

ernment, but of the people. The spirit that broods over me to-day is the same that danced among the shadows beside an open fireplace while I listened to endless crooning tales of the sufferings and hopes of the pioneers. The Spirit of Freedom that led them into the wilderness became my spirit, and their dream of a free Canada became a living spirit that danced about me in the flickering light of the flaming back-logs.

By some trick of the imagination I have always thought of Canada as the blithe spirit that haunted my childhood. But in my childhood she did not always come in the same guise. Sometimes she would come gliding out of the depths of the forest, a shy and dusky sprite that would take me by the hand and teach me the love of flowers and birds and the infinite mysteries of Nature. Again she would come as a country maid, glowing with the joy of life, who would lead me through the fields where she reaped the harvest and bound the sheaves. Always she walked in the sunlight