

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 mortal power and worth—
Long mayest 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, at last, not least, among the list of objections, that great want—the want of money—placed insuperable difficulties in the way of my ever accomplishing this cherished wish of my heart.

The hope, resigned for the present, was always indulged as a