

down, will do; we travellers in the bush are no wise nice."

"The best we have, and kindly welcome, Jacob. How many are ye in all?"

"There are just four, besides myself,—young people. I found them where they had been long living, on a lonely lake, and I persuaded them to come with me."

The strong features of the Highlander worked convulsively, as he drew his faded blue bonnet over his eyes. "Jacob, did ye ken that we lost our eldest bairns some three summers since?" he faltered in a broken voice.

"The Lord, in his mercy, has restored them to you, Donald, by my hand," said the trapper.

"Let me see, let me see my children! To Him be the praise and the glory," ejaculated the pious father, raising his bonnet reverently from his head; "and holy and blessed be His name for ever! I thought not to have seen this day. O Catharine, my dear wife, this joy will kill you!"

In a moment his children were enfolded in his arms. It is a mistaken idea that joy kills; it is a life restorer. Could you, my young readers, have seen how quickly the bloom of health began to reappear on the faded cheek of that pale mother, and how soon that dim eye regained its bright sparkle, you would have said joy does not kill.

"But where is Louis, dear Louis, our nephew, where is he?"

Louis, whose impetuosity was not to be restrained