

all childish regrets. But, as Cowper says of his mother, "although I mourned less, I never forgot," nor did I forget my resolve to be a poet. Life in this province was very different from what it had been. My father settled on a wild lot of land, and I was soon put to work, with my elder brother, and during the residue of my minority I knew nothing but the hardest of labor; but I often felt the influence of my lost book, and thought of my desire to be a composer of poems, but felt little hope of attaining my wish. But I entertained a dim, uncertain hope that I would some time accomplish it. Whenever I thought seriously of it, I generally dismissed the subject with the conclusion that such a notion was common to all boys. When about fourteen years of age a copy of Burns' poems fell into my hands, and the perusal of them, or such as I could understand, fanned my desire to a flame. But I now began to see the obstacles in my way, the want of education being the chief; and I was very unhappy and discontent. It was soon