

knowledge of civic affairs. He should know how his country is governed, and realize his own responsibility. He must understand what is meant by good citizenship and its relation to his country. This is one of the most important points in a farmer's education, for, as is the individual, so is the nation. May the individuals have high ideals.

We have touched a few of the points which should be contained in a farmer's education. He should be well trained as far as the schools can do it—trained to live and think; he should be versed in all the mysteries of nature; he should be familiar with and appreciate literature and art; he should be a good citizen of his country and of the world. There is one thing more: To be the highest type of man,—and this whether he be farmer or not, he should have in his heart the Christ spirit. He must love and follow the only perfect Man that the world has ever known. The more he does this, the brighter will be his character. This is the greatest part of all his education.

Wentworth Co., Ont.

"TAPS."

MAKE THE BEST OF IT.

By E. S., Grey Co., Ont.

Ever count your best and highest moments your truest moments. When you feel strong, courageous, magnanimous, kind, cheerful, enterprising, and industrious,—then you are your real self. Assert that you will always be yourself, and the shadows of weakness, cowardice, meanness, unkindness, melancholy and idleness will flee from your presence. If you would achieve success, act as though you had already achieved it, and see how easy it will be for you to grow up to the place or the position to which you aspire. Put yourself in the place of the successful man or the good man. It is the only way to get there. Then put on your best smile every day. Don't put it away in a dark closet to be brought out and worn only on special occasions. The oftener you wear it the more slowly it will wear out. Look on the bright side always. If things go wrong, consider that the occasion is a challenge to your inherent manhood to stand the test and not go down under the weight of anything which threatens to crush your plans. Remember that the man who does his duty cannot fail. Therefore, make the best of it.

Do not bemoan your past mistakes and failures. Forget them. Throw them overboard. They don't belong to you now, and you have no right to keep them. Think highly of yourself. You were made to have dominion over your surroundings. So expand your chest and hold your chin high. It is the only satisfactory way to live. Drop your faults and failings out of sight. Give them no room in your life and they will not come back. Develop the positive side always. If you are full of good, evil cannot harm you. Therefore, make the best of it.

Do you think the world is getting worse? If so, make the best of it. Is your neighbor getting more dishonest, mean, and uncharitable, every day? If so, make the best of it. But wait,—did you ever consider that his vices are only his virtues gone astray? It is possible for him to do wrong only when it is possible for him to do right. Have you ever tried to put him on the right

track? His case is not hopeless. Therefore, make the best of it.

Do you delight in telling your friends of the faults and peculiarities of those who are not your friends? If so, you are not making the best of it. Their faults will multiply fast enough without your aid. Besides, those peculiarities which seem to you to be faults, may be virtues in reality. Do not put on colored glasses while looking at your neighbor's defects. By the way, it is a good plan, also, to keep the liver in good order. (Plenty of fresh fruit will help). Therefore, make the best of it.

Would you like to be rich? If so, remember that what you are is of far more importance than what you have. The question, what are you worth, cannot be answered in terms of dollars and cents. One uncharitable thought, one unkind word, one mean action, will subtract more from your real worth than will the loss of a million dollars. Do you believe it? It is so easy to forget. One kind intention, one helpful word, one generous deed, will enrich you more than will the gain of a million dollars. Is it true? If so, make the best of it.

Are you getting old and worn out? Do you find on looking back that the thoughts and words and deeds of your life have left you poor and thin and weak? If so, make the best of it. Act in the present. Your days are not yet ended. But every moment is precious. Therefore, use them all. Can you measure the possibilities of a single moment? Do not despise one because you have thrown away a million. Wake up, and be a man, to-day. Then, tomorrow you will be richer. Therefore, make the best of it.

Some Old Time Echoes.

ON TREK IN THE TRANSVAAL.

No. V.

