

gardens, resonant with the cluck of poultry and the hum of bees. Inside all was quiet, cleanliness, thrift and comfort. There was the old family clock that had welcomed with steady measure every newcomer to the household, that had ticked the solemn requiem of the dead and had kept company with the watcher at the bedside. There were the big, restful beds, the old open fireplace, and the old family bible, thumbed with the fingers of hands long since stilled and stained with the tears of eyes long since closed, holding the simple annals of the family, the heart and conscience of the home. Outside there stood the master, a simple, upright, independent man with no mortgage on his roof, no lien on his growing crops, master of his home and over and above every other consideration in life, master of himself.

There was the old father, an aged, trembling man but happy in the heart and home of his son ; and as they started to their home the hand of the old man went down on the younger one's shoulder, laying there the unspeakable blessings of an honored and grateful parent, and enobling it with the knighthood of the Fifth Commandment ; and as they reached the door the old mother came with the sunset falling fair in her face lighting up the deep, patient eyes, while with lips trembling with the soft music of her heart she bade her husband and her son welcome to their home. Beyond was the housewife busy with her household cares, clean of heart and conscience, the buckler and helpmeet of her husband. Far away in the distance, down the lane came the children trooping home after the cows, seeking as truant birds do the comfort and quiet of the home nest, and presently the night came down on that home, falling gently as from the wings of an unseen dove. And the old man while a startled bird called from the forest and the trees were shrill with the crickets' cry and the stars were swarming in the sky, called the family about him and taking the old bible from the table called them to their knees and while the little babe nestled in the folds of its mother's gown he closed the record of that simple day by calling down God's benediction on that family and that home. Instantly the magnificent structure of his