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AN ADDRESS ^{185 W. State Street}
^{Denton, N. J.}

—BY—

THE REV. DR. JOHN B THOMPSON, ^{odine}

IN THE GROVE AT

CLOVER HILL, N. J., AUGUST 2, 1894.

It is a great pleasure for me to be here today. This is my ancestral soil. My grandmother was born here. At that time the people about here were Dutch, but her father was an Irishman. He was a fighting Irishman. He had been with Colonel Peter Schuyler at the battle of Quebec. This is the musket he carried. (It isn't loaded.) It still bears his initials, "J. M. H.", Joseph Muir Head. After the cruel war was over he married Judy Auten, Adrain Auten's daughter, the other side of the Three Bridges, and settled somewhere over here in Amwell. I wish I knew the precise spot. If this gun could talk it could tell, for the old soldier kept it with him as long as he lived.

There was another relic of the French and Indian war, also, in my grandfather's,—and afterward in my father's garret. It was a long and sharp and slender two-edged sword. It was the only two-edged sword I ever saw. I remember it well. I have good reason to remember it.

One bright September Sunday good old Dominic Van Lieu preached a magnificent sermon from Isaiah, (or was it Micah?): "They shall beat their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning hooks." We had plough-shares plenty, but we were short of corn knives, and the corn was ready to out. Bright and early Monday morning, father took the sword down to Boss Dilley at the blacksmith shop, and it came back—corn knives. I cut corn with one of them long enough to wish it were a sword in the garret again. I wish so now.

I have another relic from this region which I prize very highly. Judy Auten, Joseph Muir Head's wife, was a very pious woman—like her mother before her. I have their Dutch testament and psalms. It has gilt edges, and is bound in heavy oak boards. Judy Muir Head gave it to her daughter, Betsey, my grandmother, and from her it has come to me.

If I don't know where Betsey was born, I know where she was brought up. When she

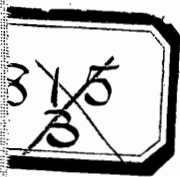
was three years old her father—the man that owned the gun—bought land alongside the pond, of what are now Higgins' Mills. It is a good place to live. One of Betsey's granddaughter's lives there now. Her name is Betsey, too. If she is half as good a woman as her grandmother she is good enough.

I wonder if these boys and girls know how the original Higgins spelt his name. It is a Dutch name, and those Dutchmen had queer ways of spelling.

We are always trying to make things easier. They were not afraid of anything because it was hard—hard words or hard work. They spelled their name, H-u-y-g-h-e-n-s. It is an honorable name. There is a famous Dutch painter and also a famous Dutch chemist of that name.

There was other queer spelling hereabouts, too. When I was a boy this place was called "Cuxtown." I thought, of course, that I knew how to spell it: "C-u-x-t-o-w-n;" how else could it be spelled? But, lo and behold, it was spelled "K-o-u-g-h-s-t-o-w-n. How they ever came to spell it that way, or how they ever came to pronounce it "Cuxtown," I can't guess. Lippincott's Gazetteer pronounces it "Kufstown," on the principle, I suppose, that if t-o-u-g-h spells "tuf," k-o-u-g-h must spell "kuf." But that rule doesn't always work. I've tried to work it out by every rule I could think of, and I gave it up. I believe that it is "one of those things that no fellow can find out."

I know why it is called "Clover Hill." Over in Readington they always have a "Corn Peter Schamp," because a Peter Schamp over there a hundred years ago got rich by raising corn. Here they used to have a "Clover Peter Schenck," and some thought he was so called because he raised so much clover. I don't know whether he did or not. At any rate he lived in clover, as you all do here. But the fact is that his name was "Peter Clover Schenck." His mother was a Clover. I suspect that that is an English name. I have read of Joseph Clover, the English



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blacksmith, who was worth a good deal more to the world than "the learned blacksmith" of America, of whom we are all so proud. Joseph Clover studied the horse's foot and became a blacksmith who knew what he was about. Then he studied the entire anatomy and physiology of the horse, and learned what diseases he is subject to, and how to cure them. He was really the first veterinary surgeon in the world. He was the first man who ever found out that the eggs of the horse-fly, swallowed by horses, are the cause of bots.

