

SPECIAL
ARTICLES

Our Contributors

BOOK
REVIEWS

ON THE TRAIL OF HARVESTERS.

By J. G. Patton.

What can be more enjoyable than a ride out in the country on an ideal day in mid-summer? Just retrace with me some of the quiet incidents, roads and lanes of the old and hilly eastern country. We will see much to make us happy and some things to make us sad. Of course we cannot be in a "knocking" mood, but the truth must be told as we go along. This is sufficient preface for one afternoon's ride.

Now get up with me into the buggy. Under our breath we will just whisper to our friends that while we do not feel able to hire an automobile, we really prefer a good horse and buggy. Those "sweezy," clumsy machines are all right if you wish to fly over the roads and not see the beautiful things of the country. They are not nearly so pretty and intelligent as a nice horse. True, they eat no grass, but you can't talk to them as you can to a horse. Neither coaxing them nor beating them will hurry them or make them go slow; they are deaf and dumb. We pass them on the road and their occupants look upon us as far behind the fashion and manners and customs of this present age. Some day our poor horse will pass along the road with an auto by his side and a flying machine over his head. We wonder, however, where our horse will be when that fast day of fast travelling is come. Somewhere I was riding in an automobile, and on seeing the dust rise my companion said that autos were very hard on the pikes because they raised such a dust and the dust blew off the road. I believe he said that France in her rural districts was alarmed because of this very fact. But we are discussing automobiles too long. There are too many other things of interest to spend so much time on machines.

Day before yesterday it rained—a real downpour, wetting the earth far down. To-day the air is a perfect nectar, full of health and wealth for the body. The sky is clear, the sun shines with a perfect luster, while the cool breeze stirs the very blood to a more energetic coursing through our veins.

We started on the trail of the harvesters, and there they are! How strong and healthy they look! Let us tie our horse to this fence post and go over into the field where they are working. They have just begun to haul the well-cured wheat to the barn. It is strange to see them haul it upon a sled. You must not ask them why they are using such a primitive conveyance. They may have no wagon, or the sled being lower, may suit the hilly ground; no matter, farmers are like everybody else, they have a good reason for what they are doing, and then they have their own pride about their affairs, and they no more like to be classified out of date than do we city folks. A rich, ripe odor of drying stalk and berry fills the air as the full shocks of grain are lifted sheaf by sheaf onto the growing load. What can be finer than this same indescribable odor of ripening grain? And what can be more beautiful than a field standing in shocks of yellow wheat?

Ask this particular farmer what kind of a crop he has this season. "It is more than an average yield this season. I expect to thresh twenty or twenty-five bushels of wheat to the acre from this field. The hay crop is excellent and the corn is good enough, for this time of the year. If we should have rains the latter part of this month and in August." This farmer has a large rich farm and is contented and happy. His boys, however, are growing up and the oldest boy already wants to be off to the city. The

hard work of plowing and sowing and reaping does not suit him. It is too slow for him; he dreams by day and by night of the great busy cities where gold is plenty, and he longs to be off from the humdrum of the farm. He will have his way some day, and then when he is perplexed about the things of the city, he will dream of cool shades of forests and rest his backward look upon the wheat in the shock. That backward look will be paradise to him, and the memories of the old country home will shine in his heart as the stars.

Looking afar up the lane of time we can see this wheat as it passes into the barn, and then come autumn day pours quickly out of the mow into the open mouth of the great threshers. Then, with a million companion grains like itself, it is gathered into the great bin, there to rest awhile. When the days grow shorter and the nights long and cool, the trail of the wheat will be down to the huge elevator or mill. Here in the mill the ruthless grinders constantly whirl, and the round berry which grew so cheerfully out on the sunny hillside will be crushed and mangled. But see as it is broken what alabaster flour comes forth from the hidden depths of this nourishing seed! Most of our lives, if not all, are much like this wheat; they have to be broken before they become the bread of life to other people.

