

The tempest raged so furiously without that I was fearful that the house would be unroofed; and the night was far advanced when my faithful old Irish servant, Jenny, and myself, retired to bed.

My boy's words were prophetic. That was the last night I ever spent in the bush—in the dear forest home, which I had loved in spite of all the hardships which I had endured since we pitched our tent in the back woods. It was the birth place of my three boys; the school of high resolve and energetic action, in which we had learned to meet calmly and battle successfully with the ills of life. I did not leave it without many regretful tears, to mingle once more with a world, to whose usages, in my long solitude, I had become almost a stranger; and to whose praise or blame I felt alike indifferent.

When the day dawned the whole forest scenery lay glittering in a mantle of dazzling white. The sun shone brightly, the heavens were intensely blue, but the cold was so severe that every article of food had to be thawed before we could get our breakfast. The very blankets that covered us during the night were stiff with our frozen breath.

"I hope the people won't come to take away the furniture to-day," I cried. "We should be frozen on the long journey."

About noon two sleighs with fine spans of horses, made their appearance at the head of the clearing. The snow had been two days in advance of us at B—, and my husband had sent up the teams to remove us. The children jumped about and laughed aloud for joy—while old Jenny and myself commenced packing up trunks and boxes as fast as our cold hands would permit us. In the midst of our muddles, my brother arrived, like a good genius, to our assistance, declaring his determination of taking us down to B— himself, in his large lumber sleigh. This was indeed joyful news—and in three hours he had dispatched the two sleighs and their loads, and we all stood together in the empty house, striving to warm ourselves over the embers of the expiring fire.

How cold and desolate every object appeared. The small windows half blocked up with snow, scarcely allowed a glimpse of the declining sun to cheer us with his serene aspect. In spite of the cold, several kind friends had waded through the deep snow, to say "God bless you—Good bye!" while a group of silent Indians stood together, gazing upon our proceedings, with an earnestness which shewed that they were not uninterested in the scene. As the children and I passed out to the sleigh, each one pressed forward and silently held out a hand, while the poor squaws kissed me with tearful eyes. They had

been true friends to us in our dire necessity, and I returned their mute farewell from my very heart.

Mr. S— sprang into his sleigh. One of our party was wanting. "Jenny!" shouted my brother at the top of his voice; "it is too cold to keep your mistress and the little children waiting here."

"Och! sure then, I'm after coming," returned the old body, as she issued from the house.

Shouts of laughter greeted her appearance. The figure she cut on that memorable day, I shall never forget. My brother dropped the reins upon the horses' necks, and fairly roared. Jenny was about to commence her journey in three hats. Was it to protect her from the cold. Oh! no—Jenny was not afraid of the cold. She could have ate her breakfast on the north side of an iceberg; and always dispensed with shoes during the most severe of our Canadian winters. It was to protect these precious articles from injury. Our good neighbour, Mrs. W—, had presented her with an old sky-blue drawn silk bonnet, as a parting benediction. This, by way of distinction, as she never had possessed such an article of luxury as a silk bonnet in her life—Jenny had placed over the coarse calico cap with its full yellow furbelow of the same homely material, next her head. Over this, as next in degree, a sunburnt straw hat, with faded pink ribbons, a bequest from Miss A—, just showed its brown rim and taudry trimmings; and, to crown all, and serve as a guard to the rest—a really serviceable grey beaver bonnet of mine, towered up as high as the celebrated crown in which Brother Peter figures in the Tale of the Tub.

"Mercy, Jenny! You don't mean to go with us that figure?"

"Och! my dear heart—I have no band-box that will keep out the cold from my illigant bonnets," returned the old woman, laying her hand upon the sleigh.

"Go back, Jenny! go back"—cried my brother between suffocating peals of mirth. "For God's sake take that tomfoolerie from off your head. We shall be the laughing stock of every village we pass through."

"Och! sure now, Mr. S—, who wo'd think of looking at an ould crathur like me? Its only yerself that wo'd notice the like."

"All the world. Every body would look at you. I believe you put those hats on to be stared at by all the young fellows we meet. Ha! Jenny?"

With offended dignity the old woman retired to re-arrange her toilet, and provide for the safety of her "illigant bonnets," one of which she suspended to the strings of her cloak; and no per-