

FROM CITY TO FARM

"Ye who listen with credulity to the whisperings of fancy; who pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow;—attend to the history of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia."

By ERNEST McGAFFEY

Author of "Poems of Gun and Red," "Outdoors," "Poems of the Town," Etc.

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Sundays in the Country

On Saturdays the road that led past our place was fairly lively with teams and riders going to town, and occasionally a lone pedestrian could be seen cutting across the fields, bound for the county seat. The usual work went on in the fields, and late in the afternoon and on until midnight the home-returning vehicles and horses rattled or galloped by us. But when Sunday morning came there was a sharp and clear demarcation between work and rest. No longer the men could be seen following the plows, cultivating corn, working with the thrashers or reapers, or "shucking" corn with the wagons slowly filling toward the side-board.

There was a wide silence over the fields. An ebb in the tide of affairs; a lull in the round of rural industry. The wood had been carried in Saturday night, and even the smoke from the kitchen chimneys seemed to crawl out stealthily and creep away unobtrusively, as if fearing to stain the blue vaults of Sabbath stillness. "Chores" appeared to have been done before daybreak, for you rarely found a farmer about his barn on Sundays until the time came for going to church.

It was a peculiar sensation to really abide in a community where Sunday meant something in the way of old-fashioned peace and quiet. The bells on top of the smokehouses, which were accustomed to clang out regularly at half-past eleven, calling the men in to dinner from the fields, hung motionless now, unless possibly set in motion by the hands of some wandering child. Teams went by with the usual cargo of church-goers, filled with men, women and children, all dressed in their best, and all, except the horses, enjoying the respite from daily cares.

If you went to a farmhouse you would nearly always find the people gone, and almost invariably to church. In town, hitching-racks were lined with farm wagons, and every hitching-post was occupied by either a team or a saddle-horse. Church windows were open everywhere in the summer time, and even on into the fall, and echoes of old hymns and sweet young childish voices floated out on the mild sun-laden air.

In the earlier part of the day there had been long and clangorous pealing over the tops of the houses, and from the country steeples the bells had sent brassy or iron messages to the farmers' dwellings; but later the churches had lived in their environment the greater part of the community, and the drone of voices or the sound of a preacher's intonation was all that could be heard from the outside.

Sometimes, along the country roads, would come a cavalcade with the tossing plumes and mourning cortege that told of the transformation from the uncertainties of life to the enduring peace of the beyond. A funeral in the country was in some respects sharply distinguished from one in the city. In the country, the women mostly stayed in the church, together with the immediate relatives of the departed. There they remained through the services, joining in the hymns, and listening to the funeral sermon. But the friends and neighbors of the deceased very often gathered under adjacent trees and "visited" among themselves, talking over the life and character of the dead, and indulging in reminiscences of old times in the settlement. Particularly was this the case if the deceased was an old settler, or the wife of an old settler. In that event the attendance would be from far-distant points, and even the editors of the town papers would come. Old men would gather in the shade of oaks and hickories and tell of the days when the country was one unbroken mass of heavy timber, and when they rode on horseback 60 miles for salt.

Young men and boys would appeal to these veterans for confirmation in regard to some legend which had been part of the life history of the lost one, and a general historical survey of the past would be the result of the outside assemblage.

"Well, I reckon Uncle Billy knows all about it now," would remark some whiskered six-footer.

"Yes," would be the assent from another, biting into a red-cheeked apple and munching away with subdued satisfaction, "Uncle Billy was right smart of a man in his day. I rickolect when he first came over from Big Bend; ther wuzn't more'n a dozen people at the Bend, an' Billy said they wuz too thick ther fer him; he clar'd that forty wher the ole log house stood that he uz married in, an' he fenced her 'ith walnut rails. I reckon they hain't no walnut now fer fence rails."

"The first railroad they put through here had walnut ties, and Billy split e-many a tie fer 'em. But after awhile they tuck 'em up an' put in oak ties an' h'yarted off the walnut ties an' sold 'em to the furniture factories. Uncle Billy made most of his money on wal-

nut; planted the trees every year, an' they grewed themselves."

