

through his green fields in summer, to see every day adding to the growing grain, and to work amongst the sweet smelling hay cut down by his horses and mower, as it is raked together and cured and put in stacks for his herds in the coming winter! The sweet smell of the fresh cured hay and the cool breezes of the field come like the breath of Eden to the merchant or lawyer sitting in the stifling warehouse or hot close office of the city, as he remembers the farm where his childhood was spent.

And nothing can be more delightful than to watch the herds of cattle as they wander over the prairies and through the asters and sunflowers, or the July lilies and blue-bells, seeking the sweet grasses or the wild peas that grow in such abundance. The herd boy thinks the day long sometimes, but he is rewarded as he drives home the cattle in the evening, with swollen udders to give their rich returns in the milking time at sunset. Flocks of sheep and herds of horses now wander over the ranches and add interest to the plains as we view them in the summer time. Some will no doubt complain of the stinging mosquitoes, and the unruly cattle, and the hot midday sun, and of being weary in haying time, and of the hard work of pitching and stacking, and of misfortunes of the farm, but life everywhere has its troubles. Discouragements on the farm are not so bad as the dangers of the city, or the diseases and troubles from bad sewers and bad water, or the failures in business and the grinding toil which thousands in the cities endure.

There is no more joyous time to the farmer than the harvest. The golden grain, the rattling reaper,