

Irwell Valley ; the peat moss between Manchester and Liverpool; were as strange to me as Saskatchewan is to the Prince Edward Islander. I was dropped off a train in the heart of Assiniboia one night ; and for years I saw nothing but prairie. I used to read about Nova Scotia and Ontario and British Columbia, but did not know them.

THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

That must be the case with most of us. But the limitations of creating a livelihood and founding a family in an entirely new country only intensify one's love for the country where so many great things are being done by just average, everyday, honest, people ; and make us want to know more about it, and be deeper partners of its genius, of its present honor, and its future splendour. If we may love Canada so much, knowing her so little, how should we love her if we knew her from sea to sea ?

The Land We Live In Bears knowing—why, do you think ? Because of its unmeasured Geography ? Because of its natural appearance in the middle of February ? Not at all ; not at all. Get somebody to dump you down in the bush, or on the bald prairie, with enough food to last you to the next meal but one, and you won't break out into song about the country as you are left with only blue sky to keep you warm.

It is her People that have made Canada. And—think well on this—it is people just like you and me who have done it. Out of solitude—a community. Out of wealthless toil—prosperity. Out of vacancy—a nation. Out of a lone frontier—the bulwark of an Empire, the Envy of a Republic.

And how was it done by just such people as we are ? They could scarcely tell. Most of them didn't comfort themselves with the reflection that they were laying a foundation for a virile, British nationhood. They were doing it just the same.

A COUNSEL OF DESPAIR.

But, even to those who did walk by faith, what time they wielded the axe, and zig-zagged their plough among the stumps, the horizon was bounded by the Lakes. Afar off, inaccessible, dangerous, were vast plains, buffalo-covered, Indian-haunted, unexplored, save by a few traders. It was hard enough toiling to keep a British Province in health alongside a Republic that tried to tempt allegiance by placing savory messes of pottage out of reach. In 1849 public and private men in Montreal openly, sorrowfully, besought their fellow-Canadians to ask to be annexed to the United States. It was a counsel of despair, for which it is easy to blame them until you know how hopeless the fight for prosperity seemed.

The cry for annexation, for a friendly wiping of Britain out of the heart of North America, failed, and the scroll that was prepared for the story of a nation's birth was saved so as by fire. It was saved not because of Britain's love for Upper Canada and Lower Canada, but because of the love of men in the Canadas