Then the doors of the church would open and the people inside would slowly emerge for the last rites in the drama of "Uncle Billy."

Country churchyards are generally very beautiful spots, and flowers grow in them on all sides. The sense of an eternal Sabbath seems brooding among the white headstones and over the soft, grassy mounds that heave between the quiet paths.

When we did not go to church we used to drift off to the woods and lie down under the century-old oaks and watch the sunshine sift down on the grass and the leaves. There was an indescribable sense of perspective in looking into the tops of these woodland elders and wondering just what life and color and motion had passed before them in long review since the time when the tree first sprung as a sapling from the hillsides.

One of these oaks slanted from an abrupt slope towards a shallow creek, and under it a spring bubbled up, where watercresses grew, and where the meadow-frogs rendezvoused. To this spring resorted sundry catbirds, jays and robins, tilting their heads back and draining the cool water with a particular relish. Fox squirrels scampered up and down the broad incline of this great tree, and occasionally wayfaring crows perched in the top-most branches. The grass beneath it was thick and soft, and a continual breeze seemed ever-present in its upper twigs, however still the air was at its base. It was a veritable cloister.

"The groves were God's first temples; ere man learned to hew the shaft, and lay the architrave."

And many an hour we dreamed and mused under the shade of this forest leviathan until the waning sun threw shadows down from western battlements.

In the pastures and meadows the sheep nibbled, huddling in woolly mass at the approach of any intruder, and dashing away in panic at the sight of a dog. Cattle grazed on the slopes, or, at the approach of noon, chewed the cud in the shade of elms and maples.

After church was over the Sunday schools took up, and the children sang Sunday school hymns and studied or recited their lessons until the time came for them to go home. The usual custom after church was to go "visiting." This meant another hitching up of the horses and a trip of from three to seven miles to some neighbor's, there to unhitch and stay to supper and to sit around and discuss all the news of the neighborhood.

The morning sermons are thrashed over, the funeral, if there has been one, carefully gone over, and the antecedents of the deceased, and of his immediate relatives commented on. Crops always furnish a fruitful theme for argument or prophecy, and the men and the women invariably separate and talk in different groups. The men often gravitate to the barn, the women to the parlor, and the children usually play in the yards. "Visiting" is one of the tokens of society among the married folks, and the organ is generally pressed into service and a little Sunday music and singing indulged in. A girl who can play the organ well has an accomplishment which is considered an enviable one in the country.

The advent of some one from a distant settlement always is hailed with great interest, and I have seen such an arrival cross-questioned at length by a group of interested bystanders. A man like that usually has a glist of fresh news to dispense, and until he is pumped dry is an object of general interest.

One of the peculiarities in life in the country is the fact that a great many families are related to one another by marriage, and nearly everybody is everybody else's thirty-second cousin. The result is that there is a sort of "tab" kept by each person on all the births, deaths and marriages that occur in the surrounding counties, and the interest manifested never grows less on account of this distant relationship.

Even when a man takes his family and moves to another state he generally takes his old paper, just to see how things are progressing in his old county, and when he comes back, as he often does, to take up his residence in the same neighborhood from whence he formerly departed, he is "up to date" as to the neighborhood happenings, and can tell just who has died, who's been married, and all other items of local moment.

These Sunday "visitations" are the free-for-all debating societies of the district, and friendships are cemented or feuds started at them, according to circumstances.

No business is ever transacted on Sunday, and the inevitable remark is, "I'll see you to-morrow about that," if any talk approaches the semblance of a sale or trade. There still seems to be apparent in rural districts the more ascetic view of Sunday, the outward and inward observance of a strict Sabbatarian setting apart of the day. The bustle, noise, gaiety, clamor, excitement and general air of a throwing off of work and assuming a holiday

aspect—as in the cities—is wholly absent. Instead, there is the sense of reserve and extreme quiet; the taking on of a reverential and subdued tone, both in action and conversation.

