

higher struggle which increasing civilization demands. Who shall say that these men and women, although they may have amassed only a few thousand dollars, have not, in the highest sense of the term, made farming pay and life a success?

"And still more than for the individuals, for our country have their lives been a grand success. The verse of the English poet is unfortunately too trite to quote, but true it is that intelligent, independent farming communities should be the pride, as they are the power and safety of a country. And especially will a large class, such as I have described, who by their birth, their lives, and their fortunes are identified with both the labour and capital of the country, do much to counteract the baleful effects of vast wealth and political power upon republican institutions."

Such suggestive paragraphs as these open a wide field for reflection on the conditions and influence of success worth striving for, and which is not to be measured by real estate standards or market estimates. "Man shall not live by bread alone."

FORESIGHT IN FARMING.

Every farmer should have a memorandum-book in his pocket, in which should be jotted down certain items of labour, whenever he may think about them. Then, when he may be hesitating as to what he or his employes can do advantageously during some pleasant day, the record of items will not fail to render him valuable aid. The farmer who does not take such thought for the future and plan operations for weeks and months, and sometimes for years ahead, will always be grumbling that his work is behind its appropriate season. Let me illustrate by experiences from real life.

A near neighbour was always at the tail end of the revolving seasons. During winter he would go several times with two horses and sleigh more than five miles to the grocery store to make a few purchases; and perhaps he would take two or three bagfuls of grain to mill. But, in spring, when the wheeling became about as heavy as possible, he could be seen dragging a heavy load of grain to mill to be ground for feed. Well, when the sleighing was excellent his grain was not threshed. By being behind, he sustained losses in several ways. Rats and mice destroyed bushels of his grain. His domestic animals suffered and grew poor for lack of the food and comfort which they should have received from the straw. If his grain had been threshed at the proper time a team would have been able to draw fifty bushels when the sleighing was fine, with less fatigue than they could haul ten bushels over muddy roads.

Another neighbour had commenced ploughing, but soon learned that the old stub of a plough-point could not be made to enter the hard places in his field, so he hurried off to get a new one. During the winter he had been to the city several times, when he could have purchased the share, and thus saved half a day, and ninety-five cents for his fare on the cars. Two weeks after his grass was fit to cut he took out his machine, but before he could start it he was obliged to go to the city to procure a new knife for the cutter-bar, which required another half day and ninety-five cents, besides other losses. By being "a day behind" he failed to get his hay ready for the barn in time to avoid damage incident to a drenching rain. Rain continued, and the weather continued lowering and unfavourable, until his crop of hay was rendered almost worthless for fodder. If he had not been behind hand that one day, which was spent in fitting up his mower, every pound of hay could have been secured in prime condition. The loss in the value of his hay by being damaged by a long rain amounted to more than forty dollars.

When the vernal seedtime had almost passed neighbour Tardy woke up to a sense of the propriety of sowing millet on a few acres. So he started for the city to purchase seed. But just before it was received at his station, a long period of wet weather set in, which rendered it necessary to defer sowing until the latter part of May. Sowing late immediately after a long period of wet weather, which was succeeded by a drouth, was the cause of a light crop. The reader can perceive, at a glance, how much one day in the winter would have facilitated the farming operations of that laggard farmer, and how many dollars would have been gained by way of a larger crop, if the seed had been purchased and been ready for the soil as soon as the

ground was prepared. "Take time by the hair," said Kossuth. "Forecast with care," say we all; remembering that the best returns are to those who keep a little in advance of the most appropriate period to plough, sow, cultivate and mow.

LOVE LIGHTENS LABOUR.

A good wife rose from her bed one morn,
And thought with a nervous dread
Of the piles of clothes to be washed, and more
Than a dozen months to be fed.
There were meals to be got for the men in the field,
And the children to fix away
To school, and the milk to be skimmed and churned;
And all to be done that day.

