

JULY 8, 1909

# THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

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## Forestry in Japan.

Over in the islands that make up the Japanese Empire, forestry has been carried on for a longer time than in any other country; in fact, for twelve hundred years the people of that country have been scientifically planting and raising forests. Their success has been remarkable, and under their careful management high financial returns have resulted. The forestry service in this country has been making a close study of Japanese methods and results, and in a bulletin recently issued it calls attention to the fact that the high financial yield of the forests in Japan is due to the close utilization of every bit of the tree, so that scarcely a twig is wasted, and to the improvement of the growth of forests by carefully-conducted thinning and tending. The woods are first thinned at the age of thirteen years, and then every five years after that, up to the time of the final harvest at a hundred and twenty years. It was with the opening up of the hitherto inaccessible mountain forests that the Japanese Government became most intensely interested in forestry. The mountains were still Government land, so all that was necessary to protect them was to place proper restrictions on the sale and cutting of timber. This was effected by declaring the forests on the steep slopes as reserved forests, in which the only cutting should be done under Government direction. The forests on agricultural lands, not needed for protection, are classed as available forests, and here the cutting is not so carefully restricted. Thus Japan has effectually prevented the stripping of her mountain slopes before any great damage has been done. In some districts, where the mountains are near the towns, the steep slopes have already been cleared, and this has resulted in floods and the washing down of the soil from the slopes on the farm lands. But these cases have been exceptional, and have merely served as a warning, which Japan has heeded before it was too late to prevent widespread destruction.—The British "Pathfinder."

## Mirth as Medicine.

I know of nothing equal to a cheerful and even mirthful conversation for restoring the tone of mind and body, when both have been overdone. Some great and good men, on whom very heavy cares and toils have been laid, manifest a constitutional tendency to relax into mirth when their work is over. Narrow minds denounce the incongruity; large hearts own God's goodness in the fact, and rejoice in the wise provision made for prolonging useful lives. Mirth, after exhaustive toil, is one of nature's instinctive efforts to heal the part which has been racked or bruised. You cannot too sternly reprobate a frivolous life; but if the life be earnest for God or man, with here and there a layer of mirthfulness protruding, a soft bedding to receive heavy cares, which otherwise would crush the spirit, to snarl against the sports of mirth may be the easy and useless occupation of a small man, who cannot take in at one view the whole circumference of a large one.—Arnot.

## The Baby.

He is so little to be so beloved!  
He came unbooted, ungarbed, ungloved,  
Naked and shameless,  
Beggared and blameless,  
And for all he could tell us, even nameless;  
Yet every one in the house bows down  
As if the mendicant wore a crown.

He is so little to be so loud!  
Oh, I own I should be wondrous proud  
If I had a tongue  
All swivelled and swung,  
With a double-back action twin-screw lung  
Which brought me victual and keep and care,  
Whenever I shook the surrounding air.

He is so little to be so large!  
Why, a train of cars or a whaleback barge  
Couldn't carry the freight  
Of the monstrous weight  
Of all his qualities good and great.  
And though one view is as odd as another,  
Don't take my word for it. Ask his mother.

## Good Country to Live in.

The German Emperor and I  
Within the self-same year were born.  
Beneath the self-same sky,  
Upon the self-same morn;  
A kaiser he of high estate,  
And I the usual chance of fate.

His father was a prince; and mine—  
Why, just a farmer, that is all.  
Stars still are stars, although some shine,  
And some roll hid in midnight's pall;  
But argue, cavil all you can,  
My sire was just as good a man.

The German Emperor and I  
Eat, drink, and sleep in the self-same way;  
For bread is bread, and pie is pie.  
And kings can eat but thrice a day,  
And sleep will only come to those  
Whose mouths and stomachs are not foes.

I rise at six and go to work,  
And he at five and does the same.  
We both have cares we cannot shirk;  
Mine are for loved ones; his for fame.  
He may live best, I cannot tell:  
I'm sure I wish the Kaiser well.

