

culturist's place in the nation's economy and the advantages offered by the farm deserve attention. Of all the toilers the tiller of the ground is in closest touch with Mother Earth. He learns the secrets of Nature, watches the seasons, and is the alchemist at whose touch grass is transmuted into milk and meat, and rainfall into the syrup of the cane. He feeds the world and clothes it as well. If the farmers by concerted action were to take a year's vacation, the trader, the artisan, the teacher and the members of the learned professions would soon be petitioning upon bended knees for their return to work. Those who are content to live without considering the source whence come the necessities of life scarcely realize how dependent they are upon the farmer's brain and muscle. If the steak is tender it is because the farmer has by a wise selection cultivated good breeds, raised nutritious food, and, despite the heat or cold, brought the food in proper quantity and proportion to the animals whose flesh supplies the table. The flour in the bread is made from wheat that has to be sown and harvested, threshed and delivered at the railway station before it passes between the stones at the mill. The sugar that sweetens the tea and the coffee has its story to tell of the farmer's care and constancy, while the early vegetables testify to his vigilance and industry. And yet many who "fare sumptuously every day" give little thought to the farmer's labors.

Not only is the farmer the firm foundation upon which all other classes rest, but his vocation gives the broadest training to the three-fold man. If civilization can be defined as the harmonious development of the human race, physically, mentally, and morally, then agriculture is truly a civilizing agency. The field is better equipped than the gymnasium with the appliances necessary for physical training. All the muscles of the body are brought into play, and the air has a freshness and a wholesomeness that no system of ventilation can provide. The resident of the city finds that his daily exercise not only costs him money but costs him time, and he often takes it grudgingly and from a sense of duty. The farmer finds his exercise both useful and profitable. In the city there is little that a boy can do; on the farm there is employment for persons of every age—employment that does not overtax their strength and need not trespass upon their school hours.

That the farm gives a good foundation for mental training is evident to any one who has compared the school records of country boys with the school records of the boys in the cities. Habits of application, of industry and of thoroughness in school come naturally enough to one who has been trained to farm work. Not only does the farm furnish mental athletes for the city, but the average farmer possesses more information of general value than the average resident of a city. If he has not always read the latest fiction or the most sensational criminal news, he has generally read something fully as useful. The long evenings of the winter, the rainy days of the summer, and the Sabbath days throughout the year give him many hours for reading, and while at work he has more time for meditation and for the digestion of what he reads than those employed at other kinds of labor.

He is not afflicted with insomnia nor troubled with nervous prostration. He has the "sound mind in the sound body" which has been sought in every age.

To an even greater extent is the farmer's occupation conducive to moral development. Bondaref, a Russian author much praised by Tolstoy, says: "It is physically impossible that true religious knowledge or pure morality should exist among any classes of a nation who do not work with their hands for their bread." To the farmer the miracle is of daily occurrence. The feeding of a multitude with a few loaves and fishes can not mystify one who every spring watches the earth's awakening and estimates the millions who are to be supplied by the chemistry of the vegetable. Resurrection and immortality are easily understood by one who sees

a harvest spring from buried grain, and the fruits of a new birth are easily comprehended by one who has watched the earth grow verdant beneath the smiles of a summer's sun. The parables of Christ, taken from every-day life, make plain to the farmer the Divine philosophy. He reads of the sower, and his own experience furnishes a parallel. He knows, too, how a tiny seed can grow into a great tree, and he has seen the tares side by side with the wheat. He is often called upon to exercise patience with the barren tree, and his faith increases as he follows the blade through all the stages of its development until he sees "the full corn in the ear."

(From Magazine Article on Agriculture.)

#### SUNRISE IN THE HIMALAYAS

But to return to the mountains themselves; the view from Darjeeling is unsurpassed. The Kinchinjunga Peaks rise to a height of 28,156 feet above the sea, or nearly twice as high as Pike's Peak, and although forty-five miles distant, are clear and distinct. The summits, seen above the clouds, seem to have no terrestrial base, but hang as if suspended in mid air. The best view is obtained from Tiger Hill, six miles from Darjeeling at an altitude of nine thousand feet. We made this trip one morning, rising at three o'clock and reaching the observation point a little before sunrise. I wish I were able to convey to the reader the impression made upon us.

While all about us was yet in darkness, the snowy robe which clothes the upper twelve thousand feet of the range, caught a tint of pearl from the first rays of the sun, and, as we watched, the orb of day, rising like a ruby globe from a lake of dark blue mist, gilded peak after peak until at last we saw Mt. Everest, earth's loftiest point, one hundred and twenty miles away and nearly a thousand feet higher than Kinchinjunga. We saw the shadows fleeing from the light like hunted culprits and hiding in the deep ravines, and we marked the triumph of the dawn as it swept down the valleys.

