

is upon us, we are emerging into the new settlement where lives our friend. The cattle there, just in from browsing the brush-piles in the "choppings," are cowering beneath their temporary hovel sheds, instinctively *tailing* the storm. How cheery the log-fires glisten through the curtainless windows of the shanties. There is the house of our friend! "He is much in advance of most of his neighbors." Yes; he had some means, and he took the precaution to build a good, hewed-log house and sizeable barn and sheds before he moved in his family; besides, he has reaped a crop or two of wheat and has plenty of potatoes, and oats, and some hay. Now take that bow-wow welcome from old tawser, who already shows, by wagging his tail, that he remembers me and confides in all who accompany me. The family give us such a welcome as only people of intelligence and refinement can give in the "bush" where visits from the civilized world are *angelic*,—"few and far between." "But I hope you don't put these people out of the pale of civilization? I did not think that so many of the luxuries of the various parts of the world could have found their way in here so soon, besides the good Canadian bread and butter, and the unfailing pie and doughnut, tea from China, coffee from Turkey, and sugar from the West-Indies. The weekly mail gives them hebdomadally some information of the outside world. "What does the arrival of these neighbors mean?" "Oh! it is the night for our fortnightly week-night service. Brother Driver, the Circuit preacher, will be in presently from the class-leaders house where he is putting up. There, he is coming now." From his pushing, determined look, he seems the right man in the right place. But determined and fearless as the young man is, when occasion requires, he has no notion of preaching in the presence of two seniors who are city ministers. They take the service. One preaches, the other exhorts; and prayer-meeting follows, in which these dwellers in the wilderness are wondrously refreshed. Those who have the most difficult paths to thread, provide themselves with torches of pine knots and splinters, or of inflammable bark of trees. And having lighted them by thrusting them under the forestick, they lift them aloft swaying them to and fro to keep them burning, they dash through the woods leaving a stream of sparks behind them,—they are now lost to sight, and we are tired enough to turn in. There is something peculiarly comfortable in sleeping in a loft, the floor of which is warmed by the fire below, and, through the cracks of which (for it is made of loose boards) the blaze on the kitchen hearth blinks and glimmers all night—that is to say, when you are thoroughly tired. "What is that?" Its a call to breakfast. "Breakfast! Why it is not daylight yet." No matter for that: those who would make the most of the short days of winter must have breakfast over by the