

to all the colonization districts of Canada. Surely such natural advantages should have attracted large numbers of our own people to this, the finest and most truly independent career, that of the cultivator of the soil. And, in truth, is not his the ideal life—sustained by the labour of his own hands, at the beck and call of no man?

All professions and industries are of human invention, and have grown out of the daily requirements of life; but God Himself ordained that man should till the ground. Is not that its greatest title to glory? Among the ancient peoples, agriculture was greatly honoured; in China it has always been the object of a certain form of worship; the Romans sought their Directors at the plough. The intelligent, industrious farmer is, of all men, the most nearly his own master. It is true, certainly, that the work itself issues its commands; but the invitation to duty sounds sweet when the voice that calls is the voice of Mother Earth.

O, fortunatus nimium sua si bona morint!

GAETANE DE MONTREUIL.