

prayer that calls the future near ; the doubt which makes us meditate ; the death which startles us with mystery ; the hardships that force us to struggle ; the anxiety that ends in trust, —these are the true nourishments of our natural being.

—Exchange.

### Enduring Influence of Human Actions.

We see not in this life the end of human actions. Their influence never dies. In ever-widening circles it reaches beyond the grave. Death removes us from this to an eternal world ; time determines what shall be our condition in that world. Every morning, when we go forth, we lay the moulding hand to our destiny ; and every evening, when we have done, we have left a deathless impression upon our character. We touch not a wire but vibrates in eternity,—we breathe not a thought, but reports at the Throne of God. Let youth especially think of these things ; and let every one remember that, in this world, where character is in its formation state, it is a serious thing to think, to speak, to act.—*Id.*

### Why I Want the Boys to Learn Farming.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

Every pursuit or calling that ministers to the sustenance, comfort, or enlightenment of mankind is honorable and laudable. That is a narrow and essentially false conception which regards the farmer as more a benefactor than a beneficiary, and stigmatizes as drones and cormorants all who do not directly contribute to the production and increase of material wealth. The upright, able lawyer ; the studious, skilful physician ; the pious, loving clergyman, are workmen, as truly and quite as nobly as though they were wood-choppers or bricklayers. He who, by whatever means, helps to diminish the fearful aggregate of ignorance, sin, and suffering in the world, and diffuse instead knowledge, virtue, and happiness, is worthy of all honor, and far from me be the wish to discourage and degrade him. And yet I hold it the duty of every father to look well to the physical and industrial training of his sons and daughters—to see that each of them is early inured to some form of manual labor, and thoroughly trained to efficiency in some pursuit which ministers directly to the material or physical needs of mankind. My reasons for this conviction are summed up as follows :

I. The demand for intellectual labor or its products, and even for mercantile capacity, is exceedingly capricious. In a season of commercial prosperity, a great city affords employment to thousands as clerks, book-keepers, teachers of music, languages, etc., who will nearly all be left high and dry by the ebb of the tide. War, pestilence, a bad harvest, a business revulsion, throws them suddenly out of employment, and no merit or excellence on their part can avert the catastrophe. I would have every one so armed and equipped for the battle of life that, if suddenly unhorsed, he can fight on efficiently and undismayedly on foot.

II. The professions are fearfully overerowed. A Western village is half peopled by doctors and lawyers, who have rushed in ahead of the expected flood of immigration. Like miners in the Sierra Nevada or Rocky Mountains, they have severally staked out their claims, and are waiting for others to come in and help to develop and work them to mutual profit. But "while the grass grows, the steed starves." Whatever may be their fortune ten or twenty years hence—and events are constantly interposing to blast their sanguine hopes—doctors, lawyers, are often winning but a meagre, precarious support for the present. "I cannot dig ; to beg I am ashamed," is the plaint which many would utter if they could afford to be frank and outspoken. Thousands suffer and stagger on, oppressed by want and ever-increasing debt, who would gladly take refuge in

productive industry, if they had been trained to familiarity with pitchforks and plough-handles. They would outgrow their present embarrassments if it were not for the new doctors and lawyers, annually ground out to compete with them for practice and whose training is as helplessly one-sided as their own. I would qualify the professional men who shall henceforth be trained for a broader and more assured usefulness than that of their elder brethren.

III. New-York City swarms with hungry, needy, shivering, cowering, cringing fellow-mortals, all in eager, imploring, hopeless quest of "something to do." To the reproach of what passes for education, I must say that a majority of these have had considerable money spent in schooling them for lives of usefulness. They are qualified (I presume) to keep books, or copy manuscripts, or teach languages, or act as governesses, or follow some other of the frightfully over-stocked vocations. But when I say to one of them, "The work you seek is positively not to be had, since ten want to do it where one wants it done ; you must strike off into the broad, free country, and ask farmer after farmer to give you work till you find it," the general response, "I know nothing of farming," strikes on my ear like a knell. Even at seasons when the farmers were intensely hurried by their summer harvest, and ready to pay largely for any help that was not hindrance, I have known our city to be thronged with weary, sad petitioners for "something to do." If our current education were not a plunder or a fraud, this could not be.

I live when I can in the country, though most of my sleeping and nearly all my waking hours are given to work which calls me to the city. My neighbors are mainly farmers, generally in fair circumstances, whose children are fairly educated, or may be if they will. I regret to say that a majority of them prefer not to follow their father's vocation, but want to live by trade, by office, or something else than farming. And the reason to my mind, is clear : *their education and their whole intellectual culture lead away from the farm.* Their school-books contain nothing calculated to make them love agriculture or qualify them to excel in it ; their fireside reading is not of chemistry, geology, and the related sciences, but of knights and fairies, troubadours and tournaments—in short, all things calculated to make them detest farming as a coarse, plodding, hum-drum pursuit, fit only for inveterate dunces and illiterate bores. I protest against this as false, misleading, pernicious, and demand an education and a literature which shall win our farmers' sons to prize and honor the calling of their fathers.

A political economist has observed that labor, unless used at the moment of production, is lost forever. In most vocations, it is impossible to produce beyond the day's needs. The doctor can only cure diseases as they manifest themselves ; the best lawyer cannot anticipate next year's legal business ; the carpenter and mason cannot build houses except as they are wanted. The farmer, on the contrary, may grow corn or cattle, flax, wool, or cotton in excess of the current demand, and store it against the time of need. Better still : he may drain, and subsoil, and fertilize ; may plant trees, and graft, and prune, so as to double his product in the future by a judicious expenditure of effort in the present. If a hundred thousand additional lawyers and doctors were let loose upon the community, I do not feel sure that the net result would be more justice or less disease and death, while I am quite sure that the national wealth would not be increased thereby ; but a hundred thousand enlightened, efficient farmers added to those we already have could hardly fail to add one hundred millions per annum to the property which shall be the heritage of our children.

My countrymen ! let us each do his best to increase the proportion of useful workers to pestilent idlers in the community. Nay, more ; let us try to increase the proportion of producers to exchangers or distributors of wealth. Fences, and padlocks, and policemen, and revenue officers may be necessities of our present condition—I presume them to be so ; but we might have our country so well fenced, and padlocked, and policed that we should