

such a picture, to find, that although our material prosperity in the space of fifty years has been marvellous, we have been gradually departing from the sterling example set us by our progenitors, for twenty years at least. 'Dead flies' of extravagance have found their way into the 'ointment' of domestic life, and their 'savour' is being keenly felt. In our haste to become rich we have abandoned the old road of honest industry: to acquire it and in our anxiety to rise in the social scale, we have cast behind us those principles which give tone and value to position. We are not like the Israelites who longed for the "flesh pots" they had left behind in Egypt; yet when we look around, it is difficult to keep back the question put by the Ecclesiast, 'What is the cause that the former days were better than these,' and the answer we think is not difficult to find. Our daughters are brought up now like tender plants, more for ornament than use. The practical lessons of life are neglected for the superficial. We send our sons to college, and there they fly from the fostering care of home; they crowd into our towns and cities, sometimes to rise, it is true, but more frequently to fail and become worthless members of society. Like the dog in the fable, we ourselves have let the substance drop while our gaze has been glamoured by the shadow.

Early in July the haying began. The mowers were expected to be in the meadow by sunrise, and all through the day the rasp of their whetstones could be heard, as they dexterously drew them with a quick motion of the hand along one side of the scythe and then the other, and then they went swinging across the field, the waving grass falling rapidly before their keen blades and dropping in swathes at their side. The days were not then divided off into a stated number of working hours. The rule was to commence with the morning light and continue as long as they could see. Of course men had to eat in those days as well as now, and the

blast of the old tin dinner horn fell on the ear with more melodious sound than the grandest orchestra to the musical enthusiast. Even 'Old Gray' when I followed the plough used to give answer to the cheerful wind of the horn by a loud whinny and stop in the furrow, as if to say, 'there now, off with my harness, and let us to dinner.' If I happened to be in the middle of the field, I had considerable trouble to get the old fellow to go on to the end.

I must say a few words in this connection about 'Old Gray,' and why he was always called 'Old Gray' is more than I know, his colour could not have suggested the name for he was a bright roan, almost a bay. This reminds me of a little nephew, in a letter to one of my sons, saying, as a bit of news, 'his father had just bought a new horse, which was not a horse but a colt.' Well 'Old Gray' was no ordinary horse; he was by no means a pretty animal, being raw boned, and never seemed to be in first-rate condition, but he was an animal of remarkable sagacity, of great endurance, and a fleet trotter. When my father began the world for himself he was a part of his chattels, and survived his master several years. Father drove him twice to Little York one winter, a distance of over a hundred and fifty miles, accomplishing the trip both times inside of a week. He never would allow a team to pass him. It was customary in those days, particularly with youngsters in the winter, to turn out and run by, and many such races I have had, but the moment a team turned their heads out of the track to pass 'Old Gray,' he was off like a shot, and you might as well try to hold a locomotive with pins as him with an ordinary bit. He was skittish and often ran away. On one occasion, when I was quite young, he run off with father and myself in a single waggon. We were both thrown out and our feet becoming entangled in the lines, we were dragged some distance, the wheel passed over my head and cut it so that it bled freely, but the wound was not