

stant branch of trade may be made a permanent commercial interest of no small magnitude. But, if this is to be the case, we must make first-class cheese, and so build up a high reputation in the English market. We can do this if we will, and success is attainable only on this condition. If we content ourselves with inferiority, or even mediocrity, the Canadian dairy business will never amount to much, and we shall have the mortification of being outstripped by those whose cows, pastures, implements, heads and hands, are not a whit superior to our own.

The Harvest

During the past fortnight the weather has been for the most part extremely sultry, relieved, however, by occasional thunder storms and refreshing rains. Harvest operations have progressed with the usual activity of the season, and on the whole with encouraging prospects. The accounts we receive from different quarters are of somewhat varied character. In some places, as in Middlesex, for example, the amount of damage to the wheat by midge has been very serious; whilst throughout other extensive sections, especially in the north, we learn that very little injury has been inflicted. The Soule's wheat has suffered most: "midge-proof" has justified its name and reputation by escaping the ravages of this insect altogether, and turning out well with regard to yield. Spring wheat and barley, as expected, are mostly short in the straw, and in some places, perhaps, a little below the average in quantity, by reason of the prevailing drought. Concerning other crops the reports are satisfactory.

The accounts from the United States are for the most part highly favorable; and our English exchanges say there is every prospect of a good harvest in Great Britain and Ireland, as well as on the European continent generally.

Under this state of things, we confidently look for the usual fall which accompanies an abundant harvest in the prices of flour and other articles of food: nor do we hesitate to confess that we rejoice in the anticipation. A vast amount of privation and suffering is entailed on a very large portion of the community by any extreme rise in the cost of food and other necessities of life. When we would congratulate the farmer on the high price he receives for his wheat, we are checked by the thought of the thousands who must in consequence come short of bread: and what we wish to see, and must always welcome with unmitigated satisfaction, is an abundant yield, rather than a famine price. A greater number of bushels to the acre, rather than a higher sum per bushel, is the true measure of the farmer's prosperity and the nation's weal. In this respect, we have every reason to hope that the harvest of 1867—the first of our new dominion—will be one to call forth our earnest gratitude to the Almighty, and to send plenty and gladness throughout the homes of Canada.

Honest Labour

THERE is no complaint more common, and perhaps none better founded, than that a great number of young Canadians don't take kindly to *farming*. In many cases they leave their old fathers to toil alone, while they try something easier, and, as they fancy, more genteel. You can get any quantity of school teachers, such as they are, any number to peddle books or tin-ware, any number to hawk about some handy little conceit, whether in the shape of a jumping-jack or a barometer, but you cannot get as many as could be desired to cultivate the fields, and by honest toil to gain for themselves a livelihood and a home. It seems to be taken for granted that that involves too hard work, and is altogether too slow a process for such as they are. Besides, it is rather a coarse, rough life, not so gentlemanly as could be de-

sired, and needs also to be kept at far too steadily to be at all attractive. They like change—variety—something now, and another thing then. It is so dull also upon a farm; it is just work, work, continually; one can get no fun. All this is very lamentable. This restless, unsettled love of change and ease—this very complaining of the irksomeness of continued and honorable toil—is not pleasant to contemplate. It is quite true that all varieties of work need to be done; that what are thought easy and honourable situations have to be occupied as well as those which may be looked upon as less so; but it is surely not a pleasant or an encouraging thing that already, in a young country like this, something like *dislike* should, in the minds of many, be associated with manual labour, and that there should be almost a rush, on the part of those who by natural ability and training are quite unfitted for that at which they aim, away from work which they are quite able for, and from positions which they could occupy with efficiency and success. It is quite true that what may be called the *prices* in agriculture are not so large as those in some other walks of life, and that, as many would judge, they are not so easily reached; but, then, it is never to be forgotten that the blanks are likewise a great deal fewer. We should think it is not going beyond the mark to say that there are two or three thousand merchants in Ontario who are scarcely making a living, struggling wearily and anxiously to keep up appearances, and, if possible, to make ends meet. These are not taken account of by boys from the country, or even by the friends of such. They see in the town where they do their business, the merchant having an easy, prosperous, pleasant time—never exposed to the weather, never apparently having his fingers soiled, scarcely his back bent, and they naturally say—"A capitally good thing that—far better than toiling and moiling away here and getting almost nothing after all." But they don't think of bills, perhaps, maturing, and the funds low—of the inexorable demands of position—the necessity of appearing "respectable"—bad debts—keen competition, and all the *etceteras* that merchants know so well. They know only that so-and-so began with nothing, and has built that fine house, or that fine store, and they naturally conclude that they may do the same. What shall we say about lawyers and doctors? Why, then, we presume that the country would be still well supplied, though not another was made for the next ten years. Nothing need be said of clergymen, for the prizes in that line are neither so numerous nor so great as to cause an undue rush to the pulpit.

