

filled the contents are transferred to a large sack holding about a bushel and a half. At ten o'clock the first measuring takes place, and as the estate of which I was superintendent was a very large one there were ten receiving houses for measuring the coffee, which was conveyed thence through spouts flushed with water, and very much resembling stove-pipes, to the pulping machine at the store, the ripe coffee, or "cherry" as it is termed, being divested of its outer pulp and skin in its passage through the pulper, the leaves being separated from it and thrown into vats, and the husk, or "pallam," being cast into other receptacles, to be afterwards utilized for manuring purposes. As fast as a coolie has his load measured he is given a brass ticket indicating the amount he has picked, and off he goes to his work again, till the final measurement at five o'clock. All hands are paid monthly.

There are many difficulties to be contended with during crop-time. Firstly, the weather, which pours with rain all day and all night long; this makes it very difficult to get the coffee-beans dried for transportation to Colombo, where it is finally cured and thence shipped to England and elsewhere. When the sun positively refuses to show himself for days together, hot-air chambers must be resorted to for drying purposes, but this process is not so thorough as sun-drying. Next, the pipes through which the "cherry" is conducted from the receiving houses to the pulper (often a mile in length) are liable to become stuffed up; they burst and the coffee is scattered far and wide. Another trouble is the too simultaneous ripening of the crop; it sometimes all seems to ripen at once, and the consequence is it cannot be picked fast enough, and drops from the trees and decays. Coolies must be borrowed from some estate where crop is not so far advanced, for be it known, owing to the hilly nature of Ceylon, all the estates do not have crop-time simultaneously, and one plantation may be fully ripe whilst on another, three miles off and at a higher elevation, the berries may be only changing from green to red.

A coffee-plantation in full bloom is a beautiful sight. The blossom is a pure white, star-shaped flower, of a strong, sweet, though somewhat sickly odor, and, when very thick, gives to an estate the appearance of having been visited by a heavy snow storm. The blossom falls off in a few days.

Crop-time lasts for about a month, though on some plantations it drags along for several, the coffee ripening by slow degrees.

The ordinary pay of estate coolies, who are imported from the Malabar coast, is eightpence a day for men, sixpence for women, and fourpence for children. From this is deducted the value of a bushel of rice per month per adult coolie, this being about from seven to ten shillings.

Crop-time is by far the busiest season in the year, and as soon as it is over the planter is devoutly thankful. If all has gone well, and his crops have not been much spoiled in the pulping, and the drying process has been successful, he thanks his stars, and does his best to get it off his hands to Colombo, where are large curing establishments, at which it is subjected to another process before shipment abroad. It is thoroughly dried and winnowed, the winnowing having the effect of peeling off a thin, filmy skin adhering to the bean; the beans are then carefully picked over by hand, (females being mostly employed for this purpose), and it is barrelled up and sent on board ship.

After crop, on the plantation, comes pruning, and at this only men and boys are

employed; it is an important branch of coffee-cultivation, and needs much care on the part of the superintendent, who must be careful neither to over-prune or under-prune, both being equally injurious. The estate is parcelled out in contracts to responsible coolies to be weeded, other hands are set to cutting and filling holes for manure, making manure, and to the multifarious duties of a large and flourishing plantation. When pruning is over, then come the planter's halcyon days, of which I will speak in a future paper.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WORRY.

BY A BARRISTER, LONDON, ONT.

In the present day civilisation has reached, in the opinion of many, its culminating point. It is gravely asserted that the human race is capable of bearing only a certain amount of civilization. Up to a certain point the race steadily improves. That point passed the race as steadily deteriorates, until at last it sinks into oblivion or becomes extinct. While this is probably an incorrect theory, it is beyond doubt that in savage, or at all events in bucolic life, are found elements necessary to human happiness and the well-being of the race which are entirely wanting in the high pressure existence of modern civilization. That the absence of these elements is detrimental cannot be denied.

In the aboriginal or pastoral state of existence, the savage or the peasant derives material benefit from two necessary conditions of his existence. They keep his mind and body strong, vigorous, and active; they ward off disease and lengthen life. These conditions are outdoor life and labor and contentment.

How many of the ills that modern flesh is heir to are due solely to sedentary occupations and habits in both sexes must be left to the doctors to differ about. This prejudicial effect may be gathered from one example. In former days, when outdoor life and exercise made the vigorous machoed of the good old times what it was, a nervous arm dealt blows of oxen-felling power. Now nervous has changed its meaning. Our men of business and professions are all nervous, but no oxen dread them.

But even modern sedentary life would not be so dire in its results were it not for the habit of worrying that seems to have become a not-to-be-avoided part of the struggle for existence. Worry is sapping the foundations of civilization!

The thought is startling. To those who look beyond the present, and who, while not accepting the creed which makes humanity a God, believe that we owe a duty to posterity which we dare not deny, though we may, and do, criminally neglect it, the outlook is the reverse of cheerful. The higher life we live is not all due to our own exertions. We were made capable of living it through the inherited vigor of our forefathers. We are fast losing this capability, and are becoming nervous and dyspeptic. Succeeding generations will inherit our nervousness and stomachic incapability. Why? Because we worry and continue to worry, and ruin our nerves and spoil our digestion.

It is perfectly evident then that we should not worry. Now, there are, roughly speaking, three classes of persons in this world. Christians (real, not nominal), philosophers, and fools. Let us take each in turn, premising that rich and poor, young and old, are to be found in each class.

