THE WORK OF TO-DAY.

BY MRS. VIE H. CAMPBELL, of Evansville, Wis.

"Go work in my vineyard."
"The harvest truly is great but the laborers are few."

"Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done."

"Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store,
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more."

The work of to-day is so great that, as I contemplate its vast proportions, as it rises before me, I stand aghast; but only for a moment do I falter as I perceive, that by one thing at a time with united and persistent effort, as it is yet early dawn, much may be accomplished though the day may be short.

The preparatory step, is to summon our laborers, and to all who are willing to unite with us for good and to do good, do we appeal. Attending the meeting of this society last winter, for the first time, I saw, with surprise, the dearth of ladies, and I thought, surely, the ladies of Wisconsin can not know how much good they may do, and how much receive by being present at these interesting sessions. Let no one allow herself to become dilatory from thinking "there is so little I can do;" it is the little we can do, which is always so essential. Little things make the grand whole of life. There are seldom more than one, or two at best, great events in the
lives of our most eminent men, but they are replete with
the perfect fullness of the little things which the beautiful
harmony of those lives we emulate.

One little kind act, however unthinkingly performed, will,
dropped on the ocean of humanity like the pebble in the sea,
constantly widen its circle, on and on, until it has reached
the out-bound shore. What a mighty influence is wielded
by a tiny flower! If you doubt it, cultivate a few; cultivate
them to give away. Flowers thrive best for those who love
them so well as to bestow them on those who have not;
spend an hour or two each week in that employment, a short
time and will hardly be missed. You can take it when
wearied from the performance of other duties, and the
change will be refreshing and restful, for "rest is not quit-
ting the busy career," and see if the little while thus spent
will not, in good influences felt, repay you a hundred fold—
"The bread cast upon the waters." Make the experiment,
and I know you will derive more real pleasure thereby than
you would from ten times the amount of time invested in
the production of the most elaborate and fantastic "crazy
quilt" woman's ingenuity ever invented.

Illustrations multiply; I will give one. This morning as I
am at work among my flowers, a little boy comes along on
his way to school. Rather untidy and unkempt, he pauses
a moment to look at their beauty. I ask him if he would
like a bouquet, and I know by his eager look ere he answers
"yes'm." I give him one and tell him to call to-night and he
can have one for his mother. He looks rather askance at
his dirty fingers and I guess rightly that when he calls to-
night he will have made an attempt at cleanliness; and well
I know those flowers will shed their influence all day in the
school-room, softening all, giving new inspirations. I well
remember, while engaged in teaching, that I never could
find the heart to so harshly chide the little mischief who had
that morning brought me a fresh bouquet.

Did I regret that my Feverfew, too closely cut in July to fill
the basket of white flowers as a floral tribute to one
who had passed beyond painful suffering, gave me
no more of bloom until September. No, because well
I know that the fragrance and beauty of those flowers will be fresh in the memory of those children, long after the features of that mother have faded from their recollection; and the scene will often, as years go on, present itself, acting as a check to many a harsh word and selfish act.

Who can set the limit of the influence of little things? Although we spin not, neither do we weave, much more is expected of us to-day than there was of our grandmothers. The spirit of exactness, that pervaded the daily lives of those worthy dames, has not diminished with the tide of years. Duties, grave and stern, meet us at the very threshold of the lives of those for whom we have to care. Upon our failures and successes to-day depend the destinies of the men and women of to-morrow. Our physical inheritance is largely against us, for, inasmuch as the wealth and luxuries of a nation increase, so the physical development decreases, for labor makes us strong, perfectly develops the muscular system. A life of ease, so often thought to be conducive to our happiness, is detrimental to progress.

Some evils come slowly and insidiously upon us, that at the outset might have been checked, but now have assumed such proportions that they almost baffle our attempts to subdue them. For instance, the cultivation of tobacco, that at the first was limited to the experimental half-acre, has now increased to such an extent that the very best of the southern portion of our state is devoted to its production. I often wonder how a thinking man can expend so much labor in that which is a curse to humanity, when the same labor rightly invested might bring unnumbered blessings. I think I could not enjoy the luxuries obtained by the sale of this weed without some misgivings.

Few, at the outset, realized the direct results of this great evil. That our boys, from employment in its cultivation and preparation for market, have become habituated to its use, hundreds to-day can testify. I call it an evil because I know of no good use of tobacco. I will not make the charge sometimes made, that it is a common stepping stone to dram drinking, but all our inebriate asylums consider it useless to
try to reform a patient so long as he is allowed to continue the use of tobacco.

It is an active, narcotic poison, that while its use does not, perhaps, cultivate a desire for stronger stimulants, befogs all the senses, and blunts the finer susceptibilities. The man who, at first, occasionally smokes, will ask you if it will be offensive if he lights a cigar; but bye and bye he will have become so oblivious to all courtesy that he will light his old pipe and puff away in your face as unconcernedly as possible, never heeding, little caring, that he is depriving you of one of God’s best gifts, pure air.

It used to be rare, indeed, to see a young gentleman smoking in the presence of a young lady, but now the vice has been so long endured that it is by no means uncommon to see him riding with two young ladies complacently puffing away. Young ladies, is it not patent what part of the day’s labor ye have to perform?

Last summer, as the excursion trains rolled out from the several towns, laden with those who attended the S. S. Assembly on children’s day, I was surprised, as well as pained, to know that little boys with their buckets of fruit and nuts to sell, to add to the S. S. treasury, carried also boxes of cigars to sell, and likewise, at some of our fairs, this fall they were sold by young ladies at the church booths. “Now ye defile my sanctuary!” And I thought, what good end could be attained by so foul a means?

