

from what has already been stated, it is quite evident there is nothing disgraceful or degrading about the profession, but rather the opposite. In fact, it is the noblest of all pursuits, while, considered from the standpoint of morality, of mental and physical energy combined, it stands preeminently alone. Surely these are three points worthy of careful consideration.

On the other hand, we cannot exonerate the farmers from blame in that their profession is held in derision because it is largely through their own slovenly habits in matters pertaining to both work and dress, that people are enabled to make those tantalizing remarks that they otherwise might escape. But this is only one phase of untidiness, for it is a characteristic that seems to have obtained absolute control of every department of the farm. The average farmer seems to have lost all pride in his personal appearance. The same may be said with regard to his stock, which in many instances are improperly housed and cared for. In like manner the buildings and fences are allowed to go to rack, and even when repaired the unused and waste material is left scattered about in a very unseemly way. The fence corners are left uncut and overgrown with briars, and the weeds hold picnic parties and wander at will all over the farm. Numerous other instances might be mentioned, but these are sufficient to show us the need for reformation in this line of the work. Now, most of these evils can be remedied without any particular expenditure of money, simply by a little extra exertion. The great mistake is in not planning the work properly. If more mental effort were exercised, things could be done to much better advantage with neatness and order, and these evils be effectually dealt with.

Another mistake which many are guilty of, is lack of courtesy. This is an inexcusable error, and one which is of vital interest to the industry. If the injury it does the occupation were fully realized, doubtless every effort would be made to speedily eradicate the habit, for that is all it is. These rough ways are not intended to hurt the feelings, but people are sensitive and do not understand that. Too many allow their better natures to lie dormant, and neglect to exercise that gentleness and politeness which add so much to the dignity of every individual that observes them. The pessimist may say, Oh yes! it's all very well to tell us that, but we have no time for such nonsense; that is for our city cousins. There never was a greater mistake made. It does not require any extra exertion to say, please do this or that, than to say, give us that, d'y here. Good manners cost nothing, they are easy to obtain, and can be cultivated quite as readily as the reverse; then why not possess them?

Again, politeness is one of the essentials to success in any profession, and it is mainly through this medium that some men have obtained the remunerative positions which they now occupy.

There are those who seem to forget that every one owes some allegiance to society. Why is it that so many persist in working in such dirty and rough clothes? It does not cost any more to dress neatly and cleanly than so coarsely. It may be urged with good reason that the nature of the work makes it necessary, but this ground is untenable from the fact that some men do it, and from this it is apparent that all should be able to accomplish the same.

The ignorance and innocence of a portion of our rural citizens, causes amusement on many occasions. These also can be overcome to a great extent. There are other things of as great importance to man as mere money making. Let every man devote a portion of his time to cultivating his mind, reading and social recreation, and it will help him very much in these respects. If our farmers took more holidays they would become better acquainted with the ways of the world, and life would be twice as enjoyable.

Agriculturists have a false idea that they are being ground down to such an extent that they can scarcely obtain a living, without trying to make any improvements. The statement is true to a certain extent, but the wise man will

not sit down and idly lament his condition. He will try and study out some new source to derive profit from. The time of high prices and large profits is gone, never to return. Whatever changes may take place in the political world, prices will never be as high as they were in former years on account of keen competition. We must set to work then and see if we cannot produce things more cheaply than formerly, for it is only by lessening the cost of production, and that alone, that we can hope for gains in the future. It does not pay a man to be too stingy over little things. If he only produces a good article he will get a paying price without any trouble.

Some of our farmers do not try to help themselves. Action is necessary in every calling of life, and more so in agriculture than in any other, if it is to be carried to a profitable issue. People have no sympathy with men that are always grumbling and finding fault. Accordingly, if the agriculturist desires to improve his condition, the best thing he can do to forward his interests is to be polite, cheerful and obliging on all occasions. Let him take for his motto the three words, cleanliness, order and neatness, and follow these up by concerted thought and action, and success is assured. The above enumerated points are as essential to success on the farm as in any other vocation. If a man hopes to succeed in business he must exercise the greatest care over it, and so it is with farming. The men who seem to raise in their calling are the men that pay close attention to the little things that otherwise constitute the leaks that destroy the profits. Beware, for it is little things that count in the end.

A. M. S.



#### PETE : A RETROSPECT.

" Yes! ye might take the book, lad,  
And try if you can see  
The place it speaks of Heaven,  
And read a bit to me.  
It's long, long, since I heard it, lad,  
Full forty years, I trow ;  
But I think I hear the parson  
A reading of it now.

" Forty years did I say, lad,  
Since last I heard it read?  
And it's all that time since we carried  
Our little Pete home dead.  
'Twas up on a Northern Railway ;  
We were bringing wagons down.  
Empty they were, so he pleaded  
For a ride with us to town.

" 'Dad!' I heard him calling,  
' I hope you have got your pay,  
For a shilling you promised me, you know,  
To spend in the town to-day.'  
How it happened I never can tell you,  
But the last wagon slipped from the rail,  
And we turned to find out the cause, lad,  
And there he lay, ghastly pale.

" My own little Pete on the line, lad,  
Oh God! we cried in a breath;  
And our blood ran cold, for we knew,  
Tho' nobody said it was death.  
We lifted him up in our arms ;  
We were not many yards from the door  
Of the hut where his mother had kissed him  
Not more than ten minutes before.

" Kissed him, and there he was dead.  
Oh Molly! I hear you shriek  
As you clasped little Pete in your arms,  
Calling on him to speak.  
He was all that we had, you know, lad.