

To spring, where'er beneath thine eye
Fair Nature's carpet spread.
Earth's thirst drank in thy freshening rain,
Earth's bosom wooed thy sun,
Beautiful grew the golden grain,
Like prize of labour won!"

What were the red battle-fields of Napoleon, in comparison to this bloodless victory, won over the forests of the Huron! The sight of that first sheaf, cut by the gentle hand of woman, was one that angels rejoiced to see; while the fruits of his conquests were such as might well make "the seraphs weep."

Madame Von Egmond handled her sickle something better than a mere amateur, which make us conjecture it was not the first sheaf she had ever cut and bound. As soon as this interesting ceremony was over, we gave three hearty cheers for the Canada Company. A horn of whiskey was served round, in which we pledged our host and hostess, and drank success to the settlement.

On our return to the house, we found a capital dinner awaiting us. Indeed, the old soldier had spared neither pains nor expense in providing handsomely on the occasion. After the cloth was removed, a nice dessert was laid out, consisting of almonds and raisins, oranges, and red and black raspberries. The two latter dishes are