Clever people, those Clovers. Peter showed that when he bought so much land in this neighborhood. Joseph Muir Head was clever too, or Judy Auten, the daughter of the rich Dutchman, wouldn't have married him. And the Dutchmen were more clever still when they came here and bought five hundred acre farms of the Indians, for five yards of red flannel. The Dutch always do know a good thing when they see it.

One of the shrewdest Dutchmen I ever heard of was Timothy Hansen. But, poor fellow, he didn't live in Clover Hill. He lived in Virginia, where they didn't have any clover, or any other pasture, except the woods, and a little grass along the brooks. Timothy noticed that his cattle liked the grass which grew in a certain damp place, and so he saved some seed from it and sowed it on the low land, until in a few years he had whole fields of it. The consequence was that his herd of cattle did so much better than his neighbors, that they began to buy grass seed of him, and in a little while the whole country had the benefit of Timothy Hansen's "herd-grass." Peter Wynich took a lot over to England, and it did as well there as here. There they called it "timothy," after Timothy Hansen. That was long before the Revolutionary War; somewhere about 1720, I think. From that day to this there has been a great advance in the cultivation and use of forage plants.

Down South they used to say "cotton is king." The fact is that "hay is king." And it is constantly extending its domain both in Europe and America. The report of the last census shows that in the ten years from 1879 to 1889, there were brought under cultivation in the United States fifty one and a half million of acres of land, and twenty-four millions, almost half of this amount was devoted to hay. During the same period the grain and corn acreage in Pennsylvania was reduced by 530 thousand acres, and that of hay increased by 730 thousand. And the same process went on in similar proportions in New York and New Jersey and the western States.

People are gravitating constantly to the towns and cities. Those that remain in the country will have to furnish them with milk

and butter and cream and cheese and beef and mutton and pork, as well as with oats and hay for their horses. City horses never get grass. The prices for hay and oats have kept up better, during these hard times, than those for wheat and corn. Oats brought more per bushel than wheat a few days ago, notwithstanding the increase of its acreage. The hay crop pays better than the grain crop, and this is not due to exportation. It is all needed for home consumption.

The reports show that the acreage for this season's wheat and corn also, has been greatly decreased, while that of oats and hay has expanded in proportion. Nevertheless, prices are held up steadily. It will pay to raise hay more and more year by year. And the best of all the hay crops is the clover crop. The Dutch who settled in this region brought white clover with them from Holland. It helped the pasture wondrously, but it was too short to mow to advantage. However, it made an excellent bee-pasture, and gave them honey for metheglin.

A curious thing about clover is that it can not be fertilized without the aid of insects. Experiments have been tried by covering clover blossoms with mosquito netting so as to keep off the bees. The consequence was that eight heads of white clover thus protected gave only five seeds, while eight heads which the bees visited freely gave 236 seeds. In an experiment with red clover twenty covered heads gave only one seed, and that a bad one, while twenty fertilized by bees gave 2290 good seeds. Everybody knows that clover honey is the best honey; but it is not everybody who knows that bees are of as much advantage to the clover as clover is to the bees.

The nectar of the clover-blossom lies at the bottom of the stamen tube, whence the bee extracts it with his tongue. When he lands upon the wings of a flower his weight presses them down and the anthers and stigma come into contact with his body. The stigma receives pollen brought from another flower upon his body; and at the same time, as he thrusts his tongue into the stamen tube, more pollen becomes attached to the under surface of his head. When he flies away, fertilization has been accomplished; and the parts of the flower return to their normal position.

In the year 1777 my grandfather (who afterward married Betsey Muir Head) was a little child playing behind his father's barn not far from where the city of Williamsport now stands. There he found a beautiful and fragrant flower which neither he, nor his parents, nor any of their neighbors, had ever seen before. It proved to be the first specimen ever seen in the Shemoken country of the Spanish clover which had recently been introduced into the neighborhood of Phila-

delphia. Some bird had carried the seed to the west branch of the Susquehanna. The next year (after his father had been killed and scalped by the Indians), his mother brought him back to Jersey, and a few years later he had plenty of it on his own farm, the other side of Van Fleet's corner. It was our now common red clover. Jacques Voorhees was the first man to grow it in this region. That was in the year 1800.

