

CHAPTER XIII.

Home Again.

MY last chapter must be very short ; I am nearly finished. One more striking instance of our Heavenly Father's care manifested to us, and the story of our wanderings is done ; the only charm of which has been its truthfulness.

As our party on board the *Oleopatra* was so increased with all the extra mouths we had to feed, and having but badly made up our provision losses at St. John's, we were very glad of the pig which was killed next day.

G. begged her friend the captain to tell her why he saved the pig's life, only to kill it. Our new cabin passenger, Captain Pugsley, in whom, you may be sure, we all felt a great interest, did not escape the contagion of the measles, but was so prostrated by it, that, on landing, he had to be taken to the hospital in Portland, with two or three others, suffering from the same cause, and left there.

We were very glad to find ourselves safely anchored in the beautiful harbour of Portland. We had had so many frights, we almost feared we never would get safely to land again. Next day the passengers were sent on by train to Canada. I had been so worn out by anxiety about G., that I was ill all the night before, and the doctor positively forbid our attempting to go with them. This hindrance I felt to be a great trial at the time, though it turned out to be one of the most remarkable providences of our lives. Two kind friends, Col. Clements and his daughter, remained behind with us to keep