

education than the Public School, near home, or it may be, the High School of a neighboring village, can give him? No one, not even C. A. B., would deny him the *right*, as a matter of theory, but practically some do, when they try to pile ridicule on anyone making the attempt. Farmers' sons have probably just as much good sense as sons of judges; they know what their rights are in this respect, and it may be depended upon that, if they think it will be of advantage to them, they will exercise these rights. But would it not be to their advantage to stick to the farm? It might be, and it might not. Sometimes there are too many sons to be provided with farms, and sometimes there is no farm to stick to: it is so much involved in debt. A great many country boys have the fact early forced upon them that they will have to fight their own way in the world. Very many stalwart young men are now be-taking themselves to the rocky wilds of Muskoka, or to rough prairie life in the North-West. A good many are engaged in teaching, some making it a stepping-stone to a profession. The latter, when they drop teaching, branch off into two streams; those who take a University course, and those who do not. It is conceded that a liberal education is of some advantage, at least, to a clergyman, a lawyer, or a doctor, and the number of those who are seeking it is steadily increasing.

Now, supposing a farmer's son to have got a University degree—and in many cases it is done by his own unaided efforts—what courses are open to him? He may go into law if he is willing to run his chances of starving, or can fight his way to a respectable place in spite of disadvantages in wealth and social position. The prospects of success in medicine are somewhat better; but that profession, too, is overcrowded. The same may be said of the church, looking at it as a mere profession, but there is plenty of room for such men as should enter upon that highest kind of teaching, men who are actuated by a sincere, earnest, unaffected devotion to the welfare of their fellow-men, and do not look upon it in a mercenary light, as a sure and easy means of earning a most respectable living. Such had better go and teach a country school; there they could rule as little kings, and have enough to live upon. The number of teachers required for our High Schools is comparatively limited, and many of those who intend to make teaching their life-work will scarcely find room for themselves at high salaries in our villages and towns. The demand of graduates as journalists is very small indeed. It is said a young man applied to a head editor for a humble position on his staff, when the following conversation took place: "Have you had any experience in newspaper writing?" asked the editor. "None," was the unwilling reply. "Well, that's bad. Can you write short-hand?" "No, sir," said the applicant, in a still more doleful tone. "Well, that's bad, too, remarked the editor;" but are you a University graduate? With the brightness of returning hope in his countenance, the literary aspirant intimated that he was; but his heart sank within him when the editor said: "Well, that *is* bad." Then, too, when one gets a position on a paper, the freedom of his mind is shackled; he is obliged to advocate a certain set of opinions, and to oppose, with all his might, another set, and if he becomes the owner of a journal it amounts to the same thing.

Where then shall those graduates, whose circumstances or antipathies forbid them to enter any of the paths above indicated, look for a livelihood? There are at least two means remaining—the counting-house or the farm. I believe a liberal training will be no drawback to a man of business. To a farmer, also, it will be the means of much intellectual enjoyment. If a farmer is wealthy, the best thing he can do is to give his heir a first-class education, and thus fit him for spheres of usefulness and influence which he could not otherwise so well fill. If a young graduate has not a farm already prepared for him, and would be content to pursue a quiet country life, let him earn one. Why should he not go west and redeem a portion of prairie soil? Some students, I know, are prepared to do so, indeed have their sections or half-sections secured, and all any of us want, is to be left alone to choose that way of life that will suit us best.

A FARMER'S SON.

AT THE SKATING RINK.

They sat in the gallery intently watching the crowd of skaters below. "It reminds me," she said, "of nothing more forcibly than of those old-fashioned horse-power threshing machines, where the horses plod around and round and round, and to the looker on nothing seems to be produced but a monotonous buzz."

