

tail, and extending to the udder, the hair surrounding, and naturally turning away from the shield in the form of what is called "a cow's lick." Found in conjunction with other signs, it rarely, if ever, fails to indicate a good milker.

The question how to secure large yields of rich milk, is too comprehensive to be discussed in a single paper. It has not only to do with the breeding or selection of good cows, but their feeding and general management. A naturally good cow will prove a very poor one, if half-starved, stinted of water, and badly cared for generally. Good milk as to condition, demands food of choice quality; pure water; absence of all offensive smells from the pasture and stables; avoidance of all worry and over-heating in driving cows; regular, quiet, and thorough milking; absolute cleanliness of hands, pails, cans, and all utensils; and general good management. On all these points, the dairymen of Ontario have had line upon line and precept upon precept; here a little and there a little. Time was when their sins, both of omission and commission, were those of ignorance, but this excuse can be pleaded no longer. The Bible is a grand book on dairying as well as other religious subjects, and I commend to you these two passages as a sample of its teachings: "Be thou diligent to know the state of thy flocks, and look well to thy herds." "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

I cannot better conclude than by reading a negro sermon in verse taken from a recent number of *Scribner's Monthly*, on "Half-Way Doin's."

Belubbed fellow travellers, in holding forth to-day,
I doesn't quote no special verse for what I has to say;
De sermon will be berry short, an' dis here am de tex,
Dat half-way doin's aint no 'count for dis worl' or de nex'.

Dis worl' dat we's a libbin in, is like a cotton row,
Whor ebery cullud gentleman has got his line to hoe:
An' ebery time a lazy nigger stops to take a nap,
De grass keeps on a growin', for to smudder up his crap.

When Moses led de Jews acros' de waters of deseas,
Dey had to keep a goin', jes' as fas' as fas' could be,
Do you 'apose ney could ebber hab succeeded in deir wish,
An' reached de Promised Land at las' if dey had stopt to fish?

My friend's dar was a garden once whar Adam libbed
wid Eve,
Wid no one round to bodder dem, no neighbors for to thieve,
An' ebery day was Christmas, an' dey got deir rations ree,
An' 'ebery ting belonged to dem, except one apple tree.

You all know 'bout de story—how de snake com,
snoopin' 'round—
A stump tall rusty moocassin, a-crawl'n on de ground
How Eve an' Adam ate de fruit, an, went an' hid deir face
Till de angel overseer he came, an' drove 'em off de place.

Now, 'spose dat man an' 'ooman hadn't 'tempted for to shirk,
But had gone 'bout deir gardenin, an' 'tended to deir work,
Dey wouldn't hab ben loafin' whar dey had no business 'to,
An' de debbil nebber'd got a chance to tell' em what to do.

No half-way doin's, bredren—It'll nebber do, I say,
Go at your task an' finish it, an' den's de time to play;
For even if de crap is good, de rain'll spile de bolls,
Unless your keeps a-pickin' in de garden ob your souls.

Heep a-plowin' an' a hoein, 'an' a-scrap'n ob de rows,
An' when de ginnin's ober you can pay up what you owes.

But if you quits a-workin' ebery time de sun is hot,
De sheriff's gwin to lebbly upon everythin' you's got.

Whateber tis you's dribin's at, be sho' and drive it through,
An' don't let nuffin stop you, but do what you's gwin to do;
For when you sees a nigger foolin', den as sho's you's born,
You's gwine to see him comin' out de small end ob de horn.

I t'anks you for de 'tention you has gib dis afternoon,
Sister Williams will oblige us by a-raisin' ob a tune.
I see dat Brudder Johnson's' bout to pass 'round de hat,
An' don't let's hab no half-way doin's when it comes to dat.