

Mrs. Drummond was early awakened by the voice of the little Ada: "Look, mamma, look; the sun shines for us;—do get up." The fond mother smiled at the earnestness of the little fairy beside her, and rose in answer to her urgent entreaties.

Their preparations for departure were soon completed. In the first canoe were Mr. and Mrs. Drummond and an experienced voyageur, the children being seated with their mother at the bottom of the canoe on buffalo skins. In the second were two men, and one female servant. The waterfalls and torrents were brought into full activity by the night's rain, and were dashing madly down the gullies formed by it in the sides of the overhanging rocks. The river boiled furiously along, bearing on its foaming surface large trees, which the wind had broken or uprooted, and it required all the united efforts of the strong men of the party to guide the frail barks in their perilous career. They, however, thought lightly of dangers and obstacles which, to a less experienced hand and eye, would have been deemed insurmountable; yet aware that the slightest want of caution on their part would be fatal. As they neared the St. Anne's rapids, the mother clasped the little Ada still more closely to her breast; yet did her true heart stay itself courageously on the cool, calm courage of the stranger mind beside her. Not by one word, or exclamation, did she express a shadow of womanly weakness or fear. They flew along, merely using their paddles to steer through the dangers of the way. The canoe, was impelled swiftly forward by the fierce impetuosity of the waters, which presented a foaming barrier a little distance ahead, in the rapids they were approaching. Fragments of water-riven trees had there collected during the hurricane, and dashed about in tumultuous disorder. On they steered in perfect silence; they flew with lightning speed over the first and most intricate channel, and had just cleared it in safety, when the bark struck against a rock, covered by the eddyir foam, and in a moment both canoes were engulfed in the furious waters, and carried helplessly down the mighty current. Even in that agonizing moment the presence of mind of Mr. Drummond did not forsake him, though the awful knowledge of the fate of his beloved ones, flashed like lightning across him. Rising to the surface, borne down by the mighty stream, he yet struck out