

aula opposite the mouth of the canal, or, as it would then be, the river, so as to give to the waters free egress to the lake. I would divert the stream into this new channel by throwing a dam across its present "debouchment," or, if necessary, right across the lower side of the bay. The distance from the new mouth of the river across Ashbridge's Bay would be, comparatively speaking, so short, that the current would be likely to retain its full force so as to carry away most of the silt into the outer lake, and at the annual period of freshets, would have the effect of sluicing the opening, so as to keep it always clear and free from an undue accumulation of sand. Another effect likely to be produced would be, the forming of much deposit from the floods of the Don, in rear of the dam, thereby tending to raise the low lands in that vicinity, until perhaps a considerable width along the margin and fronting on the harbor, would be available for building or other purposes.

MAJOR—Now, Laird, for your "Facts."

LAIRD—Facts hae I nane, so I have just prepared a lang screed o' observations that I think are quite as gude.

DOCTOR—We're all attention.

LAIRD—I have aye thocht that we puir folk who win our daily bread by the sweat o' our broo, dinna think as much o' ourself as we ought, and these remarks are the fruit o' my cogitations. [*Reads:*

THE FARMER'S INFLUENCE—CAN FARMING BE MADE PROFITABLE?

THE true test of ability for farming, all the world over, is the greatest amount of success in the management of those two practical antipodes, cost and result. A man who may raise enormous crops at a cost of ten times all that these crops will repay; or who may compel his farm laborers, however industrious and efficient they may be, to work without tools, or at best, to hoe his corn with a garden trowel, or to water his cattle in an egg shell—would be set down as decidedly a bad manager. On the contrary, the farmer who applies his means in the best possible manner, to obtain the greatest amount of results, whether by enriching the land ultimately, or increasing its immediate products—who turns all the currents of waste into profitable channels—shows that the touch of his hand is that of a master, and that he possesses the true philosopher's stone, which turns all his applied energies into gold.

But our present object is not to point out the best way to secure large dividends from farm capital. We shall deviate for once from this almost universal track, and endeavor to show how the farmer may increase the physical and mental comfort of himself and those about him, quite as much (and by the outlay of far less monied capital,) as by simply heaping together piles of gold. The means by which this most desirable result is to be secured, is the proper use of his influence. "My influence? I have no influence!" exclaim a host of moderate farmers, more ambitious and restless perhaps, than they are willing to admit, and who failed to secure any nomination at the last town caucus. "What influence can I possibly have," gravely expostulates the more sedate country resident, "when I cannot even persuade

my own boys to avoid the city and become cultivators of the soil?" "You can't expect us to have any influence?" is the inquiring exclamation of the young farmer of taste, who failed in saving from the remorseless axe, a beautiful group of sugar maples which stood in the public road; and whose public spirit has been chilled by the jeers of his stupid neighbors, for proposing to line the highway with a mile of forest trees.

But our friends must not by any means despair. They possess a power of which they are not conscious, although it may not be capable of operating quite in the way they would most desire.—The truth is, there are too many who are looking only for some great or extraordinary occasion to exercise their powers. They may profitably remember the fable of the sweeping mountain torrent, that was soon dry, contrasted with the perpetual rill, which always enlivened and refreshed its banks, and in process of time filled a vast lake with its waters.

In the first place, every one may exert a most healthful influence for *rural taste*. A friend of ours moved into a district of country where the people generally would have been regarded as utterly destitute of all taste of the kind. He could not persuade a single man among them to plant an ornamental tree. He however resolved to have the comforts and embellishments of country life, though of a cheap character, for his own family. His wondering neighbors began to inquire about the trees he planted, "that were good for nothing but to look at," and pitied the wretched taste which he exhibited by not placing his lilacs, honeysuckles, magnolias and evergreens, "all in a row." But it is a characteristic of the works of true taste, that the more they are scrutinized, the more pleasing they appear; and those rude inhabitants evinced, before they were aware of it, that the latent principle of genuine appreciation of the beautiful, which had so long slumbered within them, was beginning to show itself in the little plantations of roses and shrubbery about their dwellings, that they might enjoy something of the most delightful home scenery which they had been insensibly led to admire in their pioneer neighbor. It was not many years before a great change had come over the face of the country, and many had learned that there was some satisfaction in neat dwellings surrounded by tasteful grounds.

In the next place, every one may exert a most valuable and powerful influence, in leading his children, and those more immediately beneath his care, to exalted views of the scenes around them. It does not at all destroy or lessen one's skill to manage those two refractory opponents, Cost and Profit, to look up occasionally from the plough-point before him, to the rich, varied, and magnificent panorama around him,

From the blue rim, where skies and mountains meet,
Down to the very turf beneath his feet;
neither does it at all require the rare gifts of the "philosophic few" to look upon

The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields,
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,

with something of the eye of a painter, naturalist, and admirer of the wonderful and beautiful in Design. This study very soon becomes contagious