

FARM ECHOES.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT LED ME TO THE FARM.

In a young and extended country like this, where new avenues to wealth are continually being opened up, it is not to be wondered at that comparatively few of its men of business work moderately. The high pressure at which others are driving their commercial affairs irresistibly impels us to put on more steam than we should otherwise do. The race in many a business career is not unlike the steamer races against both time and each other.

In common with many other men of business, I made the grave mistake of working so assiduously at my office duties as to disregard frequent admonitions that my health was thus being impaired. I vainly hoped that the incessant strain would soon so far cease as to make it safe for me to continue to labor on without rest. Such hoping against hope is a sad delusion. Could those thus circumstanced realize their position, they would speedily seek relief; but who that is thus engaged in an extensive and increasing business can calmly or rightly comprehend his condition? He must retire from it for a season in order to get a correct view of it.