

which brought them home in short order. The sugar season was a pleasant one for the young folks. Basswood swings were made by running the bark half way up the tree and tying the ends together. They also enjoyed themselves by chasing and hunting squirrels, coons, quails and chipmunks. In spring and early summer when flowers bloomed on the sunny hills the music of the cow bells mingled pleasantly with the other sounds in the forest. These recollections give joy and regret to a pioneer now in the field almost alone. What is the impression on the footman behind? May it be the blaze on the tree, and the bright torch light to guide the inexperienced by day and by night."

John S. McColl also contributes the following poem, which is of interest as a memorial of the pioneer days:

MY OLD HOME YET.

'Twas a home in the woods, it was
neat, it was small,
As it stood on the newly cleared
ground;

And as rough as they grew were the
logs in the wall:

They were notched at the corners
around.

You may scorn if you please,
But the bark of the trees

Was our roofing, the best we could
get:

Although it fell down nevermore to
arise,

'Tis "my old home yet."

I remember full well, with the old
folks at home,

How we gathered around the great
fire,

When ev'nings were long and the
neighbors would come,

'Twas all that a boy could desire:
Then we gladly would sing,

Till we made the roof ring.

With the strains that I ne'er can
forget:

Although it fell down, nevermore to
arise,

'Tis "my old home yet."

The chimney was large and the ceiling was low,

There was heat, there was light in
the blaze;

Our stoves and our ranges are now
made for show,

But the things were for use in
those days:

There were no taxes then,

No ungodly council men,

Not a sheriff, and no one in debt:

Although it fell down nevermore to
arise,

'Tis "my old home yet."

The wealthy and great in their mansions may dwell,

'Mid the splendor of gilding and
paint:

With their furniture grand, it is all
very well,

If their luxuries bring them content:

But my dear old home,

Wherever I may roam,

Shall to me bring delight and regret:

Although it fell down, nevermore to
arise,

'Tis "my old home yet."

THE CITY OF LONDON.

Although "Georgina on the Thames," Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe's selection and forecast in 1793 of a capital for Upper Canada, was not realized, his choice was largely justified by the excellence of the site and the subsequent growth and prosperity of the City of London. Yet it was over thirty years before the sound of an axe was heard in the warfare with the primeval forest. In 1826 it was surveyed by Col. Mahlon Burwell, assisted by Freeman Talbot and Benjamin Springer, and the surveyors were assisted in their work by Hugh and John Johnson, of Lobo. In 1827 Parliament constituted London the capital of what is now Western Ontario, and a frame court house was erected, succeeded later by an imposing brick structure. The growth of the village was slow for some years. Geo. J. Goodhue was the first merchant; Major Schofield was the first postmaster, and was suc-