

tower, a lady's bower, or anything else lonely and romantic.

Never before had I known anything of Nature's landscape gardening on such a grand scale. What a splendid deer-park this would make, I exclaimed, sitting down to enjoy the scene on pretence of resting myself. I thought, with a little twinge of regret, that this spot of delight probably belonged to some sturdy yeoman who would clear the magnificent trees off without a thought to make way for tasselled corn, or golden wheat,—who would have no eye for Nature's beauty only for utility. And it is well. This Canada is surely the land of promise for the people—the hard-handed diggers and delvers of the soil.

Perhaps, said I to the listening chipmunks, who were whisking and scampering about and enquiring in shrill chitterings what business I had to be moralizing there, perhaps this spreading Canada contains an answer to the agonized question which humanity in want of work and want of bread wrung from Ebenezer Elliott :

“When wilt thou save the people,  
O God of mercy, when ?  
Not kings and lords, but nations ;  
Not thrones and crowns, but men ?”

The chipmunks are witnesses that, there and then, I wished for every man willing to work and only asking leave to earn bread for his little ones, a home and a farm under the maple trees of this splendid Canada. Every true worker here will, while carving out for himself individual wealth, help to create an empire !

With this magnificent wish I got up from my log seat and wandered on, enjoying the gay green wood and the costless generosity of my own thoughts. At the same time, by a vigorous use of a green branch, according to instructions given, I tried to keep the clouds of mosquitoes at bay, I wonder if the Egyptian flies were mosquitoes, singing a song of triumph over their

power of tormenting ? If they would bite and not sing, or sing and not bite, either would be sufficiently annoying, but with both together it is insufferable. And those treacherous black flies, that draw blood before you know you are bitten, I wonder if they boast to one another of an ancestry that came over from the banks of the Nile ? By and by I began to wonder how long seven miles was. I knew I must have walked a good long piece. True, I had walked slowly, but I had started early, and only sat down once to enjoy the scenery. It was certainly past noon, at least I thought so as I peered up at the white sun, and no sign of Blair Athol or the white house of the minister. The road stretched on, bordered with stately trees, but no clearings, no fences, no houses, nor signs of human occupation. Coming down a little hill, I came suddenly on two deer browsing on the underwood. They looked up with great startled eyes, and then bounded off instantly, their funny tails waving white in the air. I walked on, and seeing no more deer, I began to realize that I was very tired. I had left the large trees and the high land behind me ; the road now lay along the bank of a muddy sluggish little river and the trees were dark evergreens. I was in a pine swamp. I began to think that I must have lost my way. The road now swept round a sharp turn, following the bend of the river, and when I turned the corner I saw a little clearing among the pines. A little shanty was built close to the fence, so small and low that it seemed too miserable for a human habitation. Two or three tattered and sunburned little children were playing merrily before the door in the sand, fat and contented. It was dreadfully hot here, the encircling pines fenced in the heat and fenced out every stirring breath of air. A man was mowing in the clearing, dressed in a home shirt, a coarse straw hat, and—nothing more. A wo-