

kets, yet the stock on hand suffers no diminution, but on the contrary, is rapidly increasing, and the wool crop of this county last year was more than double that of any former year.

The management of Hogs is shamefully neglected, both as regards breeding and feeding, and the present system of raising pork is rather a losing game. Hogs are in most instances allowed to wander at large in search of food the whole year round, until shut up the pen to fat. Now the same rule applies feeding and raising hogs to advantage as to cattle, viz: It is just as easy to raise good as bad ones, and the food for the one is no more than for the other; but who can estimate the difference in the profit? It is encouraging, however, to know that there are some enterprising men in our midst who are thoroughly to understand the economy of raising pork, and who have, at considerable trouble and expense, introduced both well-bred Berkshire and Yorkshire hogs to this portion of the province, so that any farmer at anxious to improve his breed of hogs can now do so at a very trifling cost; and we are long to see a great change in this department of the farm management.

Miscellaneous.

SAGACITY OF A DOG.—From an English Journal published several years ago we cut the following remarkable instance of the sagacity of a dog, and although some of our readers may have read it before, it is well worth re-publishing: About eight months ago, a gentleman belonging to this city embarked at Port Philip for Scotland. In the bustle and confusion of preparing for so long a voyage, a favorite dog disappeared about a couple of days before the vessel in which he returned left Port Philip; and as all the inquiry he was able to make turned out to be fruitless, he was under the necessity of leaving his four-footed friend behind. He arrived in Edinburgh about two months ago, and wonderful to tell, within the next three weeks was surprised by a visit from an animal he had left in Port Philip about the same time before. Upon inquiry it turns out that the dog had gone on board of a ship on the coast of sailing for London; that once aboard, he had absolutely refused to be put ashore, and by dint of his persevering resolution obtained a passage. On his arrival in London, it is ascertained that he visited the lodgings formerly occupied by his master, and, failing in discovering the object of his search, immediately disappeared, and was not

again heard of until his arrival in Edinburgh. Familiar as we are with instances of the affection and sagacity of the dog, this is perhaps the most extraordinary example on record. His going on board an English ship many thousand miles from home—his refusal to quit it—his visit to the former lodgings of his master on his arrival in London—and the journey from London to Edinburgh—rank the subject of this brief notice as one of the most wonderful animals of his species. The gentleman to whom he belongs is well known in Edinburgh, and is the son of a gentleman who, within the last twenty years, has filled various offices of civic dignity.

THE LESSON OF THE LEAF.—We men, sometimes, in what we presume to be humility, compare ourselves with leaves; but we have as yet no right to do so. The leaves may well scorn the comparison. We who live for ourselves, and neither know how to use nor keep the work of past time, may humbly learn—as from the ant, the foresight—from the leaf, reverence. The power of every great people, as of every living tree, depends on its not effacing, but conforming and concluding, the labors of its ancestors. Looking back to the history of nations, we may date the beginning of their decline from the moment when they ceased to be reverent in heart and accumulative in hand and brain; from the moment when the redundant fruit of age hid in them the hollowness of heart, whence the simplicities of custom and sinews of tradition had withered away. Had men but guarded the righteous laws and protected the precious works of their fathers with half the industry they have given to change and to ravage, they would not now have been seeking vainly, in millennial visions and mechanic servitudes, the accomplishment of the promise made to them so long ago: "As the days of a tree are the days of my people, and mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands; they shall not labor in vain, nor bring forth for trouble; for they are the seed of the blessed of the Lord, and their offspring with them." This lesson we have to take from the leaf's life. One more we may receive from its death. If ever, in autumn, a pensiveness falls upon us as the leaves drift by in their fading may we not wisely look up in hope to their mighty monuments? Behold how fair, how far prolonged, in arch and aisle, the avenues of the valleys—the fringes of the hills! So stately—so eternal; the joy of man, the comfort of all living creatures, the glory of the earth—they are but the monuments of those poor leaves that sit faintly past us to die. Let them not pass without our understanding their last counsel and example: that we also, careless of monument by the grave, may build it in the world—monument by which men may be taught to remember, not where we died, but where we lived.—*Ruskin's Modern Painters.*