

voice of the cataract. Thence along the beautiful woodlands of Lincoln and Wentworth, with views disclosed, now of descending streams, and again of peaceful bayous fringed with cedars and inlaid with white and gold pond-lilies. At length a sylvan lake of enchanting beauty was reached. Without the aid of the Light House and Canal that now give the largest steamers easy entrance to Burlington Bay, La Salle led his flotilla within its sheltering arms. It was the 24th of September, 1669. The dense underwood up the hill-sides, and the stately forests covering the heights, formed an amphitheatre of the richest foliage, which was already kindling with the gold and crimson fires of the Canadian autumn. While resting here, La Salle was astonished to learn from the natives that another French explorer had just reached a village on the Grand River beyond. This proved to be no less a personage than Joliet—hereafter to become La Salle's victorious rival in the race for the finding of the Mississippi. Could a more picturesque incident be conceived than the meeting of these young men who were presently to become so famous? Joliet explained that he had been sent by the Intendant Talon to discover certain rumored copper-mines in the Northwest; the Jesuit missionaries Marquette and Dablon had volunteered to accompany him. Stopped by a *sault* in their upward progress, the missionaries had remained to found the Mission of St. Marie. Joliet returned, but with an absorbing passion for adventure, he selected for his return an unexplored route, which added to the maps of New France our western peninsula of Ontario. Joliet discovered the river and lake which have since been used to commemorate the mild military achievements of General St. Clair; he then explored a strait (Detroit) that gave the young explorer entry into a vast lake (Erie), hitherto unseen of white men. Coasting along the Canadian shore of Lake Erie, he discovered and ascended the Grand River, and he was now standing near the site of the future Mohawk Church, showing La Salle the first map of Peninsular Ontario!

A century and more passed over. New France had been cut adrift by Old France. Joliet's maps of the Lakes and of the Mississippi, which were designed to gratify the *Grand Monarque*, had supplied Edmund Burke with arguments on the question of the Pennsylvania boundary. Then came the disruption of the American Colonies and the influx of the Loyalists into Canada. In the vanguard of the refugees arrived Robert Land in 1778. His was a romantic story, but too long to tell. He selected the Head of the Lake rather for the game and the scenery than for the fertility of the soil. His first acre was ploughed with a hoe, sowed with a bushel of wheat, and harrowed with the leafy bough of a tree. For years he was his own miller, bruising the wheat into coarse meal. Good news came one day that a French Canadian had "enterprised" a mill at Ancaster. So, when Land's next grain was threshed out with the flail, he strapped a sack of wheat to his back and toiled up the mountain footpath seven miles, awaited his turn at the log grist-mill of Jean Jacques Rousseaux and then joyously