

twenty-six years, from 1846 to 1871 inclusive. And, placing this rainfall alongside the amount of woods cut down during the same twenty-six years, we have the lowest, 26.805 inches in 1848, and the highest, 46.188 inches in 1870. And, putting the first four years given beside the last four years, it shows four inches more rain in favor of the latter.

Professor Brown says: "The well-watered north shores of Lakes Erie and Ontario, as far as Toronto, is clearly large lake influence." But he "cannot see how all north of Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence River there is only a moderate rainfall, considering the size of the lake and the large proportion of heavily timbered country adjoining.

And why the one should be so clear,  
And the other be so obscure,  
Is what I cannot see;  
But did we climb where Oates's did,  
It might be better understood,  
And solve the mystery.

Mr. McQuade, in his Essay on Forestry, makes a calculation from an experiment made ninety-seven years ago, and shows that an acre of wood land will yield 3,875 gallons of water in twelve hours; and gives it as his opinion, that if this process of calculation was carried out correctly in Ontario, it would be an easy matter to determine what amount of leaf-surface would be required to insure a full crop under ordinary circumstances.

Professor Brown, on this question, says: "This is just one of the things that we do not know, and that we are not likely ever to know, as a point for general practical guidance."

And there are several things, I think, which point very conclusively to the correctness of the professor's statement, though, of all that I have heard or read on forestry, Mr. McQuade, I think, in his "Essay on Forestry," carries off the palm. Hear him:

"In those days of universal tillage, the grass will burn off the earth, the cattle perish for want of water, and why? Because we have not the everlasting snow-capped mountains hanging over us to feed our creeks and springs; because we have destroyed our forest-trees which Nature's Great Architect planted for that purpose. Do our people know all this? will they believe it when told? Oh that some mighty genius, with the tongue of Demosthenes, eloquence of Cicero, and pen of Homer, would proclaim it in every hamlet throughout the length and breadth of our fine young province, before it is too late. Twenty years ago the lover of sport could catch trout, bass, chub and suckers, at any time in summer, from Bayfield to Dublin, or shoot the grey or wood chuck. To-day there is not sufficient water in its whole length to keep a decent family in drink."

This seems rather small fry to make such a lamentation about.