On the summit of the hill we found our "boys" awaiting us, John with his handsome dusky face lighted up by a smile of welcome, and Jim, his lieutenant (i.e., forelooper), smiling also. They had the horses ready for inspanning (to "inspan" is to harness, or to yoke your oxen or your horses, as the case may be, and to "outspan" is the reverse), when, lo! it was discovered that the halters had been forgotten, so that John must mount one of the steeds and return to Maritzburg for them, whilst we, of necessity, must remain over night at Howick. Of this, an entry in my journal of 2nd June says: "This hotel is of a fair size; rooms unciled but lofty, floors boarded, a luxury we shall soon lose; French windows opening out to the verandah, from which we see, on the winding road below us, over which we ourselves had just come, wagon after wagon crawling along, dragged leisurely by its fourteen to eighteen oxen, according to its load. Here and there feed groups of animals, our own amongst them. Just at the foot of the hill is the Umgeni River; its current dangerously rapid. We crossed it safely yesterday, but sad accidents do occur, one quite lately having ended disastrously. Wagon, horses and drivers going over the beautiful fall below of between 340 and 350 feet. Of this fall Natal is justly proud, and it is a great attraction to lovers of fine scenery.

On the 4th June I record as a specimen the first of a long chapter of accidents, for accidents over South African roads, and especially with South African horses, cease to be accidents, but are rather incidents of travel. John's late return with the missing halters postponed our start from Howick until 3 p.m. It gets dark about six, and that quite suddenly, like the letting down of a curtain. Just out of Howick is a steep mountain, and up it our horses simply refused to go. They jibbed, plunged and kicked. The leaders and the two behind them turned round to look at us, getting their front legs mixed up in a confused heap over the traces, their hind ones over the pole. One was thrown down, his plunges driving the rest wild. Some men passing with their oxen (all help one another on the road as a matter of course) came to our rescue, and by the time we were righted for a fresh start it was almost dark, and we were still thirteen miles from Curry's hotel, our next stopping place, these performances being repeated at every hill. When our wagon got jammed into one of the many big gullies on the road no amount of whipping or urging could induce those animals to extricate us. We spent more of the time out of our wagon than in it, and finally agreed to walk the last five miles to Curry's, leaving the boys to get out of the hobble as best they could. We reached the hotel at 10 p.m., our "trap" (everything is a "trap" in S. Africa) arriving some hours after, as much pushed by the men as pulled by four of the quieter horses, which had proved more amenable to the measures employed. Never shall I forget the dirt and discomfort of those weary hours, or the griminess of our garments. We had been told that we must give up all idea of feeling really clean from the moment of our start, and from henceforth we indeed realized that our opportunities for a real "wash" must be furtively, nay, even surreptitiously obtained, for once away from the outskirts of civilization we should have but a sparse supply of water and next to no privacy. The redness of the dust may give a kind of picturesque gypsy-like hue to one's general appearance, but dirt is dirt all the world over, and no attempt at poetical interpretation of its results upon one's person can make of it anything but an almost unbearable nuisance to travellers on trek across the veldt of South Africa.

Looking back from the vantage ground of privileged, progressive Canada, it may seem hard to believe that there could be so many difficulties to be encountered and so many delays to be put up with in a journey which now, with railway facilities, can easily be accomplished in a couple of days. To have worked such a change under such adverse conditions of soil and climate is surely another triumph of engineering skill and an enduring monument to what the best brains of a United Empire can accomplish when the opportunity for achievement presents itself.

Meanwhile a backward glance into the difficulties encountered by the pioneers of early colonial days may not be without its wholesome message for a generation born into a world where express trains, motor cars, telephones and even aeroplanes are at their service if only they have the money to pay for them.

But it is time to return to the yellow

old pages of my journal of thirty-seven years ago, if I am to give those who may care to read my extracts anything of an adequate idea of the rough and ready methods which had to be adopted over and over again before we reached our goal in the Transvaal. My pen pictures must be just snapshots, taken with little regard to consecutive arrangement. The first relates to an incident which led to the final decision that we must give up all hope of using horses, but must substitute steady-going old oxen in their places. It reads thus, and it takes somewhat the form of a prophecy:

"Our mishap of to-day has nothing to do with the horses. The men oiled our wheels and bound leathers around our springs, but these roads would break anything. We are gravely told we shall come back with hardly a piece of the original wagon or harness left. There are large boulders over which we bound, gullies into which we dip, almost precipices which we seem to overhang. Whatever may come in the way we must go over it, or struggle through it somehow, therefore by the end of our journey we shall have many adventures to relate."

This prophecy was fulfilled to the letter, for a more delapidated vehicle could hardly have been found than was ours when we arrived at last at the mining settlement at Eersteling.

At Estcourt or Bushman's River.—Both these names must be familiar to those who have studied the history of the war in South Africa, but in June, 1875, Estcourt was but a collection of houses hardly deemed worthy of a mention upon the map of Natal. It was not without a wild beauty of its own and to the kindness and hospitality of its people I can thankfully testify.

