

were as familiar as household words. Attachment to the empire was inbred in them, and

"dearer to their faithful hearts
Than home, or gold, or lands,
Were Britain's laws, and Britain's Crown,
And Britain's flag of long renown
And grip of British hands."

But these are modern memories. Let your imagination go back to remoter days, before ever the European came, when the silence of the forest was unbroken save by the call of the wild beast or bird to its mate, or the war-whoop or death-cry of the Seneca, Huron or Atti-wandaronk. Picture to yourselves, if you can, the feelings with which the first white man gazed upon your bay with its splendid amphitheatre of hills. Probably it was Brulé, in 1615, on his famous journey from Lake Couchiching to the Susquehanna to secure the aid of its savage hordes for Champlain and the Hurons against the Iroquois. Perhaps from the mountain at Waterdown he, first of Europeans, admired the beautiful bay, its shores and its hills, then doubtless decked in all the gorgeousness of autumnal tints. Or did the dauntless and ill-fated explorer take the Humber trail and then come coasting along the lake with his two canoes and twelve stalwart Hurons, on his way to the Carantouannais? Brulé's route from the Hurons is largely conjectural, but there is reason to believe that he was the first of white men to gaze upon the landscape in its primitive aspect, which we have been admiring to-day as transformed by the magic wand of civilization.

Daillon, the Recollet, in the winter of 1626-7, Brebeuf and Chamonot, the Jesuits, in the winter of 1640-41, coming by from the Hurons, as seems certain, by the Lake Medad forest-trail, and following the winter routes through the Neutral's country, must have looked upon the bay and mountain, although they make no mention of the fact in their written records. Like the other devoted missionaries of New France, they were more interested in the advancement of their work than in the noblest scenery, and moreover, man had not then learned to love nature in her wilder moods. But the bay was certainly known to these or other early explorers, for it was marked on Sanson's map of 1656, and Du Creux's of 1660. On the latter Dundas Creek is shewn for the first time. Before the maps appeared, however, the invincible Iroquois had swept along the lake and over the forest trails that branched from Burlington Bay, and the Neutrals as a nation were annihilated. The entire peninsula between the lakes