

position, but they grow feeding on the fertilizing materials added to the soil from water, and from the air which surrounded them. Both air and water were indispensable; hence the necessity for rain, and for the continued stirring up of the soil by harrowing the surface, so that the air should penetrate to the roots, and the water in a heavy shower, should soak into the ground, instead of running off and wetting only the surface. Thus, if the day's hoeing was useful to the growing crop, it was made equally instructive to the minds of the boys, for a practical lecture was delivered on the spot, with fact and illustration united. Lessons thus learned are usually the most instructive, as well as most likely to be remembered.

When the day's work was done, the old man sat down upon the stump of an apple-tree to rest, the boys gathering about him, and Tony asked, "Uncle Benny, how much money can an acre of ground be made to produce?"

"Ah," replied the old man, "you ask me too much. It would require a great book to answer that question, and even then it would be only half answered. I do not think the capacity of an acre of ground has ever been ascertained. You do not put the question in the right way. It is not the acre that produces the crop, but the man who cultivates the acre. All agricultural history is full of instances of this being the case. There are families who starve on fifty acres, while there are others who live comfortable on one or two. But another time we'll look a little further into this question, for it is one that a farmer's boy should have answered as promptly as possible. There are grown-up people, too, who would be benefited by examining the subject more closely than they have been in the habit of doing."

[To be Continued.]

Music.

ROLL, JORDAN, ROLL,

1. Roll, Jordan, roll, Thy foaming waters roll a-long; No ill fear, for Christ is near, His rod and staff are strong. My
 2. Roll, Jordan, roll, Thy foaming waters roll a-long; Be-yond thee lies fair Paradise, Where Christ's redeemed belong. Tho'

Lord will meet me on the shore, When heart and flesh shall fail; His presence dear my soul will cheer, When deep in Jordan's vale.
 sin and Satan join their pow'rs, To plunge me in the deep, The raging foe cannot o'erthrow, The soul that Christ doth keep.

CHORUS.

Oh I saw the Jordan rolls, Its billows are dashing on the shore; He'll bid the tide abase its pride, And bring me safely o'er.

3. Roll, Jordan, roll,
 Thy foaming waters roll along;
 The hosts of God thy bed have trod,
 With trumpet and with song;
 Right through thy waves with pomp divine
 The fiery pillar passed,
 In days of yore, and brought them o'er,
 To Canaan's land at last.
 CHORUS.

4. Roll, Jordan, roll,
 Thy foaming waters roll along;
 Both young and old thy billows cold
 Awhile, countess throng;
 Through fear of death through tremblers lie
 In danger all their life,
 My soul aspires with warm desires,
 In thee to end its strife.
 CHORUS.