

not culture and refinement, but strength and endurance, that are needed to do battle with the hardships of a forest-life; strong arms and sturdy frames, not cultivated minds and sensitive organisations, with necessarily fastidious tastes. To set such to the rough work of a settler on wild land is like taking a finely-tempered penknife to cut through an inch plank, and the misapplication of power must end in suffering and disappointment. Men and women of culture and refinement are certainly not without their use in a new country, but it is not that of "hewers of wood" and settlers on new grants. Some indeed have set themselves to it, like the family in the sketch, with a brave endurance bordering on heroism; but the battle must generally go against them, and must exhaust the vitality and energy intended for higher work. The emigrants Canada needs for her wild lands are hardy labourers, accustomed to rough hard work, who can here win for themselves, in time, a comfortable homestead by labour not more severe than was needed at home to earn daily bread.

One or two things in the sketch referred to strike one as being capable of remedy. The bread generally used by the people is said to be heavy, doughy, and sometimes sour. Surely, with proper management, *this* need never be the case in Canada. Both good yeast and good bread are within any settler's reach. Some benevolent practical baker might take a tour in the region to teach the people at least how to make good, light bread. Then, the quality of some of the articles of food sold at the country "stores" is said to have been wretched, indeed it is remarked that they seemed to contain the "sweepings of Toronto shops." The tea, especially, was infamous, adulterated with sloe-leaves, raspberry-leaves, and perhaps with less innocent ingredients. This certainly need not, and should not be; and that such a state of things exists is a serious reflection on Canadian honesty. The poor settler is as much entitled to a *good* cup of tea as the resident of a city, and often *needs* it far more.

One good lesson this rather gloomy picture of Canadian backwoods life may have for the Canadians of the present day who do *not* live in the backwoods. It may remind us of the cost at which our forefathers redeemed from primeval wildness the rich and fertile country of which we are so justly proud; and it may teach us, while we look with satisfaction on the rapid advances in civilization, its fast-growing cities, its extending railroads, its developing manufacture and commerce, its rich and bounteous harvests, to look back with grateful appreciation to the labours of those who bore the burden and heat of the day; whose hard, self-denying toil laid the foundations of our national prosperity, and whose stout arms and brave endurance conquered for us, from the stern forces of nature the goodly heritage that we call "this Canada of ours."

Since writing the foregoing, the April number has come to hand, containing the conclusion of Mrs. K.'s narrative. It carries on the experience of the emigrants into the summer with its intense heat and terrible backwoods scourge of mosquitoes and other troublesome insects. Mrs. H., by a curious coincidence, gives the line of Dante above quoted:

"Abandon hope all ye who enter here,"

as the thought that haunted her mind during the earlier days of her bush experiences. Certainly it is the thought that her narrative suggests. Nevertheless, the close of the article shows that hope *has* entered, even into Muskoka, for she says they are still toiling, struggling on, *hoping* for the arrival of better days. That those better days may abundantly reward the labours of the emigrants will be the desire of every Canadian who reads the narrative. None can close it without sincere sympathy and regret that the inevitable circumstances of the case and the inclemency of the climate have made their first experience of our country so full of privation and suffering. May brighter days be in store for them!