A Diary and odd facts and fancies, pertaining mostly to the farm work and being the property of

N. L. TURNBULL,

HAMIOTA,

MAN.

"

JUNE

20th. Monday.

In the morning Harry plowed Summer-fallow on forty acres just S.E. of the house. I returned Mrs. O'Neil her churn and went to town to get some pig feed from the mill. When I came home I finished making a trough for the little pigs. Also made a pen separate from their Mother for them to feed in.

In the afternoon Harry did not go to the field on account of the weather being showry with occasional thunder. Quite a rain fell after dinner about 1 P.M. Joe repaired the well cover and finished pulling down one of the old cows sheds. Geo. O'Neil came over after supper and exchanged two bags of feed oats for two bags of seed. I put hinges on one of the chicken house windows right after dinner. Chickens and pigs all doing well. Weather:- Heavy fog in morning, clearing off at 630 A.M. Sultry: gradually clouding up in the west. Heavy rain from S.W. at 1 A.M. accompanied by thunder. Thunder and small storm at P.M. with heavy clouds in W. at night and a little sultry. H. L. J. 20/6/27

21st. Tuesday:

Harry and I went out to look at the 40 A. of Barley to see if we could harrow it again after the rain but the barley was up too high. Harry then went on Summerfallowing and I weeded the sweet pea beds and transplanted some more tomatoes and cabbages. Harry was stopped by rain so filled in the morning by cleaning out the barns. I hoed some of the garden and hoed potatoes. Potato bugs are beginning to appear. Killed about 380 to 400 on the small potato plants. Harry plowed again in the afternoon and I worked some more in the garden and then put the engine together ready to start plowing summerfallow tomorrow. Also pumped out the septic tank and planted

A row of sunflowers along the west side of the garden. Weather:- Cold and grey in morning with wind in N.W by N. E. finally turning to N.E. and a sharp rain at 9.30 lasting for about three quarters of an hour. Clear by noon and bright with a strong drying wind all P.M. clear at night and cool. H.L.S. 22/6/24.

22nd Wednesday:

Both Harry and I were plowing summerfallow on the S.E. 40. Pretty tough going as the field is literally covered with "grass." The piece that was spring tooth harrowed early in the season plows much better and has an abundance of moisture with the grass not nearly so tall or rank. Harry stopped at 5 P.M. and went to town for more fuel for the tractor. I worked till seven and had supper and did the milking and then Grace and I took Bobbie in to get weighed at the hospital: he weighs 8 3/8 pounds today. Weather: Cloudy in morning at 7 A.M. from N.W against a S.E. wind. Slight rain about 9.30 clearing off and remaining fine all day. Sun setting in a stormy looking west. 22/6/27. N. L. S.

23. d Thursday.

Summerfallowing all day today. Harry took the drag harrows in the afternoon and surely did good execution The ground was in fair shape for that job. We started it on the N. side of the field. Pretty heavy work for four horses to say nothing about the man. Phoned Mother at dinner time today they seem to be getting on all right up there At five o'clock I

stopped plowing and we had early supper after which Grace and Hope and I motored up to the Meadowvale at Strathclair However Allie had been married on the Tuesday & was away to Pine Hall. There was a Co-op Meeting in town tonight to pick a buyer for the Pool Elevator Jimmy Scott got 28 + and 10-minus. Weather: Cloudy all morning with a small shower about 9.30. Clearer again at dinner time but very sultry all afternoon with strong east wind. Much lightening and thunder about 10.20 P.M. and a sharp downpour of rain. H. L. S. 24/6/27.

24th Friday: Very foggy and sultry early in the morning. Harry went on the plow as we judged it too wet to harrow. I went in and got our meat. It was a day later this week. Had quite a chat with Tom Stacy coming home. In the afternoon I plowed too until about 5 P.M. when I brought the engine home to inspect the R.H. main bearing. I found that the studs had pranked loose and that the bearing had nearly a quarter of an inch play. Also the L.H. cam shaft shell had worked loose more from faulty design than anything else. I managed to get them tightened up after supper. Harry kept on plowing all day. Weather: Very foggy and sultry in the morning turning into rain about 11 A.M. Clearer in afternoon but settled into heavy rain towards evening letting up again about 9 P.M. Bobbie seems a little better today. H. L. S. 24/6/27.

