

ferent. And often they wondered that Hector gravely pursued his onward way, and seldom lingered as they did to mark the bright colours of the flowers, or the bright sparkling of the forest rill.

"What makes Hec so grave?" said Catharine to her companion, as they seated themselves upon a mossy trunk, to await his coming up, for they had giddily chased each other till they had far outrun him.

"Hector, sweet Coz, is thinking perhaps of how many bushels of corn or wheat this land would grow if cleared, or he may be examining the soil or the trees, or is looking for his stick of blue-beech for your broom, or the hickory for his axe handle, and never heeding such nonsense as woodpeckers and squirrels and lilies, and moss and ferns, for Hector is not a giddy thing like his cousin Louis, or—"

"His sister Kate," interrupted Catherine, merrily; "but when shall we come to the Beaver Meadow?"

"Patience, ma belle, all in good time. Hark, was not that the ox-bell? No; Hector whistling." And soon they heard the heavy stroke of his axe ringing among the trees, for he had found the blue-beech, and was cutting it to leave on the path, that he might take it home