, a very pretty picture they both made, grating that best of all settings—a Christian home. "I think Mattie would like them," he was saying to himself, when the farmer spoke again. "Got any clothes?" The boy shook his head. "We'll see to that. You have only to be a good boy to get in her sock graces."

"What about you, anyway?" exclaimed the farmer, as they came away from on their way to the barn the next morning. "Haven't you any home?" "No, sir." "Nor friends?" "No, Mattie." "And who is Mattie?" "My sister. She lives with a lady who took us both from the almshouse. She is very kind, but she had nothing I could do, so she came away. There was work for Mattie, so she stayed." "Well, well, you are a hero. So, boss, here, try your hand at old Brindle." "Yes, Roy, was a hero, as what boy is not who has been kind to me, and the best he can and is independent at whatever cost? Although we surprised him indulging in a summer dream, he was no dreamer, but a thoroughly alive, active boy. It was not long, however, where inclination would lead him if allowed away soon, every evening found him at the piano, joining his pleasant voice to hers, and together they gained real musical knowledge. The long days of summer and the golden days of autumn had fulfilled their mission, and Roy had nobly done his part in the labours of all. "Now," Mr. Lawton declared, "you should have a play-time, or a change of work, rather. The very best teacher in music that can be procured shall these children have, and even something beyond that if they do their best."

"Happy Roy! This had been the one dream of his life. But even this great joy had one drawback. "Dear little Mattie, if she might like the same privilege, she should be just perfectly happy," he whispered to May one evening as they sat a little apart, talking over their good fortune. "Say, Roy, I broke in Mr. Lawton from behind his evening paper. "Haven't I heard you tell what a fine singer that little sister-of-yours is?" "She is very fond of music, sir." "Well, what do you say to having her come down here to take lessons with you youngsters? Do you think the lady could spare her?" "I'll write this very minute," exclaimed Roy, throwing down his book and rushing outside the sort of a breeze. He even forgot to thank his benefactor, but the tears which sparkled in his brown-eyes seemed to have done it for him, for a suspicious moisture gathered in the eyes of the farmer as he sat, locking across at his wife, "Who would have thought he cared so much about it? It will be a good job done, I'll be bound, if a boy who cares so much for his sister won't be sure to care more than he deserves of this world's good things. He is what I call a hero."

FOR TWILIGHT TIME.

The missionaries in West Africa have to do battle not only with heathenism, the climate, the insects, and the fever, but when they seem likely to succeed they often run up against some silly superstition like the following: "A poor woman says a writer in an exchange admitted the sort of a mission very regularly, and hopes were indulged that she would soon become a Christian. All at once she stopped coming. Her accustomed seat in the church was vacant, but more than he deserves were made as to the reason: "I am coming, no more," said the woman. "I am afraid of you." "But why?" was the question asked. "Have you always treated you kindly and fairly?" "Oh, yes," admitted the woman; "but you have a reason for it. You want to get possession of my bones to make handles for their tin snips." "Another woman, the wife of an Italian priest, was on one occasion thought to

be dangerously ill. The missionaries attended her, and by means of a few simple remedies soon brought her back to health. In the fulness of her gratitude she fervently vowed to attend the services, but days went by and she never came. She was found afterwards that she had been warned by her husband not to go near the mission premises. He conjured up a fearful picture of what would likely befall her if she disregarded his instructions. "The white men will bewitch you," he said, "and turn you into I know not what. They make men and women Christians first, and then turn them into evil spirits, snakes and crocodiles."

SIX IMPORTANT POINTS.

Six things a boy ought to know: 1. That a quiet voice, courtesy and kind acts are as essential to the part in the world of a gentleman as of a gentleman. 2. That roughness, blustering, and even foolhardiness are not manliness. The most firm and courageous men have usually been the most gentle. 3. That muscular strength is not health. 4. That a brain, crammed with facts is not necessarily a wise one. 5. That the labor impossible to the boy of fourteen will be easy to the man of twenty. 6. That the best capital for a boy is not money, but the love of work, simple tastes and a heart loyal to his friends and his God.

HOW ANTS TALK.

Two ants, when they are talking together, stand with their heads opposite to each other, and talk in a sensitive but in an invisible manner, and tapping each other's head. Numerous examinations prove that they are able in this way to make mutual communications, and even on a definite subject. One of them often says a well-known naturalist, "placed a small green caterpillar in the neighbourhood of an ants' nest. It is immediately seized by an ant, which takes in the ant's efforts to drag the caterpillar into the nest. It can be easily seen that the little creatures hold a conversation by means of their feelers, and, this being orders they repair together to the caterpillar in order to draw it into the nest by their united strength." Further, I have observed the meeting of ants on their way back and from their nests. They stop each other with their feelers, and appear to hold a conversation, which I have good reason to suppose refers to the best ground for food.—Young Woman.

Who are Your Friends?

BY MAE BAKER. Who are your friends, my boy? Are they the ones you meet, Each day as you pass and go from their nests, Who stand upon each other with their feelers, and appear to hold a conversation, which I have good reason to suppose refers to the best ground for food.—Young Woman. You'll not be scarce of friends, So long as you have money; They'll pick you up and make believe, Their path is straight and true; But when you're trouble deep you get, And your heart is filled with care, When all around is darkness, Do they your burdens share? My boy, do not be tempted, For they'll lead you to the place Where manhood will be blighted, And your loved ones you'll disgrace. The liquor saloons are inviting, Decked out with their show, You'd think their place was paradise Instead of crime and woe. They will eager try to lead you From doing things that's right, Then when misfortune comes to you, They laugh when out of sight. Such friends, my boy, will never last, For they are false, untrue, The ones I've heartily money, That's all they care for you. The judgment day is coming— Perhaps you're on the brink— Decked out with their cut So, before you're time to think; So, brother, do not tarry, But take the path He trod. Then when at last from earth you're We'll meet at the bar of God. —The Levit.