Dream's Paradise

He whom a dream hath possessed
Treads the impalpable marches.
From the dust of the day's long road,
He leaps to a laughing star:
And the ruins of the world that fall
He views from eternal arches,
And rides God's battlefield in a
flashing and golden car.

Anon.

Today.

We shall do much in the years to come,
We shall give out gold in princely sum,
But what did we give today?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in place of fear,
We shall speak with words of love and cheer
But what have we been today?
We shall be so kind in the afterawhile
But what have we done today?
We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,
But what have we brought today?
We shall give to truth a grander birth,
And to steadfast spirit a deeper worth,
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth,
But whom have we fed today?

Lucian Waterman in T.P. p7. 8/2/28.

Illusion.

God and I in space alone,
And nobody else in view
"And where are the people, O Lord!" I said.
"The earth below and the sky o'erhead
And the dead whom once I knew?"

"That was a dream", God smiled and said
"A dream that seemed to be true
There were no people, living or dead,
There was no earth and no sky o'erhead;
There was only myself - in you."

"Why do I feel no fear," I asked
"Meeting you here in this way
For I have sinned, ~~and~~ I know full well,
And there is heaven and there is hell,
And is this the judgement day?"

"Nay, there were dreams", the great God said,
"Dreams that have ceased to be.
There are no such things as fear or sin,
There is no you - you have never been -
There is nothing at all but Me."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The Seekers

Friends and loves we have none, nor wealth nor blest abode,
But the hope, the burning hope, and the road, the lonely road.
Not for us are content, and quiet, and peace of mind
For we go seeking cities that we shall never find.
There is no solace on earth for us — for such as we —
Who search for the hidden beauty that eyes may never see.
Only the road and the dawn, the sun, the wind, the rain,
And the watch-fire under stars and sleep and the road again.
We seek the city of God, and the haunt where beauty dwells,
And we find the noisy mart and the sound of burial bells.
Never the golden city, where radiant people meet,
But the dolorous town where mourners are going about the street.
We travel the dusty road till the light of the day is dim
And sunset shows us spires away on the world's rim
We travel from dawn till dusk, till the day is past and by
Seeking the Holy City beyond the rim of the sky.

Friends and loves we have none, nor wealth, nor blest abode
But the hope, the burning hope, and the road, the lonely road.

John Masefield

Beautiful Hands.

Such beautiful beautiful hands!
Not wondrous white nor small,
And you, I know, would scarcely say
That they were fair at all.
I've looked on hands, whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be;
Yet are these aged, wrinkled hands
More beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
Though heart were weary and sad,
These patient hands kept toiling on,
That the children might be glad.
And I could weep, as looking back
To childhood's distant day,
I think how these hands rested not,
When mine were at their play.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're growing feeble now,
For time and pain have left their mark
On hands and heart and brow.
Alas! Alas! the nearing time
And the lonesome day for me.
Doin' nearly the graves out of sight,
These hands shall folded be.

But far beyond this shadow-land,
And many a friend is there —
I know full well, these dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear!
Where crystal streams, eternally
Flow over golden sands,
And where the old are young again
I'll clasp my mother's hands!

Ellen M. Huntington Gates

Mrs. James Turnbull, Binscarth Pioneer, Dies in 80th Year

Binscarth, Man., Jan. 14. (Special) —Mrs. James Turnbull, 79, mother of Norman Turnbull, M.L.A.-elect for Hamiota, died Tuesday night in the Sacred Heart hospital, Russell. She was born on the Binscarth estate in the Orkney Islands, the place after which Binscarth, Manitoba, was named, and came to this district in 1892. She was a devoted member of the Anglican church. Surviving are her husband and one son, Norman, Hamiota; two brothers, Matthew Scarth, Binscarth, and William, Silverton, Oregon; two sisters, Mrs. Agnes Garson, Grindley, Orkney Islands; Mrs. Margaret Bell, Winchester, England. The funeral will be held from St. Matthew's church Thursday.

My Father's World

This is my Father's world,
I rest me in the thought
Of rocks and trees, of skies and seas
His hand the wonders wrought.

This is my Father's world.
He shines in all that's fair.
In the rustling grass I hear Him pass,
He speaks to me everywhere.

This is my Father's world.
From His eternal throne
His watch doth keep when I'm asleep,
And I am not alone.

