

but we are also using our brains and opening our eyes to do what nature tells us can be done. A few years ago there was only one fruit tree where now there is a hundred. Farmers came to Grimsby for miles after their winter supply of fruit, while their own soil and climate called them to sit "under their own vine and fig-tree." Some one said to Columbus: "It seems a very easy matter to have discovered America;" but his reply was, "Can you stand this egg on its end?" and when he failed to do so Columbus gave the egg a rap on the table and it stood—a thing easy enough when you know how. Sixty years ago we had the same soil and climate; but we said, "Trees will grow placed in the corner of the fence, trimmed with the axe, and browsed by the cattle." Why, trees are no better prepared to shift for themselves than our domestic animals; even Adam was to dress the garden in Eden, and how much more it was needed outside where the thorn and thistle grew broader and higher. Even the ancient poet Horace called the careless man "the wretch that struck the tree down, leaving a miserable stump of wood."

When fruit growing was in its infancy there were men found to cherish the enterprise. They looked not only at what it was then, but at the possibilities, proportionate to the energies of the soil and the power of man. The nucleus was small when Judge Campbell, of Niagara, centralized our gatherings; and the late Dr. Beadle, of St. Catharines, almost deserves to be canonized for his efforts, both of faith and works, in the good cause. If we fail to remember the words of these men, we at least caught enough of their spirit in those early days to engage in the enterprise of fruit culture. Some one has said, "Those who love virtue ought to teach their sons to love it too;" so our late Secretary, Delos W. Beadle, took the youthful Society in hand, and when he had us on the anxious seat, in the town hall, he began in good old Presbyterian style to catechise us—not on "What is the chief end of man," but "Where do you live? What kind of fruit do you grow? How do you cultivate your stock? Where do you buy and sell to get gain?" When he spoke of apples, A. M. Smith was on hand to reply; of pears, Mr. Holton, of Hamilton, took the floor; and when, at a later date, of grapes, Mr. Haskins, of Hamilton, ably discoursed on the fruit of the vine; but like MacKenzie, of '37, he did not reap a very rich reward from Navy Island. Mr. W. H. Mills, of Hamilton, also gave us much information on the plum, but time would fail me to tell of Messrs. Bruce, Leslie, Arnold and others whom the fruits and flowers of Ontario praise, except to add that the best wine was kept to the last, when our worthy Secretary, Mr. Beadle, would sum all up and add his own experience.

The Society, in those early days, was smaller and more sociable than it is possible for it to be in these days, when the meetings are so large. Often we were all invited to dine with one of the members, and as the wives often accompanied their husbands, to aid in testing the flavor of the new fruits, acquaintances were formed which we love to remember.