

Village Life an Emblem of Rest.

The charms of village life are just as apparent and real, as they were at the time Goldsmith wrote his *Deserted Village*, or Longfellow the *Village Blacksmith*. The very fact that such eminent writers as these two alone, and there are many others, caught such inspiration in

having spent their younger days therein, where they were not hampered by busy streets or fenced in lots, still through preference or ambition, have sought the busy town or drank in the throbbing life of the city, or even travelled far afield, are glad of every chance to seek the village home for peace or rest and rejoice to find the same old spots and well known works intact. It brings back to memory their boy-

I long for shadowy fountains,
Where the birds chirp and twitter at noon
from every tree;
I long for blossomed leaves and lowing
herds,
And nature's voices say in mystic words,
The green fields wait for thee.



RESIDENCE OF A. S. LAMB.

rural hamlet or country village, ought to serve as a source of satisfaction and enjoyment to all those who, either through force of circumstance or life's opportunity, are privileged to live in such retreats.

A village, as a rule, remains the same, its changes are slight and its growth never noticeable, and altho the inhabitants may think it practically dead on that account, but those

hood or girlhood days, that no city home would ever pretend to supply.

In old countries the village is the home of busy politicians, eminent statesmen and men of letters. The inference is plain, they seek it for rest, and even those who cannot get away from the crowded city can join in with the poet and have an imaginary rest, when he says:

The Coming Storm.

Hark! What is that? A passing freight
over the Credit bridge?
Or a falling tree in yonder bush? No
need to query long,
For a second more and the sound is nearer,
and tells of thunders' passing roll.
Yet the sky is clear this summer's day,
And some might say, "the storm will pass
heed not its distant warning."
You will always note they follow the lake
these storms of the early morning.