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William Henry Drummond

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THE name of Canada to me, as to many of my race and age, has a romantic charm that it does not rise from any great historical associations, but survives from early youth, the true period of natural magic, of unquestioning illusions, when great men and great deeds have less power to stir the imaginative faculty than a hint, in some trumpery fiction, of wild, free spaces of the unspoiled world. Not to prenatal glory does the memory of youth go back, as Wordsworth thought; not to some Platonic Eden where, in a previous incarnation we were as angels in a sinless garden; but to the early, primitive, and essentially mundane valleys, plains, and hills that knew the toils and wanderings of our ancestors. It is the unfenced, uninhabited, and tractless areas our subliminal memory recalls; the lonely morning forest, the shouting cataract with no name, lakes undiscovered, hunts perilously followed, evening fires with their ashes deep below the mould of centuries. No savage tribe with rude camp equipage set forth at dawn from the sheltering edge