Take up the trail again, and we soon come back toward the old farm. It is not the same farm; for we have passed on to where the men are having. Now, traveller, far beyond your native haunts, can you anywhere find a more heartening and beautiful picture than one of those sloping meadows of the East? You might find a very level field far out West that would yield more hay to the acre, but you could not find so beautiful a picture as this round-topped meadow upon which we now look. Here is a scene that stirs back into your lungs the old boyhood blood. You used to haul hayshocks? Not well. I pity the boy who has never hauled hay with a long wild grapevine or rope. See these boys and girls as they hurry their horses to the shocks and around them and now bring them to the growing stack. It is a lively scene and one that would be beautiful in Eden.

As we stand and watch the haymakers there comes a long-drawn-out sound from the pretty farm house a few rods away. It is the call to supper. Country people still have breakfast, dinner and supper, and if they serve lunch it is before going to bed. We have a very hearty invitation to go in and break bread with the family. Knowing the sincere hospitality of both the farmer and his wife we accept the invitation. As we pass out through the bars from the meadow, we notice the long afternoon or early evening shades as they creep down from the woods. How very refreshing they are to the tired men! How they sneak to us all of the advancing shades of the evening time of our lives!

After sitting down at the long well-filled table, all reverently bow their heads. After a few words of thanks and blessing we are bidden to help ourselves. Then begins a very interesting conversation about the happenings of the day, "the political situation," that never threadbare subject, and grave matters of Church and State are taken up by this intelligent farmer and his wife. We wonder at such intellectual acumen, but when we look into the library, we note magazines and papers and books of many kinds. Best of all, we see the Bible, and it looks as if it had been studied. Thus our trail must end with the farmer in his home, as he sits about his table and eats the bread from the wheat which

grew out on the hillside. And when he asks us to take down the great book and read and pray with him, we know he is trying to feed his soul upon the "living bread." —Philadelphia Westminster.

WORRY THE GREAT ENEMY TO
HEALTH.

Worry is the epidemic of the day—an epidemic more widespread, more insidious, more deadly than any pestilence that has ever afflicted this long-suffering world.

More widespread, I say, because it affects everybody in what we euphemistically call the civilized world. The adult worries about his profession, his business, his family relations, and so on. The woman worries about her household, the children, her clothes, her social position, and a thousand other things.

And even little children have not escaped from this devastating epidemic, worry. Take your stand outside any public school and note the expression on the faces of the children as they enter or leave the building. Go into a class room while recitation is being conducted, and note the drawn faces, the abated breaths, the wiggling, interlocked fingers—all external signs of the deadly epidemic of the day—worry.

Worry is an insidious disease, because it works in the dark—under the surface, so to speak. The various activities by which the life of the body is maintained, respiration, circulation of the blood, digestion and assimilation, as well as the action of the liver, color, skin, and other organs by which the poisonous products of the body are removed—all these activities are directly under the control of the nervous system, and the nervous system is governed by the mind.

Through the process of interrelation between the mind and the nervous system, the state of mental pandemonium known as worry has an immediate and powerful effect upon the digestive function.

So much for the effects of worry upon digestion and absorption. There is another organ, however, upon which the influence of worry is still more intimate and disastrous. That organ is the heart.

Worry is not suspense. Worry is not anxiety, nor regret, nor fear, nor doubt, nor resolve. All these are definite mental states. Worry is essentially different from any of them. It is that vague, chaotic condition—that anarchy of mind—in which hopes, fears, resolves, doubts, anxieties, regrets, anticipations and suspicions are admitted to the mind. They constitute a ravaging, destroying horde, under the influence of which logical reasoning is impossible, initiative is paralyzed and the stability of the mind is threatened—often destroyed.

Worry is a disease which is curable; but he who would be cured of it must cure himself. He must work out his own salvation. He must engage in a civil war of the intellect—must reduce mental anarchy to mental order. He must, in other words, achieve self-control.—W. R. C. Latson, M. D.

The Grand Trunk Passenger Department is in receipt of a letter from a prominent New Yorker complimenting the road on their excellent dining car service. He says: "My wife and I left New York on your train at 5.40 p.m. last Monday; yesterday morning we had breakfast on your dining car and everything was so superior — food, cuisine, service and attention—that I think it my duty to compliment the road on this branch of the service."