We build grand and stately edifices for the use of our legislators, furnish them with luxurious conveniences, import beautiful carpets, so pleasing to the eye, and so soft that scarce a foot-fall is heard, and then decorate each geometrical figure with a huge white spittoon. Verily, ought we not to-day to be engaged in ridding ourselves of our hoggishness rather than building such palaces.

Another evil assuming serious magnitude and threatening us with dire consequences, is of a mental character, and I hope you will not deem me too severe when I say that parents are guilty of gross neglect, if not positive indiscretion in their children’s taste for reading. This is an Age of Books; our children come into a world full of printed matter,
which sooner or later they are bound to read. The first books we buy for them begin to form their taste in that direction, and wisely selected, no fear of their tastes becoming deformed. If we do not attract our children towards books, by giving them those that are interesting, if we do not cultivate their tastes for the good and pure in literature, they will, ere long, acquire a taste for the flashy stuff with which the country is flooded, called in England "penny dreadfuls." We must watch carefully over our children's reading; it is a subject demanding our diligent investigation. We must give them strong, bright, interesting reading, with the blood and sinew of real life in it—heartsome, pleasant reading that will waken them to a closer observation of the best things around them.

A former mayor of one of our large cities once said that he could rid the jails of a large per cent. of the juvenile criminals in the next year if he could put certain books out of print. A suggestive fact; it is the part of the fathers and mothers to clear the jails in future. No mayor can help them. A false impression almost invariably given to young people is, that seeing the world necessarily means seeing the badness of the world. Once let children understand that to see the world in a fair way, they must see also its good side, its nobleness and true progress, and you at once put their souls in the way of a wholesome growth.

It is right and natural for a child to want to see the world. It is right and natural for him to wish to read books that according to his light show him what the world is. The wrong and unnaturalness are in the careless way in which parents ignore this want or fail to meet it in a proper manner. Vile writers and worse publishers are fattening on this tendency of children and carelessness of parents. Good writers and honest publishers are offering the means of remedying the great evil and are showing the youth of the country how they may see the world and yet remain pure and true. Which class shall win the race?

When the evil has advanced to that stage that children, of ten or twelve years of age, carefully hoard their pennies to invest them in the purchase of miserable "dime novels"
and "nickel libraries," then, indeed, have we great cause for alarm. What can we expect of minds fed on such trash? It is a lamented fact, but I know of newsdealers, who are bright and shining lights in the church societies of which they are members, who are constantly supplying their counters with this abominable stuff.

I went into the store of one of them in a neighboring city, not long since, well known for his uprightness and conscientiousness. Thinking perhaps, he did not deal in the like, I asked for cards: "Playing cards," said he in a rebuking tone, "I never kept such a thing in my store!" As I really wished to purchase stationery I did not feel the rebuke, but just before I left the store he asked me if I "did not want something in the book line?" He "had cheap editions of all the standard novels." And, as I looked them over, I saw many that were considerably below the standard.

I could not help thinking how much I would rather my children would play cards every evening in the week than that their minds should become warped as they would by reading even one evening such books, and I wondered how the good man's conscience could be so elastic on the one hand and so rigid on the other.

Ere leaving the subject of reading matter, perhaps it would not be inopportune for me to briefly suggest to you the importance of heartily contributing our support and sustaining influence to our only medium of communication, by the printed page in our state, and hardly need tell you that I refer to the Western Farmer, a paper that should find a welcome in every rural home— a journal whose purity of thought is unquestionable.

Its proprietors are ever willing and desirous of allowing us to use its columns for the furtherance of our industry. As a question of economy, no farmer can afford to do without the valuable and practical suggestions it contains. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

As a class, we agriculturists, are becoming quite a beacon light; at least, people note all the ill we do, and are oft repeating the question: "Why do we license the sale of intoxicating liquors and gambling institutions upon our fair

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grounds?" Our purpose is to yearly bring for exhibition, the very best of our products. Shall we allow that purpose to become subverted, and instead, an exhibition of the very worst than man can do. Shall we, who have all these years been carefully teaching our sons the withering curse of the wine cup and the gaming table, send them here where we sanction such things unblushingly?

You would not give a thief license to come in and pick the pockets of one-half the people? You would not station gatekeepers armed with sabres, to give every hundredth man a thrust that would disfigure him for life. Oh no, but you do allow men to come in, who have no ostensible object save to fleece the pockets of those who are young in years as well as in experience, by the side of whom a common pickpocket would be considered honorable, because every one knowing his calling would be guarded thereby.

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On motion of Mr. Trelease, the rules of exhibition of the American Pomological Society were referred to the Committee on Nomenclature, for their consideration, with a view to bringing the rules of this Society into conformity with them, so far as practicable; their report to be made at the approaching annual meeting.

PREMIUM LIST FOR THE WINTER EXHIBITION OF THE WISCONSIN STATE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, TO BE HELD AT GREEN BAY, WISCONSIN, DECEMBER, 19TH AND 20TH, 1883.

The judges reported the following awards on the fruits and flowers exhibited.

**Best ten varieties of winter apples adapted to Wisconsin, Chas. Hirschinger Baraboo.** $7.50

Second best, Geo. Jeffrey, Milwaukee. 5.00

Third best, Geo. P. Peffer, Pewaukee. 3.00

Fourth best, Wm. F. Dougherty, Preble. 1.00

**Best five varieties of winter apples adapted to Wisconsin, Wm. Springer, Fremont.** 3.00

Second best, Geo. Jeffrey, Milwaukee. 2.00

Third best, Chas. Hirschinger, Baraboo. 1.00

Fourth best, Geo. P. Peffer, Pewaukee. 5.00

**Best five varieties of winter apples for market purposes, Chas. Hirschinger, Baraboo.** 3.00

Second best, Geo. Jeffrey, Milwaukee. 2.00

Third best, W. F. Dougherty, Preble. 1.00