

Natural history repeats itself as well as political history, and men are very much what their physical environment makes them.

I have endeavoured to present a picture of the Canadian Agriculture of to-day. At some future time another pen than mine will perhaps write its history again, and the progress recorded will probably be great. If I have erred in the discharge of my task, I believe the severest critic will hardly assert it to have been in the employment of colours of too brilliant a hue. But I am free to confess that I have sometimes had to repress an enthusiasm—pardonable I hope—born of my admiration of the persevering struggles of the men of our own race, and language, and aspirations, who, in the land of the beaver and the buffalo, have founded a civilization and established a great agricultural colony; whose people are imbued with an ardent and unselfish loyalty to the country whence they sprang, the spirit of which is reciprocated on this side of the Atlantic, and will, I hope, constitute for ever a bond of union between the mother country and the noble heritage which belongs to her sons and daughters in the Western Hemisphere. The completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which unites with a steel band the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of the Dominion of Canada, inaugurates a new era of peaceful conquest. As the years roll on, the pioneers of an improving and progressive Agriculture will move in increasing numbers in the direction of the setting sun, and establish new monuments of British industry and British enterprise on those lonely and distant prairies in the North West where, as yet,

“Grasses that never knew a scythe
Wave all the summer long.”