

CHAPTER VII.

THAT *The Times* has done its very best towards populating British Columbia, and making known its value, no reasoning man will deny. The publication of the letters of *The Times'* own correspondent of this year will go far towards increasing next year's population returns of British Columbia. The official statement of the population in 1860, as found in the Colonization Circular for this year, gives 5,000 as the total number of whites in that colony, the official estimate for Vancouver's Island showing a similar number; but either these figures are inaccurate, or the advance in population and resources of these twin colonies have been marvellous between 1860 and the present time, for we learn that the colonies have voted £1000 towards fitting up the Vancouver's and British Columbian Court in the Great Exposition of this year, and that the Colonial Commissioners are able to indulge in the expensive luxury of forwarding to England a pine-spar 230 feet in height. The mere cost of the transport of this huge pine from the place of its growth to Kensington will be so great, that it is astounding the young colony whence it is sent should have ventured upon exporting it. The act as thoroughly proves the easy circumstances of Vancouver's and British Columbian exhibitors, as their spirit and commercial enterprise.

In concluding this work, we cannot do better than print the powerful "leader" in *The Times* which accompanied the publication of the last letter from Vancouver's Island published in that journal. It would be difficult to surpass this composition in earnestness or close reasoning. It must already have influenced the future lives of many—its perusal has been, and will be, the turning point in the lives of thousands. As it stands we give it—a very monument of energy and outspoken candour directed to one of the best of purposes, that of advancing the condition of our struggling countrymen.

"Many of us have seen in our travels, and some of us may often see at our own homes, the sudden clearing of a mist from a magnificent landscape. The morning rose over a sea of fog, in which it was just possible to discern a few hills or inequalities of surface. All at once the pall lifts. Then are seen, distinct and bright, mountains and vales, broad reaches of winding rivers, green meadows, dark woods, bold bluffs, and snug recesses, lakes below lakes, horizon beyond horizon, perhaps snowy peaks and the distant ocean. What the eye cannot reach the mind may