

"Yes, sweetly didst thou nestle there—a thing of holy love,  
Till soul shone out thy pleasant face, like sunshine from above.  
We loved thee well—how tenderly, God only knows; but thou  
Art clasped unto the heart of One, who loves thee better now."

Another,

"His mother's hope and joy,—  
He sleeps upon Australia's shore."

Ah! what would life be, could we know the future awaiting us here, so mercifully concealed from us.

After crossing the lake, and proceeding a short distance on the newly graded road to Peterboro, we drove through some particularly pretty and sheltered woodland, abounding in maple, beech, oak and pine; and, on reaching the new bridge, built at considerable expense, and forming a handsome feature on the Otonabee, we plunged into a forest track only, the timber of which was principally of the majestic and graceful hemlock. In its youth it is one of the most elegant evergreens we have; and, in old age, it is rivalled by none of the forest monarchs, luxuriating in its moss-grown territory, it seems to breathe an atmosphere of solemnity and solitude, bidding defiance to the penetrating rays of the cloudless sun. Our road was wide enough for only one sleigh to pass between the trees, which, spreading their well-clad and massive boughs across the path, we, at times, appeared to be entering a very cave of evergreens, now and then emerging from the solemn gloom, to be dazzled for a moment by the bright sunlight, or an occasional peep, through the noble colonnade of trees, at a clearance or homestead revealing itself beyond. The only fear we had, was that of meeting a sleigh, or timber being drawn out, in which case we should have been puzzled how to pass. After leaving the hemlock regions, we passed some excellent farms and comfortable homesteads, and came to a novel and pretty piece of road, through a tamarack (larch) wood. Again, the scenery changed to totally different woodland. Clumps and single trees of most picturesque beauty of the beautiful balsam fir, with its stately conical form, the lower branches sweeping the earth, and its spiral summit pointing to the sky, as if to remind us of Him who had shed such rich beauties, with unsparing hand, for the enjoyment of those but too apt to enjoy the gifts, forgetful of the Giver.

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