

fifteen feet* among the branches of the trees, which it covered as with a mantle. A pure spring of cold, delicious water welled out from beneath the twisted roots of an old hoary-barked cedar, and found its way among the shingle on the beach to the lake, a humble but constant tributary to its waters. Some large blocks of water-worn stone formed convenient seats and a natural table, on which the little maiden arranged the forest fare; and never was a meal made with greater appetite or taken with more thankfulness than that which our wanderers ate that morning. The eggs (part of which they reserved for another time) were declared to be better than those that were daily produced from the little hen-house at Cold Springs. The strawberries, set out in little pottles made with the shining leaves of the oak, ingeniously pinned together by Catharine with the long spurs of the hawthorn, were voted delicious, and the pure water most refreshing, that they drank, for lack of better cups, from a large mussel-shell which Catharine had picked up among the weeds and pebbles on the beach.

Many children would have wandered about weeping and disconsolate, lamenting their sad fate, or have imbibed the time by useless repining, or, perhaps, by venting their uneasiness in reviling the principal author of their calamity—poor, thoughtless Louis; but such were not the dispositions of our young Canadians. Early accustomed to the hardships incidental to the

* *Celastrus scandens*,—bitter-sweet or woody nightshade. This plant, like the red-berried bryony of England, is highly ornamental. It possesses powerful properties as a medicine, and is in high reputation among the Indians.