Now, if any class or order of persons ought to be easy on the score not only of the present but also of the future, that class would be the religious class. You will un-

derstand, of course, that throughout I am speaking of really religious people, people to whom Christianity is a living reality, to whom the Bible and the promises of God therein contained should be beyond doubt or question. To such persons worry should be impossible. They have the promise of an Almighty God that they shall not want. Their future life will be one of unutterable bliss. Should any trouble or distress of mind or body befall them, they have the promise of Heavenly support and comfort. So why should they worry? Accordingly, if you find a real Christian you find a man to whom worry is practically a sin, and therefore to be anxiously shunned and avoided and fought against, though, so weak is human nature even at the best, not entirely to be evaded.

Philosophers do not, as a class, worry much. Their motto is, "Don't meet trouble half way." They say if trouble is inevitably impending you may worry yourself to the brink of the grave, but you cannot in that way avert disaster. The only result will be that you die a thousand deaths while dreading one. If the trouble is impending but not inevitable, worry is equally useless. Besides, the trouble may threaten but not come, and then your worrying will be quite thrown away. Philosophers may rise to the rank of Christians. They then equally decline to worry themselves, but from different motives.

Then there are the fools. Now, it is sometimes suggested that we should let fools worry (for they will worry) and kill themselves. But the trouble is that fools do not kill themselves with worrying—they only shorten their days. Thus they have time to perpetuate their race. A fool, in the classification we have adopted, has neither the courage of a Christian nor the calmness of a philosopher. His worrying is pernicious not only to himself (which would not matter) but to others. Fools (that is, people who habitually worry), are responsible for the rush and the scramble, the nervousness and the dyspepsia, and most of the wear and tear of the present day and generation.

Is there, then, no remedy? Must we, if Christians, be shocked and distressed, and if philosophers, be amazed and disgusted by worrying fools? Must our civilization be destroyed, and must our race deteriorate, and can we do nothing to avoid it?

It has been suggested that the fools should be exterminated. But this is a drastic remedy, and likely to be unpopular. In fact it might be impossible, because the fools are numerous, and some of them occupy good positions.

Communism has boldly asserted itself as a remedy. But communism is not well spoken of. Christians are opposed to it (as proposed), philosophers condemn it as impracticable, and a great many fools, being property holders, are prejudiced against it.

There is only one true remedy—we must return to a more natural mode of life. Our present existence is too artificial. Let us consider the matter in individual cases. A farmer's son detests the farm, goes into town, gets a profession, and worries through many a weary year when clients or patients are not. He should have remained content with his farm. It being presumed that trade itself is an easy avenue to wealth, so great a competition results that merchants and shopkeepers worry themselves into a fever trying to meet their bills. The moneyed man, instead of employing his money in legitimate methods, rushes into speculations and corners and stocks and shares until his brain reels from the worry of his risks. The broker bulls and

bears, and puts and calls, until he arrives through worry at a state of shrieking frenzy. The politician, not with a single eye to his country's good, but with an anxious aching for the sweets of power and the fat jobs of office, schemes and plans, and lies and juggles, so that if in he may keep in, and if out, that he may get in. Result—premature baldness, not from early piety (a quality lost to office holders or seekers since the lamented death of the late G. Washington, Esq.,) but from unnecessary worry.

Here, then, lies the remedy. Let the farmer stick to his farm, and the tradesman to his trade. Explode the fallacy that commerce is an easy avenue to wealth and displace the theory that the professions alone are respectable. Let the moneyed man use his wealth for the encouragement of proper enterprises, and let the broker discard his "ticker" and cease to howl deliriously at the stock exchange. Let the politician think not of himself but of his country (if that be possible), let the fools and philosophers become trusting Christians, and worry will cease to trouble us, and nervousness and dyspepsia will flee away.

COMPENSATION TO LIQUOR TRAFFIC

BY A. HOOD, BARRISTER, ONT.

Mr. Burgess, in last week's TRUTH, was bold enough to offer a challenge to meet all and sundry on platform, or through the press, to prove that there is no precedent for such a proposal as that made by Mr. Kranz in the Dominion Parliament, for compensating brewers and distillers in the event of prohibition.

Let me say that a man would only be wasting his time if he did prove it, for before such proof would have any bearing on the point in discussion, he would have to prove, also, that no proposal is either just, proper, or admissible unless supported by precedent.

When compensation is discussed it is usually cast in the teeth of the liquor interest that the law gives them no right but such as are conferred on them by license, and as that is only granted from year to year they have no claim whatever for compensation in the event of license being withheld.

Supposing I lived in a wine-producing country, and invest my capital in that business; I buy, say from 160 to 200 acres of land, and spend from ten to twenty years of my life in planting and cultivating my vines; I erect buildings and cellars and buy presses, vats, and machinery; and in doing all this I am as free as the farmer who grows wheat and corn, and fattens cattle and hogs. I pay taxes, of course, the same as he does, and nothing more. Would it be right at six months' notice to pass a prohibitory law that would prevent me selling the produce of my vineyard, without compensation?

Suppose, instead of passing a prohibitory law at once it should be determined to check the production of intoxicants by degrees. Excise duties and a higher license on all engaged in the business would accomplish this; the license would kill off all the small growers and give the large ones a monopoly, just as liquor licenses do here. Let this continue for a few years, it may be only one, or it may be a hundred, (the principle is the same) it would then place the prohibitionists in the position of being able to say to the producers—as prohibitionists say here—"You have no rights but such as your licenses give you; you were aware when you obtained them that they were only good for one year; those who had power to grant have power to withhold,

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