

WHAT ARE OUR RESOURCES.

In looking over our English agricultural exchanges, we were struck with an article in one, enquiring what our resources are, and what we are likely to be, and at the same time, giving rather a bedoling view of things in general in Canada; and perhaps it will not be out of place to enlighten not only our contemporaries in England, but the public there in general, on this very important subject. No part of the globe possesses a wider or more varied description of resources, than this our Dominion. First we have one of the grandest, that we are certain can compare favorably with any place, and one that is essential to the building up of any country, and that is our magnificent harbors, capable of accommodating the largest vessels and any quantity of them. Then we have the vast and splendid river St. Lawrence, forming a highway to our great internal fresh water lakes, constituting one unbroken channel. In these waters we have immense wealth, in the numerous sorts of fish that inhabit them giving employ as well as food to thousands. Then comes our climate, which as a healthy one, can vie with that of any part. A splendid dry, bracing atmosphere in winter, so that pulmonary affections are with us the exception and not the rule. Next comes our soil, which is all that needs be; one which can grow any kind of grain or vegetable, not to say of each sort of fruit—and will produce cattle of all sorts, that would do credit to far older countries than this. Then have we not our large and flourishing cities, together with their varied manufactories of machinery, implements, woollen and other wares. We have a vast and widely extended system of railways, which, if some of them have not been profitable to the shareholders, they have proved efficacious in developing the country, and we doubt not will yet prove remunerative to the proprietors. Another of our advantages is, our large and numerous sorts of timber, which is sent throughout the globe. Add to this our minerals, which so far are almost undeveloped, but which are gradually being opened up, and will one day become a large and important feature. Enumerate our various descriptions of stone, also our valuable furs. We think we have said enough upon our resources. We are sneered at because we have not made progress. It may be that we have not done what we might on this score, but a fault in routine or management, should not be exaggerated into a view that our country is a valueless and useless wilderness, where only the bear and the beaver can live. This is simply ridiculous; the fact can be met with here in any direction of men who are well to do and wealthy, and who began with nothing but a good heart and constitution, and who have by this means attained a position they would never, or at least the gen-

erality of them would not, if they had remained in the mother country. Finally we say let those at home who contemplate leaving with a view of bettering their condition, pause before they ridicule and sneer at Canada, or they may perhaps go farther and fare worse. People with energy and a good constitution, especially if they have a little means, need not hesitate of succeeding here, where there is plenty of elbow room, and not the system of overcrowding that prevails in the cities, towns, and counties of England, where competition for everything is so rife, that by so doing, one injures the other, and collapse is often the result.

Get up a Club for the Farmer's Advocate.

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

Up this world and down this world,
And over this world, and through;
Though drifted about,
And tossed about,
Why, "paddle your own canoe."

What though the sky be heavy with clouds,
Or shining, a field of blue?
Though the bleak wind blows,
Or the sunshine glows,
Still "paddle your own canoe."

If trouble's breakers rise ahead,
With dark waves rushing through;
More steadily try,
Strong arms to ply,
And "paddle your own canoe."

Should a hurricane rise in the midnight sky,
And the stars be lost to view;
Guide safely along,
With a cheering song,
And "paddle your own canoe."

So up this world and down this world,
And over this world and through;
Though weary and worn,
Bereft, forlorn,
Still "paddle your own canoe."

Oh! do not "give up" when trials come,
Oh! never look gloomy or blue!
And never sit down
With a tear or a frown,
But "paddle your own canoe."

There are flowrets springing along the shore,
Blooming and sweet for you;
There are rose hued dyes,
In the autumn skies—
Then "paddle your own canoe."

For wherever you go, and whatever you do,
You'll find this word is true—
God, him will help,
Who helps himself,
So "paddle your own canoe."

ENCORE.

If office-seekers together join
Their fortunes thus to hew,
Just set up your jib,
And throw them a squib,
But "paddle your own canoe."

This may be old to many of our readers, but there are many that have never yet heard or seen it. It has long been a popular song in the cities.

Josh Billings says: "Whenever I find a real handsome woman engaged in wimmin's rights bizzness, then I am going to take my hat under my arm, and jine the procession."

A Handsome Christmas Present for your Daughter!

WORTHEN'S SELF-ACTING HAND LOOM.

The most important addition made to the implements in the Agricultural Ware-room during the past month, has been this celebrated Loom. It is a beautiful, useful, and even ornamental piece of furniture. We know of no better present that you could make to your daughters; as some farmers that have purchased pianos for their daughters, the wreck of the daughter and the family, and loss of the farm, have been sometimes the effect. Others have expended the price of a loom in trashy jewelery; others on silks, satins, and furs, with equally disastrous results. Teach your daughters honest industry. Give them one of Worthen's Self-acting Looms, and they are then independent. It would make them one hundred times more happy, more honorable, more useful, then expending your time and money for them to dance with a prince. They would make better wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters, than giving them teaching that breeds flippancy and horse race admirers, which is often the stepping stone to ruin.

Show your paper to your neighbors.

From Josh Billings' Farmer's Allminax.

When roosters are observed before daylite in the morning soreing among the klouds, and uttering lamentashuns, then look out for some sudden weather and a severe pucker in the money market.

When you see 13 geese walking Injun file, and toeing in, you can deliberately bet yure last surviving dollar on a hard winter and a grate fluctuousness during the next season in the price of cow hide boots.

If pigs squeal in the night, and grasshoppers cum oph ov their roost and mingle in a free fight, yu may hope for high winds in a few weeks, and also the typus fever in yure naberhood.

When spiders are seen climbing up the wall backwards, and frogs cough az they had the hickups, look out for rain. This iz also a sure sine that children will have the measles light.

If bees hang around their hives, and mules are seen in a brown study, a storm uv sum kind iz cooking, and you will notis the market for herring is very cadaverous and chilly.

Jist before a heavy sno storm, ov 3 foot deep, chimbly swallows are unkommon skarse and in the moral world there is a grate lazyness in the agytashun of the temperance question.

When hens lay 2 eggs a day, and men cease to bragg and wimmen cease to cackle, then Injun summer draws ni, and the Millenium aint fur oph.

Love iz sed to be blind but i kno lots of phellows in love who can see twice as mutch in their sweethearts as I kan.

It is very diffikult for a poor man to be superior to his sortune, and more diffikult for a rich one.