

contented. "Why," he remarked, "Mr. S., you appear in a very different mood than when I last saw you." "Yes," he replied, "then I was crushed indeed, but time has its soothing influence and finding that I could not sell out except at a ruinous sacrifice I determined to take another wife. She is to the manor born, inured to the climate, familiar with all the duties of a backwoods life, makes our own clothes, goes to market and provides for the house with sales of butter, poultry, eggs, etc., and we are making money hand over fist." How many similar cases have I known in Canada, but how few succeeded as well in a pecuniary way.

Now came the tug of war—plowing. I had a pretty good span of horses, but they were as strange to the plow as I was, who never handled one. I was then twenty-four years old. They were in good order, fat, frisky and playful, and I was strong, active and fearless. I had opened two or three furrows around the field (instead of in lands, ten or twelve feet wide, the proper way) and following the plow and horses sometimes at a trot, the sweat pouring from my face and the horses in a lather, when an ex-