

Sunday, when we cooked our supper, and to bed on the floor. My object in recording this is simply to show that, in spite of all these apparent drawbacks, Canada has charms. Here you have a man, in every respect by education at Oxford a gentleman, ploughing his own land, cooking his own food, washing up, making beds, &c., with the help of one manservant, making a fairly good living and thoroughly enjoying the life, in spite of all previous experience of comforts in England, as he told me over the smoking of a short pipe, as we talked well-nigh into Sunday morning. In order to save time, I may here just mention that, finding a letter from England awaiting my arrival here from another old pupil, who is engaged to marry one of my daughters, and asking to be allowed to settle in Canada rather than Australia as before arranged, I sent a cablegram for him to come at once to Clanwilliam. He is now there, and from letters received since, delighted with the country and his new life, and in all probability a section of land will be bought for him. This is the real fact which led up to the absurd reports copied from the Canadian into the English papers. On Sunday evening about half a dozen neighbours—all English gentlemen, educated at college—called to see me. They, like my friend, held farms near, followed much the same kind of life, managed to live and improve their position steadily, and were happy and contented with the life.

On the Monday and Tuesday following we drove through the country in my friend's waggon and pair of horses, I paying others to carry on his harvest work in his stead, time being valuable just at this season. We visited first his sister, who has lately left England, from leading a lady's life, hunting in the season, to marry a former acquaintance, a young man, son of a clergyman, also in Dorsetshire, who has 320 acres of land near. I found him, having but a small quantity of land broken for corn this year, gone to assist a neighbour with his harvest, and the wife left at home with one little English servant girl to milk the cows, water the horses, feed the pigs, &c., &c. The house was simply built for a granary, but re-arranged in haste for a temporary house, and a better dinner, better cooked, or in more comfortable quarters, I do not desire than this lady, without any notice, got ready for us.

On the following day we visited another friend, also farming 320 acres, who had married a Canadian lady. Here we had good fare in the greatest comfort, which at once convinced me that Canada without a wife is a very poor place indeed. My earnest advice to a settler is, "Get at once a good wife, and you will have then little to desire."

During the two days we visited many farms, on all of which the owners were busy stacking wheat, and we had to hear tales of much of it being more or less frosted, causing disappointment. I fear, however, that this largely arises from the advantages of early seeding and better farming not being thoroughly appreciated; but I am glad to say that I was afterwards told that on threshing the damage was less than anticipated. The old tale was told from former bankers' clerks, sailors, and gentlemen alike—"We have to rough it, and meet with many