How pitiful seem the works of man when brought into comparison with majestic nature! His groves, what pigmies when measured against the virgin forest! His noblest temples, how insignificant when contrasted with the masonry of the hills! What canvas can imitate the dawn and sunset! What inlaid work can match the mosaics of the mountains!

Is it blind chance that gives these glimpses of the sublime? And was it blind chance that clustered vast reservoirs about inaccessible summits and stored water to refresh the thirsty plains through hidden veins and surface streams?

No wonder man from the beginning of history has turned to the heights for inspiration, for here is the spirit awed by the infinite and here one sees both the mystery of creation and the manifestations of the Father's loving-kindness. Here man finds a witness, unimpeachable though silent, to the omnipotence, the omniscience and the goodness of God.

(Extract from Article on Eastern India.)

#### AT GRADUATION

We launch our vessels upon the uncertain sea of life alone, yet, not alone, for around us are friends who anxiously and prayerfully watch our course. They will rejoice if we arrive safely at our respective havens, or weep with bitter tears, if, one by one, our weather-beaten barks are lost forever in the surges of the deep.

We have esteemed each other, loved each other, and now must from each other part. God grant that we may all so live as to meet in the better world, where parting is unknown.

Halls of learning, fond Alma Mater, farewell. We turn to take one "last, long, lingering look" at thy receding walls. We leave thee now to be ushered out into the varied duties of active life.

However high our names may be inscribed upon the gilded scroll of fame, to thee we all honor give, to thee all praises bring. And when, in after years, we're wearied by the bustle of a

busy world, our hearts will often long to turn and seek repose beneath thy sheltering shade.

(From graduating oration at commencement of Illinois College, June, 1881.)

#### TO NEIGHBORS

My friends, I am at the end of my third presidential campaign. Tomorrow, 15,000,000 voters will decide whether I am to occupy the seat that Washington and Jefferson and Jackson and Lincoln occupied. You will have your part in my victory or in my defeat. It may be that the election will turn on Nebraska, and it may be that Nebraska will turn on votes, so few in number that the city of Lincoln may decide the result. If fate decrees that my name shall be added to the list of presidents, and Nebraska added to the list of states that have furnished presidents, I shall rejoice with you. If, on the other hand, the election shall be against me, I can feel that I have left nothing undone that I could have done to bring success to my cause. And I shall find private life so full of joy that I shall not miss the presidency.

I have been a child of fortune from my birth. God gave me into the keeping of a Christian father and a Christian mother. They implanted in my heart the ideals that have guided my life. When I was in law school, I was fortunate enough, as I was in my college days, to fall under the influence of men of ideals who helped to shape my course; and when but a young man, not out of college yet, I was guided to the selection of one who, for twenty-four years, has been my faithful helpmate. No presidential victory could have brought her to me, and no defeat can take her from me. I have been blessed with a family. Our children are with us to make glad the declining years of their mother and myself. When you first knew me, they called me, in derision, "The Boy Orator of the Platte." I have outlived that title, and my grandchildren are now growing up about me. I repeat, that I have been fortunate, indeed. I have been abundantly rewarded for what little I have been able to do, and my ambition is not so much to hold any office, however great, as it is to know my duty and to do it, whether in public life or as a private citizen.

If I am elected, I shall be absent from you but four years. If I am defeated, you will help me to bear my defeat. And I assure you that the affection that my countrymen have shown is to me dearer than all earthly office. I shall be content, if I can deserve the continuation of that affection. I have been touched by the demonstrations that have been given in other parts of the country, but in twelve years and in three campaigns, I have never had a welcome anywhere more generous, more enthusiastic than you have given in Lincoln tonight.

(From Speech Concluding Campaign of 1908.)

#### TRUTH IRRESISTIBLE

In view of the triumph of the principles and policies for which the democracy of Nebraska has contended for so many years I beg to offer, as my contribution to your intellectual feast, a very appropriate sentiment expressed in most felicitous language by James Russell Lowell:

"Get but the truth once uttered, and it is like a star new born, that drops into its place, and which, once circling in its placid round, not all the tumult of the earth can shake."

(From message to Birthday Banquet, 1914.)

#### A CALL TO DUTY

As the crescent sand doons of Peru march with a constant wind blowing from the sea. The leaders of the party must keep step with the rank and file, swept along by the progressive spirit of the day and inspired by the impressive sentiment expressed by Byron:

"The dead have been awakened—shall I sleep?  
The world's at war with tyrants—shall I crouch?  
The harvest's ripe—and shall I pause to reap?  
I slumber not—the thorn is in my couch.  
Each day a trumpet soundeth in mine ear,  
Its echo in my heart."

(From speech at Washington Banquet, 1912.)

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### BUILDING FOR ALL TIME

Time is on our side. It is better to write one word on the rock than a thousand on the water or the sand.—Wm. Ewart Gladstone.