

L. E. Carufel. The rapid progress it made during the first year of its institution attracted the attention of the all-powerful Pacific Company, which desired to join hands with so valuable an auxiliary in a work which they, above all, wished to encourage. With such reliable support at their back, hardy pioneers soon penetrated into the very heart of the virgin forests and pitched their tents on the plains, clothed with waving grass that had never been pressed by the foot of man. As if at the touch of a fairy wand, whole villages sprang into existence, where, but a few months before, Nature displayed her wild and uncultivated beauties.

Women, responding to the call of duty, gave by their presence a new impulse to the original ardour of their companions. Several, with a courage more than common, renounced the comforts of a life of ease and the attractions of a city to encounter the difficulties and hardships of "clearing" in a new country.

Truly there was no lack of these brave pioneers, standing out in brilliant contrast to those sons of the soil, who, a few years ago, seemed to be deserting our fertile and smiling lands to go into the great American cities, and there barter their liberty in exchange for gold, in order that they might surround themselves with the semblance of luxury, as false as it was dearly bought. These foolish ambitions, destined to remain unfulfilled, are the result of a wrong system of education. After some years spent at College, the young men scorn to work on a farm, deeming the city alone capable of furnishing employment for talent so diversified as that with which they believe themselves endowed. True patriots watched with sorrow this bright stream of youth transferring its lightheartedness and its dreams of future magnificence to a strange land, there to suffer the rude shock of cruel disillusionment. All too soon in the hearts where secret ambition so readily fostered the white blossoms of hope, there would spring up a flower more sombre in colour and less subtle in perfume, that of a tardy regret. Though they could turn their backs unmoved on the thatched roof, where in the spring-time the swallows lovingly build their nests, in the land of their exile the tender memories of even those insignificant details which they had formerly despised would fill their hearts with vain longing.

The agents of the Society of Colonization and Repatriation have, in the French-Canadian parishes, largely contributed to stem