I have a wife, and so has he;  
And yet, if pictures do not err,  
As far as human sight can see,  
Mine is by long odd twice as fair.  
Say, would I trade those eyes dark brown?  
Not for an empress and her crown.

And so the Emperor and I  
On this one point could ne'er agree:  
Moreover, we will never try.  
His frau suits him and mine suits me,  
And though his son one day may rule,  
Mine stands A1 in public school.

So let the Kaiser have his sway,  
Bid kings and nations tumble down,  
I have my freedom and my say,  
And fear no ruler and his crown;  
For I, unknown to fame or war,  
Live where each man is emperor.

—Boston Globe.

## Opportunity.

They do me wrong who say I come no more  
When once I knock and fail to find you in;  
For every day I stand outside your door,  
And bid you wake, and ride to fight and win.

Wait not for precious chances passed away,  
Weep not for golden ages on the wane!  
Each night I burn the records of the day;  
At sunrise every soul is born again.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,  
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;  
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,  
But never binds a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep,  
I lend my arm to all who say "I can!"  
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep  
But yet might rise and be again a man!

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?  
Dost reel from righteous retribution's blow?  
Then turn from blotted archives of the past  
And find the future's pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell;  
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven.  
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,  
Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven!

## THE TRUTH.

"See here. That horse you sold me runs away, kicks, bites, strikes, and tries to tear down the stable at night. You told me that if I got him once I wouldn't part with him for \$1,000."  
"Well, you won't!"—Lutheran Observer.



The hard work of bread-making should be done in the flour mill—not in the kitchen.

When it is necessary for you to make bread by main strength, the miller hasn't done his part. His flour is not fine enough.

## Royal Household Flour

is made from hard Spring wheat—which is capable of finer grinding than any other wheat—and milled by a process that insures the finest, and most nutritious of flours. Get enough to try from your grocer.

Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Limited, Montreal.

## When I Awake I Am Still with Thee.

By Harriet Beecher Stowe.  
Still, still with Thee—when purple morning breaketh,  
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;  
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,  
Dawns the sweet consciousness I am with Thee!  
Alone with Thee—amid the mystic shadows,  
The solemn hush of nature newly born;  
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,  
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.  
As in the dawning, o'er the waveless ocean,  
The image of the morning star doth rest,  
So in this stillness, Thou beholdest only  
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

Still, still with Thee! as to each new-born morning  
A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,  
So doth this blessed consciousness awak-  
ing,  
Breathe, each day, nearness unto Thee and Heaven.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil to slumber,  
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer,  
Sweet the repose beneath thy wings o'er-shading;  
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there!

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,  
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;  
Oh! in that hour fairer than daylight dawning,  
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee.

—From The Independent of September 9, 1852.

## Sweetest Lives.

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,  
Whose deeds, both great and small,  
Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread,  
Where love ennobles all.  
The world may sound no trumpet, ring no bells;  
The Book of Life the shining record tells.  
Thy love shall chant its own beautitudes  
After its own life working. A child's kiss  
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad;  
A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;  
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;  
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense  
Of service which thou renderest.  
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

## Three Old Saws.

By Lucy Larcom.  
If the world seems cold to you,  
Kindle fires to warm it!  
Let their comfort hide from view  
Winters that deform it.  
Hearts as frozen as your own  
To that radiance gather;  
You will soon forget to moan,  
"Ah! the cheerless weather!"

If the world's a wilderness,  
Go build houses in it!  
Will it help your loneliness  
On the winds to din it?  
Raise a hut, however slight,  
Weeds and brambles smother;  
And to roof and meal invite  
Some forlorn brother.

If the world's a vale of tears,  
Smile till rainbows span it!  
Breathe the love that life endears,  
Clean from clouds to fan it.  
Of your gladness lend a gleam  
Unto souls that shiver;  
Show them how dark sorrow's stream  
Blends with hope's bright river!