

# THE DESERT FARMER.



The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels that by the laws of the land in which he lives—by the law of civilized nations—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is, by the constitution of our nature, under a wholesome influence not easily imbibed from any other source. He feels—other things being equal—more strongly than another the character of a man as the lord of the inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which, fashioned by the hand of God and upheld by his power, is rolling through the heavens, a portion is his; his from the center to the sky. It is the space on which the generation before him moved in its round of duties; and he feels himself connected by a visible link with those who preceded him, as he is also to those who will follow him and to whom he is to transmit a home.

Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers. They have gone to their last home, but he can trace their footsteps over the scene of his daily labors. The roof which shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every inclosure. The favorite fruit tree was planted by his father's hand. He sported in his boyhood beside the brook which still winds through the meadow. Through that field lies the path to the village school of earlier days. He still hears from his window the voice of the Sabbath bell which called his fathers and his forefathers to the house of God, and near at hand is the spot where his parents lay down to rest, and where, when his time is come, he shall be laid by his children.

These are the feelings of the owner of the soil. Words cannot paint them—gold cannot buy them; they flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart; they are the life springs of a fresh, healthy and generous national character.

