

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

of pines, pursuing the windings of the river through the mist, without, in some sensitive heart, a pang of wonder and surmise which we in our blood inherit. We have all come from the tribes, trailing no clouds of glory, but still with rags of zest in things adventurous, still capable of a thrill at the thought of phantoms and of dangers now no longer waiting us on our morning march along the clean-swept pavements of a thousand cities.

It was natural that Canada should evoke the visionary romance of our youth in Scotland, for yet the more favoured of us saw surviving scraps of that ancient unpossessed, uncultivated, and untamed world whereof Scotland and Canada alike were parts. In both lands Nature wore much the same aspect; clothing the bluffs with pine, the plains with northern wild-flowers, spilling her streams down precipices, filling the mountain crevices with snow or mist, or the creeks and bays with the same Atlantic Ocean. The very cold of Canada in winter helped to render her familiar—were our happiest hours not those when the North wind whistled and our lakes were ice? We knew that, with the frost, to men came grandeurs of endurance and reserves of zest incommunicable to the offspring of the South.

Then, too, only a tiny period, as time goes in