This is my Father's world.
How closer to Heaven bound,
For dear to God is the earth Christ trod
No place but is holy ground.

This is my Father's world
Oh let me ne'er forget
That though the wrong seem oft so strong,
God is the ruler yet.

This is my Father's world
The battle is not done.
Jesus who died shall be satisfied.
And earth and Heaven be one.

Maltbie Babcock.

True Heroism.

Let others write of battles fought, of bloody ghastly fields,
Where honor greets the man who wins and death the
man who yields.
But I will write for him who fights and vanquishes
his sins,
Who struggles on through weary years against himself and wins.

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He is a hero staunch and bare who fights an unseen foe,
And puts at last beneath his feet his passions base and low;
Who stands erect in manhood's might undaunted,
undismayed —
The bravest man who draws a sword in fray or in said.
It calls for something more than brawn or muscle to
o'ercome
An enemy who marcheth not with banner plume and
drum. —
A foe forever lurking nigh unt silent stealthy tread,
Forever near your hand by day, at night beside your bed.

All honor then to that brave heart, though poor or rich he be,
Who struggles with his better part — who conquers and is free.
He may not wear a hero's crown nor fill a hero's grave,
But truth will place his name among the bravest of the
brave

Anon

A Legend.

I read a legend of a monk who painted,
In an old convent all in days agone,
Pictures of martyrs and virgins sainted.
And the sweet Christ-Face with the
crown of thorn.

Poor daubs, not fit to be a devil's treasure
Full many a taunting word upon them fell.
But the good abbot let him, for his pleasure,
Adorn with them his solitary cell.

One night the poor monk mused: "Could I but render
Honor to Christ as other painters do,
Were but my skill as great as is the tender
Love that inspires me when his cross I view!

"But no — 'tis vain, I toil and strive in sorrow;
What man so scorns still lose can be.
My life's work is valueless; tomorrow admire,
I'll cast my ill wrought pictures on the fire."

He raised his eyes, within the cell — O wonder!
There stood a visitor, — thorn-crowned was he;
A sweet voice the silence rent asunder —
"I scorn no work that's done for love of me."

And round the walls the paintings shone resplendent
With lights and colors to this world unknown,
A perfect beauty and a love transcendent,
That never yet on mortal canvas shone.

There is a meaning in the strange old story —
Let none dare judge his brother's work or need;
The pure intent gives the act its glory
The noblest purpose makes the grandest deed.

Character of a Happy Life.

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world with care
Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise
Or vice; Who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise
Nor rules of state, but rules of Good:

Who hath his life from rumors freed
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed.
Nor ruin make accusers great.

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a well chosen book or friend;

— This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all

— Sir H. Wotton.

Its Never too late to be sorry

I watched a sweet rose droop and die,
For want of rain, and wondered why!
The raindrops, when at last they came,
Could not restore its bloom again.
You're like the rose, I'm like the rain,
You wanted me and called in vain;
Perhaps you wonder why I'm here?
I've come to say I'm sorry, dear!

Its never too late to be sorry,
I'm sorry I taught you to care,
I wish I could lift from your shoulders
The cross I've taught you to bear!
I can't mend a heart I have broken,
There isn't a thing I can do,
But it's never too late to be sorry,
And God knows I'm sorry for you!

I know on God's unerring slate
He clerks against me must be great
And every sinful move I've made,
Is entered as a debt unpaid,
But in the Book we all know of
I've found these tender words of love;
When tears of sweet contrition flow
Then scarlet sins are made as snow!

Little Woodland God.

I think that surely there's a god
For little, hunted things;
A god whose eyes watch tenderly
The droop of dying wings.

A little woodland god, who sits
Beneath a forest tree,
With baby rabbits in his arms
And squirrels on his knee.

And when a hunter bravely shoots
A deer, with dreaming eyes,
I think that little god is there
To love it when it dies.

But all the hungry orphan things
Who weakly call and call -
For mothers who can never come,
He loves the best of all.

He tells the breeze to softly blow,
He tells the leaves to fall;
He covers little, frightened things,
When they have ceased to call.

I think his pensive, pan-like face
Is often wet with tears;
And that his little back is bent
From all the weary years.

— Julia Van der Vear

Brave Living.