It had rained in the night, and all the wood
Was wet as it could be;
And there were puddings and pies to bake,
And a loaf of cake for tea.
The day was hot, and her aching head
Throbbled wearily as she said—
"If maidens but knew what good wives know,
They would be in no hurry to wed."

"Jennie, what do you think I told Ben Brown?"
Called the farmer from the well;
And a flush crept up his bronzed brow,
And his eye half bashfully fell;
"It was this," he said, coming near,
He smiled, and stooping down,
Kissed her cheek—" 'twas this, that you were the best
And dearest wife in town!"

The farmer went back to the field, and his wife
In a smiling and absent way,
Sang snatches of tender little songs
She'd not sung for many a day.
And the pain in her head was gone, and the clothes
Where white as foam of the sea;
Her bread was light, and her butter was sweet,
And golden as it could be.

"Just think," the children all called in a breath,
"Tom Wood has run off to sea!
He wouldn't, I know, if he only had
As happy a home as we."
The night came down, and the good wife smiled
To herself, as she softly said,
"Tis sweet to labour for those we love—
'Tis not strange that maids will wed!"

Mount Clemens, Mich., February 7th, 1883.

FOR LOVE'S SAKE.

Sometimes I am tempted to murmur
That life is flitting away,
With only a round of trifles
Filling each busy day—
Dusting the nooks and corners,
Making the house look fair,
And patiently taking on me
The burden of woman's care.

Comforting childish sorrows,
And charming the childish heart
With the simple song and story
Told with a mother's heart,
Setting the dear home table
And clearing the meal away,
And going on little errands
In the twilight of the day.

One day is just like another!
Sewing and piecing well
Little jackets and trowsers,
So neatly that none can tell
Where are the seams and joinings—
Ah! the seamy side of life
Is kept out of sight by the magic
Of many a mother and wife.

And oft when I am ready to murmur
That time is flitting away
With the self-same round of duties
Filling each busy day,
It comes to my spirit sweetly,
With a grace of a thought divine:
"You are living and toiling for love's sake,
And the loving should never repine."

"You are guiding the little footsteps
In the way that they ought to walk;
You are dropping a word for Jesus
In the midst of your household talk;
Laying your life for love's sake,
Till the homely cares grow sweet—
And sacred the self-denial
That is laid at the Master's feet." —Selected.

FUNERALS IN THE TIME OF CHRIST.

The touching Gospel account of the funeral procession that wound out of the gate of Nain,—probably down the steep road which now leads toward the ancient sepulchral caves west of the village,—as our Lord and His disciples came nigh, gives us probably the most familiar idea of the ordinary mode of committing the dead to their "long homes" in that day. First in order came the women, according to an ancient commentary of the Jews, which explains, that, as "women brought death into our world, she it is who ought to lead the way in a funeral procession." Among them,

how easy for any one, much more the Lord, her Maker, to recognize the widow, about to hide away forever from her eyes an only son. Behind the bier followed "much people of the city," and last of all the hired mourners and the musicians, with their distracting and discordant wailing and piping. According to prevailing custom, our Lord and His companions should have joined the procession, and wept with them who wept, or shared in bearing the burden of the open bier on which lay the young man, "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." The apostle pauses in his record of this glorious miracle to emphasize the Saviour's compassion for this bereaved mother, whom he must comfort with a gentle "Weep not," though in a moment more He should place the dead son alive in her arms. May He not at that moment have beheld, as in prophetic vision, the sorrows of that Virgin Mother for the death of her only Son, of which Simeon has testified, saying, "Yea, a word shall pierce through thy own soul also?" (Luke ii. 35.)

It was contrary to the law that a high priest should attend the funeral, or observe any of the customary rites of mourning for any relative, not even for his father or his mother; the priest might be "defiled" for his mother, father, son, daughter, brother, and unmarried sister, but for no other relation in life. (Levit. xxi. 1-4, 10, 11.)

