

rum-seller has no mortgage on their lands. As a rule they are intelligent, well informed and healthily interested in public affairs; self-respectful and respected; independent land-holders, fully entitled, if any class is, to the name of gentlemen. It may be said they are not millionaires and that their annual gains are small. But, on the other hand, the farmer rests secure, while other occupations and professions are in constant fear of disaster; his dealing directly and honestly with the Almighty is safer than speculation; his life is no game of chance, and his investments in the earth are better than in stock companies and syndicates. As to profits, if our farmers could care less for the comforts of themselves and their families, if they could consent to live as their ancestors once lived, and as the pioneers of new countries now live, they could, with their present facilities, no doubt double their incomes. But what a pitiful gain this would be, at the expense of the decencies and refinements which make life worth living. No better proof of real gains can be found than the creation of pleasant homes for the comfort of age and the happiness of youth. When the great English critic, Matthew Arnold, was in this country, on returning from a visit in Essex county, he remarked that, while the land looked to him rough and unproductive, the landlords' houses seemed neat and often elegant, with an air of prosperity about them. "But where," he asked, "do the tenants, the working people live?" He seemed surprised when I told him that the tenants were the landlords and the workers the owners.

Let me return my sincere thanks to the Essex Agricultural Society for the kind message conveyed in thy letter, and with the best wishes for its continued prosperity and usefulness, I am truly thy friend, JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The time is already come when none are wretched but by their own fault.—[Johnson's Rasselas.

ONE DAY AT LONG POINT.

"The breeze is up and our sail is set," chants A. as we leave the wharf, and our craft—which, by the way, hasn't a sail at all, but A as a "land lubber" out for a holiday, may be pardoned nautical accuracy—heads toward Long Point. We are a party of nine—two merchants, who have foresworn the yardstick for a couple of days; one minister, who has modified alike his clerical garb and manner for the occasion; one agriculturalist, bent on forgetting for a time flocks, herds and harvests; a boy friend of the parson's, and four "women folk," whose calling and profession may be set down as the orthodox one for women, and whose proficiency is testified to by carefully packed lunch baskets of prodigious size and weight.

It is a soft, gray day, when the weather might be termed cool and collected, and one feels that the agent of the weather bureau really has matters well in hand, but in a spirit of pure maliciousness sends out a non-committal bulletin to set picnic parties in a state of fluttering uncertainty. The water of Lake Erie, owing probably to comparative shallowness, is not so blue and sparkling as that of Lake Ontario, but in calm weather reaches away to the horizon in soft grayish blue until the line between sky and water is lost.

Ours is a merry party, bent on making the most of a short holiday, and the relaxed parson fairly bubbles over with boyish mirth. To the consternation of our chaperone the bow of our small vessel is voted a much more desirable station than the tiny canopied cabin, and she vainly implores the Parson to re-enforce her authority "before one of those girls falls overboard." No such calamity occurs, however, and two or three hours brings us near the lighthouse, where everyone's attention is drawn to several gulls. Now the Parson hath repute as a mighty hunter, as his cherished gun case testifieth, and the sight of those gulls rouseth the spirit