When all the world seems hopelessly depressed
And things that once worked well, all go dead wrong
Don't fret and fume and lose faith in the best.
Look up and greet the morning with a song.
Hope on!

When miles of work stretch out in front of you
With no respite and very little pay,
Don't groan. Thank God for work that saves your soul
And keeps the demons of the mind at bay.
Work on!

When you have builded castles in the air
And seen them vanish like a short lived spark,
Don't lose your nerve and rave and tear your hair.
Remember, daylight follows after dark
Dream on!

If you have tried and failed to reach a goal,
Don't whine and say you haven't any luck.
A quitter never makes a shining mark.
He wins who has a simple thing called pluck.
Try on!

Remember son, there's work for you to do
A place that only you yourself can fill,
A sure reward for him who sees it through,
And keeps on climbing up life's rugged hill.
Climb on!

The greatest task that ever can be done
Is in your hands, my friend, to bless or ban,
A noble task, each day it calls to you,—
The slow and gradual making of a man.
Build on!

Wealth.

Now, we live by certain standards,
And we're judged by worldly folk,
Mostly by the clothes we're wearing
And the money in our poke.
And sometimes when we're with strangers
Who act way-like and such,
Ain't it fun to watch them wondering
If we're little or we're much?

For they see Success as something
Reckoned out in cents and dimes
And to them a man's a beggar
If he's naught but golden rhymes.
And it never seems to strike them
(There's a cripple with his crutch,
But his soul is rich in beauty)
If he's little or he's much!

Yes, of course it's mighty pleasant
When hard times come round, to knock,
In sickness and affliction
To have something in your sock.
Enough to pay the doctor,
Buy needful things and such.
But otherwise, what matter
If you're little or you're much?

For the richest man's a pauper
If he cannot raise his eyes
And find joy within the beauty
Of the twilight tinted skies.
And for much the self-same reason
For men Heaven oftimes clutch,
So perhaps, at times, it matters
If you're little or you're much.

P.T.C.

Wealth (cont.)

If you're health, though little money,
You are still above the crowd;
If your disposition's sunny
And you still can sing aloud,
Then, it doesn't really matter
If you lack the golden touch —
For the ones you love won't question
If you're little or you're much!

H. Reginald Hardy. (In National Home Monthly, Apr/33)

The Adventure Beautiful.

To-day the journey is ended
I have worked out the mandate of fate
Naked, alone, undefended,
I knock at the uttermost gate.

Lo! the gate swings wide at my knocking;
Across endless reaches I see
Lost friends with laughter come flocking
To give a glad welcome to me.

Farewell! the maze has been threaded;
This is the ending of strife;
Say not that death should be dreaded;
'Tis but the beginning of life.

PARTRIDGE— At Victoria, British Columbia, on Feb. 18th, 1935, Enid Mary Partridge, aged 26 years.

Because You Knew.

Because You knew the wonder of the spring,
The glory of the sky at setting sun,
The perfume of each flowering, growing thing,
The misty magic of a summer moon
The beauty of the earth, and sea, and sky,
The changing of the seasons, year by year,
Because You sighed to see the flowers die —
I somehow feel that You are always near.

Because You knew the throbbing ache of pain,
The pain you never earned, but bravely bore,
The long, dark nights of striving to be game,
The struggle back from Despair's very door,
The blight of hopes, and dreams, the needless loss,
The sting of disappointment, fret of care,
Because, at last, You died upon Your Cross —
I somehow always seem to feel you near.

Because Your loss was ultimately gain,
And Triumph crowned the tragedy at last;
Because Your victory came out of pain,
I know that dawn will come when night has passed;
Because You show the path my feet must tread,
And walk before and light it as the sun;
Because the Crown is thorns upon your head —
I pray — Thy Will be done.

Lilian Collis Gray.

Knowledge.

There never was a moment spent with you
That is not clearly etched upon my mind;
The simple laughing things we used to do
The touch of beauty you could always find,
The reassuring pressure of your hand,
Your smile, the merry twinkle in your eye,
Your aptitude to know and understand
The teasing, variant person that was I!

I'd gladly turn the days back if I could,
So still this lonesome ever-growing pain,
How could I know that someday I would
Be crying just to live it all again?
Swift days of spring-time, happy, carless, free—
I never dreamed then, what you meant to me!

Irene Murray.

Before the Wedding.