When it was first introduced there was great prejudice against it, as there always is against anything new. But Benjamin Franklin had a large field of it on good land near Philadelphia. One morning when the weather was warm and there were signs of rain, he sowed part of the field with ground plaster, sowing carefully so as to make his name on the clover with the plaster in letters several feet long. The rain soon came and washed the plaster off the clover into the ground where it dissolved the plant-food the clover needed, so that it grew up more than twice as high as the rest of the field. The consequence was that people came from far and near to see the wondrous sight, and went home to sow red clover seed, and to put plaster on the clover in due season. We are so familiar with red clover that it is difficult for us to realize what a great advantage it was to our fathers to learn that they could raise pasture and make hay on the uplands as well as the lowlands, and especially upon this red shale soil which so often suffers from drought.

It is only a few years ago that red clover was introduced into Australia. And for years they had to import all their seed. They couldn't raise any seed there. The trouble was that the tongue of the honey-bee is too short to reach to the bottom of the nectar-tube in the red clover blossom; and they had no bumble-bees there. In their distress they applied to Mr. Darwin in England, and he told them to import bumble-bees. They did, and now they can grow their own clover seed as well as we. Sometimes the mice find the bumble-bees' nests in the ground and eat up the young bees, so that there are not enough left to secure a good crop of clover seed. In England they say that the supply of roast beef depends upon cats. Funny, isn't it? But it's true. To have beef you must have hay. To have hay you must have clover. To have clover you must have bumble-bees. To have bumble-bees you must catch the mice. To catch the mice you must have cats. Therefore the supply of roast beef in England depends upon cats. And everywhere the supply of red clover depends upon bumble-bees.

Out in California I have seen Indians who eat clover. Why shouldn't they? I dare say it is better than many other things they eat. I am sure it tastes better than green apples,

raw artichokes, calamus root, slate pencils, and many other things that boys and girls will eat here, if they get the chance. I think it was a boy from New York who came out into Jersey to spend a year on a farm in order to learn farming. The family was very fond of salad. The boy seemed to get along very well for a few weeks, but one night he ran away and went back to the city. When asked why he didn't stay, he said that he had to eat grass in the summer and he was afraid he would have to eat hay in the winter.

Clover is of even more value as a fertilizer than as a forage crop. Even the roots make the soil better. Some people say that there is as much fertilizing value in the roots as in the tops. But that is a mistake. Yet they have some fertilizing value and they bring up plant-food from the subsoil. Sometimes they go down six feet for it, and they loosen up the soil nicely. There are a dozen elements necessary for the growth of plants, most of these are always in the soil, but three or four of them must be supplies to soil under continuous cultivation. These are phosphoric acid, potash, lime and nitrogen, of these nitrogen is the most important. Fortunately the air is made of it. Three fourths of the air is nitrogen. If we could only get it out of the air into the soil what a saving it would be! But it is like a young colt, hard to catch. What do you catch horses with? salt, or sugar, or a handful of oats, or a bunch of clover. Well, you can catch a horse with any one of several things. I suppose the best thing is sugar. But the best thing to catch nitrogen with is clover. In an acre of good clover there are about 25 pounds of phosphoric acid, 100 pounds of lime, as many of potash, and more of nitrogen. Generally, if you use clover to catch nitrogen, it is better to use lime along with it. It helps the clover to catch the nitrogen. And the clover will give you back the lime, too.

I know something about that. When I was seven years old my father moved from "The Brookyke" to the farm on which he lived and died the other side of Readington church. It had been farmed by slaves whose owner was a feeble old man over ninety years old. They put on no manure; and they ploughed only two or three inches deep. If they ploughed any deeper, they would only turn up the red shale on the yellow clay in which nothing would grow. As it was, very little did grow besides poverty grass and briars.

The new owner began to use lime and clover. The doctor, the only scientific man in the neighborhood, warned him that the lime would sink into the soil and become lime stone again, and that thus in a few years the whole surface of his farm would be one hard and smooth surface of stone. Other kind friends admonished him that the immense crops of clover he turned under, (with the

ox-chain hanging from the plough-beam to the swivel-tree), would make the soil sour and injure its productiveness. But he kept on using more and more lime and clover, and plowing a little deeper every year; and in ten years—when his oldest son came to do the plowing—Hiram Deat's cutter plow turned up—and with its steep mould-board, shook loose seven inches of fertile soil. It was hard work for me and the horses; but we did it.

