

The mother stands patiently up on the shore,
And the grandfather leans on his staff at the
door.

But hark! the young voices are shouting aloud:
"O yes, mother dear, 'tis our good ship the
'Cloud.'"

"Look, Willy—look, Ellen; oh, tell me at last,
Is all right, do you think? is the flag at the
mast?"

Now long do they pause—their answer, "Ah,
no,"—

And the cheek of the mother grows white as the
snow,

For she thinks of the neighbor who came home
to die

Some summers ago, in a cottage hard by;
All wounded and bleeding he came from the
fray,

And mourners were many in Gaspé that day.

But a clear, joyous shout goes upward at last—
"Cheer up, mother dear, the flag 's at the
mast!"

And happy and smiling they hasten to meet
The father and brother, their longing to greet.
O when we are leaving this life's troubled shore,
And earth and its trials and duties are o'er,
Shall we see the sweet home of the blessed at
last,

And sail in secure with our flag at the mast.

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EARLY SCENES IN CANADIAN LIFE.

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CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST SETTLERS NEAR CHATHAM—HARD- SHIPS OF THE SETTLERS—CAPTIVES AMONG THE INDIANS.

The early history of the Canadian people abounds with thrilling incidents, and acts of personal bravery which deserve to be transmitted to posterity. Records of the trials and triumphs of the olden times can scarcely fail to inspire in our hearts the most profound respect for the indefatigable perseverance and indomitable daring of our ancestors. Courageous indeed were the men, and noble the women, who first sought homes in the wilds of this Province. Few in these

days of gravel-roads, railroads, and telegraphs, can have any conception of the hardships and destitution of the early pioneers. This old, heroic race has well-nigh passed away. Here and there, possibly, an old patriarch of Western Canada may still be found, lingering among the rich fields he has rescued from the forest; but he belongs to the past. His contemporaries are gone, but their works and his for civilization and humanity remain, causing their memory to be as "ointment poured forth." Any relation of events that will give us but a glimpse of those early days, and of the energy, courage, and endurance of the fathers and mothers of the Canadian people, cannot, we think, fail to interest the Canadian reader.

Old Mr. Dolson, as he was familiarly called, came from Pennsylvania into Upper Canada in 1788, stopping for a time at Queenston, but finally settled near the river Thames, about four miles below where Chatham is now situated. Mr. Dolson having adhered to the cause of Great Britain throughout the war of the Revolution, came to this country a United Empire Loyalist. The family came, on pack-horses, and Daniel,—one of the sons, of whom we shall have occasion to speak hereafter,—with two younger children, rode on one horse, also carrying with him on the same beast several small packages. The majority of the new settlers in the Dolson neighborhood were from Pennsylvania, and of German descent. No person unacquainted with travelling through an unbroken wilderness can form any adequate idea of the difficulties to be surmounted, and the toils and privations to be endured in journeying, accompanied by women and children, through such a country as that traversed by Mr. Dolson and his companions.

The wearisome journey accomplished, and such homes provided for their families as the means at their disposal enabled them to manufacture from the forest, then came the tedious process of preparing a place for, and planting their first crops; and