Be good to her, not in the trivial sense,
Of utter disregard for all expense;
Not with that cruel kindness which believes
The purse can set her smiling when she grieves.
But in that wider meaning of the word
That <u>never</u> shall her faith in you be blurred.

Be good to her- from day to day be just
Because you wish to, not because you must.
You take her life to glorify or mar
Her happiness depends on what you are
And though you lavish on her all your pelf
'Tis all in vain unless you give yourself.

Be good to her, I ask that this no more—
That side by side you'll bear what lies before
You cannot keep the touch of grief away
Nor shut the door to sorrow's bitter day
But you can say- for this you're power to do—
That no great hurt shall come to her through you.

Edgar A. Guest. 1930

The Wealth of Life.

Life is ever new, each morning a different day:
It pulses through all our soul afresh and sends us on our way.

Life trades us strength and love if we its lesson will heed,
Forgetting self in the noble task of helping another in need.

Life itself is a picture, we daub into the hues of time
Sending ourselves to sorrow, or lights of glory sublime.

Life seems a burden to some, to others a lighthearted play:
We make or mar, but on each alone, falls the burden of the way.

Be and all around us are worlds we may never know,
Yet every spring Life moves anew beneath the soft white snow.

Perpetual, everlasting, a promise sure as the sun;
Life covers again the earth with green and growth is this begun.

Growth of the spirit, growth of the world, growth of God's own good!
Life the beginning, Life the end, each must be understood.

Life is our school and we live it, each in his own one way;
Lessons we learn at our Father's knee, were taught in our Saviour's day.

Whatever our greatest riches and plans, and rosy dreams of wealth,
None offer to us a greater return than just living life itself.

Norman L. & E. G. Turnbull.
March 29th. 1938.

I have changed the word friend to son in memory of a truly loved son
Derry Asheroft
N. L. T.

Written at Ninette, Manitoba. by A. P.

He was my friend, no eulogy I write
Of honeyed praise, or empty platitude
It would not please him were he here to see
And nothing that my feeble pen might say
Could quite express whats in my heart tonight.
He was my friend - and he is gone? —
But his courage in the face of fearful odds
Will be an inspiration still to me.
And as he faced life - so he met its end
Unflinching uncomplaining unafraid.
He was my friend, His epitaph is writ
Within the hearts of those who knew him best,
More lasting there than if engraved on stone.
What more is there to say? He is my friend

Note. This poem was evidently written by Allan Parkinson of Ninette. It was sent to my Mother on Jan. 8th/37 in a letter from a dear friend who knew how upset Mother would be by Mr. Smellie's death just previously. Mother never received it, dying herself on Jan. 12th/37. So it came to me with her unopened mail.

It would be so nice to be a friend like that to someone.

N. L. T. 1946.

In the friends' letter to Mother she closed with these words. "May the New Year turn her brightest side to you and bring you peace and happiness." Mother died the evening of Jan 12th/37. The wish came true. The New Year did turn her brightest side to one who loved her God and who found peace and happiness by

Sept. 3. 1939

The dogs of war are loosed again
The marching men file by.
All the worlds aflame again
'Neath all of Gods wide sky.

And oh the tortured hearts of it
The loneliness and pain
And oh the loss and hate of it
The destruction all in vain.

Men have not learned to reason yet
Their courts spew words of wrath
The clash of arms is with us yet
Blood falls as dew on every path.

Mankind in dire distress again
Shall turn at last to Thee
Will find Thy place once again
As did Peter in Galilee.

How never yet has failed us Lord
Let this not pass in vain.
Hear thou our prayer we ask the Lord
Reign in mens hearts again

Let all we do be in thy grace
as thou wouldst have us do
May Greed soon cease to fill thy place
Oh let men learn anew.

Norman Leslie Turnbull.

To my wife in hospital.

The house is quiet when you are gone
It's rooms are hushed and still
The shadows fall on furniture alone
Then softly touch your flowers upon the window sill.

The strings I do I wonder would you have it so.
I start to call "hello" and then remember too
That always you replied and answered me a soft "hello".
E'en the bird with his sweet song still sings of you.

Nor would I have it other tho' the days
That you are absent from us who love you well
A love like yours oft fills me with a sight amaze
Leaves heart too full for human words to tell.