Inside of our little farmhouse we usually turned to our books when the sun began to get hot, and by opening all the doors and drawing the shades on the sunny side of the house, we were always cool and comfortable. I wonder if there is any such quiet as you will find in a farmhouse on a Sunday afternoon, with the clock ticking out an emphasis of the extreme noiselessness?

Our yard was full of flowers, mostly old-fashioned roses, hollyhocks, peonies, tiger-lilies, balsam, sweet peas, pansies and nasturtiums, and the fragrance came in through the windows with a drowsy sweetness that seemed a natural part of the day. The birds sang infrequently; perhaps a chorus of blackbirds in the orchard, or maybe the challenge of a "wandering flicker, but there was somehow an almost imperceptible drone in the air like the sound of invisible surf. The faint shrilling of insects in the grass, the low whisper of moving leaves, the beat of a passing horse's hoofs, the call of a foraging crow, these sounds came and went, and still the day dreamed on, a veritable lotus-eating stagnation of sun-entranced delight.

Lenore had her time, place and desire for a regular afternoon nap on Sundays, and when the time came she could be found in a hammock underneath a couple of maples, stretched out in peaceful slumber, her lips parted and her tangled yellow hair falling over her face. Sometimes a kitten played with the fringes of the hammock, and at times an inquisitive jaybird peered at her from the maples, but the most part she was undisturbed. Some days she omitted this daily sleep, but on Sundays she always sought the shelter of the hammock.

Visitors sometimes came from the town or from the neighboring farms to see us on Sundays, but usually we were cloistered in an atmosphere of seclusion on these days. It was vastly different to look from windows out on fields and orchards rather than outward to an expanse of walls and chimneys. Somehow Sunday in a city seems to be more of a holiday than a day of rest. But in the country everything rests but the horses.

On certain Sundays, however, there was considerable excitement in our neighborhood. This would happen when some traveling "evangelist" would be heralded as coming to the county seat to hold services, or when a "camp-meeting" was to be held in the neighborhood. The traveling preachers generally drew large crowds from the surrounding country, and usually stayed from one to two days in each town. They made more or less conversions, and their style of preaching and their personality would be keenly discussed among their auditors. They were men who rarely appeared in the cities, or even the larger towns, but confined their efforts to medium-sized towns, and the smaller cities of the second-class sizes.

But when the community received word that there was to be a "camp-meeting" in the neighborhood there was a real wave of excitement manifest in the district. There was a rustling in the feminine ranks, and a getting ready by young and old with a view of attending in full force. Everyone goes to "camp-meeting," and not to be seen there night after night argues yourself as too entirely blasé for common existence. Even the very oldest of the inhabitants can be seen there, as well as the younger and more thoughtless of the rural population.

"Camp-meeting" does not really commence until after nightfall, although some attempts are made to hold afternoon services. But it takes the accompaniment of lights, gloom, fires and the weird influence of solemn-spread trees to arouse the latent emotional qualities. And so when "camp-meeting" time came, there was much furbishing of harness and currying of horses, much driving by of couples going to "camp-meeting"—some of them on pleasure bent, and others moved by vague anticipations of an "awakening."

"Camp-meetings" in our neighborhood were always in the open air, and in some grove of tall trees, and there was nearly always apparent a latent current of emotionality which became active later on, manifesting itself in intense excitement under the fervid oratory of the preachers. Men and women, girls and boys flocked to "the mourners' bench," and oftentimes old grudges were healed and new friendships sealed under the influence of the occasion.

The invocations of the ministers, the singing of the old-time gospel hymns, the disjointed talks of the converted, the garish flash of lights hung in the branches, the appeals to the congregation, the electric thrill in the air, all combined to make the scene one of the keenest interest. It was an open-air drama, and the actors and the audience moved about under a spell of spiritual exaltation, hardly conscious of the forces that impelled them.

