

## JOHN KANACK'S EXPERIENCES.

BY WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

## A TRIP UP WEST.

Montgomery Crow and I had intended to take a trip up to some of the western counties of Upper Canada and look at wild land. But the father's sickness had prevented the son from leaving home, and I did not want to go alone. Toward the end of winter, however, Crow seemed much revived, and Montgomery proposed we should start. He furnished one horse, and I another, and in a good, stout, comfortable sleigh, we tended nor'west toward the great Huron road that ended at Goderich. We struck it before the end of the first day, and were surprised at the amount of traffic on it. We could not drive a quarter of a mile without meeting a string of loaded sleighs—for the settlers when thus moving off their grain soon discovered the advantage of falling in with other teams; the foremost sleigh did all the *diplomacy* necessary in meeting a heavy load, and the other sleighs had but to follow. It was better for us too, for when we met them, we just drew to the side to let them all pass, and then moved on again.

What a blessing human speech is! Here, as we jogged along at six miles an hour, sitting together in the hind seat of the sleigh, our feet among straw, and well covered with a buffalo skin, we could talk with the utmost ease, and with much profit. We let conversation drift where it would, and, as with us in former days, it often ran much deeper than the ordinary gossip of the world at large. Among other things on that first day, we struck on the subject of expressing love and esteem in words, where love and esteem is felt. I confessed then what I need not hesitate to confess now, to a great deficiency in myself in this duty—for a duty it gets to be, if we look at it aright. I said "it seemed enough, and

was far the easier way, to *feel* and *act* a loving part toward those we do love; and that they could easily understand our feelings from all our life and acts, without formal expressions to that effect."

"True, in a certain measure," said Montgomery, "but only a half truth after all. Our theories are all liable to be modified, and can only be verified, by our experiences, and I got a new experience, and in the experience a new light, a few weeks ago."

"How was it?"

"I always thought my father loved me. He *looked* at me sometimes as if he did, and he has naturally fine eyes. There seemed a deep tenderness in them that made me feel uneasiness beneath their glance. But then it was a sort of guesswork after all, till one day he told me, in so many words, that he loved me better than himself. He said he could willingly give up every hope of happiness or success in the world, or life itself, if it were demanded, for my success or happiness. And he told me if ever I had doubted his love never to doubt it again; but to remember that if all the world turned away from me, I had still one human friend. And," said he, with an archness that sits naturally upon him, "if a young fellow has one good Friend in Heaven and one friend on earth, he has something to be thankful for."

I admitted it all, for I had seen families (when I came to think about it) where love itself grew cold, just because it was never allowed to see the light. And it is a pity when so much comfort can be had from human love, not to encourage its growth by giving it air; and not to make it stronger (for it comes to that) by communicating it appropriately and often, in words.

Where I lived there was no hemlock; but before we reached the Huron Road we saw some of it—an evidence, I always thought,