

they are almost always a failure ; so large grants of land to one individual are of no benefit to the country. A few poor emigrants, each having a small piece of ground given them, would in the end make better settlers. We are naturally selfish, and, if I may be allowed to use the expression, become more so by "being wrapped up in our own clover." Getting land into your possession seems to be one thing ; doing good equal to what you possess, seems to be another. Now I think that having land in an uncultivated state, or having more than you can manage, is keeping a talent buried in the ground. Some people not only keep their land in this way, but prevent others, whose affairs become mixed up with theirs by a number of unfortunate circumstances, of either having or using their own. We talk of the miser who hoards his gold, and forget the miser who hoards his land. While my thoughts have been so busy, the cars have stopped at London, the Forest City, where the Great Western has a very fine station. Seeing a very nice dinner prepared, I sat down and enjoyed it, and then, having procured a carriage, I drove to the London and Port Stanley depot, which is a sad change from the Great Western. Arriving there, I was, like Robinson Crusoe, monarch of all I surveyed, for no living thing seemed near. With difficulty I found a seat, and, making a table of my lap, I began to write this journal.