There were shouts and cries; and tears on seamed faces; and strenuous urging to become regenerated and seek a better life, and above the grove the unshaking and unrelenting stars watched and shone. I wonder what they thought of it all? It was a strange medley of figures and faces, a pathetic vision of reaching out for something higher than the commonplace of everyday existence. The comparative isolation of life in a farming community is one of the causes which makes the smoldering fires break out and burn more fiercely under such circumstances.

JESUS BETRAYED AND DENIED

Sunday School Lesson for May 17, 1908
Specially Prepared for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—John 18:1-27. Memory verses 2, 3.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Jesus said unto them: The Son of man shall be betrayed into the hands of men."—Matt. 17:22.

TIME.—Thursday evening and early Friday morning, April 6 and 7, A. D. 30.

PLACE.—The garden of Gethsemane, on the slope of the Mount of Olives, and the house of Caiaphas in Jerusalem. Comment and Suggestive Thought. The Sleeping Disciples.—V. 1; Gethsemane was a "plot of ground" (Matt. 26:36), which appears to have been on the Mount of Olives (Luke 22:39) and beyond the ravine of the Kidron (John 18:1). Leaving Jerusalem by St. Stephen's gate one comes to the traditional site of Gethsemane, at a distance of almost 50 yards beyond the bridge that spans the Kidron. A stone wall incloses a nearly square plot of ground, which contains eight very ancient olive trees. It is universally admitted that the real site cannot be far from the traditional one.—Conder, in Hastings' Bible Dictionary.

The temptation of the disciples in Gethsemane on the surface was a temptation to physical sloth, the yielding of physical weakness; but deeper, their sin was the lack of that sympathy with Christ which would have kept them awake, watching and praying as he bade them. It was all the worse because Christ had sought, as his nearest companions, to give him what comfort men could in his supreme spiritual struggle, the three disciples that were nearest him, Peter, James and John. He had thus honored them at least twice before—when he healed the daughter of Jairus, and on the Mount of Transfiguration.

The three disciples met this temptation by yielding to drowsiness, rousing enough to perceive the agony of Christ which they have reported to us, and then falling asleep again, in spite of their Master's pleadings, twice repeated, for their loving interest and support in his great trial. "Never in all their lives could Peter, James and John wipe out that failure from their memories. And yet, have we one word of blame? We have never been worn with sorrow such as theirs. Have we not also failed when our Lord has asked us to watch and pray?"—R. C. Gillie.

The Treacherous Disciple.—Vs. 29. Already while Christ was uttering his sad words of disappointment, "Sleep on now," the lanterns and torches of his captors were gleaming through the trees.

Judas brings with him: 1. "Officers from the chief priests and Pharisees." These were the temple servants, the Jewish guard of the temple. 2. "A band of men." A detachment of Roman soldiers from the garrison stationed in the castle of Antonia, sent to preserve order (Matt. 26:5) and frustrate any attempt at rescue.—Century Bible.

Christ received them with full knowledge of their purpose, and of the fatal result that would follow. He did not attempt to hide, but "went forth" into the full moonlight from the deep shade of the olives, "and said unto them: 'Whom seek ye?'" This question was probably asked for the purpose of shielding his disciples, by drawing the attention of all upon himself.—American Commentary.

When Christ calmly declared who he was they fell backward on the ground. "Whether this was a supernatural event, or allied to the sublime force of moral greatness flashing in his eye, or echoing in the tones of his voice, we cannot say. He who had hushed the waves and cast out the devil, and before whose glance and word John and Paul fell to the earth as if struck with lightning, did perhaps allow his very captors (prepared by Judas for some display of his might) to feel how powerless they were against him."—Pulpit Commentary.

