

O life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife, And all life not be purer thereby .- Oliver Meredith

Why We Left the Farm (In Saturday Evening Post)

the barnyard into the wood pasture early one morning in corn-planting time. He had just eaten the kind of a breakfast money cannot buy for the city dweller: Strawberries-the pick of the patch, almost as large as after-dinner coffee cups—with the dew on them, served with the richest and sweetest of cream; country-cured ham sweetest of cream; country-cured ham —as unlike the city product as a nut-meat is unlike its husk; new-laid eggs; toast, and sweet, golden but-ter just from the churn; hot, spark-ling coffee, with more real cream; finishing up with crisp waffles and clover honey from his own hives.

Horse and master were alike feeling their oats as they drew in great lungfuls of the pure, fragrant air. The wood pasture was velvet-sward-ed; its trees were very beautiful in their tender new green

A clear brook sparkled its way in and out among the gentle slopes, and sleek, sleepy cattle were peacefully grazing beside it.

The farmer felt a good deal of plea-sure in the ownership of these things. His straightened shoulders and high-His straightened shoulders and high-held head were the outward signs of an inward 1-am-monarch-of-all-t-sur-vey consciousness. Perhaps a thought of how far the grazing cattle would go toward paying for the new "eighty" entered into his satisfac-tion, but not necessarily. There is more poetry than is suspected by any but his intimates in the make-up of the average farmer, and he loves the in Nature without dreamthan he would publicly express his love for wife and babies.

A brisk trot brought the young far-

mer to the far gate, opening into the first plowed field. A wiry old plowwith four big mules and a plow, was turning over the chocolate le in long, moist waves. As he ceived his employer at the gate slouched yet farther forward As he percracked his long whip over the mules, who sprang onward against the pressing collars with a quickened step.
The farmer paused only long enough to measure with his eye the amount of work done and to be sure all was well. Perhaps there was a simple question or suggestion, then he pass-

d on his rounds.
As he trotted along the hedgerows As he trotted along the hedgerows. As he trotted along the hedgerows, the violets and spring-beauties smiled up at him; the lark and the dove, the robin and the blackbird, sang to him; while the consciousness of soft young things growing was like a living presence about him. THE MOST INDENT MAN Wheatfield with the six-inch pile of green rolled away on one hand; clover and timothy hayfield whose augmented growth since yesterday he could almost recognise at a glance, were on the other. In some fields the tender young corn was just the state of the tender to the control of the control of

WELL-TO-DO young farmer of the Middle West, astride a good horse, paced springily out of squares, green-starred at every coramyard into the wood pasture one morning in correlations of the coram one morning in correlations. soft, still noises of spring.

He passed through field after field,

overseeing the work done in each keeping a master's eye on details and keeping a master's eye on details and seeing that everything was in good working order all over the place. Should plowshares become dulled or small accidents occur, he himself,

or small accidents occur, ne nimsett, old an automobile.

By this time the dirty dishes were as being most easily spared, would be likely to make the trip to the villege blacksmith shop. There he dwould converse with friends and think they should have been washed

thered fruit and vegetables for din-ner. She hurried through this task with never a glance at the tempting spring landscape. This was not beshe was unappreciative of beauty, but because her whole m was centred on finishing this task fore the baby should awake and come alarmed at her absence. she neared the house and heard the unexpected wail, she quickened her pace into as much of a run as the brimming buckets in her hands would allow. Setting down her pails in the kitchen, she rushed up the stairs and snatched the crying infant from his cosy nest, kissing him, petting him, and talking foolishness to the ac-companiment of his delighted zur-gles all the way down the steps. Such delights, however, must be short-lived. Hastilw—always hastily—alse bathed, dressed, and fed him and put him down to play; then took up the rounds with a glance at the clock allow. Setting down her pails in the the rounds with a glance at the clock that sent her racing through bed-making, sweeping, dusting, setting to rights—and then back to the hot kitchen. For the kitchen was hot even thus early in the season. There even thus early in the season. There is no such thing as gas in most farming districts, and gasoline stoves are not to be thought of in the preparation of a full meal for hungry farmhands. That would be as absurd as using a sewing machine oil can to oil an automobile.



The Home on a Prize Farm of Last Year.

