

good soul looked out from those frank blue eyes, and the broad white forehead, a nose with the *retroussé* of good nature, and full rich lips, were indicative of a warm amiability and love. That she was a general favorite, there could be little doubt, for as the doctor left her to do his duties to his other visitors, there gathered round her a little knot who were listening whilst she recounted a perilous ride that she had undertaken a few days ago, and in which she had been run away with by her spirited mare, Daisy. The expressions of sympathy which the thoughts of her danger now drew forth were, however, cut short by the announcement of dinner, to which our doctor, leading Mrs. Ogilvie, and the ranks closed by the parson and Mrs. Olmsted, immediately repaired. Shall we describe the dinner?—it is needless. Stars vary in size and brilliancy, and so do dinner parties. The gourmand or the epicure may have been able to pick to pieces our host's table; but the guests felt no such inclination. The lively flow of conversation, "the feast of reason," &c., &c., filled up the moments diverted from the more solemn business; and as all things, no matter how good they may be, must come, sooner or later, to an end, so we find the ladies returned to the drawing-room, and the gentlemen, in accordance with the old English—we must confess somewhat selfish—custom, had drawn together for conversation. Grant was seated next to Mr. Roberts, who was generally a favorite with young men. He had a large number of superficial, but taking qualities; could sing a good comic song, dressed well, and, giving little evenings frequently himself, had an off-hand, captivating style in his hospitality. The two soon found themselves in a lively conversation upon Canada.

"So you are going to be a farmer, are you?" and Mr. Roberts cast into his voice the slightest tinge of a sneer at the word "farmer."

"Yes, I like it first rate; it's a jolly independent life, and a fellow has his own time entirely to himself."

"An excellent reason for liking it," was the answer; "but I fail to see any money

in it. It appears to me that the farmers in Canada are just no more than laborers, living from hand to mouth; and don't you think your education will be thrown away upon a farm? Any fool can plough and grub, and raise a potato patch and wheat. You don't get any society. You may raise enough stuff to keep you from starving, but you've got to grub along to do it, and, as for marrying, why, your wife will just become a household drudge. The men all expect to eat at your table, and the farmer is altogether at a pretty low ebb in Canada. Now, all that talk about independence is all nonsense. Of course, you're independent; so are we in our factories. I take my holiday when it pleases me. You're just dependent upon your hands. I think farming would be a jolly life; but not the way you are going to do it. I am making a fortune. I do not mind telling you; but I never say as much to other people; but they can see it. In a few years I intend to retire, and then, perhaps, I'll buy a farm; have everything first class; go into raising thoroughbreds; but as to working and becoming a watch-dog about my own premises, and a dried-up looking old man, like Mr. Wren opposite, catch me doing it. I'll have a comfortable country house, and live there in summer, and put in the winter months in a town residence."

"Your picture is very vivid," said Grant; "but look how awfully confining it is to be shut up in your factory all day long; and then if a man were to invest all his capital, he might get burnt out or fail; and for my own part I do not know the first thing about business."

"My dear fellow, that cant about knowing business is all stuff. Of course it is better for a man to have some knowledge of books and business; but I can show you a dozen men who never saw a spinning-jack in their lives, and who went into manufacturing, and are now rolling in wealth."

"I do not doubt you," answered Grant in a musing tone, for Mr. Roberts' pictures which he continued to draw, of the advantages of business over the farm, were beginning to impress themselves upon his mind; "but on the other hand look at Mr. Bolton, Mr. Frampton, Mr. Wren, all here