

along the top of a regular ridge, and having only one precipitous face to descend. On reaching the bottom of the hill, we found some dry barrens with open ground, and a grove of birch-trees close by; and while stopping to eat some biscuit and drink some sugar and water, we consulted as to whether we should sleep where we were, or try to get to Renew's before dark. Tom Coady, however, said he knew an easier route, avoiding the brook altogether, and coming into the road between Renew's and Fermouse; and, as I had no blanket, I determined to try. The way was almost entirely through marshes, and very wet; we were frequently nearly up to our knees in the moss, and the constant wet and cold chilled my legs and feet so much that I could hardly walk. At one place I stumbled over a great boulder and strained my left knee. By perseverance, however, and dogged labour, we succeeded in reaching the road about eight o'clock, just as it was getting dark. Even Bell was dreadfully tired; and as we sat down to get breath on the road side, she began scratching up the moss, and making a nest or form among the