Hastings Co., Ont., is one of the finest dairy counties in the province. In it are some of the finest homes of the province. The home here illustrated is that of James Gay, who was a competitor in District No. 3 of the Interprovincial Prize Farms Competition last year.

neighbours who had come to the vil-lage on similar errands, and get and read his mail. A day rarely passed without giving him this opportunity wife unless you know what you are for recreation

However, except in the village and at mealtime, he was in the saddle all day; and when night came he told his wife he was dead tired and dropped into a dreamless sleep almost as

soon as his head touched the pillow. Such sleep was not the least of his blessings. It is only induced by healthful exercise in the bright sunshine and pure air, taken without under healthful. haste or sense of worry due haste or sense of worry. No wonder he awoke cheerful and optimistic, satisfied that the "farmer is the most independent man on earth." The thought of another day's work before him was altogether pleasant, for he loved the farm and farming. His wife rose at four o'clock that

wife unless you know what you talking about. If she were not wife unless you have talking about. If she were not an expert of the highest efficiency at her own particular business she could never do the amount of work that

here to the second of the seco another delicious meal smoking on the table by twelve o'clock, when her husband and the men trooped hun-grily in from the fields.

After dinner she washed the dishes, tended to the baby and put him to bed for his afternoon nap, did such odd jobs as churning, cutting out of the kettle one hundred pounds or so of soap and carrying it to the drying room, picked and canned or preservof the strawberries that had ripened since yesterday, and in the driblet of time remaining between this work and the getting of supper she sped the sewing, machine to its wildest limit in an effort to make, for l and baby, garments that she never have time to make unle used such minutes as these, sauc out of her busy days.

She prepared a hot supper. who work in the open must have hot meals a day—they will so if you ask them.

so if you ask them.

If it had been wash day day, or if her baby had becross, the extra work the stances entailed would have formed by some means. have carried the fretting

in her arms as she worked, haps gone to bed later than At night when she lay dow every muscle and every ne throbbing with fatigue, and red spirit was in no cond drop into healthful repose, awakened half a dozen tim the night by the fretting of the night by the fretting of and had to soothe it to sl, before her own slumbers renewed. Next morning he sleep and the sense of h sleep and the sense of narry mag pursued her even in her dreams ich her feeling almost as tired as wha she went to bed.

After ten or fifteen years of the

above programme, when the num of babies had multiplied and realized that she was as complete slave as ever wore an iron collar, she loathed the farm and all it stood for

There seems to be quite a shak of heads among men deeply intered in the welfare of our land ab so many well-to-do farmer town and leaving the highly in ant business of agriculture to competent and land-robbing ten

The real reason for this ex-ought to furnish these unselfish riots food for thought and start on a campaign for the ameliorais of the condition of wealthy fame wives. I am quite convinced that almost every case where such a famer moves to town the wife is rel the cause of his going. A women any intelligence will not remain big farm to-day under such of tions as exist on most of them if has influence enough over her his band to drag him away by either h means or foul. And her innerms means or foul. And her innerm reasons are always the same reason no matter what line of argument a uses to convince him—whether it that the children must be better et cated or given better seeding. cated or given better social adva-tages, or that she fears his held can no longer stand the strain can no long

Fifteen years ago Louis and I wen married. He was a capable farme, as was his father before him, and as was his father before him, and well-to-do—rich his neighbors called him, because to most farmers in the day a sum of money that needed for for its expression riches

WHAT FARMERS SACRIFICE FOR CASH.

I had never lived on the farm, he had both visited and taught in the country. Of course it had not essay country. Of course it had not esca ed by observation that farmers' wiv worked too hard and had too life worked too hard and had too recreation; in fact, I had nee known one whose life was not ceaseless round of work. And by paradoxical thing about it was the higher up in the financial soft their husbands were, the harder the women worked. The comparative women worked. poor had no hired hands to feed, d not keep so elaborate a table, h fewer chickens put up little me and therefore escaped soapmakin had much less milk and fruit to ca for, and, in fact, lived very much women in the same station live town. The rich men's wives we the overworked drudges.

(Continued next week)

August 8, ******* The U

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The earth is that dwell the Now that w

alize that much

world is due to man," Chr

are seeking to contribute we prosecute we put our fait ing assurance find, knock as unto you."—So In time we poverty is not being done on fact that we ha When Moses le out of the land numerous law them, not only matters, but distribution of all these laws were ignored more and mor that they ples, the justic vealed in their ter the lapse turies. One o principles is the claration: "Be claration: "Be is the Lord's t therein is." (1 heaven, even Lord's: but th to the children 16.) And "Th

These laws I land, including resources, such water powers, and oil wells, I be the property fact, according planation of t control great often suffer wa tianity and the that already h orable commen Rev. Walter Ra of church histe logical Semina itself, the grea is the land fr nourished. * * ity, the moral of a people, al which the lar used. Now, t the point when tice in the sys ace us. "The first c

in perpetuity mine." (Leviti

but how abou hungry throu through the ga will have the h the blessing had nothing who have the s bodies to work they must wor bread. They children of o ber, not merel plete possessio nor income fro for the suppor special priviles ready the cur which no long to the land is