I understand that there is still a prejudice against green manuring, even as there was then. "I've tried it," men say, "And it doesn't pay." That is so, where they have plowed under rye or buckwheat or timothy. All these do a little good. They loosen up the soil. But they don't fertilize much. They draw from the soil almost as much as they put into it. What is needed is to put into the soil plant-food which isn't there. Good barnyard manure is the best thing. But we can't get enough of it. Sometimes we buy city manure. I once bought a boatload. But I paid twice as much for it as it was worth. My relatives living on this red shale tell me that they have to pay more for "Commercial Manures" than they are worth; and that therefore "Farming doesn't pay." Of course it doesn't. Those who mix the fertilizers get rich; and those who pay for them get poor. The better way is to catch your fertilizer from the air with clover, and put in into the ground with a plow.

The gradual decay of the clover improves the soil both physically and chemically; physically, by rendering it more retentive of plant-food and moisture in protection against these dreadful droughts; and chemically, by adding to it nitrogen, the element most useful to the plants which can get it only from the soil. By increasing the productiveness of the soil, and thus furnishing man with both vegetable and animal food cheaper and better than before, red clover has promoted civilization more than we can estimate. But there was one great disadvantage in using it as a fertilizer. I don't know much about farming now. But when I was a farmer, we had a five years' succession of crops: corn, oats, rye or wheat, hay, pasture,—and then corn again. When we turned under a crop of clover to make a better soil this succession had to be broken in upon, and the crop for that year was lost. Compensation was sometimes made by sowing winter-grain immediately after the corn was cut, to the great detriment of the soil in that field. Sometimes the corn stubble was allowed to lie fallow for a year, which was thought, I believe, to have some advantage; though, with no crop upon it, it was baked into hardness by the summer suns and washed into gullies by the winter rains. It always seemed to me a very wasteful process.

Crimson clover comes in now to remedy all this, as well as to give early pasture. Italian

clover, some call it. But it is better to designate all the clovers by their colors. If you say "White Clover", or "Red Clover," or "Crimson Clover," every-body will know what you mean.

Crimson clover is what you call a "catch crop." It grows in the fall and is gathered in the spring in time for the regular crops to come after it. It doesn't take the place of red clover, it will not supplant it, it will supplement it, it makes a place for itself. We can't do without red clover, and we can't do any longer without crimson clover either. About the time Timothy Hansen began to sow timothy seed, Dean Swift wrote: "Whoever could make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together." If this statement is true—and it is—he who makes crimson clover grow where only common red clover grew before is still more a benefactor of his kind, for crimson clover is worth more than red clover. When you have raised both for a while you will see that the crimson clover is more valuable, as well as more beautiful, than the red; but you won't be willing to spare either of them.

Some thought crimson clover wouldn't stand our climate. But it does well even in New England; though there it grows only about twenty inches high. Here it reaches thirty inches. It is perfectly hardy all the way from Cape May to Sussex. Prof. Voorhees—one of our Somerset boys from South Branch—has been experimenting with it at the College farm in New Brunswick, and has just issued a bulletin about it. It is the one hundredth bulletin of the college. And it is worthy of its number. Every Jersey farmer ought to read it. You can get it by sending him a postal card saying that you want it. Just sign your name, and direct it to "Prof. Voorhees at New Brunswick," and he will get it. Never mind his other name. They all know him there. Send him the card, and you'll get the bulletin by return mail. He says the time to sow crimson clover seed is anywhere between the middle of July and the middle of September. It ripens three or four weeks earlier than red clover, and makes a good pasture before any other crop is available. This last spring it was pastured as early as the tenth of April. When the crop was six inches high it contained over 1,300 pounds of digestible food per acre, enough to feed twelve cows for a full week. And the fertilizing value per acre of what remained in the roots was worth as much as three tons of city manure.

As a soiling crop it is still more valuable, coming at a time when other forage crops are scarce. The experiment with it gave 30,000 pounds per acre, enough to keep ten cows.

in full flow of milk for three weeks. It was worth twenty-five dollars an acre, for this purpose. It is superior to red clover also for hay when it can be gathered under equally favorable circumstance. But that perhaps will rarely be. For it has to be gathered earlier in the season, when other work presses and rain is more frequent. I suspect that there is a good deal to be learned yet, however, about curing hay. Half of the value of clover hay is lost sometimes by its getting wet and dry and black and losing its leaves before it gets into the mow.

