

CANADIAN ROMANCE.

For it doth make an excellent road
 For John and Jane to go abroad,
 And it is now a great highway
 Where hundreds travel every day.
 There were no roads in early days
 But bridle path, their guide the blaze,
 And mills and marts so far away,
 They never could return same day;
 Log school house served as church for all,
 Of various creeds, and for town hall.
 These scenes to youth do now seem strange
 So wondrous quick hath been the change,
 O'er paths where oxen only trod,
 Cows quickly speed o'er the railroad,
 And every way both up and down
 There has sprung up a thriving town.
 No more he fights with forest trees,
 But both enjoy their wealth and ease,
 Long since the old folks both are gone
 And left the whole to Jane and John;
 The log house now has passed away
 With all its chinks filled in with clay,
 And in its place fine house of stone
 With lawn where choice shrubs are grown.
 With sons and daughters they are blest,
 The young men say they'll move Northwest;
 This gives their mother some alarm,
 She wants them still on the home farm,
 But father will not have them tarry
 They can plow so quick on prairie,
 And they find coal makes a good fire,
 And build their fences of barbed wire
 They would not be forever gone
 As they could talk by telephone.

We have been congratulated by many on the truthfulness of the
 Romance of Canada. They declare it is not a romance but a true pic-
 ture of rise and progress of worthy people in Canada.