

HOUSEHOLD.

The Drowsyland Express.

(H. R. Green, in the 'North-Western Christian Advocate.')

'Tis mother-love that like a star
Lights all the way outspread,
And mother's lap is the Pullman car
That rests the weary head.
Across the golden bridge of prayer
The crooning engine flies,
While from the swift-revolving wheels
Rise tender lullabies.
So it's O, my sweet,
Of the tired feet
And the tangled, tawny tress
It's off and away
At the close of day
On the Drowsyland Express!

The Farmer Boy's Inheritance

The average farmer boy seems born into the world merely to help his father, with no past, no future, no change—except the change of a season and a few dimes in a box. Early and late he may be seen working alongside of the hired men, who become his tutors in language, manners, ambitiously to do the tasks they do. When he comes in at night there are the chores, leaving no time, strength nor desire to play, such as every boy should have.

But he glows with pride when at the supper table, before his mother, the 'hands,' and the rest of the children, his father tells how much Tommy did that day, and how he is almost as much help as a man. Result: He

resolves to do still more to-morrow, and waits just long enough to doctor his latest stone-bruise before going to bed, where, in spite of growing pains and aching muscles, he falls asleep as soon as his head touches the pillow.

There are few vacations in Tommy's life, except Sundays and Fourth of July, and, though he never heard the word 'monotony,' he realizes its meaning and begins to turn his eyes toward the nearest town, where he thinks every day is Fourth of July. With a heart full of awe and envy, he gazes at the far-off, misty spires, little dreaming that there is toil and privation beneath them, too, not knowing how bitterly cold it may be in full view of chandeliers and grates. Soon, alas! the city becomes his heart's Mecca, and the story is quickly told.

To be sure, there is the district school, where he must spend the winter days, for the reason, he thinks, that there are no chores to be done in winter time. The teaching is frequently dull and poor; the sudden change from overwork to listless idling on a hard bench is always too great a change for Tommy, and to get even with the world and to amuse himself he sets about making the life of the teacher a burden—and succeeds.

Such are the dangerous conditions that too often surround our farmer boys, stunting their growth, dwarfing their minds, perverting their ambitions, and ruining their morals. God help the farmer who thinks more of his stock and crops than the growing manhood at his own elbow!

But they need not be such. The remedy lies in his own hand. Let the boy work, but only so many hours a day. Let him have the entire responsibility of a plot of ground or a part of the stock, allowing him the greater part of the earnings therefrom. He deserves

some compensation for his labor, and a little money of his own will make him feel that farm work pays. Then without the constant temptations to spend that surround the town boy, his pile will grow, teaching thrift in a wordless but most emphatic way.

But let him have ideas besides those of money-getting. Give him practical lessons in horticulture and the raising of small fruits. He could start a vineyard or a strawberry patch of his own; he might try bee-keeping or have a few sheep to care for and pet. Whatever his work, he must have some current literature if he would grow up with a larger horizon than the area of the farm.

Few and poor indeed are the homes to-day that have no papers, but often they are papers that do not appeal to a boy or are not fit for him to read.

See to it that he is not 'devouring husks which the swine [human swine] do eat,' when there is plenty of whole-wheat bread to be had for a song. Last, but not least, open his eyes to the beauty about him, and the unlimited possibilities for more beauty on the farm. He will delight in laying out and keeping up the paths and roadway if he is taught how and once sees the result of such labor.

Once a little girl heard a visitor exclaim, pointing to a tree in the meadow, that the child had 'seen without seeing' all her life, 'What a picture tree it is!' Long she pondered the queer sentence until its meaning dawned on her, and she began looking for picture trees and hills and meadows on every side.

When boys are not overworked, when they are taught to appreciate their homes and to make companions of their books if there are no others, when their ambitions have some outlet and they have their interest in the interest of the farm, then and then only will the cities

MUST READ THE NEWS

STUDENTS OF NORTH-WESTERN UNIVERSITY, CHICAGO, EXPECTED TO FOLLOW CURRENT EVENTS.

Chicago newspapers have been ranked as a text book at North-western University, and hereafter students in the American history class of Prof. J. A. James must come to the recitation rooms prepared to answer questions on the news of the day. In the course of his lectures, Prof. James referred to an article which appeared in a morning paper. Upon questioning one of the members of the class he found that the student was not prepared to discuss current news, and an examination of the class showed that but two of the members had read a morning paper.

'This will never do,' said the professor. 'Hereafter I shall expect you to have an accurate knowledge of current events as chronicled each day in the newspapers, and I shall consider it fully as important as the daily lessons assigned from the text books.'

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