

game ; it was somewhere in the Province of New Brunswick, I believe. It was in the month of July, the weather was very warm, and there were plenty of wild berries ripe. He had been out for many hours, and at last found himself on the banks of a creek. The bridge that he had been used to cross was gone ; it had been swept away by the heavy rains in the spring. Passing on a little higher up, he saw an old clearance full of bushes, and knowing that wild animals were often to be met with in such spots, he determined to cross over and try his luck for a bear, or a raccoon, or a young fawn. Not far from the spot, he saw a large fallen, swamp elm tree, which made a capital bridge. Just as he was preparing to cross, he heard the sound of footsteps on the dry crackling sticks, and saw a movement among the raspberry bushes ; his finger was on the lock of his rifle in an instant, for he thought it must have been a bear or a deer, but just as he was about to fire he saw a small, thin, brown hand, all red and stained from the juice of the ripe berries, put up to reach down a branch of the fruit ; his very heart leaped within him with fright, for in another moment he would have shot the poor little child, that with pale, sunburned face, was looking at him from between the raspberry bushes. It was a little girl, about as old as you are, lady Mary. She was without hat or shoes, and her clothes were all in tatters ; her hands and neck were quite brown and sunburned. She seemed frightened at first, and would have hid herself had not the stranger called out gently to her to stay, and not to be afraid ; and then he hurried over the log-bridge to her, and asked her who she was, and where she lived. And she said, "she did not live anywhere, for she was lost." She could not tell how many days, but she thought she had been seven nights out in the woods. She had been sent to take some dinner to her father who was at work in the forest, and had missed the path and gone on a cattle track, and did not find out her mistake till it was too late ; and then she became frightened and tried to get back, but only lost herself deeper in the woods. The first night she wrapped her gown about her head, and lay down beneath the shelter of a great up-turned root. She had eaten but little of the food in the basket that day, and made it last her nearly two days ; after that was gone, she chewed some leaves ; and when she found herself in the raspberry clearing, she got berries of several kinds, and plenty of water