

allow me to coin that word to denote the mental processes, generally), incomparably superior to those of either of the other nationalities I met. But in "getting on in the world" they were often surpassed by their duller English and Scotch comrades. Well, Sammy, so be it; but their candid, transparent, generous, honourable natures melt into one's human composition. We love such people, and cannot help it, and they awake in us an enthusiasm about life, your shrewd John Bull, though he be the acquirer of millions, can never effect. But I must not say more now, for you will hear a good deal about my impressions of the three nationalities again, though I am very sure you and I will quarrel on some points; but then you know you judge by what you see of these people in Canada, and of a certain class of Irish, at least, you see very little indeed in the Dominion.

But perhaps I might be a little more definite in regard to the country. When I was a boy, somehow there got into my head the notion that at one time England was a great forest—a long time back, when history was young, etc., etc.—but that now scarcely a tree was to be found, and that the towns and villages were as thick as beehives; indeed I never *quite* recovered from this strong impression, and I confess to not a little surprise to find myself riding through a country quite as well wooded in many parts as in scores of districts in Ontario. The trees are of much less altitude and smaller altogether—looking like our own, when a little stunted in their growth. Let me bear testimony also to the trim neatness of the English hedgerow. I wish we could substitute it here for our unsightly rail fences, or, worse still, those repulsive stumps rolled up together, making a mass of ugliness

that must pervert even the best moral natures if obliged to gaze on them daily. I have even seen them around a school-house. The Greeks believed in bringing youth in contact with beauty, so that the life might be beautiful and harmonious; but we in Canada trust to the harmony suggested by the unnumbered prongs of pine stumps. Sammy, is it any wonder politicians, when they get beyond boyhood, speak so gracefully of each other and mingle so harmoniously? I wish the Canadian farmer could get one glimpse of the English tillage. He would either renounce his occupation or reform it, else he is a worse fellow than I have ever taken him to be; such care, such neatness, everywhere visible, I certainly never saw even an approach to with us.

But when a tenant has to pay as much rent as would in a few years buy outright a good farm in this country, he must of necessity make the most of everything. Labour is cheap, and the unfortunate farm-hand, to my thinking, leads an existence but little above the brutes about him; though they are many of them endowed with all that is necessary to success in agriculture in this land if they could but get here and make a start. As a rule, too, they are more contented and altogether less given to chronic grumbling than the surplus of the great centres that constitute the large proportion that come to us. But, my dear Sammy, I have already given you enough for one mental meal—more than your Canadian stomach, with its fastidious appetite, pampered by prejudices, etc., will digest. Oh! how I shall catch it in your reply. I feel a shiver come over me. Let me bid you a hasty adieu for the present.

Yours candidly,

TOMMY.

(*To be continued.*)