On fleeting wing my thoughts go out to where
Perchance this very moment your thoughts to mine are
Across the miles and through the length and depth of air
I think of you, and thinking, send you all my love

Norman L. Turnbull

Nov. 18/1956

THE PILGRIMAGE OF LIFE

Thro' life we travel hills and vales of duty,
Reaching at length the peak of all our powers;
Passing but once thro this terrestrial beauty
Removing weeds and gaily tending flowers.

In each aspiring heart there dwells a vision
Revealing heights for which our spirits burn;
And oft, but by some slip in Fates decision,
We would attain the things for which we yearn.

We pass thro' surging seas of deep emotion,
Straining to hold the joy and drown the strife
And peace and calm at last reward devotion
To ideals thro' the pilgrimage of life.

Helen J. Carrington.

If we could see

If we could see beyond our present sorrow,
Beyond our present grief as God can see
We would be braver, knowing some tomorrow
Will still hold happiness for you and me.

If our blurred eyes could see beyond their weeping,
The sunlit hills that someday we shall climb,
We would be stronger and we would be keeping
A treasured wish through every darkened time.

If we could see beyond some freak disaster
The road smoothed out again before our eyes,
We would be calmer and we would learn faster
The lessons life unfolds to make us wise.

We are so blinded by a moment's sorrow
So hurt by any trouble, any pain,
That we forget the joys beyond believing
The peace that will be ours some day again.

Copied from the 1970 Friendship Book
by Francis Gay.

Quote by F.G.

One of the most heartbreaking tasks, I think, which most of us have to face at some time, is going through the belongings of a loved one who has gone, each one with its own precious memory.

It is Mr Gordon, of St Andrews, was faced with this task, after her mother had died. But amongst her mother's belongings Mrs Gordon came across these lines, written in her mother's own hand, which did a great deal to calm and strengthen her.

Transcribed by M K Lumsden
Feb 19th 1970

I supplied the title
F.G.

Thanatopsis

By William Cullen Bryant.

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart;
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice: Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more,
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist
Thy image. Earth that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements—
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world, with kings,
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good,

Thanatopsis

Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbéd and ancient as the sun, the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods, rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste —
Are but the solemn decoration all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning; traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings — yet the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep — the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men —
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the grey-headed man —
Shall, one by one, be gathéred to thy side,

By those who in their turn shall follow them.
So live that, when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon; but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Date

Diary of farm work, Hamiota.

Aug 17th/28. W. Beggs phoned up wanting a hand to arrange racks and trucks for threshing. Sent Flyt Harry to do the chores and went over. Brought an old set of trucks home with me and changed the oil tank over. Harry and I finished shingling second portable. In afternoon I started cutting the field of oats (28 acres) west of the house. They were pretty green tho. Rain shower stopped me about 5 P.M. Harry nearly caught up to the binder by 6 P.M. Pretty good average crop, but on the green side. Very little smut or rust visible. Did a little more work on portables this evening. The Hannal girls were out this P.M and stayed to supper.

Very heavy fog early in the morning. Cleared off till noon with hot sun. Storms in the west all P.M. Mostly local showers with odd thunder. Clear evening with low clouds in west and mist rising already. Very little wind, sudden bruges occasioned by storm clouds. H. L. J.

Aug 18th/28. Very damp in the morning chores and made pans for truck box. Used all the fresh cows milk and gave calf skim for first time. Drinks fairly well now. Born Aug 14th. Holstein heifer calf. Harry hauled away manure and we put bottom of wagon box in shop to be repaired. Started cutting about 10 A.M. Cut all afternoon & Harry stooked. Oats ripening up fast. Grace was in town this P.M. G.J. and I are going tonight.

Heavy dew in morning stormy & black to the west with light shower about 7 A.M. Cleared off at 10 A.M. turning hot. Stormy looking in P.M and very hot. Thunder occasionally with dark storms to north & south W. H. L. J.

weather.

weather,

Date

Diary of Farm Work.

Aug 20th. Fairly dry in the morning so was able to cut at 8 A.M. Finished cutting the oat field W. of house by 11.30. Harry stooked all morning & finished the field about 2.15 P.M. I cut one round round the wheat before dinner. (S.E. 40 acres) Very heavy crop and badly twisted in spots. Very bad with wild oats in around the bluff at the house here and the S.E. Bluff. Also over W. end and S.W. corner. E. & N. sides fairly clean. Cut twice round field after dinner and then had to stop for rain. Harry kept on stooking and I fixed up the bins, took his tea out and made a repair for the binder. W. Beggs called in on his way home from town.

