

transformed into broad open fields for us to delight ourselves by gazing upon them. He must also have instilled within him a great amount of pluck, probably no man requires so much pluck as the farmer, he should remember the old saying which, nevertheless, is a true one, "A grain of pluck is worth a pound of luck." Fortune, fame, position, success are never gained except by bravely sticking to a thing until it is fairly accomplished; a man must be able to shut his teeth together and carry a thing through to the end if he intends to be successful.

Economy in all departments of business on the farm is very essential to gain success, a farmer should ever remember that it is the little things that count in everything, either failure or success is built on little things, but he should be careful not to economise so much as to make himself miserly, these are not the men that are wanted in office, in State, or as neighbors; he should merely economise enough so as not to become wasteful and cultivate extravagant habits. Let him ever remember that it is the grains of wheat that fill the bins, in fact all things on the farm are made up of little things, and therefore they should not be despised.

A farmer should avoid grumbling, and he should not be fretful, the men we want on the farm are those which are disposed to look upon the best side of everything, and who do not grumble over past failures. It is not work that kills the majority of men, it is worry. A farmer should take pride in everything he has on the farm in order to bring them more near a state of perfection and then, he will find,

"That farming is not an occupation of drudgery,

As some folks would like to make it,  
But whether good, or whether bad,  
Depends on how you take it."

A farmer intending to succeed must have a good sound character, being pure, upright, and honest in all his transactions, and always paying one hundred cents on the dollar, he will then make his deeds and works shine in the community he lives in, and his influence will be felt by all his neighbors, and he shall always be honored by them. He should also have a good temper; a good temper is like a sunny day, it sheds its brightness over everything; the farmers home cannot be made happy without it.

A young man starting on a farm intending to meet with success must always strive to improve in all lines of his business. He should endeavor to keep pure bred animals of all kinds, and if they are not attainable at first, he should always strive to improve the stock he already possesses by the introduction of purer blood. He should always try and produce what the market calls for and that which will yield the most pleasure and bring in the greatest profits. He should never think of failure. There is with a great majority of men a want of constancy in what ever plan they undertake, they toil as if they doubted that life had earnest and decided pathways, and that they were never going to reach the end they were aiming at. Some men are sure of failure no matter what they undertake, but young men must not judge the high occupation of farming by such men as these. Some trades may go to the wall, but farming will never so long as people require food to eat and clothes to wear. In conclusion I will submit the following piece of poetry bearing upon the subject:—

The King may rule o'er land and sea,  
The lord may live right royally,  
The soldier ride in pomp and pride,  
The sailor roam o'er ocean wide;  
But this or that what ere befall  
The farmer, he must feed them all.

The merchant he may buy and sell,  
The teacher do his duty well,  
But men may toil through busy days,  
Or men may stroll through pleasant ways;  
From king to beggar what ere befall  
The farmer, he must feed them all.

The writer thinks the poet sings,  
The craftsmen fashion wondrous things,  
The doctor heals, the lawyer pleads,  
The miner follows the precious leads;  
But this or that what ere befall  
The farmer, he must feed them all.

The farmers trade is one of worth,  
He is a partner with the sky and earth,  
He is a partner with the sun and rain,  
And no man loses for his gain;  
And men may rise and men may fall  
But the farmer he lives longest of them all.

The farmer dares his mind to speak,  
He has no guilt nor place to seek,  
To no man living need he bow,  
The man that walks behind the plough  
Is his own master what ere befall  
And king or beggar he feeds them all.