

loyalty gave forth a steady light, its flame never brighter or more pure than in the hour of national peril. Think you, now, that Canada has no claim to rank with those lands where adventure has had play and romance has had a home, or that the heroic devotion which distinguished its inhabitants, of French and British origin, is less worthy of a place in story than the most cherished traditions of the old world?

But our past is characterised by something more than romantic attachment to a flag, or chivalrous devotion to an idea. Sentiment did not blunt the edge of industry, nor suffering give excuse for idleness. Every breathing spell of war gave the husbandman opportunity. The sword and musket were exchanged for the plough and sickle; and a fruitful soil, feeling the warm glow of peace, yielded a grateful return. The forest echoed the ring of the axe and the crash of timber. Amid the solitariness of the back-woods the sturdy settler was hewing out a home for himself and his family, with hunger and cold kept merely at arm's length. Between him and his nearest neighbour, miles of dark forest intervened. The traveller or trader picked his way across tangled brushwood and fallen timber, or tramped wearily over a trackless wilderness of snow, finding few finger-posts by the road-side to point out the direction he wished to take. All kinds of field work were done by hand, for there were very few oxen and still fewer horses. In 1789, the mails left Upper Canada for England about twice a year, so that epistolary effort was not much taxed. For years the only road from Lower Canada was by the St. Lawrence, the rapids being ascended by canoes and bateaux in ten or twelve days, until the flat-bottomed Durham boats, steered with a ten-foot pole and pushed along by two men on each side, came into use. We can read in the *York Gazette*, of April 29th, 1815,