

Macdonald and Brown, that at Lundy's Lane to the heroes of the burning July day, and crowning the mount from which we behold so wonderful a panorama of river, lake and plain, the martial figure of the Hero of Upper Canada.

Could the stories be gathered up of the journeys through the wilderness, in the canoe, skirting lakes, swimming rivers, bringing with them pathetic reminders of their homes, now treasure-relics, volumes might be written. The romantic story of Mr. Land almost equals that of Evangeline in its interest. The hero of the Loyalist burnt in his absence, he flies for his life, thinking his wife and children had perished in the flames, and reaches Canada, living the life of a misanthrope, while the wife and children reach Nova Scotia, thinking the husband and father slain, but the wife, grown restless and wearying, hoping she might yet hear of her husband, comes by slow journeyings to Niagara and hears of a solitary settler named Land forty miles away, and again taking up the weary march, finds a log house, and her long lost husband who, after thirteen years, scarcely knows his wife and children. The story might make a thrilling Canadian romance. Then the story of Magdalene Whitmore, *nee* Servos, who as a child saw the murder of her Loyalist grandfather, and after many years is brought to Canada to her father's new home and there becomes the mother of the wife of our great novelist, Mr. Kirby. Well may he tell the story so feelingly, and no wonder, having heard it in these E. homes so often.

“And they who loved

The cause that had been lost, and kept their faith
To England's crown and scorned an alien name
Passed into exile, leaving all behind
Except their honor, and the conscious pride
Of duty done to country and to King.
Broad lands, ancestral homes, the gathered wealth
Of patient toil and self-denying years
Were confiscate and lost * * *
Not drooping like poor fugitives they came
In exodus to our Canadian wilds,