

ask you who has a better right? Who has a better opportunity of studying the starry heavens than the farmer, and the grandest opportunity is a divine indication of the better right. The wise men of old were the shepherds, and they were also star gazers, and were guided by a star to where Christ lay. Let the farmer be not ashamed to ask with the poet:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
How I wonder what you are."

For every star we behold ought to make us better and wiser. Every star to the thoughtful, truth seeking, Christ-seeking mind is a Bethlehem star.

Low life! Base profession! No! It need not, it ought not, it must not be so. If farming has been branded with these epithets in the past, let us arouse ourselves and shake off the stigma from the future. "The place does not confer dignity on the man, but the man on the place." It is in our power to make other professions that just and sacred as agriculture now, to make them own her as a sister the fairest, the happiest, the best.

When I received my B. A. people would ask me what profession I intended to follow. I told them farming. What, farming! It is a pity to waste so much schooling on a farm. And I think myself it is a pity to waste it on a farm. To waste it. But I hope I shall not waste it, but use it. And I feel more and more that there is not a single subject in the whole college curriculum but what is of service to me even on a farm. And I am glad to-day that I was not eniced into any of the respectable, genteel professions, whose labyrinthine ways so often end in the pitfalls of bankruptcy.

The ignorant rustic, too, seems to be the special target for sharpers. Many a South-Sea bubble has been blown up at the poor farmer's expense and exploded to his ruin. The lightning-rod hawks ask permission to roost upon his barn, and then swoop down on his defenceless chickens. The horse-tork agent asks permission to look inside his admirable buildings, and then harpoons him with a note of \$200. Even the city authorities conspire to impose upon the farming community. A green country lad is driving a load of wood along the street and out pops a

sleek lawyer and calls to him: "Hello there, how much do you want for your wood?" "\$7." "I will give you \$6 and a quarter and a good place to unload it just a little ways down here." And just a little ways down here often means two miles. The poor, freezing, hungry lad says: "Well, if you give me \$6.50 you can have it." The man writes down some unfamiliar address, chuckling the while at how easy he had made 50 cts., when up steps his friend, the policeman, and says: "Young man, I will have to fine you for selling wood on the streets." How long will the farmer's ignorance permit him to be tyrannized over by such unju t, inhuman laws? How long will he suffer innocence to be insulted and guilt go free?

Another imposition where the city people gull the farmers is at the agricultural fairs. *Agricultural* merely in name, not in interest, not in profit, as they are now run. I say it is a grand swindle against the poor farmer and his purse.

CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.

Scott & Hopkins, photographers, St. Thomas, Ont., we understand are prepared to fill orders for "group of Friends" taken at Yarmouth Meeting-house during the late Genesee Yearly Meeting. The pictures are 10½ by 16 inches; are fairly well taken—very well taken, we should say, for so large a number—there being about two hundred faded. It contains many of our prominent members, and can be had at their office, or will be sent by mail, post paid, to any address in Canada or the United States on the receipt of one dollar. Those sent by mail are not mounted.

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