Just a little way from New Brunswick on the road to Perth Amboy is a place called Bonhampton, after an early settler named Nicholas Bonham. Some years ago, one of the Bonhams moved to Ohio. He says that he used to put up clover hay there just as his father and other Jersey farmers were in the habit of doing; but for several years past he has put his clover hay into the mow the same day it was cut. He chooses a bright day and starts the mower as soon as the dew is off. By eleven o'clock he has as much cut as he can get in in good time. It is all turned over and shaken loose before they go to dinner. If it is a dry day he begins to rake right after dinner, and gets in all he can before five o'clock. If he can't get it all in by that time, he leaves it all on the windrow till near noon next day. When he quits hauling in he starts his mower again, and what is then cut he begins to spread next day at ten o'clock. The dew doesn't dampen it enough to blacken it. His mow is tight; and he puts wheat or straw on the clover to keep out the air. He says that it keeps bright and sweet and comes out fragrant the next winter, with all the heads and leaves of good color.

This seems to me something like the silo treatment "but that's another story." Prof. Voorhees says that crimson clover does best in good soil, like every other crop; but it will catch readily and grow well in soil too poor for red clover. It uses the mineral elements in the soil which wheat and rye and oats can't use. In one of the experiments carried on under his direction, the average yield on the 24th day of May, was sixteen tons per acre, equal to nearly three tons of dry hay. Much larger yields have been reported; but this will probably prove to be about the average.

Crimson clover catches its nitrogen from the air early enough in the season to use it for early vegetables of all kinds; tomatoes, potatoes, corn, etc. An acre of clover that was six inches high at New Brunswick, on the 24th day of April, added to the soil as much nitrogen as there is in 648 pounds of nitrate of soda, or in ten tons of manure, either of which would cost \$15, as Prof. Voorhees explains in his bulletin. Crimson clover, therefore, represents an accumulation of nitrogen in the soil on the 24th of April, worth \$15 dol-

lars, free of cost.

The amount of phosphoric acid and potash in the clover cut, April 24, was more than enough for an average crop of tomatoes, potatoes, or corn. It was equal in phosphoric acid to 200 pounds of South Carolina rock superphosphate, and in potash to 600 pounds of kanit. When sown on poor soil these should be supplied with it to enable it to catch as much as possible of the nitrogen from the air. On the 12th day of May the clover was thirteen inches high, and contained 168 pounds of nitrogen to the acre, worth \$25, for late potatoes and corn. By the end of May when the plants were full grown they had caught 300 pounds of nitrogen per acre, an amount equal to that contained in twenty tons of city manure, which would cost in that form \$30. And the phosphoric acid and potash in it were worth, from fifteen to twenty dollars more. An acre of crimson clover is as valuable as forty-five dollars worth of manure, net. No Jersey farmer can afford to do without it. These facts indicate that the greatest value of crimson clover will prove to result from its use as a manure. But it will have almost the same advantage as a manure, also, when used for food, if only the manure be properly saved and applied—which it rarely is.

Mr. J. M. White, just out of New Brunswick, had a peach orchard eight years old. You know what that means. On the 25th of July, two years ago, he sowed a plot all the way across the orchard, including four rows of trees, with crimson clover to see what it would do. The land, though naturally poor and sandy, had been well fertilized with phosphoric acid and potash. He covered the seed with a "Breed's weeder," one of the best implements one can have about a farm, and secured a good catch, which grew rapidly and survived the winter without the loss of a plant. The early growth of the clover in the spring retarded the growth of the peach trees a little; but after it was ploughed under, May 28th, they gained rapidly; and both the growth and the fruitage were more satisfactory than on the remainder of the orchard, where two pounds of the nitrate of soda had been applied to each tree. Mr. White was so well pleased with the result that last fall he seeded all his peach orchard, and his pear orchard as well, with the crimson clover and plowed it in this spring. The prospect for both crops is good.

