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SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A CANADIAN PIONEER.

CHAPTER I.

The readers of *Good Words* have enjoyed frequent treats from a facile pen, depicting the lives and characters of real worthies, under the caption of "Our Indian Heroes."

Canada must hold humble rank, as compared with the rich, populous and vast region of India, and her heroes take form proportioned to the limited sphere of a new and undeveloped country.

Still, we can boast of men who truly earned renown, and they deserve to be had in everlasting remembrance, in the history of this great nation yet to be. Among the number might be named the discoverers of the country, and those who first ascended its rivers, passed over its great lakes, and mapped the outlines of its geographical character. Another class claims notice as the defenders of the soil. Holding not their lives dear unto themselves, they fought, bled and died to retain in their integrity the bounds and government of the country. Nor yet has been wanting the true patriot who has struggled, and not in vain, in the political arena to secure enlarged and enlightened civil and religious liberty. Then we have the industrial heroes—lion-hearted men with strong arms, who fought the battle of the wilderness—who went up and possessed the land, and bore their part in redeeming the earth from the dominion of the forest, making the desert places fruitful as a garden, and aiding to usher in the time when the earth shall yield her increase.

Yet another class, though last not least, stands out demanding our gratitude and admiration. These are the moral heroes—men who have combated the evil habits of society—worked to educate the masses, and preached the everlasting Gospel, whilst enduring the toil and self-denial incident to a backwoods ministry. From all these classes pleasing and interesting pictures might be drawn, characteristic of real life in Canada, and calculated to inspire its rising race to emulate the actions of departed worthies, and thankfully benefit by the legacy of their examples and labors.

The foregoing remarks are introductory to presenting to the reader's attention some fragmentary sketches from the life of a man entitled to rank among the industrial and moral heroes of Canada. The writer will briefly trace his history in the land of his birth, his journey hitherward, and life in the backwoods of Canada.

John Edwards was born in Morayshire, Scotland, about the year 1780, of parents in humble circumstances, but possessed of that pearl which rich men cannot buy. He was trained to the labors of the farm; but, on nearing man's estate, conceived the idea of learning a trade. With this view he left home for Edinburgh. The parting advice of his father evinces Scotland's deep veneration for the day of rest, and seemed, in the mind of the anxious parent, the safeguard against temptation. The advice was: "Jack, be sure and remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

Arrived at Edinburgh, he engaged with