

## SWALLOWING A FARM.

**M**y friend with the red nose, while you are stirring up the sugar in a ten-cent glass of gin, let me give you a fact to wash down with it.

You may say you have longed for years for the free, independent life of a farmer, but you have never been able to get enough money to buy a farm. But there is where you are mistaken. For some years you have been drinking a good improved farm at the rate of one hundred square feet at a gulp.

If you doubt this statement figure it out for yourself. An acre of land contains 43,560 feet. Estimating, for convenience, the land at \$43.56 an acre you will see that it brings the land just one mill per square foot.

Now pour down the fiery dose and imagine you are swallowing a strawberry patch. Call in five of your friends and have them help you gulp down that five-hundred-foot garden.

Get on a prolonged spree some day and see how long it will take to swallow pasture land to feed a cow. Put down that glass of gin; there is dirt in it—three hundred feet of good, rich, dirt, worth \$43.56 per acre.—*Sel.*

## HOW HE HOED THE POTATOES.

**A** FARMER friend of mine has a boy of fourteen years, named Billy, who is like a good many other boys of my acquaintance. His heart is heavy, and his energy gone, when he is asked to make himself useful.

"Billy," said Mr. H. one day, when I was at the farm, "why don't you go to work on that little plot of potatoes?"

"Aw," whined Billy, "there's so many of them; I'll never get them hoed."

"You won't if you don't begin soon."

"I hate to begin."

"How are you ever going to do the work if you don't begin?"

"Well, I'll begin pretty soon."

His father walked away, and I heard Billy exclaim in a tone of mental distress: "Plague on them old potatoes! It makes me sick to think about them."

"Why do you think about them, then?" I said, laughingly.

"I've got to," he replied dolefully, with a

sorrowful shake of the head. "I've been thinking about them ever since I got up this morning."

"How long, Billy, will it really take you to hoe them?"

"Well, at least an hour."

"And you've been distressed about it ever since you got up?"

"Well, I hate to hoe potatoes."

"And you've been up a little more than five hours?"

"I never thought of that!"

And the potatoes were hoed in just forty minutes.—*Sel.*

## PRAISING ONE'S SELF.

**E**DWARD EVERETT HALE said: "Do not blow your own trumpet; nor, which is the same thing, ask other people to blow it. No trumpeter ever rose to be a general."

The last sentence is one which they should remember who are conscious of having been playing the role of trumpeter. We would better, therefore, learn to be silent about ourselves.

Anything we do that is really beautiful or noble will find a way to declare itself. If we have in us worthy qualities, they will proclaim their own worthiness, just as flowers reveal their hiding places by their fragrance. Goodness cannot be hid.

Jesus taught: "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father." Light is not talk, but the effluence of life—our life is to shine before men, not our words. The aim is not to glorify ourself, but our Father.

Jesus gave other exhortations—that we should not do our righteousness before men to be seen of them; that we should not send a trumpeter before us when we do our alms, in order that people may know of it; that we should not pray so that people may see us and know how pious we are.

Thus talking about one's self is not only a violation of good taste, but is also a violation of the spirit and teaching of Christ. At the same time it defeats its own very purpose, dimming the light it seeks to enhance.