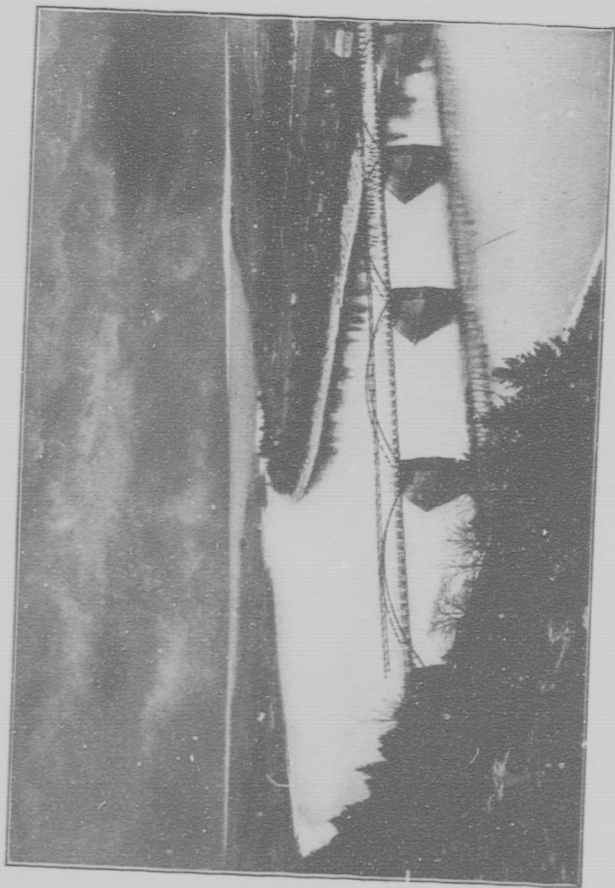


olden days. Oh, Canada, to thy gray and venerable hills, thy evergreen shores, thy gentle, bounteous wilderness — to thee fond memory turns, when the repose of the snowdrift is upon thee, and the rifle



ST. JOHN RIVER AT FLORENCEVILLE.

hangs upon the wall. Brave is the bright roll of thy forest chivalry, and no less brave is he who, with pen of light, has written the portrait of thy foremost hero and placed it in the gallery of imperishable renown."