



A Canadian Winter Song.

A simple song of this mighty belt which stretches from sea to sea,
Her thousands of miles of river and lake, mountain, valley and sea,
Her workers bold from every clime who gather her bounteous wealth
With shovel and pick, or saw and axe, or trapper's cunning stealth.

Here's to the Frost King's iron grip,
and his bride the Lady in White!
What if his touch is a stinging burn,
her caress a frozen bite!
They light our swamps with diamonds bright,
They build us sleigh tracks fine.
O'er mead and river, lake and stream,
and "bush roads" through the pine.

We can laugh at the sting of their frozen kiss, and their mate the nor'east wind,
As he roars and tears, and fumes and swears, at the wrack that he leaves behind:
For we fill the shed with "maple hard," the barrel with flour and meat,
And the cellar with "berries," "roots" and "spuds," the Frozen Earl to greet.)

And here's a health to the Lumberjack as he drives his keen-edged blade
To the heart of the maple, beech and pine in the depth of the forest glade;
They groan and creak, then totter and fall, with a crash to his terrible blow,
Then he trims the branches and rolls their trunks to the brink of the creek below.

And hurrah for the bonny "bob-sleigh" team, as they draw the mighty load,
Steadily, strong, forging along—o'er the dead-white, iron-bound road,
The blood which drives each gallant heart is Clydesdale good and true
Throughout—from the top of each pricking ear to the tip of each iron shoe.

And hurrah for the flying "cutter drive" to the "visit" long deferred
To the mellow chime of golden bells, as we skim the track like a bird,
Though we greet our friends with frozen hands and faces pinched and blue,
Do we care a jot? "Well, I just guess not," with that lovely stove in view.

RUPERT MAR.

Pioneer Days Along the Bay of Chaleur.

By Mary MacKenzie.

Is Canada growing? Is she prosperous? Wherein does her promise of future greatness consist? are questions heard on all sides. In order to give an answer let us glance back to the time when our forefathers lived, and make a few comparisons, taking into consideration just a very small portion of the Province of Quebec, namely that part along the Bay de Chaleur, and see what changes have been wrought within the last century.

The whole country a little over one hundred years ago was practically a forest, the only inhabitants scattered here and there being Indians who lived in wigwams and made a living by hunting and fishing. The first settler in a place, now called Fleurant, was a French-Canadian of the same name. Then people came from Scotland, Ireland and England, on sailing vessels which made several trips during

the year, and landed at Dalhousie in the Province of New Brunswick. They, no doubt, heard of Canada as a country where land could be procured very cheap and where they would not merely be tenants but possessors, free to do as they pleased with no lord to over-rule and say, "You shall cultivate this field and you shall not sow grain in this one until next year." They did not seem to take wholly into consideration that there were disadvantages in Canada as well as in their own and every country. Some were disappointed at not finding beautiful fields, and necessary implements to work with. However, they were not easily discouraged because of the situation, and were keen enough to see that in time they could have plenty to eat and wear if they cared to work, and, Scotch-like, they put their hands to the axe and hoe, with no intention of turning back.

The very first thing they had to do was to build a roof over their heads, and as there was no possible way of getting timber sawed, they were simply compelled to build a house of logs and fill the seams with sea-weed or clay. Stoves in that part of the country were unheard of in those days. But stones were plentiful along the shores, and with these they made large fire-places, in which a fire was kept burning night and day during the cold winter months with very little trouble. A huge back-log was first put on, a smaller on top of the dog-irons near the edge of the hearth-stone, and in the centre blocks were piled one on top of the other. A few brought the necessary accessories for cooking from their native land, such as the cranes and hooks on which the pots were hung.

The land along the Bay de Chaleur for twenty-one miles was called Shoolbred after a man who came from England several centuries ago and claimed it by English consent. After this he sold the land to people by the name of Stewart, but for some reason the government had claim, so that it could not be sold at the time, only rented, but later on arrangements were made so that the early settlers had the privilege of buying all the land they wanted. The portion rented was called Seignior land, and as money was scarce a fat sheep or cow was taken to pay the seigneur his dues.

They began at once to clear land in order to raise grain and potatoes. But this was no easy task for they did not have modern implements to work with. In fact all that some of them possessed along that line was an axe and hoe. Farming was not their only occupation; they could weave, spin and knit, there were boat and ship-builders among them, so that they owned boats, herring, and trout nets which they made with their own hands. They used every available means to make a living, and it might well be said that there were few things they could not do. When clearing land the large birch logs were not all burned on the pile, or in the fire-place; but the best were carefully hewed on four sides for ship-building purposes. There were no lumber camps at that time, for each man could cut timbers right near his own door.

No doubt at times they longed to get a glimpse of their native land, especially as they trudged homeward when the day's work was over, and it is said of one dear old patriot that he wept when he saw the Scotch thistle for the first time on this side of the water, little dreaming that the next generation would weep because of the large numbers they would have to pull out.

