

aunt, and he had taken his wife with him, to keep the log-hut and cook his meals. This was all, for she was an irritable, complaining woman, dissatisfied with her lot, and unwilling to make the best of it, and her constant complaints, which had at first called forth her husband's soothing comfort, at length, when they became uncalled for and almost unbearable, made him a hard, stern, silent man, who bore his life because it was unalterable.

The summer preceding the commencement of my story, however, she died; and her husband, forgetting everything but the young wife of long ago whom he had loved so well, bent over her coffin in sincere grief. But he had had too long and stern a lesson to relax much, and to his only child he was almost a stranger. She was fourteen years old now, and when her mother's place became vacant, and there was no one to keep house, she quietly undertook the duties as they were laid upon her one by one; and her father knew no difference between the old life and the new, except that the house was stiller and there were no complaints. Indeed, if he ever realised that it was a difficult position for one so young, and that she was doing her duty bravely, he never spoke