

and she certainly could do nothing for them. There was no resource then but to leave her in her misery as they found her, to die when the Good Father above willed, and no doubt in His mercy the sooner the better for her.

With heavy wearied limbs and still heavier hearts they turned away and set out again on their heartless and apparently hopeless tramp. Even W——'s stout heart was beginning to fail him, the awful spectacle they had just witnessed seemed a premonition of their own fate. If they were at all near his own shanty these Indians must have known it, and the old squaw would surely have made some effort to get to it. No matter what he felt about it however he made no sign to his companions, and still stoutly maintained that he knew where they were, and would before long arrive at the shanty. No doubt his own forebodings were doubly felt by the others, though they too kept their mouths shut, and stolidly and weariedly trudged on. At length after some hours Wetheral fairly succumbed, and throwing himself on the snow declared he could go no further. "Ned," said he, "you are all wrong, instead of going south towards the shanty we're going fair north toward Hudson's Bay. For my part, I won't stir another step—I may as well die at once and comfortably."

His brother's despondency, and pitiable condition instead of dispiriting had the effect of rousing the full energy of W——'s determined headstrong character.

"Wetheral," he exclaimed, "this will never do, I feel, as sure as we are standing here, that we are close to the Quinze Lake, and that we will reach home some time to-morrow."

"Suppose we strike the lake, how far will we have to travel then," asked Wetheral.

"Not more than sixteen miles."

"Sixteen miles," he replied, "that I can never walk, and as you can't carry me, here I must stay. I'll tell you however what you can do, you and Joe push ahead for the shanty, and send back food and help for me—I'll tough it alone here for a day or two longer, but travel further I can't and won't, even though I was sure you were in the right direction."

His brother's determination, which he saw he could not overcome, placed W—— in a sad position. He knew well that, left alone, he would quickly fall asleep, and that was certain death: and yet it was just as terrible an alternative to remain with him, and was simply destruction for all of them. Joe however in a most unexpected manner relieved his difficulty. "I will remain," said he, "with Mr. Wetheral—you who alone know the country can push on ahead for help—the two of us can manage to keep up the fire, and keep each other awake until you can send back for us."

W——'s quick mind saw at once that this arrangement was the best in the circumstances, and in fact the only practicable one. Left alone also to pursue the journey he felt that he could travel with much greater speed, for latterly the lagging footsteps and half-hearted movements of his companions had seriously retarded the pace. So, with many injunctions to them to keep awake, and occupy themselves in cutting and carrying firewood, he bade them good-bye, and with a cheerful and even jaunty manner, but with a sad and heavy heart, he set out on his solitary tramp, for he felt almost sure in his own mind that he would never see them again. When things however are apparently at their very lowest and darkest pass with men it often happens that they suddenly improve and brighten. So it now turned out with our friends.

The falling in with the old squaw was undoubtedly the means, under Providence, of their salvation: the turning off at right angles towards the smoke of her camp had deviated them from the wrong into the true course, and now, though unknown to himself, W—— was rapidly nearing the happy goal of relief and deliverance. After he had walked about two miles, the broad expanse of the Quinze lake suddenly burst upon his view. With a glad shout and a hurried run, he soon assured himself of the reality of his now hopeful position. It was the Quinze indeed, and the open direct road to his own snug shanty. But blessings, like evils, often come double. The shore of the lake is here a marshy swamp, and thickly overgrown with high-bush cranberries, and upon their hard, frozen fruit W—— pounced with all the wolfish avidity of his famished stomach. And, strange as it may sound, they gave immediate relief and satisfaction. Then, filling his pockets, he eagerly retraced his steps towards his companions. In the relief and joy of his heart, he kept shouting, and firing off his rifle as he bounded along. Never in all his experience of backwoods hunting and adventure had he felt such unbounded delight and exhilaration of spirit. Fatigue, famine, and cold were as completely forgotten as if they had never existed. When he arrived within sight of them, he hoisted his cap on the end of his rifle, and joyously waved to them to come on, which, you may be sure, they made no delay in doing. As they came up they kept shouting, as with one voice, "What is it? what is it? Have you shot a moose?" "No," he replied, "but I have got high-bush cranberries." "Oh, that's no good," said Joe, "too hard, too cold." "Try them and see," said W——; "I feel first-rate after eating them." This they did, and fully agreed with him. Wetheral thought that he could walk the sixteen miles if he could get a few more by the way. That night they camped by the side of the lake. At daybreak they started. They had eaten to repletion of the berries, and felt comparatively refreshed. That morning they were able to smoke for the first time, and with their pockets filled with the berries, they set out with light and confident hearts for what they now knew for a certainty was their last day's tramp.

