

there was also a very heroic side to it. For a man, and especially a poor immigrant with a young family and an empty purse, required to have indomitable pluck, self-reliance and hope to go into the backwoods forest before the era of railways, or in fact roads of any kind, and then go through the awful work of clearing a bush farm and making a home.

The most of the settlers around us were immigrants of this description, and who had crossed the Atlantic in wretched sailing vessels that took from three to four months to make the trip. Such a mode of traveling would have been trying enough under ordinary circumstances, but what must it have been when the cholera or ship fever broke out on board in mid-ocean without a doctor, or medicine, or help of any kind except what they could render each other? Many families were broken up. Take one case. John McRae left Scotland with a wife and five children, two girls and three boys, but the first work he had to do in Canada was to dig his wife's grave at the quarantine station on the Island of Orleans, below Quebec, which was a severe trial on arriving in a strange land. He also had to leave the two girls in the hospital in Montreal, and one of them he never saw again. She died there. But hushing down his sorrow in his own manly heart, he resolutely pushed on to the township of Ashfield, in the County of Huron, and went to work to make a home in the bush for himself and the rest of the children, and by steady persistent industry and the help of the boys he got on remarkably well. He lived to be over ninety years of age, but retained all