

the shanty of the settler, far, far away in the backwoods, where tidings of home seldom come. There are in these words endearing associations, which time and distance cannot diminish or obliterate. Here they have a magic and a force which I cannot describe. It is a word that conjures up memories of the past on which the heart loves to linger—the memory of prayers uttered on bended knees at the feet of departed parents, who blessed our early and guided our advancing years, when the passions of youth were unsubdued, and the principles of manhood unconfirmed. It recalls the abode of distant, most loved and loving friends, and brings back scenes on which the eye has not rested for many a year of anxious struggle and final success. I must tell you a little anecdote on this point which moved me exceedingly. I called one day while in the bush at the house of a venerable old man of eighty—a soldier and gentleman—who had been here forty years, and seldom got any tidings from home. I happened to have in my pocket-book a primrose which dearest ——— sent me in a letter, and I placed it on the old man's knee, and said, 'Did you ever see a flower like that?' The old man took it up, and when he recognized it, he kissed the pale flower over and over again, and, bending his aged head, he wept like a child, so long and so violently that I was alarmed. Who can tell what thoughts this little flower awakened in the old man's mind? The thoughts of some shady lane, perchance, near the unforgotten home of his childhood—

‘The first-love beat of his youthful heart,’

a mother's gentle look—a father's word of approbation or sign of reproof—a sister's gentle love—a brother's fond regard—handsful of flowers plucked in green and quiet meadows—bird's-nests admired, but not touched—the Sabbath call to prayer and praise. It was too sacred a sight for a stranger's eye. I don't think he could have spoken; I am sure I could not. So I wrote in pencil a few words promising to see him again, and, if we should both be spared, that he should next spring have a pale memorial of spring and home from the same green lane as the one which had, much to his honour, elicited ‘a soldier's tear.’ • • •

“All the favourable impressions of Canada which I named to you before have been fully confirmed upon a more accurate inquiry into her wonderful resources and capabilities; if there be any country which deserves to be known at home, that country is Canada. We seem never to have realized what Canada really is, and have always thought of her as a desolate and chilly place, the abode of anthropophagi and mosquitoes, from whence we got ice and pine timber; instead of which it is a country about four times the size of the British possessions in Europe, producing almost every thing which can minister to the comforts and luxuries of life, and where, within the space of less than fifty years, millions of acres of land have been converted from forest and swamps into fruitful and well cultivated farms, supplying not only the wants of its own rapidly increasing population, but enabling us to export produce to the States and England to the value of many millions sterling every year.