Heavy dew or fog in the morning with very dark sky in W. Cleared off fine by 11 A.M. but with heavy white clouds gathering. Rained at 2.45 P.M. Heavy shower. Intermittently showery all afternoon clearing off cool in the evening.

Weather.

Aug 21st. Lowest & damp to cut first thing this morning so took cream in to town and waited to get some supplies. Harry raked round E. of house and returned the rake to P. Frazer's. Then got in a load of alfalfa off the driveway. I piled round the sleigh for a while and then started cutting wheat about 10.30. Cut much better today. H. stooked all afternoon & I cut wheat all day. Splendid crop and very heavy but a lot of pig weed in it. Especially the E. end.

Heavy mist in morning. Cleared off about 8 A.M. with scarcely a cloud in the sky. too wet to cut till about 10 A.M. Heavy storm clouds in West by 7 P.M. and at time of writing a severe electric storm is all around.

Weather.

Date

Aug 22nd. Dried up early in morning so was able to cut all day at the wheat. Harry stooked all day. Heavy wind from N.W. clearing off clear and cold at night. The Rev. Mr. Frank called to chat with me today. Did not have much time to spare him this. Finished cutting tangled stuff just behind the gardens.

Windy all day with cold grey clouds in P.M. clearing off windy and cold by 6.30 P.M. Feels like a good frost.

Weather.

Aug 23d. Cut wheat nearly all day. Finished the E. 40 at 6.30 P.M. Binder reel giving trouble. Bottom pinions out through. Harry stooked all day. Grace went in to town for the meat this morning. We were over to Fred Johnston's Barn Dance last night. Had a good time. Went in to town for pinions for binder and, coming home found Bill & Daisy (cows) pretty badly bloated with eating young S. clover. Off N.E. corner of E. pasture. Gave them one cupful of soda & tablespoonful of ginger each with additional bottle of water afterwards. Seem more easy tonight 10 P.M. Had a nice long letter from Mother today. Very sharp frost last night scaring corn, sun-flowers creepers & beans very badly.

Windy today but not as bad as Aug 22nd. Very hard frost last night. Clouded up about 4 P.M. but cleared tonight with moon shining. Wind has gone down to almost nil.

Weather.

Aug 24th. Late getting up this morning so have been behind all day. Harry stooked all morning and I repaired binder and opened up the 16 acres of oats next Tom Stacy's. Fair crop but bad with quack grass wild oats & canadian thistles. This afternoon the corn was so badly bleached with the frost of last night that we decided to cut it and the oats as well. Cut all but ten rows of the corn

Hamista

Date.

Diary of Farm Work.

Aug 24 (Cont.) and cut over half the sunflowers. They were about one third frozen I should judge. All the top leaves were scorched right off. They haven't flowered at all yet and will not make such good ensilage I'm afraid. Mother phoned up tonight for my "Birthday" jolly good of the "Old Lady" seemed quite cheery. Work seems to be going all right at Binscarth. They are cutting the wheat up there now. Today has been a chapter of petty accidents and trivialities that rile one as in a rush season. Grace made a lovely Cake for the day!! That helps a deal a whole lot. Just someone that cares!!

Aug 25th. Heavy frost and ice again this morning. Finished the garden completely this time. (Looking to be a pretty hard winter for us this year as far as garden truck goes). Clear and warm all morning. Clouding up heavy and close about 5 P.M. with a spattering of rain at 7.30 Close and cloudy tonight.

Finished cutting sunflowers in morning & went on cutting oats next Stacy's. Harry stooked from 10 A.M. for the balance of the day. Cut oats all afternoon. Fair crop bad with grass in spots. Binder running well. Harry got on O.K. with the stooking.

Aug 26th. Clear morning & cool. Cool wind all day clouding up in afternoon.

Rained this morning from 4 A.M. till 9 A.M. Did chores & got in load of oat sheaves for silo. Went over to W. Beggs & got drive belt & Ernest. Started putting up silage at 11 A.M. Ernest drove our teams in and out of the field and Harry loaded up and I unloaded. By noon P.M. we had cleared 2/3 of the field and pretty well filled the silo. No trouble at all except from breaking two clear pins on cutting box. For the oat sheaves from next Stacy's we had to put grass, wild oats, Canada thistle etc. Made poor silage as they were both green & tonight about

Date.

