

ority of their genius and energy over ours they might lead us into. If they will come forward and be our leaders, if they will head the gigantic army of Americans who instinctively know how attractive, how interesting and beauti-

ful peace ought to be and might be, — if they will come forward and plan for us and inspire us in order that we can make it so, — we pledge them our confidence, our unfailing support, and our unending patience.

APRIL RAIN

BY CONRAD AIKEN

FALL, rain! You are the blood of coming blossom,
You shall be music in the young birds' throats.
You shall be breaking, soon, in silver notes;
A virgin laughter in the young earth's bosom.
Oh, that I could with you reënter earth,
Pass through her heart and come again to sun,
Out of her fertile dark to sing and run
In loveliness and fragrance of new mirth!
Fall, rain! Into the dust I go with you,
Pierce the remaining snows with subtle fire,
Warming the frozen roots with soft desire,
Dreams of ascending leaves and flowers new.
I am no longer body, — I am blood
Seeking for some new loveliness of shape;
Dark loveliness that dreams of new escape,
The sun-surrender of unclosing bud.
Take me, O Earth! and make me what you will;
I feel my heart with mingled music fill.

FROM THE STUDY TO THE FARM: A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

BY ARTHUR MARKLEY JUDY

I

I SPENT seven years in academic and professional studies under excellent teachers. I have spent seven years in agricultural pursuits under the hard knocks of the farm. Which has constituted the better part of my education? My wife, whose academic education was of a high order, often raises this question for herself as well as for me. Of this we are assured — to have lived on a farm under the conditions that we have experienced and with the motives that have actuated us during these seven years, has called out a development of manhood and womanhood as amazing as it was unexpected.

After my seven years' professional training I was for twenty-five years the minister of a church in a rather large centre of population on the Mississippi River. During this time I taught classes, participated in clubs, and promoted and attended lectures, all these activities going far toward continuing for me the spirit and habits of the university. I also enjoyed rather wide social opportunities and was associated with business and professional men in many-sided civic activities.

Is it, then, beside the mark to say that I had enjoyed a fair share of the best that books and the best that the associations of a city can yield? When a man thus trained and habituated broke completely with his past and became a farmer, working ten to fourteen

hours a day with the workmen on a farm, what would you imagine happened?

One of the first things to happen of which I was vividly conscious, was that I was acquiring or regaining hardihood. If you ask me, then, what the farm can do for a man, I will reply that it can give him hardness, or hardiness, or hardihood.

During all the period I was in the city there was not a year when I did not row, play golf and tennis, climb mountains, keep up vigorous walking. I pursued these exercises both as a delight and as a necessity; and yet when I became a farmer, their worth, as a means of physical invigoration, struck me as laughable, although I do not overlook their value under our present social conditions.

But the man who is at work ten to twelve hours a day on the farm, taking the weather as it comes; putting under strain more muscles than Dr. Sargent with his gymnastic equipments ever called into play; forcing himself to endure unceasingly the nasty and disagreeable; running the risk of physical injury at every turn (an accident policy costs a farmer three times as much as it does a minister; three several times during these seven years I escaped death by the narrowest margin); and standing ever ready to offer up his body, if not as a sacrifice, then as the unshrinking servant of whatsoever demand exigent crops and still more exigent stock can