

some wild berries, I pursued my journey with the help of a rude walking-staff.

It was only after three weeks of privations and hardships without number that I managed to reach a Canadian settlement ; but, I had so richly deserved my hard fate, that I never opened my mouth to complain of it. I rested a few days with a settler's family whose cordial hospitality I can never forget ; and then I started for my native parish. But my long expected joy of seeing once more my dear old parents, was changed into cruel and bitter sorrow. I was just going to cross the threshold of the church where I had been baptized, where I had made my First Communion, when I cast a look towards the cemetery, and near the entrance, I espied a large black cross on which a name was engraved,—here the old man's tears began to flow more violently—It was the name of my beloved mother ! I fell down on my knees and remained long without having the strength to rise. My mother had died broken-hearted ; the grief of my departure had killed her. All this made me feel with greatest evidence, how guilty I had been. Father, now that I have told you all, is it not just that I should deplore the errors of my youth ?"

A few days after, this venerable old man died of the death of the righteous.