We may be inclined to think, sometimes that such a life must have been very monotonous, that they merely existed and did not live in the right sense

of the word, but they lived just as much as we do to-day, although in primitive style. The children played together around the door, in winter they coasted down the hills and banks on toboggans made from two barrel staves nailed together with cross-pieces, and in summer enjoyed themselves, boating, swimming, and playing games. In the long winter evenings they sat around the hearth-fires and listened to grandfather or grandmother tell wonderful tales of sea and land, recite poems written by the great poets, or their curiosity was aroused by conundrums and riddles. As the twilight shadows deepened into night the good old book was taken from the shelf, and after the singing of a hymn a chapter was read, then all knelt in prayer. Perhaps an extract from "The Cotter's Saturday Night," will better describe the scene,

"He wales a portion with judicious care,
And 'let us worship God,' he says,
with solemn air.
Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father and the husband prays:
Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing,
That thus they all shall meet in future days."

The first Presbyterian minister was Mr. Stephens; his parish extended about twenty-five miles on the Quebec side of the Bay and from Campbellton to Dalhousie in New Brunswick. There being no roads he had to travel from place to place in winter, where services were held, on snowshoes. But in summer if was less of a hardship. When it was possible for him to do so he went in a boat, but very often had to travel on the shore when the tide was low. The first religious service conducted by a minister is said to have been held in Anderson's house in Escuminac, as it was larger and more commodious than the other homes. Mr. Stephens always opened the service by reading the one hundred and third Psalm. The people from far and near attended, for to hear the Gospel expounded was something of a rarity, preaching was not to be heard every day in the newly settled country. Mr. MacMaster, a contemporary Scotch minister, who spoke Gaelic and had a charge at New Mills where many Gaelic people were settled, came up to Pt. a la Nim once in a while and held two services during the day, one in Gaelic the other in English for the benefit of remote settlers, and it is said the people living on the Quebec side of the river took advantage of the opportunity to attend, especially those whose native tongue was Gaelic.

The first Sabbath school also was held in "Anderson's big house," as it was called. The children were always given a lesson in advance to study, including two or six verses from a Psalm or Paraphrase. The Westminster Catechism, of course, was not omitted. Old and young alike attended, and it was customary for different members to take their turn reading a sermon when the lesson was over.

The name of the first schoolmaster in Fleurant was Mr. Hamilton, who taught in Mr. Grey's house for some time. The first school was built about sixty-five years ago and still stands. When it was ready for occupancy, a college-bred Englishman came over in a sailing vessel to see America, but when returning the ship was wrecked not very far from land, consequently those on board were compelled to remain in this country until the next summer, when they expected another vessel to arrive from Scotland. Mr. Francis was asked to teach during the winter and consented,

much to the delight of those who looked upon education as something of great value. The next spring his comrades called one day while he was teaching in the school, and after looking around they said laughingly, "Well, Charles, you are now in a wooden country, with wooden doors and wooden hinges." However, as time went by, the wooden hinges disappeared, and something more modern was substituted.

In Escuminac the children were taught in the homes, Mr. Campbell being the first teacher. He as well as others boarded at the different homes, maybe two weeks in one, and a month in another, but the longest time was spent in the home where dwelt the larger number of children.

Wild animals, especially bears, were plentiful, and a story is told of a housewife who hung a string of fish on the outside of the building. While she was busily engaged inside, a large bear came seized the fish and carried them to a hill near by where it proceeded to eat the stolen food. An effort was made to recover the property, but the bear, conscious of danger, seized the remainder and in a short time disappeared in the thick forest. After that food was put in a more secluded place.

All the wearing apparel was home-made, even the shoes were made by hand. Home-spuns of light and heavy weight were worn summer and winter. If the family was large the weaving, spinning and knitting, was no small task.

In those days there were no lamps; many could not afford to burn candles but had to use pitch pine. This was always available and consisted of a piece of wood taken from an old pine tree; one end was cut in long splints, the other placed in a pitcher and when ignited burned very brightly. Others used a cruse when they had seal oil to burn.

After a number of years, when in a position to build better houses, the settlers constructed kilns and gathered lime stones to burn lime. Two of the kilns are still to be seen, and at the same time, about sixty years ago, the first Presbyterian church was built, and still stands in the centre of the cemetery. Later mills of different kinds were constructed, railroads built, and industries established. As far as it was in their power to do so our forefathers endeavored to advance, and the rising generations have been and are conscious of the fact, that from such scenes as have been described has Canada's greatness grown and will continue to grow as the years go by. The poet Robert Burns realized the worth of honest toil when he wrote the lines:

"From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad;
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings
An honest man's the noblest work of God!"

Little Trips Among the Eminent.

LA SALLE.—(Continued.)

Having satisfied himself with exploring the Colbert (Mississippi) and taking possession of all the vast country drained by it in the name of Louis XIV., of France, La Salle now determined to carry out his scheme to found on the banks of the Illinois a colony of French to serve the double purpose of being a bulwark against the Iroquois and a place of storage for the furs of the western tribes. For the protection of this colony, too, he must consolidate the