

this country his home, and it should also be of interest to him."

"A hopeless idea, Uncle. You may rehearse for ever the greatness of Canada, but Papa is always ready to hang out his British standard by which to measure it. You had better talk to me."

"Which means that you want the conversation all to yourself, Ethel. Very well; I shall tell you a story then."

"That will be nicer. Let us have the story by all means, uncle."

"There is a farmer of my vicinity—an American, of course, or the story would not be worth the telling—who once engaged a neighbour—a real live Yankee from "down east"—to help him in logging up a piece of nearly cleared land, to put it in readiness for a crop. Now, logging—as you may perhaps be aware—is a very laborious business, and requires considerable personal strength in those engaged in it. So far as this quality was concerned, my friend, the farmer, had made a good choice of an assistant, for Ebenezer was as powerfully framed as his master; but he had equally with the latter, an unconquerable aversion to using his strength in any greater degree than he could help; and both being remarkably keen hands, they were constantly striving each to throw the lion's share of the hard work upon the other. During their first morning's work, Ebenezer manipulated so successfully his talents in securing for himself the light lifting, and throwing the heavy work upon his master, that the latter became impatient, as he found himself with at least one half of the labour to perform, while, as master, he conceived himself called upon for a much lighter share. At length, as one particularly heavy log was drawn up to the pile, and Ebenezer—ever alive to his own interests—unhitching the ox-chain, had quietly sneaked off to the small end of the stick for the light lift—his patience gave way. "Always take the butt-end, Ebenezer!" he shouted; "'that's your end you know. Never be afraid of the butt end,'" and the