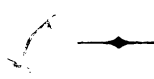


# LIFE IN THE CLEARINGS

## VERSUS THE BUSH.



### CHAPTER I.

“The land of our adoption claims  
Our highest powers,—our firmest trust—  
May future ages blend our names  
With hers, when we shall sleep in dust.  
Land of our sons!—last-born of earth,  
A mighty nation nurtures thee;  
The first in moral power and worth,—  
Long mayst thou boast her sovereignty!  
Union is strength, while round the boughs  
Of thine own lofty maple-tree;  
The threefold wreath of Britain flows,  
Twined with the graceful *fleur-de-lis*;  
A chaplet wreathed mid smiles and tears,  
In which all hues of glory blend;  
Long may it bloom for future years,  
And vigour to thy weakness lend.”

YEAR after year, during twenty years' residence in the colony, I had indulged the hope of one day visiting the Falls of Niagara, and year after year, for twenty long years, I was doomed to disappointment.

For the first ten years, my residence in the woods of Douro, my infant family, and last, not least, among the list of objections, that great want,—the want