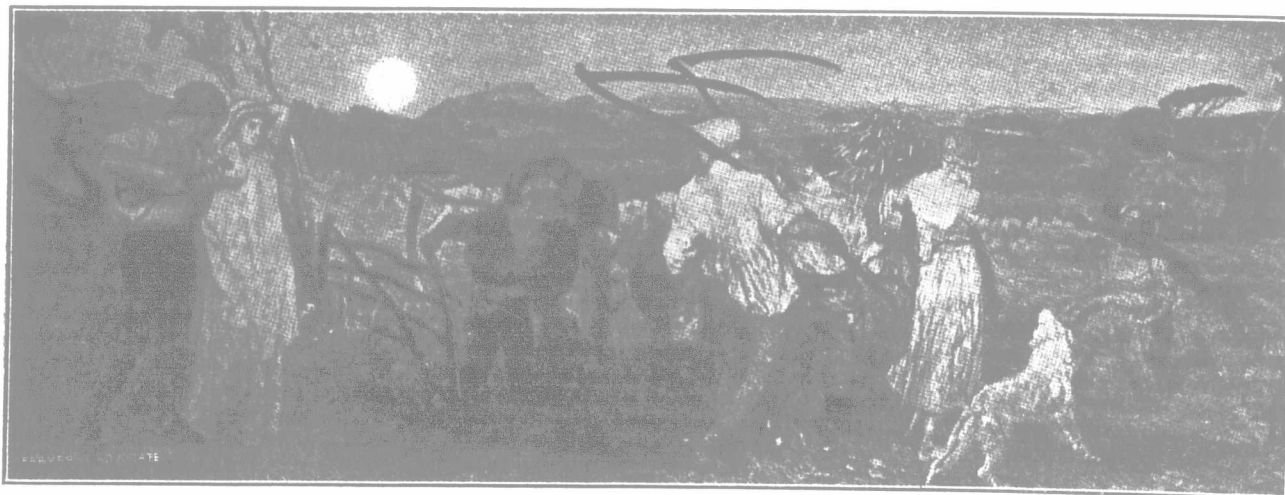
Directly we had reached our temporary quarters at the primitive hotel, a judge and jury, so to speak, empanelled themselves and sat upon (some of them literally) our unfortunate wagon, making candid remarks which doubtless amused themselves, but hurt us cruelly. They looked wise as owls as they shook its body, rattled its wheels, weighed its pole, but had not competent judges done the same before we left Maritzburg and pronounced it fit for service? It is true the bright green paint, which had made it look almost as good as new, may have covered some of its defects. Its fresh tilt and clean lining might have had a touch of hypocrisy about it, but I for one had been thankful that it had at least tried to put "a good face" upon it. The pole certainly was too heavy; of that there could be no doubt, so it was necessary to have that serious defect remedied before making a fresh start. "And now you know the history of our delay," I wrote on the 7th June, "just for a re-adjustment of the pole, and a raising of the body to lighten the strain upon the wheelers. What is your hurry? we are asked. Take it easily, we are admonished. I daresay you will get off the day after to-morrow, etc., etc." Upon which remarks, and from later experiences, I find in my log the following comments:—

"We have been here three days, and in all probability we shall be here for three days longer. I dare not trust myself to express half the exasperation I feel at this long detention for such an inadequate cause. My temperament is quite too explosive for South Africa, I am convinced, and if I lived—no, I should die of it long before that—until I was eighty, I do not believe time would ever reconcile me to the dead-alive, leave-it-alone-and-it-will-all-come-right fashion in which people set about, or wait for somebody else to set about, what could as well be done speedily if they would begin it less sleepily. An express train shrieking through the cuttings and tunnels of these mountain passes—and it is to be hoped that one will do so some day shortly—would work miracles, galvanizing these dry bones—oh! dear Natalians, do forgive me!—into new life and vigour. How some sharp Yankee competitors would make your tradespeople "look alive" after a manner hitherto unknown to them! Competition of any kind would give the impetus wanting; and Natal, to say nothing of the Free State, and the Transvaal, could find room and work for shoals of blacksmiths, wheelwrights and handicraftsmen generally, if only they would come here."

Another prophecy which has also come true,

H. A. B.

(To be continued.)



The Harvest Moon.

From a painting by Mason. By permission of the Perry Pictures Co.