In the time of Christ it was the custom from the moment the body was carried out of the house, to reverse all chairs and couches, or seats of whatever sort. The mourners sat on the floor, except on the Sabbath and on one hour of the Friday, the day of preparation, and on some feast-days in which "mourning" was prohibited. On the return of the family from the burial with their friends, they were served by their neighbours with a symbolical refreshment in earthenware, consisting of bread, hard-boiled eggs, and lentils. The friends and funeral guests, however, partook of a generous meal, but at which the supply of wine was limited to ten cups. These "cups" may have been a relic of the ancient custom referred to in Jeremiah: "Neither shall men give them" (the mourners) "the cup of consolation for their father or for their mother" (xvi. 6, 7). An allusion to funeral banquets is supposed to be found in the circumstance after Abner's death, as recorded in this text: "When all the people came to cause David to eat meat while it was yet day, David sware, saying, So do God to me, and more also, if I taste bread, or ought else, till the sun be down" (II. Sam. iii. 35); and Jeremy, in his Epistle, speaks of the priests in the temples of idols, who "roar and cry before their gods, as men do at the feast when one is dead." (Bar. vi. 32.)

With the return from the grave began the formal mourning, when the passionate expressions of grief, loud and demonstrative, before the burial, were, if possible, redoubled and intensified. The prescribed season for deep mourning was seven days, the first three of these being those of "weeping," the others those of "lamentation." These being fulfilled, there followed a lighter mourning of thirty days or more, according to the nature of the bereavement. Under the Rabbis, children mourned for their parents a whole year. The anniversary of the death of a relative was also to be kept; while, for a season, the Jewish "prayer for the dead" (not, however, intercessory in its character) was to be offered. —From Mrs. Palmer's "Home Life in the Bible."

TIGHT LACING.

Mr. Richard A. Proctor, the well-known lecturer on astronomy, once tried the experiment of wearing a corset, and thus describes the result: "When the subject of corset wearing was under discussion in the pages of the 'English Mechanic,' I was struck," he says, "with the apparent weight of evidence in favour of tight lacing. I was in particular struck by the evidence of some as to its use in reducing corpulence. I was corpulent. I was disposed, as I am still, to take an interest in scientific experiment. I thought I would give this matter a fair trial. I read all the instructions, carefully followed them, and varied the time of applying pressure with that 'perfectly stiff busk' about which correspondents were so enthusiastic. I was foolish enough to try the thing for a matter of four weeks. Then I laughed at myself as a hopeless idiot, and determined to give up the attempt to reduce by artificial means that superabundance of fat on which only starvation and much exercise, or the air of America, has ever had any real reducing influence. But I was reckoning without my host. As the Chinese lady suffers I am told, when her feet bindings are taken off, and as the flat-headed baby howls when his head-boards are removed, so for a while was it with me. I found myself manifestly better in stays. I laughed at myself no longer. I was too angry with myself to laugh. I would as soon have condemned myself to using crutches all the time, as to wearing always a busk. But for my one month of folly, I had to endure three months of discomfort. At the end of about that time I was my own man again."

RECENTLY, at the Tuilleries, a printing machine was set in motion by a solar apparatus, and several thousand copies of the "Soleil Journal" were struck off.

A widow in New Orleans has in her possession the original draft of the Constitution of the Confederate States. She loves it very dearly, but can be induced to part with it for the modest sum of \$30,000.

EX-SECRETARY BLAINE is said to be writing a political history, in two volumes, under the title of "Twenty Years of Congress—From Lincoln to Garfield. A History of National Legislation from 1861 to 1881."

THE Council of the British Association have decided that the decision to meet at Montreal next year was legally obtained, and does not contravene the rules of the Association. It will, however, take the general sense of the members upon the propriety of meeting in Canada.

JOHN JONES, a rich tailor of London, died lately, and left to the nation a very large and costly collection of oil and water-colour paintings, enamels, ceramics, gold and silver objects, furniture, etc., printed books, and silver work of great value. The collection is valued at about \$1,250,000.