

this providential care she was accustomed to tell in the following manner:—

It is now sixty years since I was a young girl in my father's house on the banks of St. Clair's river, as they call that part of the great St. Lawrence which flows from Lake Huron to Lake St. Clair. The district is all farms and villages now, with law-courts and market-places, schools and churches; but at the time of which I speak it was one wide forest, without highway or hamlet, but with solitary clearings few and far apart, with rudely-fenced and half-reclaimed fields surrounding the low log-houses of the earliest settlers, who lived partly by farming and partly by hunting.

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