an idle life, I assure you, madam,” replied the farmer “but, next to the blessing of Heaven, I think myself in a great degree indebted to my cattle for my good success. My father left me master of a little farm with a few acres of land well cropped, three horses, two cows, ten sheep, a sow and pigs, an ass, and a few poultry: these have gradually multiplied to what you now see me possess, besides numbers that I have sold; and I have had fine crops of hay and corn, so that every year I laid by a little money, till I was able to purchase this farm, which has proved a very good one to me.”

“There is something so uncommon in hearing a farmer attribute apart of his success in life to his cattle, that I should be obliged to you, Mr. Wilson,” said the lady, “if you would account to me for this circumstance.”

“Most readily, madam,” said he. “When I was a very young man, I heard a fine sermon from the pulpit on the subject of showing mercy to brutes, which made a great impression on my mind; and I have ever since acted towards all dumb creatures as I would to mankind, upon the principle of doing as I would be done by. I always consider every beast that works for me as my servant, and entitled to wages; but as beasts cannot use money, I pay them