"Yes," he said, "that is a fact; and your comparison may be carried further. If you went into the threshing-floor, you would see a variety of interests in the dusty faces of the threshers. The farmer who himself carries the grain boxes, and is anxious that the yield may be good; his sons, who joke and sweat at their work; the hired men, not much concerned as to the result of the threshing, but who earn their pay and take a part in the general talk; perhaps, also, the farmer's

wife, who stands in the granary passage-way and talks to her husband about the crop as he enters to empty the boxes, and who keeps an eye on little Eddy, whose fear of the tumbling-rod and inquisitive instincts make him rather doubtful as to how near to go to the machine; and the owner of the machine who, as he gets so much a bushel for the threshing, is almost as anxious as the farmer that the yield may be large; the faces of all these indicate the interest that they take in the threshing. If we were down on the ice where we could see the faces of the skaters we might see a greater variety of expression, showing the motives inducing them to skate. There we would see the young lady who skates for the pleasure of the exercise; the young lady who skates to be pulled around by her gentlemen friends; the little girl who is just learning, and who persists in going the wrong way; the young gentleman who likes to skate with every lady he knows, and who hates 'a freezer'; the old gentleman who skates 'for his health's sake,' and because he has not as yet lost all his youthful feelings; and the young fellow who comes to have a good time by 'body-checking' the rest. But excuse me, I am sermonizing."

"How is it, that it makes one feel melancholy?" she asked rather abruptly.

"Sermons generally have that effect."

"Strange to say, even the worst haven't that effect on me," she maliciously answered; "my melancholy is from watching this circling crowd."

"Perhaps the sameness of sensations lowers the nervous—"

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "but I hate your psychological explanations. You young men who have dipped a little into physiology, and have read something about the Nervous System and the Association of Ideas, confidently use these to explain everything, and think that you have said something that Shakespeare or Goethe haven't said better, because you say it in words to which you yourselves are unaccustomed."

"Perhaps," said he, smiling at her earnestness, "melancholy is the child of monotony."

"That's better," she answered, "but it doesn't account for my feeling. Looking down here at this pleasure-seeking crowd, I feel that man isn't much after all."

"No," he interrupted, "man is but a point at which the universe becomes conscious of itself."

"We are," she continued, "much in the position of the Epicurean gods who, relegated to 'the interstellar spaces of the air,' must have regarded man with but a mournful interest."

"Yes," he said, "they probably amused themselves by becoming melancholy over his 'dull mechanic paces to and fro.'"

"Amused themselves, no; it was only when the gods came on earth that they could laugh. Here, when amongst men, they forgot the grand unimportance of his earthly existence, his blasted hopes, his many disappointments, his anticipated pleasures cut short by a falling tile, must have seemed ridiculous to them, and they might laugh. But, looking down upon them from the infinite azure, and not marking the, to them infinitesimal, differences between men, and from which originate all his pleasures and his pains, his hopes and his ambitions, but regarding rather his highest aims, his loftiest objects of pursuit, they must have been moved with a mournful pity as they thought, 'infinitesimals, infinitesimals, what are you?'

"I imagine that Shakespeare, who, in his earlier plays, regarded man with the sympathy of a fellowman, was towards the latter part of his life elevated above them. The mental tone pervading his great tragedies cannot be ticketed as cynical or misanthropic. Here a man had become a god, and looked upon man's life as a god would do, though he had not forgotten that he had been a man, and how men acted. In his later plays he shows a more intimate acquaintance with human nature than in his earlier, but the actions of men are now viewed from above. Those who attribute the god-like, mournful tone of his later plays to his dislike for the growing Puritanism are, I think, very far astray.

"Thackeray in his novels, after showing that he has seen almost as clearly as Shakespeare into the heart of man, and after he has described human life more truly than any other of the great novel artists, looking down upon his men and women from above, exclaims with the gods: 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.' Perhaps Thackeray was less artistic than Shakespeare in thus stepping out before the curtain to express it, but there was, in both cases, the same god-like view of man and of his actions."

"See," said he, "how they all flock in when the music starts up."

"How all animals seem to love music," she said, "it seems to have a wonderful influence on these skaters."

"The rhythm of the music harmonizes with the rhythmic play of their limbs."

"Yes, and the rhythmic play of their limbs is generated by the rhythmic flow of nervous energy, which is a mode of the rhythm of