

simmer; and a wash in the cool lake made us more cheery; but not until the strong sun, climbing over the tree tops, beat down on the lake, and made it blush and smile, did we feel quite free from a sense of grievance. *Then* we looked at our early riser with equanimity; then we saw through the smoke of his cigar the lines disappear from his weary face, and from his mind the memories vanish of his restless night, like the recollections of injuries, when they who have done them are dead. And, although we who were more fortunate, and slept, might be thought to look back upon this night in a more placid frame of mind than *he*, the sleepless one, yet I can assure you that so intoxicating is the charm of this life in the woods, which every man who goes to Canada may enjoy without let or hindrance, that if volunteers were called for to spend a year of such a life, I believe the sleepless one would be the first to sign his name.

But to return to more practical matters. I am attempting to describe a British colony, and one which I hope will remain so. Now, the Union Jack is not more necessary to a Briton than his grumble. The question immediately arises, "Do Canadians ever grumble?" And I am glad to say that in this respect they are quite British.

When a man gets rich in a new country, he expects—at all events his wife does—that he will be able to get for his money all that can be got