

Alfred, Henry, and Martin, were very busy picking up the cleared ground, to sow the first crop. Mr. Campbell worked all day in the garden; the poultry were noisy and bustling, and soon furnished an abundant supply of eggs; and as now the hunting season was over for a time, Malachi and the Strawberry were continually coming to visit them.

"Oh! how delightful this is," exclaimed Emma as she stopped at the bridge and looked on the wide blue lake; "is it not, Mary, after having been cooped up for so many dreary months?"

"It is, indeed, Emma; I do not wonder at your flow of spirits; I feel quite another person myself. Well, if the winter is long and dreary, at all events, it doubly enhances the value of the spring."

"I think it's very odd that Captain Sinclair has not come to see us; don't you, Mary?"