

I shall also avoid naming any one particular district or province of Canada in preference to another, as suitable fields for European settlement. Each Province has its peculiar advantages and wants, and having visited all parts of it, I come to the conclusion that the choice of a future home must depend upon the requirements, the tastes, the former pursuits, and the *stamina*, physical and intellectual, of the intending settler.

The removal of a family from the home of their childhood, manhood and old age, is a solemn step, and "should not be enterprised or taken in hand" without anxious consideration, but I repeat what I have often told you before, that many years' residence in Canada, and close observation upon her wonderful and yet almost unknown resources, constrain me to say that no British Colony presents so many examples of temporal success as Canada. The limits of this letter do not admit of my giving personal examples, but I will do so in the next edition (the tenth) of good Mrs. Traill's invaluable work, which has been so much sought after that nine editions have been exhausted, and Stanford writes for fresh supplies. On the subject of home ties and their disruption, I cannot refrain from enriching my letter with the following beautiful extract from this lady's "*Canadian Settler's Guide*," a book which every one looking this way for a home should purchase and read. It is published under the authority of the Canadian government and is thoroughly reliable. "Whatever may be the destination of the intending emigrant, let him not exclude from his entire confidence the wife of his bosom, the natural sharer of his fortunes, be the path which leads to them rough or smooth. She ought not to be dragged as an unwilling sacrifice at the shrine of duty, from home, kindred and friends, without her full consent, &c., &c." "Woman, whose nature is to love home and to cling to all home ties and associations, cannot be torn from that spot that is the little centre of joy, peace and comfort to her, without many painful regrets. No matter however poor she may be, how low her lot in life may be cast, home to her is dear, the thought of it and the love of it clings closely to her wherever she goes. The remembrance of it never leaves her; it is graven on her heart. Her thoughts wander back to it across the broad waters of the ocean that are bearing her far from it. In the new land it is still present to her mental eye, and years after she has formed another home for herself she can still recal the bowery lane, the daisied meadow, the moss-grown well, the simple hawthorn hedge that bound the garden porch, the woodbine plot, the thatched roof and narrow casement window of her early home. She hears the singing of the birds, the murmuring of the bees, the tinkling of the rill, and busy hum of cheerful labour from the village and the farm, when those beside her can hear only the deep cadence of the wind among the lofty forest trees, the jingling of the cattle-bells, or strokes of the chopper's axe in the woods. As the seasons return she thinks of the flowers that she loved in childhood; the pale primrose, the cowslip and the bluebell, with the humble daisy and heath-flowers; and what would