Peter was brought to his senses by a grievous look from his Lord. "It was enough. Like an arrow through his inmost soul shot the mute, eloquent anguish of that reproachful glance. As the sunbeam smites the last hold of the snow upon the rock ere it rushes in avalanches down the tormented hill so the false self of the fallen apostle slipped away. Flinging the fold of his mantle over his head, he, too, like Judas, rushed forth into the night. Into the night, but, as has been beautifully said, it was 'to meet the morning dawn.' If the angel of Innocence had left him, the angel of Repentance took him gently by the hand."—Farver.

Practical Points. The same possibilities of sin are before all men. Still, every day, our Lord is denied and betrayed.

When we have sinned and repented, let us not seek to bury our shame and sorrow in forgetfulness, but let us remember our fall, that we may avoid a second fall, and thus be grateful to Christ for saving us and forgiving us.

Our safety lies in watching the little temptations. Judas began, perhaps, by being mean about money, or by taking a penny that did not belong to him. Peter met the Roman soldiers with drawn sword, but fell before the question of a servant-said.

"Even though man may part from his conscience, it nevertheless does not part from him."—Tholuck.

It is wise for each of us to ask, as the disciples asked when Christ said that one of them should betray him: "Lord, is it I?" No one is safe from peril if he does not consider himself liable to it.

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Expenses, Regulations, Opening Days.

Berea College is not a money-making institution. All the money received from students is paid out for their benefit, and the School expends on an average upon each student about fifty dollars a year more than he pays in. This great deficit is made up by the gifts of Christian and patriotic people who are supporting Berea in order that it may train young men and women for lives of usefulness.

OUR SCHOOL IS LIKE A FAMILY, with careful regulations to protect the character and reputation of the young people. Our students come from the best families and are earnest to do well and improve. For any who may be sick the College provides doctor and nurse without extra charge.

All except those with parents in Berea live in College buildings, and assist in work of boarding hall, farm and shops, receiving valuable training, and getting pay according to the value of their labor. Except in winter it is expected that all will have a chance to earn as much as 35 cents a week. Some who need to earn more may, by writing to the Secretary before coming, secure extra employment so as to earn from 50 cents to one dollar a week.

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LIVING EXPENSES are really below cost. The College asks no rent for the fine buildings in which students live, charging only enough room rent to pay for cleaning, repairs, fuel, lights, and washing of bedding and towels. For table board, without coffee or extras, \$1.35 a week in the fall, and \$1.50 in winter. For room, furnished, fuel, lights, washing of bedding, 40 cents a week in fall and spring, 50 cents in winter.

SCHOOL FEES are two. First a "Dollar Deposit," as guarantee for return of room key, library books, etc. This is paid but once, and is returned when the student departs.

Second an "Incidental Fee" to help on expenses for care of school buildings, hospital library, etc. (Students pay nothing for tuition or services of teachers—all our instruction is a free gift). The Incidental Fee for most students is \$5.00 a term (\$4.00 in lower Model Schools, \$6.00 in courses with Latin, and \$7.00 in Collegiate courses).

PAYMENT MUST BE IN ADVANCE, incidental fee and room rent by the term, board by the half term. Installments are as follows:

SPRING—10 weeks, \$22.50—in one payment \$22.00.
Installment plan: first day \$16.75 (including \$1.00 deposit), middle of term \$6.75.

SPRING—4 weeks' term for those who must leave for farm work, \$9.40.

SPRING—7 weeks' term for those who must leave for teachers' examinations, \$16.45.

FALL, 1908—14 weeks, \$29.50—in one payment \$29.00.
Installment plan: first day \$21.05 (including \$1.00 deposit), middle of term \$9.45.

REFUNDING. Students who leave by permission before the end of a term receive back for money advanced as follows:

On board, in full except that no allowance is made for any fraction of a week.

On room, or on any "special expenses," no allowance for any unexpired fraction of a month, and in any case a forfeiture of fifty cents.

On incidental fee, a certificate allowing the student to apply the amount advanced for term bills when he returns provided it is within four terms, but making no allowance for any fraction of a month.

IT PAYS TO STAY—When you have made your journey and are well started in school it pays to stay as long as possible.

The first day of Spring term is March 26, 1908.

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