

observation, and by making every possible enquiry, what part of the country would suit him best. He selects a situation not so far advanced but that the price of land is moderate, but he pays particular attention to the reputation which that part of the country has for health, and also to the probability of the land rising in value as the country improves. No man of sense settles in a remote place which is always likely to remain remote. There are few such spots in Canada, but some people have a morbid idea that they would like to live away from mankind. The fancy is merely absurd, and invariably vanishes after a trial.

Our gentleman settler has a small annual income, on which, in England, he would have to pinch his appetite to keep his coat from being too shabby. • The pittance answers well on his small farm. He may wear what coat he likes, or none when he pleases, and although not brought up to hard work, he is not above attempting it. So he goes out with his men (for he manages to keep one or more in harvest times, though he can do without one and manage the "chores" himself, with the assistance of his boys, for a good part of the year,) and learns from them how to be useful, while his presence prevents their being idle. He is a man of the world, suiting his manner and his words to the moment, and consequently his men, as well as his neighbours, learn to value and respect him. There is a class of men, supercilious by nature, and, as it would appear, from some ingrained constitutional defect, who could do nothing of this kind—who could shrink from contact with a plough or a ploughman. What it may be well to do with these unfortunates, we do not pretend to say, but they need not come to Canada.

By dint of careful management out of doors, and economy within, it is found, not only that the small income goes a long way, but that a portion of it can be occasionally laid out in new purchases, when it is pretty clear that land will rise in value. It will always be well, not to lay out all the capital in the first instance, even though it be but small, but to keep some of it laying by for other purposes, for good investments often present themselves when least expected.

In the meantime, it has been necessary to educate the children, and it has been found that good schools are not far distant, where the course of education is sound, and where the charges are much lower than in similar establishments at home. Society is not wanting, and in spite of a few prejudices which were at first apparent, against the "gentleman," he has become deci-

dedly popular with all classes, and is asked, and does not refuse, as a sulky man would, to join in their amusements and take part in their local public affairs. His property increases in value, his boys obtain situations, where, at an early age, they support themselves, he finds ample employment in occasional labour, occasional hours of shooting and fishing, and not unfrequent attendances at township, school and other "meetings," where his information and assistance are rather eagerly sought after. If all this is not preferable to dragging out a life of genteel poverty in a more fashionable part of the world, we are much at fault. If the settler, instead of a very moderate income, such as we have supposed, should possess independent means, he may enjoy himself in a manner to be envied. He has a good farm, builds a comfortable but not an extravagant house, enjoys but does not squander his property, works in the field often, knows every foot of his land and what is being done with it, but finds plenty of time to follow his dogs and to enjoy himself with his neighbours. Such a man pities the plodding merchants and other dwellers in cities, in a manner which is truly edifying. He would not change his farm and his peace of mind for the "position" or wealth of the richest merchant in Glasgow or Montreal.

There are other classes of well-born and educated men whom we know to be able to aid in conquering the old forests of the West, ay, and to whom the employment would be found wondrously advantageous, too. But the old settler has, perhaps, been garrulous enough for one month, and his pen must rest awhile,—many a long rest it has had, too, since he pitched his tent in the wilds of Canada. Wilds they were then, indeed. The scene is before me now. The corporeal vision has felt the finger of time, but the mind's eye seems to look more and more clearly on the scenes of old. How is this? Yes, yes, there is the answer. Things of the present but flit before us, transient as glimpses of sunshine on a showery day,—the present moment is the fleeting life of man,—but the past is fixed, irrevocable, and the scenes of other times, the feelings which then came and went, but the existence of which can never be totally forgotten,—those are seen in the clear undeviating light of truth. So comes back to the mind's eye that boundless forest—the feeling of awe and wonder with which its giant trees and boundless, untrodden, silent—oh! how deeply, eloquently silent—shades, inspired the mind, as we wandered on, dreaming—for, on a Sabbath, even the bushman may find time to wander and to *think*—dreaming of when those huge