

easy access to the generality of readers. In collecting it in one small budget, neither ponderous in form nor in substance, have I succeeded to furnish a manual of light reading for tourists, sportsmen and others? Time alone will tell. This bantling has taken up, pleasantly enough, many a leisure hour during long winter evenings, when my "Household Gods" were wrapt in balmy sleep, and when no sound invaded my study but the whistling of the northern blast through my old oaks and snow-clad pines.

To say it cost me neither trouble nor research, would be untrue. Dealing becomingly with some feudal topics, I found very difficult, notwithstanding the pains I took, to handle them gingerly. I have thrown in several light anecdotes to enliven the subject. It has, likewise, frequently been my lot to speak of the living and the dead, also of current events: severely at times; unjustly, I hope, never. Without ignoring the merits of other nations and other countries, I never shrank from standing up for my own, and I hope never will. Without forgetting the claims of ancestry; to whom we owe civil and religious freedom, and their exponent, representative institutions (even though our government be but a pale copy of a good original) one thing will frequently shew itself in these pages—that is,—the love of country. In the words of Scotia's bard:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?"

Or else in those of our own national poet:*

"Sol Canadien, terre chérie!
Par des braves tu fus peuplé;

* Isidore Bedard. This gifted Quebecer was a brother of the late Hon. Mr. Justice Elzéar Bedard. He represented in Parliament, the County of Saguenay, and died in Paris, in 1833.