

ment noticeable. The professional man's office was in his house, and the merchant lived over his store. He dealt in all kinds of goods and served his customers early and late. He bartered with the people for their produce, and weighed up the butter and counted out the eggs, for which he paid in groceries and dry goods. Now he has his house on a fashionable street, or a villa in the vicinity of the city, and is driven to his counting house in his carriage. His father, and himself, perhaps, in his boyhood, toiled in the summer time under a burning sun, and now he and his family take their vacation during hot weather at fashionable watering places, or make a tour in Europe.

We have but little to complain of as a people. Our progress in the last fifty years has been such as cannot but be gratifying to every Canadian, and if we are only true to ourselves and the great principles that underlie real and permanent success, we should go on building up a yet greater and more substantial prosperity, as the avenues of trade which are being opened up from time to time become available. But let us guard against the enervating influences which are too apt to follow increase of wealth. The desire to rise in the social scale is one that finds a

response in every breast ; but it often happens that as we ascend, habits and tastes are formed that are at variance not only with our own well-being, but with those who may be influenced by us. One of the principal objects, it would seem, in making a fortune in these days, is to make a show. There are not many families in this Province, so far, fortunately, whose children can afford to lead a life of idleness. Indeed, if the truth must be told, the richest heir in our land cannot afford it. Still, when children are born with silver spoons in their mouths, the necessity to work is removed, and it requires some impulse to work when there is no actual need. But, fortunately, there are higher motives in this world than a life of inglorious ease. Wealth can give much, but it cannot make a man, in the proper and higher sense, any more than iron can be transmuted into gold. It is a sad thing, I think, to find many of our wealthy farmers bringing up their children with the idea that a farmer is not as respectable as a counter-jumper in a city or village store, or that the kitchen is too trying for the delicate organization of the daughter, and that her vocation is to adorn the drawing-room, to be waited on by mamma, and to make a brilliant match.

(To be continued.)

WOMANHOOD.

BY ESPERANCE.

FROM childhood into girlhood,
 But still the skies are fair ;
 Then girlhood grows to womanhood
 And carelessness to care ;
 And spots are on the Summer sun,
 And shadows everywhere.