Last year Mr. William Skillman, between Rocky Hill and Blawenburgh, had a peach orchard ten years old and made up his mind to cut it down since it had ceased bearing. Under Prof. Voorhees' advice, however, he mixed ground bone and potash in equal proportions, and sowed 500 pounds of this mixture to the acre with four quarts of crimson clover seed. The clover grew finely; but the trees looked so yellow and poor this spring

that again he determined to cut them down. Prof. Voorhees again persuaded him, instead, to turn under the clover; and now he has a fine crop of peaches on them; not equal to that on his young trees, to be sure, but one that quite satisfies him.

Prof. Voorhees advises to sow crimson clover seed in corn and peach orchards now, as soon as possible. He says that it is important to be careful about the seeding. Heavy rains after sowing may do harm, if the seed is not harrowed in well. And a hot, dry spell after the seed has sprouted may be harmful too. But both these dangers can be guarded against by covering the seed properly.

I understand that Mr. John Dawes, at Stanton, has made a good thing by raising crimson clover seed for sale. And there will probably be a continuous demand for it. There ought to be. But the supply regulates the demand, and the price has already gone down to four or five dollars a bushel.

I preached a sermon the other Sunday from the text: "Thou shalt not sow thy field with mingled seed." Some time I hope to preach it in this neighborhood; but not now. I advise you to remember the text, however: "Thou shalt not sow thy field with mingled seed." Remember it when you buy clover seed. If you buy foreign seed, it will very probably be mingled. Sometimes they mingle it with the seed of Egyptian clover, which won't stand our climate. It may be mingled with the seed of weeds, of which we already have enough in this country. It may have what they call "clover cancer," (which is the worst danger of all), or it may be mingled with grains of sand, which you don't want to pay for.

At St. Angelo, in Northern Italy, there is a peculiar kind of sandstone. The grains are of the exact size of clover seed. Sometimes these are colored and mixed with the seed. There is (or there was) a factory at Hamburg in Germany, for the express purpose of manufacturing stone clover seed, which was sold to dealers. If you don't wish to sow your field with mingled seed, don't buy foreign clover seed.

One great advantage of crimson clover is that the honey bees can fertilize it. And they like it, too. They can get the nectar from it, as they can not from red clover. Red clover has robbed us of our honey, and has thus cut off from the farmer one of the sources of both pleasure and profit. In every business, in these days, a man must look after every detail. I trust that crimson clover is going to give us back our honey.

It's too bad to have lost such good laborers as the honey bees. They are the most industrious and cheapest laborers that ever worked on a farm. They work for nothing and board themselves.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!
How skilfully she builds her cell;
How neat she spreads her wax,
And labors hard to store well
With the sweet food she makes!

Solomon says:

Go to the ant, thou sluggard,
Consider her ways and be wise.

Down in Egypt, where they translated the Bible into Greek and had plenty of clover fertilized by honey bees, they made this verse twice as long. They added:

Or, go to the honey bee,
And see what a worker she is,
And what a noble work she produces.
Her labor gives health and wealth
To kings and common people both.
She is desired and praised by all.
She is not mighty in strength;
But, prizing wisdom, she prevails.

Solomon was right when he said: "My son, eat honey, for it is good." But we can't eat honey unless we have it. And we can't have it unless we have bees, and pasture for them. And the best pasture for them here is crimson clover. Crimson clover in Spring, and buckwheat in Summer.

John P.
Robinson, he
Says they didn't know everything
Down in Judee.

Solomon didn't, that's certain. He never saw a buckwheat cake in his life. If he had, he would have said: "My son, eat honey on your cakes." Honey is good; but honey and cakes are better. And crimson clover and buckwheat will enable us to have honey and cakes both. These boys and girls know that there is nothing so good for breakfast on a cold Winter morning as buckwheat cakes and honey.

That reminds me that it would be a good plan to let the boys and girls own the bees and take care of the honey. Give them a chance to learn bee farming. Buy them a book on bee culture. Subscribe for the *Bee Journal* for them. Get them a hive of bees and let them see what they can do. Engage to pay them for all the honey used in the family, and keep your engagement. Give them all the encouragement and good advice you can; but let them use their judgment. Girls can do this work as well as boys. I think they will do it better. Give the boys and girls both a chance. That'll be their first lesson in learning how to make farming pay. While they're learning that, they'll learn all about crimson clover and buckwheat, too; when to sow them, and how to manage so as to get the most value out of them. Not only for honey, but for food and pasture and fertilization, too.

