Men had talked together as they walked among the cattle, exchanging bits of wisdom gained by personal experience in the feeding and raising of stock. They had compared notes about rotation of crops, cream separators, spray for apple trees; talked over the country school, the coming election, the enforcement of rural laws, the need of better roads.

Women had exchanged receipts with friends who lived at a distance and seldom met except at the yearly fair, had told of labor-saving devices, simple methods of preserving, easier and better ways of washing, and had taken great pride and pleasure in the attainments of their children.

The picture of good-will, of loyalty, mutual helpfulness, universal good-nature, generosity, contagious happiness, the simplicity of it all,—no ugly criticism or jealousies as to prizes, but rejoicings and jokes and the rare carnival pleasure of it—will always be a treasured one.

And we wish that every community might have each year just such an unpretentious merry-making meeting, free from the vulgar side-shows, hawkers of useless articles, tricks of city sharps, ill-feeling and rivalry of the usual large county fair.

INVOCATION FOR A PLANTING

SPIRIT of the seed
Bless the hand that sows,
And when you are freed
Rise a rose.
To another birth
Waken now and smile.
Grace our bit of earth
A brief while.
In your little life haply we may know
God's joy when He watched His first flower grow.
Child of changing forms, shall I pass like you
Into something strange, beautiful and new?

PAULINE FLORENCE BROWER.