

adopted country even in the frozen and bitter month of February, much more did she do so when she saw her arrayed in the gorgeous liveries of June and July; when the rocky banks of the Otonabee were crowned with the waving and full-foliaged branches of the alder and the birch, the cedar and the maple-tree, and decked with the soft hues of the Canadian rose, the harebell, and the lady's slipper; when the glittering clearness of the crystal waves reflected in all its depth of radiant colour the intense blue of the summer sky, and the sombre grandeur of the vast forest gave the needful setting of dark back-ground to relieve and set off all this wealth of brilliant colour.

"Only one thing is wanting, papa," she said as she walked with him by the side of the leaping river, "only one thing to make both this scene and our life here perfect in beauty and enjoyment."

"I think I guess the thing you mean, Minnie. A church spire! Am I not right?"

"Yes indeed, papa. How increasingly one misses that, and all which its presence would imply. And yet I sometimes fear that one will in time get used to doing without it, and cease to feel desirous for it. Look at our good old Mary, now; how little she seems to care."

"There is a reason for that over and above her long residence in the Bush. When she left your dear mother's service to marry that thriftless Irishman, she half adopted his creed. Half only,—there was partly the mischief of it, for so she grew indifferent