Aug 27th cont

Aug 28th.

Aug 29th.

Diary of Farm Work,
Hamiota.

The weather was all upside down till 9 A.M. then it cleared off and was a lovely afternoon & is quite clear & cool tonight. There was a large ring around the moon last night that will account for the weather this morning.

Took cream in to the train this morning. Paid freight on oil and arranged with Tommy Sturdown to take delivery. Finished cutting oats next Tom's & started the barley at about 11 A.M. cut all the balance of the day on that field (40 acres next Roberts'.) Fairly good crop but very bad with wild oats & Canadian Thistle. Mr. & Mrs. Lund were out this evening. Brought Mrs Atkinson home from town. Grace was in this afternoon with the car.

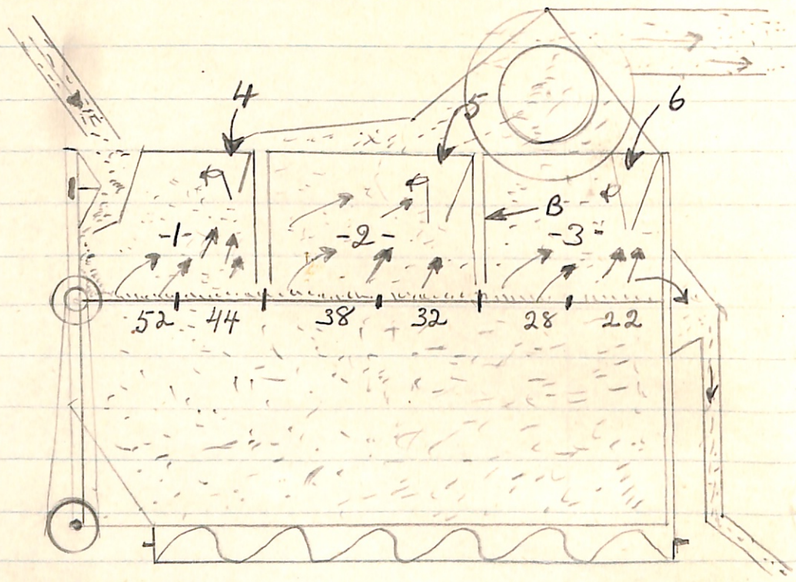
Slight white frost in morning. Clear all day with bright sunshine and strong S.W. wind. Clear and cool tonight with moon nearing the full.

Too tough to cut first thing so closed around and prepared for threshing. Harry and I stooked barley till it was fit to cut. Went on cutting all day. Harry started stooking the oats next J. Stacy's in the afternoon. Got nearly finished cutting barley field tonight, about an hour's work left. Took Mrs Atkinson down to Oakner on her way to Deffield tonight. Grace and Bobbie came along too.

Very damp and lowering in the morning turning grey and cold with cold N.W. & E. wind and scudding clouds. Cleared off towards sunset and is now clear & mild of cold with a clear moon. Bank of clouds to N. & W. but not very heavy.

NOTES ON MILLING AND MILL MACHINERY

P. 16.
NATIONAL
MILLER
Tou.
DEC. 1929.



TYPE OF PURIFIER USED IN ABOVE NOTES

Dates to Remember for 1928.

April 30th Started seeding Marquis wheat. } E. 38 Acres. 1927
May 2. Finished seeding wheat. } Summerfallow

May 4. Started Plowing W. 28 acres.

BOOKS

"Strange Corners of the World" Historical
By J. E. Weatherall.

"The Jungle Tide" Historical
By John Still.

G. L. Turnbull
Hamiota
Man.

Addresses

H. J. Cracknell.
UPNA KOTIE.
BROME.
EYE.
SUFFOLK.
Died 1933

W. S. Scarth
9932-107th st (1934-7 Vermillion)
Edmonton Alta.

T. H. Pendlebury
411 Hammond Bldg.
Moose Jaw,
Sask.

O. D. Inman,
[illegible]
[illegible]
N.Z.
24 Nov 1930

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Llanlaran,
South Wales Glamorgan.

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