At ten o'clock that night they reached the shanty, a trio of as haggard, pinched-faced and wearied men as ever entered a shanty door. Wetheral and Big Joe had to keep their bunks for some days before they recovered from the effects of their terrible exposure and privation, but W—— was none the worse, and the very next day went some distance off to attend to some important work.

JOSHUA FRASER.

ES IST BESTIMMT IN GOTTES RATH.

It is decreed in Heaven's law
That what man loves best must withdraw
And lost be;
Though nothing in the world's course is
So sore to heart, alas, as this is,
"To part thee."

A rosebud fair to thee was given,
In water it to keep hast striven?
Yet know thou,
Though full blown it will be at prime,
'Tis withered quite by even-time,
This know thou.

Has God on thee a love bestowed?
To inmost heart has't found its road?
As thine own;
Eight boards the coffin weird will make,
Thou leav'st her there, thy heart will break,
O bitter moan!

But thou must rightly understand,
Yes, understand,
When friends from friends are riven apart,
They gaily say to grieving heart,
We'll meet in that far land,
We'll meet in that far land.

A. T.

IN AND ABOUT GALT: A HOLIDAY PAPER.

THE summer season is, all over the world, a season of flitting, and, of late years, instead of the annual journey by land and water, by which so many of our friends used to wend their way to far Cacouna and farther Tadousac, the vast majority now-a-days find the lovely lake region of Muskoka an ever-increasing attraction, and many thousands pass their days in the delightfully easy-hard-work idleness of "camping out." But few know of the lovely scenery of quite another kind which can be enjoyed in an interior county of our own Province of Ontario.

Let us therefore "see what can be seen" in one of the long-settled townships not more than two hours' journey from Toronto. The township itself was settled by a Scottish Laird in the very beginning of the century, with a liberality which appears not to have many imitators, perhaps not so much from lack of enterprise as of means. The peasants with their families were brought out in large numbers, and different indeed in those days must have been the surroundings of a group of emigrants on a sailing vessel, as contrasted with the modern comfort of a huge steamship, which bears its hundreds coming to settle haphazard in a country of which they know so little, that the knowledge they think they possess serves them ill. The lands in the former case were justly apportioned, money was lent on such terms that it was easily made just use of, log houses were built, wells dug from the springs which intersected the hill sides; and, in a few years, golden crops were flourishing in the place formerly occupied by the virgin forests. Year by year the Laird came to the county town to receive his rents and interest on the borrowed sums, and to this day can be seen the old log cabin which was used by his Lairdship as an office, wherein to transact his business, hear complaints, and judge fairly between disputants. But all this has changed, and the office is almost hidden between substantial stone buildings and modern brick houses. The town itself is built on either side of a river, along whose banks is heard to-day the busy hum of machinery from the factories, the products of which are amongst the most valued in the Canadian market. Stone quarries are numerous, and the houses built of brick have an unsubstantial appearance as compared with the beautiful grey and blue stone which gives the surrounding an almost old world look. Crossing the river on one of the three broad bridges which add to the picturesque appearance of the town, a road winds up a steep hill on which are some handsome residences recently built, and some distance behind them, with beautiful rolling ground between, rises a forest of noble trees, still unscathed by the hand of the speculator. Now the road winds to the right, and in a short time a scene of pastoral beauty difficult to surpass anywhere is before our eyes.

In the spring with fresh green verdure unsullied by heat or dusk; in the long summer days with the verdure moon high in the heavens; or in the autumn with the glorious tints of the Canadian fall, it is a lovely panorama, produced in great part by man's industry. The homesteads with solid walls of soft grey tint, veiled often by the masses of Virginia creeper; near by, the huge barns, through whose open doors comes the glimpse of fragrant hay, and golden wheat; perhaps, the busy whirr of the thrasher; the fields of crops all ready to be "garnered in;" the patient horses drawing the swift reaper in straightest line through the upstanding stalks, the next moment casting out the sheaves in even rows, to be stacked by busy hands—all is a scene which painters have ever loved.

Turning in at a large gate, we can mount up still higher, and passing through a densely wooded glade of beech, elm, and evergreens of every kind, we catch a glimpse of a fine mansion of dark red brick, faced with white stone, wherein the owners of this charming place come to spend each summer. We are, however, bound for a summer-house from which an artist might indeed study such effects of light and shade as are seldom seen. Two rivers are apparently speeding on their way through a fair,