

had reference to, as he had been giving directions to one of the voyageurs.

"I have run much greater risk," he said. "What might be the consideration which prompted you to risk your valuable carcass in such manner?" demanded Pownall. "The most ennobling of the human passions. A blue-eyed lovely beauty crossed my path in my youthful days, and the misery I have since endured has driven me to be reckless, and almost unfit for peaceful society. But let me not dampen the pleasure of our gay excursion by introducing the detail of my past existence; a fitting opportunity may offer; then shall I relate to you, my friends, the particulars of the interval, to me both dark and bright, since we parted at the college portal."

Passing the Narrows, we arrived at the last of the chain, the third or upper Allumette lake. This lake is only beautiful because of its broad smooth surface, there being no islands on its face, and its banks are but thinly peopled. On the north bank is the Hudson's Bay Company's post, (Port William.) This "post" or "fort" consists of a number of good-looking buildings, all of wood, intended, for the most part, for storehouses, &c. The principal building is the residence of the agent or officer of the Company. There is, comparatively speaking, very little done at this "post" now, owing to the Indians retiring more backwards as civilization advances. Glancing around this lake, the eye can detect nothing but the wild and seemingly uncared work of nature. Tremendous sized pines, the monarchs of the Canadian forests, enclose it all around. The deep river, which empties into it, may be seen from the fort; its high and mountainous banks presenting a striking contrast with the otherwise level country in its vicinity. The Chalk River, a small stream, which empties also into this lake, we intend ascending a few miles, which will terminate our travel upward. It is said that our sportsmen will have an opportunity of amusing themselves. We will remain a few days, and then "hie us" homeward.

TO MY MOTHER.

They tell us of an Indian tree,
Which, howe'er the sun and sky
May tempt its boughs to wander free,
And shoot its blossoms wide and high,
Far better loves to bend its arms
Downward again to that dear earth,
From which the life that fills and warms
Its grateful being, first had birth.

'Tis thus, though woo'd by flattering friends,
And sed with fame (if same it be),
This heart, my own dear mother, bends,
With love's true instinct, back to thee!

THE PASTOR'S DAUGHTERS.

"Nothing can be more touching than beneficence, combined with suffering and sorrow."

MARIA MASON was the eldest daughter of a Village Pastor. The mother of Maria was a gentle and delicate being, whose life, from the first year of her union with Mr. Mason, had been one of sorrow and adversity. Oftentimes had her patient, enduring temper been put to the trial and sorely was her fortitude tested. The disposition of Mason was irritable in the extreme, and there was a harshness of manner exercised towards his gentle partner and interesting family, which awed even his numerous visitors. To the menials engaged about the house, the yoke of servitude was galling indeed, and when his professional duties required his absence from home, gay and joyous were the sunny faces, and blithe were the hearts of these sweet little ones. Maria was possessed of many personal charms, although unconscious of creating admiration. Then there was a quietness of manner and a peculiar fascination about her, which charmed every person who had the happiness to become acquainted with her; and when animated by relating some sly anecdote or indulging in some lively repartee, (which by the way, was never acknowledged as *original*), she could not but be pronounced decidedly beautiful. Her eye was of that peculiar blue, which Byron so happily describes—but there was an expression about it which denoted coldness and selfishness, each of which she possessed in a slight degree. The brow was lofty and intelligent—perhaps too much so for a woman—and the nose decidedly Grecian. Then there was a something so peculiarly *seductive* about the mouth, particularly the curve of the upper lip, when wreathing into a smile, that all who looked upon her were led to acknowledge there was a witchery about Maria, which few could withstand.

The great charm about her, as I have already said, was the total unconsciousness of the power of pleasing, while she had been taught from her childhood, to consider herself void of personal charms—indeed she had all along been impressed with the idea that there was absolutely something repelling in her features. Maria had a sister two years younger than herself—deformed from her birth. She it was, who attracted universal love and pity. Inheriting all her mother's sweetness and evenness of temper, nothing could ruffle her calmness and placidity, and even when her schoolmates reproached her with her misfortune, she was never known to retaliate, but her large liquid blue eye would fill, and you could almost fancy you saw the throbbings of her gentle heart.