

the soul,' I think he would not be angry with me if I not only try to be good myself, but try to get him to be good too. But as he says again, 'Birds of a feather flock together,' and as long as he has no work to do, he will go to the tavern. Has anybody round here a small farm to rent, where it would not need much money to make a start?"

A man who wants to rent a farm in Canada will always find one, and no sooner had Montgomery persuaded his father to take a place, than plenty were to be found. There are always old farmers ready "to retire," though most of them regret it afterwards, and there are always little queer out of the way places that can be rented cheaply. One of these latter John Crow got. It was such a queer place, with such a queer house perched on a "hog-back" ridge, that it was little wonder somebody bestowed the name of "Crow's nest" on it, which it bears to this day. The sharp "hog-back" ridge descended easterly. On the south of the ridge lay a considerable flat of excellent land, very much overgrown with thistles. On the north side, a similar flat of a little higher level. The western boundary was a good piece of maple and elm bush. The farm consisted of but fifty acres, and there was no barn, only an old skeleton of a driving-house, and no fences worth speaking of; no wonder he got it low. And he knew enough to take it at an unusually long lease, ten years, and thought no harm could come of having it inserted in the lease that he might purchase it at any time during the ten years at a certain price named.

The very looking for a farm brightened him up. He no longer seemed to be a

mere "stowaway" on board the ship of the world, but one of the crew, having his work to do, and helping to navigate the vessel. I know how I felt myself when I first had an interest in a piece of land. It seemed to me that I had driven down my stake, and had a home now. And one thing Crow decided on wisely; I don't know whether it was from some one's suggestion, or by his own thought, but having a family of girls, he determined on not raising wheat, where they could not (without making themselves more masculine than even he could bear) help him; but resolved to raise all sorts of "garden sass" and fancy stuff, where his girls could find appropriate (if not congenial) work. In truth he was more forward in his part of the scheme than they were; for they were little trained to any kinds of steady work, and were not quite sure about "pa's farming."

So, as he had no rent at all to pay the first year (in consideration of his having to make some new fences), and had but little outlay, he managed to live, and still to get out in the fall a great number of black currant and other bushes, with asparagus and strawberry roots; and large beds of many kinds of herbs; with a very large number of rooted cuttings of good vines; and a variety of other things. And the girls began to be "broken in" to the lighter labor of the rake and the weeding-hoe; and John Crow was a happier man than he had ever been—which is not perhaps saying very much; yet happiness, like many other things, is largely a matter of comparison and imagination. It is a pity so volatile, and yet so plentiful a commodity, is not more largely possessed by all our neighbors and ourselves.