Presently, they'll be sending for every one of the bulletins from your agricultural col-

lege, as it is issued; and so they'll learn better and better how to make farming pay, and, the next thing you know they'll want to go to the college that they may learn still more about it. That's what the college is for, and by the time these boys and girls get ready, it will be ready for girls as well as boys. This new school law will give the boys and girls a chance to get ready, too. It is specially in the interest of the country schools. It will give them more money proportionally than they have ever had before. And it will allow your children to go to whatever school you think best for them.

During the past thirty years the village and city schools have been getting better, and the country schools poorer. This will give the country schools better teachers than ever before. It will divide the burden of building school houses and providing school books throughout the whole township equally.

It is a new law. It takes us by surprise. It will take a little time to get used to it. But it will prove to be a much better law than we have ever had before. It has been tried in New England and Pennsylvania, and in the Western and Southern States, and it works well. No one of them would go back to the old system.

In the township in which I live we had ten districts with thirty trustees. But we haven't thirty men able and willing to attend to the business. Some of them don't know what to do to make a good school. More of them can't give to it the time and attention necessary. We hope to find nine men in the township, of sufficient knowledge and having sufficient time, conscientious men, who will feel it to be their duty to God and man to provide the best possible education for all the children of the community.

When I was in California I used to see a large and handsome stage driving about the country every day from house to house, picking up the little children, and I wondered where they were taking them. On inquiry I found they were taking them to school,—the little ones too young to walk so far. And they took them home again in the same way after school. It was what they call a kindergarten school, a school especially for little children, where they never used a book, but where trained teachers taught the little ones what was of more importance than all book learning. One of these days you will have such teachers and such schools here, too. And you will find it cheaper and better to hire a man to take the little ones to and from school than to build a school house at every cross-road and put into it an incompetent teacher.

Under the new law you can have a high school too in every township, if you want one; so that you will have the same advan-

tages the cities and villages have now. Your boys and girls will then have opportunity to get ready for the Agricultural College; and young men from seventeen to twenty can get instruction which would otherwise be beyond their reach.

The new law in the state of New York goes much further than ours. Attendance is compulsory; and officers are appointed to see that the law is enforced. The labor organizations were eager for the passage of the law. Workingmen are beginning to see that education increases earning power. It will also prevent the mistake of thinking that men can benefit themselves by breaking the laws and hindering other men from working. It will enable all to see that in a free country the ballot is the best defence against oppression of every kind. And they will learn to use it wisely. Choose the best men in your township as trustees; stand by them in their efforts; send your children to school all you can; don't work them too hard out of school; let them play, as well as work and study. They need every one of these three things. Encourage them in them all. Remember that they are the Lord's children, not yours. Your business is only to train them up for him. And he wants them to be cheery and intelligent and successful workers in whatever calling they choose.

By the way, did you ever think what that word "Calling" means. It means that business to which they are "Called." Who calls them? God. And you are to train them so that they are ready to answer when he calls. Many of them,—perhaps most of them,—he will call to be farmers. And it depends upon you, as well as upon them, whether they shall be such as he (and you) will not be ashamed of, cheerful, intelligent, happy, useful men and women. Trust in the Lord, and sow crimson clover seed, and eat honey and buckwheat cakes; and have a jolly good time, why not?

"I saw a field of rich, green clover grow,
Its blossoms honey-laden for the bee;
And, turning to the owner, who stood by,
I asked what time the harvesting would be.

"'Twill not be gathered in.' 'How then?
I said.
'Have you no recompense for all your
toil?'

The farmer smiled; he was more wise than I.
I plow it under to enrich the soil.'

"And all at once I seemed to see more clear
Some things that I had tried to comprehend;
Has not the heart, like that broad field, its
growths
That never seem to reach their destined
end?

"Its early dreams that perish unfulfilled?
Its useful hopes that vanish ere their
prime?
Its fond affections and its tender love,
Borne down before their perfect blossom
time?

"I mused on these, and as I turned my feet
Back to the city, with its swift turmoil,
I smiled and said in tranquil, sweet content,
"God plowed them under to enrich the
soil."