

APRIL.

The armer's trade is one of worth, He's partner with the sky and earth, He's partner with the sun and rain, And no man loses for his gain.

And men may rise, or men may fall,
But the farmer he must feed them all.

The farmer dares his mind to speak He has no gift or place to seek, To no man living need he bow;

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In these

THAM.

The man that walks behind the plough Is his own master, whate'r befall; And, king or beggar, he feeds us all.

God bless the man who sows the wheat Who finds us milk, and fruit and meat; May his purse be heavy, his heart be light, His cattle and corn, and all, go right. God bless the seeds his hands let fall. For the farmer he must feed us all.

## HOME.

"Home," says Dryden, "is the sacred refuge of our life." Mere possessions is not enough, for if the home is indeed a refuge, it will be made a pleasant one; the temple of love, it must be made fit for the dwelling of those who would derive strength and benefit from it. Too many of our so-of the farmer and the rural community generally. Emmently practical in all his views, shrewd and capable in all that pertains to the growing of crops, the farmer is apt to neglect the better side of his nature He looks upon sentiment as purely superfluous; it is with him a matter of dollars and cents. "What," he will ask you, "is the use of pictures, and magazines, and flowers?"-forgetting that life is more than meat and the body than raiment. And what is life if it does not minister to the higher side of our natures; if it means merely food and drink and clothing, while the mind is left desolate, without one beautiful association, dwelling forever upon the sordid claims of every day existence? To those who have mingled with the world and grown weary of drifting from place to place, this home yearning grows with years. They consider it a happiness to toil and deny themselves that a permanent abode may be provided for their families They know that they will become stronger and better men.