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THE DIGNITY OF A CALLING IS ITS UTILITY.

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Editorial

As we sit in the only arm chair in our sanctum, and contemplate the window blind as it cheerfully sways too and fro in the breeze, and note how the gaslight fantastically disports itself under the influence of these balmy zephyrs, we naturally drift into a reflective mood, for such surroundings are certainly conducive to cool contemplation.

Among other subjects for thought comes Addison's argument that laughter is caused by a feeling of superiority on the part of the person who laughs, over the person or thing that is the object of laughter. Many are inclined to dispute this theory, but let us take a few examples. For instance, when your respected parent struck his thumb-nail with the hammer, instead of the nail he intended to strike, you laughed, of course. But how about the "old man"? He witnessed the very same occurrence that provoked your mirth, and did he laugh? Let the boot that followed your retreating figure answer decidedly in the negative. Then again, upon that other occasion, when you attempted to escort your best girl home from church, and the walk was covered with the most treacherous description of ice, you remember how you were suddenly seized by an irresistible longing to ascertain how large your feet appeared when viewed upon a background of sky, and how, when you attempted to display your agility in rising, you were seized by another insane desire to exhibit how fast you could run upon your hands and feet, and how suddenly you could stop by utilizing your nose as an anchor. Upon this occasion, we say, you remember how the young lady laughed. But what about yourself? No doubt you laughed immoderately, but we were not there to see. One more example. When you read the local hits upon other fellows, you enjoy them immensely, but when one happens to light upon your own head, how is it with you then? Is there the same hearty ring in your laughter that there was before? However this may be, we hope you may always take these hits in the spirit with which they are given as merely a little good-natured raillery, and nothing more, for it is our earnest desire to avoid everything that savors of ill-nature or spite.

There is such a thing, you know, as being too thin-skinned. Who has not met the man with the everlasting grievance—the man who looks behind your every word and act to discover some sinister motive, and succeeds every time? Treat him kindly, and he is sure that behind your affability you conceal some evil design; treat him coolly, and he calls you proud and overbearing; ignore him, and he is mortally offended. Relate some little anecdote or joke in his presence, and he sees clearly some unpleasant reflection upon himself; engage in conversation with another, and he is sure you are talking about him; smile,

and you are laughing at him; indeed, such is the influence of this dread disease (for it is nothing more or less than a disease) that all the harmony and beauty in life becomes discordance and deformity in his imagination, while worse still, the sufferer, sublimely unconscious that the trouble exists in himself, uses every means in his power to aggravate rather than eradicate his distemper. It is a great misfortune to know such a man, and it is by far the safer to have him your enemy than friend.

Do not, then, sow the seeds of this disease by unnecessarily vexing yourself, should your name appear in our columns, for by so doing, you may form the habit of taking things to yourself that are not intended for you. However, should it come to the worst, our persuasive editor is in fine condition, and besides there is an available bull-dog or two about the premises, which we intend to press into the service.



MISTAKES WE ARE MAKING.

SOME one has said agriculture is the basis of our national prosperity. Accordingly, it seems very strange that the occupation which directly or indirectly furnishes food to sustain the ever increasing population of the earth should be looked down on by so many people. How is it that farming is regarded with this disfavor by certain classes of the community? What reason have people for despising the occupation that first received the attention of man, and still forms the chief employment of the majority of the human race, are questions that involuntarily arise in the mind. It cannot be from the nature of the calling, for none is so conducive to health, happiness and longevity of life; and from a financial standpoint, farming has proved quite as remunerative as many others. It cannot be from any superior ability or intelligence, for the average farmer compares very favorably with his city cousins in these respects. As it can be none of the foregoing, we will need to seek other grounds of investigation.

In the first place, let us notice, for a few moments, the position of those that look down on the profession, and see if we can derive any enlightenment from their opinions. The people that are so fond of casting reflections on the business, and of branding the agriculturist with such choice names as "Hayseeds" and "Country Boy," etc., are in nearly every instance unworthy of notice. A large proportion of them spend their time loafing around street corners, smoking cheap cigars and criticising those unfortunate enough to be travelling in that direction. A large percent of these fellows are very ignorant, and have no definite conception of country life, hence their opinions are utterly valueless. In contrast to them, we know refined and well educated people realize the numerous advantages of rural life, and consequently they have a higher appreciation of the business, many engaging in agricultural pursuits themselves, or in other cases educating their sons with this object in view. Some of our farmers deserve severe censure for looking down on their own occupation. How can they ever expect to command the respect and esteem of the community until this state of affairs is reversed? Now,