

have had to do with emigrants, and I know that all, even those who are destined to prosper most in the end, have to go through a period of despondency and home sickness. This is particularly the case with mechanics and persons of that class, who, finding things not exactly as they are here, think that all is wrong, and lose heart. A labouring man—healthy, hard-working, sober and thrifty—cannot fail, I believe, to do better in the New World than he could possibly do here. For a farmer, taking with him money enough to buy his land and stock, or partly stock if the prospect seems good. But the British farmer, at least if he has reached middle-age, with his fixed habits and ideas, accustomed as he is to all the aids and appliances of a long-settled and highly-civilized country, with the mechanic always at hand to do for him what the American or Canadian does for himself, is hardly the man for the life of a pioneer; he is likely to do better by taking one of the farms in the East which are left vacant by the adventurous Americans and Canadians moving west. Of mechanics I

believe there are nearly enough for the present both in Canada and the United States, though, of course, the increase of the general population is always making fresh openings, especially in the West. Domestic servants are in demand, particularly such as can cook; but they must not expect the same punctilious divisions of household labour which there are here; they will have to follow the general rule of the continent, by mixing trades and doing things which here they would say were not their place. The class of callings which, I must repeat, is over-stocked, almost as much as it is in this country, is the lighter and more intellectual class, such as are commonly sought by the sons of gentlemen and educated men. Let not any man cross the Atlantic in quest of these, for if he does he is not unlikely to be an example, by no means the first, of highly-educated men seeking in vain for the humblest and coarsest employment that he may eat bread. I have only to add that any emigrant, English, Scotch, or Irish, who comes to Canada will find himself among friends.

A NEW YEAR'S WISH.

BY C. E. M., MONTREAL.

NOW when the world is joying with a joy
 That bids all wayward murmurs sink to peace,
 And every heart beats hopeful for increase
 Of good, free from a fleck of base alloy
 Demeaning human kind, as to destroy
 The nobler life whose gaze is upward bent
 Upon Faith's sky, if haply through a rent
 God's light supernal gleam: no paltry toy
 Of playful thought, struck out in meanest strain
 Wilt thou esteem this darling wish of mine
 That what thou cravest as thy richest gain
 May always smile upon thee, thee and thine,
 Till mortal chords close in eternal swell,
 And 'midst th' acclaim thou hear'st the words, 'Tis well.'