With a great number, however, who turn away from what *must* be the great business of Canada—farming—a laudable ambition to better their circumstances seems to have very little influence. They would like, no doubt, to make money—they would, above all things, be pleased to appear *genteel*, but the great thing is to be, *at any rate*, relieved from anything like *hard work*. In cases almost without number, all over the Province, there will be found young, strong men, occupying positions where the remuneration is comparatively trifling, simply because it is thought more respectable to do that than something else which would oblige them to take off their coats and make their hands harder and browner than they have any taste for. They are not getting more for their work than they would as farmers or farm labourers; nay, in a great many instances, not nearly so much. Still, they would rather hold on to something of that sort, for the reason already mentioned. Let them be clerks or teachers, or peddlers or agents, or in short anything that relieves them from the obligation to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. It would, perhaps, be wrong to blame the young altogether for this state of things. Have our farmers themselves not a good deal to do with it? What an amount of complaining is there among them that farming is not a money-making

business; that in this country it does not pay; that the seasons are so short and uncertain that they cannot be reckoned on; and, in short, that there are so many drawbacks of one kind or another, that they have good reason to be dissatisfied with their lot. What can they expect, but that, indulging continually in this kind of talk, they should have their children resolving that, be what they might, they would not be farmers. Whatever may be the reason for such a state of things, and however you apportion the blame, *of the fact there can be no doubt*. Plenty of farmers can be found with two and three grown up sons, and not one to help them in their work or take their places when they die. And yet farming has been to those very fathers not such a bad thing. In nineteen cases out of twenty they have come to this country with nothing but a tolerable measure of health and the power and will to labour. They, very likely, have wrought hard, but not harder than they would have been obliged to do in the country from which they came. They may have had not a few hardships, and their share of anxiety and trouble; but at the end of twenty or twenty-five years, what have they become? Possessed of two, three, five or more thousand dollars of realized capital. They have brought up a family decently and comfortably, and they have the prospect of spending an old age in plenty. It ill becomes such to say that Canada is a poor country for the farmer, or to encourage their children to follow some other line of life under the mistaken idea that it will be either more remunerative or more genteel.

This mistaken idea of what is respectable and genteel, however, is showing itself in a great many other ways. It has been the boast of such countries as Canada that a person was thought all the more of for being able and willing to help himself. Is there no danger of our very prosperity changing all that?—of the children of those who have been by honest and persevering labor, tolerably successful, thinking that their honour consists in doing nothing and being able to do nothing?—of the daughters of successful farmers leaving the housework to their mothers, and themselves playing the fine lady as well as they know how?—of the sons of successful merchants getting ashamed of the shop, getting into loose, idle, vicious habits, and leaning altogether on the "governor" to think and provide for them? Will it not be found already, even in Canada, that there are families with two, three, even four daughters, in which one or perhaps even two servants are kept, though they can be ill afforded, simply because it would be scandalous for the young ladies to do any ordinary house-work? Their neighbours do not do it, and they could not think of being inferior to them. In the meantime what are those girls doing? Nothing in particular; reading, perhaps, trashy sensation novels; bothering their fathers about having nothing to wear; perfectly posted in all the local gossip; delighted at the idea of a ball; flirting, of course, with young men; devoutly believing that the great end of woman's life is to get married; filled with a devout horror of being "bored," and absolutely convinced that it is entirely "unlady-like" even to try to help oneself! It is all nonsense to say that such a state of things is only to be looked for in old and very wealthy countries. It is among ourselves, and shows its presence quite as much among those who cannot "afford" such things as among those who can. It is to be met with in town and country, in city and village, producing incalculable misery, and rearing a large number of men and women who are never likely to make Canada either prosperous or strong. Does any one ask where will you find it? We answer, keep your eyes open in your own neighbourhood, and you cannot fail. You will find it in the general dislike entertained for domestic service, by which girls, in many of the humblest homes in the land, are kept together in idleness and "pinchery," rather than that they should go and be honoured and useful servants or "helps," (we don't care what you call them), in respectable families, and be trained to be real help-merts for any young men that might ask them, by and by, to be their companions in the journey of life; and up through every rank, and in almost every place, you will find it in the foolish struggle to "maintain appearances," to keep up sides with neighbours who are wealthier, to get the reputation of having what they have not, and of being what they are not. You will find it in clerks spending all their salaries, often before they are earned, and glorying in "bidding