

and intelligent boys, and allow them to grace other professions and become shining lights in other departments of labor, receiving in return to recruit your ranks the hesitating, the failures, and the off-scourings of society? White faces and unblemished hands, still whiter frills and collars, are the ladies and gentlemen of the land, while the brown and hardy faces and the horny hands, those who have labored, toiled and sweated and been the first movers of the levers of national life, are sneered at in their fence corners, and talked into the obedience of a shameful degradation by cleverer and more capable, because more learned, men. I condemn not the older generation of farmers. All honor to those rough and hardy pioneers, and their children of the log cabin, who, finding Canada a virgin forest, battled with patience, energy, and sweat of brow, through long toiling years with tree, stumps and stones, and have placed her in our hands a country where the morning sun salutes ruby orchard and verdant garden, golden field and emerald meadow, lusty town and spreading village, a legacy of latent though right royal wealth, an inheritance Canadians may well be proud to call their native land. I ask not further spoil from the veteran victors and bequeathers, but the rising generations, to those who are still hale and hearty, and yet have time to rise and shake the dust of opprobrium from their necks, do I appeal. Let the older and more experienced farmers, not hindering those they have left their legacy to, so temper their zeal that they may waste energy on nothing that will not bear the stamp of practical utility.

"Sentimental nonsense," says some narrow mind, "to think that a farmer can ever become such as other business men are;" he has neither the time nor the money. No time at all, save when a boy, to spend odd hours gossiping at the village store or mooning the hours away over the stove, and, when a man, to read the "daily" rant on politics, or work himself to an early grave, putting on his already strained arms the legitimate work of the head. I know there are farmers who have made a comfortable pile; but are they the majority? Are they not men marked in the neighborhood for extra intelligence and stability of character? Others have brought money into farming from other sources, and have succeeded, though usually in some fancy line of farming.

A writer has said that "an intelligent citizen adorns his place." Is that accomplished by the average Canadian farmer? What does he know about his profession in its natural light? moreover, what does he care? Would he have the means of knowing, and knowing, will he care? Let him take the report of the select committee appointed at Ottawa in 1884, "to obtain information as to the agricultural interests of Canada;" let him read the facts, mark the truth, and consider well his duty.

The report is chiefly made up of answers to a series of twenty-two questions which the committee issued and distributed through Canada, relating to the disadvantages agriculture labors under; the deficiencies in all its departments, the importation of seeds and fruit scions, destructive insects, forestry, the appointment of a public analyst and entomologist, the establishment of experimental farms, a central bureau of agriculture and other kindred subjects. The answers are most interesting indeed, coming from toilers in the field and thinkers in the study, and contain so much material for thought that every intelligent farmer should have one in his hands and let its matter ferment in his mind.

#### THE HERITAGE UNREAPED.

One gentleman, speaking of farmer's disadvantages, says, "Principally from a want of knowledge

in his trade, and of the requirement of local as well as foreign markets, the loss thereby occasioned to the Dominion, as well as to the farmers themselves is immense, and equals, annually, the whole agricultural production of Canada—a loss amounting in the aggregate to over two hundred millions of dollars every year. In other words, our farmers do not produce one-half of what they might and should." If this statement is true, does it merit heedless inattention? shall it not receive a single thought? If it is exaggerated, shall it pass unchallenged, this stigma upon the characters of farmers go unrefuted? Do farmers value their reputations so lightly that they can be told with impunity that they are not men enough to do more than half their appointed work? Will the glow of injustice or the pallor of shame delineate the truth in their cheeks? The largest butter exporters in Montreal say that 5 to 10 per cent of Canadian butter is good, 25 to 30 fine, and 50 to 60 is poor. The estimated annual loss on butter and cheese is \$15,000,000. Does this mean nothing? Is it a fact to be laughed at, or noticed but to be despised? The good effect of practical instructors on the cheese industry is well known, yet there are who will assert not only that nothing can be done, but that nothing need be done.

