

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

happy to say it yet retains an infinite glamour and romance. For the preservation of this fond illusion—as the realist may consider it—I owe much to the good fortune of knowing one man who, after living nearly all his life in Canada, had not discarded a single jot of his youthful vision of her as a land magnificent and romantic; a man for whom the Redskin or the half-breed still was a being not to be despised; for whom the woodman, the trapper, and the pioneer were glorified by all the antique circumstances of their lives. The forest for William Henry Drummond, as for me, had not relinquished any of its early power to rouse half-awed expectancy, to challenge, to allure. A Celt in every artery of his being, it was not for him, as it never was for me, by fauns and fairies that the thickets, glades, or verges of the solitary lakes were inhabited, but by the creatures of his boyish worship, by Leather-Stocking rather than the dryads.

No alien could doubt the persistence of romance in Canada, who saw the joy of Drummond in it, his delight in the very things that thrilled in the books of youth; in guides and *voyageurs*, in camps, and portages, and canoes. He was himself a sportsman, and the woods and rivers, therefore, had a fascination for another portion of his nature, but rightly or wrongly, I fancy his love of the wilds and his sense of kinship with