

## OUR BELOVED CANADA.

NOTES FROM A FRUIT-GROWER'S STANDPOINT.

My country, of thee I sing,  
Land of the golden fruit,  
Of herb and grain and root,  
Of thee I sing.

Land of the crystal spring ;  
Of furrowed field, of lake expanse ;  
Could I thy fame enhance,  
Of thee I'd sing.



THE Canadian has a rich inheritance in the land that he possesses. In primitive days he sang of his inheritance as the land of forest and river and lake ; and with this theme was inseparably associated the woodsman's axe. In patriotic sentiment it has been the land of the beaver and the maple leaf. And it has held a place in fame as the land of the toboggan and the ice palace. But, comparatively speaking, all that had a reality in these bygone conceptions of this land of ours has passed away and little, save the sentimental, remains of them. The forest has been transformed into the cultivated field ; the rivers and lakes have lost their romance and become the highways of commerce ; the beaver has vanished before the heavy draught-horse and the dairy cow ; the maple leaf, except as an ornament, has been replaced by the plum, the pear and the apple bough ; the toboggan has migrated to the north-land and the ice palace has melted away, and so likewise has the false fame that it provoked. The reality that remains with us is the fairest and most favored land that man possesses. The enthusiast in horticulture has come to view the prospect, in this part of the Dominion at least, as one of incomparable possibilities ; and the practical fruit-grower does not look without encouraging promise into the future, as he contemplates the profitable results of the past two years, and the reputation the apple of Ontario has made for itself abroad.

Thirty years ago, I was a boy living in the vicinity of Port Hope. It was to me an enchanting spot, and memories ever recur to me of the days when I used to ramble through its deep ravines in search of wild strawberries ; or into the breaks and woodlands for the wild plum and gooseberry ; or invade sylvan glades where rippled the trout-brooks ; or climbed the pine-wooded ridges to look—as Byron used to do the ocean—upon the lake, which, to my boyish fancy, was a majestic sea.

Ontario, how sweet thy memory brings  
My careless boyhood back to me ;  
When ardent hope on fancy's wings  
Beheld life's future gleam like thee.