The report, however, contains some conflicting evidence, or, at least, appears to. One gentleman, while trying to show the deplorable condition of agriculture, gives the average yield per acre of wheat in Ontario, for 1881, as 14 bushels. Another gentleman, showing how well Ontario compares with the United States, gives the average yield for 1882 as 28 bushels. Either 1881 was a very bad year, or these statements are woefully deceiving. Is it of no account for farmers to hear the true condition of their interests, or are they to be bumped around between the extremes of exaggeration? Yes, as long as his interests are left to himself, or rather to anybody who likes to meddle with them. Nearly all the gentlemen praise up the cattle quarantine at Quebec, or else consider the present system too stringent. The Guelph Experimental Farm (not "Model Farm," as the Toronto papers always put it) importation was there last year; the truth is known, yet the report for that year praises it up highly. In a letter last month, I told our editor of one defect, which, small point as it is, appears to me to nullify the whole system, and causes a large annual expenditure for the purpose of not preventing the spread of disease. Yet farmers and importers have been taking cattle through year after year, but nothing is said, nothing is done, and the farmer's great beef market is endangered and his cattle exposed to undue hazard.

#### FARMERS SHOULD DO THEIR OWN BUSINESS.

In 1877 thirteen gentlemen of the Dominion Parliament were formed into a Dominion Agricultural Council. The Council was fully organized into twelve departments, and the work of each mapped out. Here things ended—mind you, in 1877—no meetings were held and nothing was done, because the Parliament that organized the Council would not grant the means necessary to make a start. Go on in your independent and manly course of conduct; vote for lawyers, doctors, merchants and wealthy talkers; put all their platform talk and promises and their duties toward you in one scale, and the practical outcome of their regard for your interests in the other; see which will touch the beam and then ask conscience for its approval. There you have practical proof that, if you will not discuss these questions, no one else will. Farmers of Canada, rouse yourselves; "quit yourselves like men not slothful in business;" and your legiti-

mate work, aye, your duty is not bounded by your own small affairs. Stir up the strong energies which lie latent within you; take hold of your own matters in their national as well as personal aspects; let not your business drive your weary bodies to death, while the mighty energies of the brain lie dormant and useless, and the higher instincts of your souls lie sunken in the slough of self.

#### TREATMENT OF OUR FORESTS.

If there is one subject which the farmers have treated with a neglect which is absolutely criminal, it is forestry. This delinquency on the part of the farmers calls for the most decisive reprehension, and should be visited with an immediate death. The forest, by its cooling influence on the atmosphere, condenses rains which would else be lost to the drooping vegetation; it holds the water thus obtained as in a reservoir, doling it out with a refreshing regularity instead of allowing it to rush over the ground, washing fertile soils bare to the rocks, and sweeping into the valleys with the destructive force of floods; it shelters man, beast and crops from inclement winds and parching drouths, and is altogether such a potent agent in the determination of a country's wealth, that it is a standing disgrace upon the characters and conduct of men who think themselves good citizens, to allow the terrible destruction to continue. "Bosh," says some farmer; we want the land, and trees can't help my crops to grow; you can gas and theorize as you like, but we want the land." Farmers, can any one of you defend such a statement? Upon what authority do you aver that trees are not conservators of a soil's fertility? Evidence, facts, truth, can be piled up before you; the older countries of the earth can be taken one after the other, and it can be fully proved to you that as surely as they were denuded of their forests, so surely did aridity, barrenness and poverty come upon them. Yet you will not believe, you will do nothing, and as long as a single stick of wood lies in the pile at your doors, you will not stir a foot nor hudge an inch to arrest the worse than criminal destruction. Forest societies meet and talk, big guns shoot off about trees, Mr. Phipps can send out from Toronto valuable reports teeming with unanswerable arguments that action in this matter is but duty, yet nothing is done but by individuals scattered here and there. The rack and ruin goes on; axe and fire destroy whole townships and lay bare the barren rock in whole districts totally unfit for agricultural purposes; the streams dry up and the winds bite and scorch; the rains float mockingly overhead, while the thirsty earth languishes; or when they come they come with a vengeance and are gone, leaving behind them a maximum of evil and a minimum of good. The people see all this, the Government knows all this and more besides, yet what the one forgets, the other ignores; what the one wilfully laughs at, the other hides and covers up. The farmer is an honest Liberal or Conservative; he spends his hard-earned leisure reading the party paper or discoursing learnedly on politics, performs his highest duty to the State, i. e., votes for the right side, and then eases his conscience, while the highest interests of the nation are allowed to stagnate and sicken, he, meanwhile, busied with daily cares and the many petty nothings of political controversy. O noble man! O high-souled, patriotic citizen! O essence of unimpeachable devotion to duty! go on in your honorable career of selfish grab and gain, march on to the glorious victory of a bloated bank account and a ruined native land, attend to the dictates of self for a little while, then lie, and leave an arid soil and an unpropitious climate and a toiling, struggling posterity to curse you for your neglect. Is