

family. Early the next morning, my brother-in-law, Mr. T——, called upon my friend, Emilia. The subject next to our heart was immediately introduced; and he was called into the general council. His feelings, like our own, were deeply interested; and he proposed that we should each provide something for the immediate wants of the family, and he would bring his cutter early the next morning, and take us as far as the edge of the great swamp, which would shorten four miles of the journey. We joyfully acceded to his proposal, and set cheerfully to work, to prepare some provisions for the morrow. Jenny baked four loaves of her very best bread, and boiled a large piece of beef; and Mr. T—— brought with him the next day, a fine cooked ham, in a sack, into the bottom of which he stored the beef and loaves, besides some sugar and tea, which his own kind wife had sent. I had some misgivings as to the manner in which these good things could be introduced to the poor lady, who I had heard, was reserved and proud.

"Oh! Jenny," I said; "how shall I be able to ask her to accept provisions from strangers? I am afraid of wounding her feelings."

"Oh, darlint, never fear that. She is proud, I know, but 'tis not a stiff pride. She will be very thankful for your kindness, though she may have no words to tell you so. Say that could Jenny sent the bread for her dear wee Ellie, for she knew that she would like a loaf of Jenny's baking."

"But the meat!"

"Oh! maybe you'll think of something to say about that, when you get there."

"I hope so, but I am a sad coward with strangers. I will put a good face on the matter. Your name, Jenny, will be no small help to me."

All was now ready, and kissing our little bairns, and telling Jenny for the hundredth time to take care of them, we mounted the cutter, and set off, under the care and protection of Mr. T——, who determined to accompany us on the journey.

It was a black, cold day. No sun. a grey dark sky, a keen cutting wind, and hard frost. We crouched close to each other. "Good heavens! how cold it is," whispered Emilia; "what a day for such a journey!"

She had scarcely ceased speaking, when the cutter went bump upon a stump, which lay concealed in the drifted snow, and we, together with the ruins, were scattered around.

"A bad beginning," said my brother-in-law, as with rather a rueful aspect, he surveyed the wreck of the conveyance, from which we had promised ourselves so much benefit.

"There is no help for it, but to return home."

"Oh, no!" said Emilia, "let us go on; it will be better walking than riding such a dreadful day."

"But, my dear madam, consider the distance, the road, the dark dull day, and our want of knowledge of the path; I will get the cutter mended to-morrow, and the day after we may be able to proceed."

"Now, or never!" said the pertinacious Emilia; "if Mrs. —— will go, I will. We can stop at Col. C——'s and warm ourselves, and you can leave the cutter at his house until our return."

"It was only upon your account, that I spoke," said the good T——, taking the sack, which was no inconsiderable weight, upon his shoulder, and driving his horse before him into neighbour W.'s stable; "where you go, I am ready to follow."

Colonel C—— and his family were at breakfast, of which they made us partake, and after vainly endeavouring to dissuade us from our Quixotic expedition, Mrs. C—— added a dozen fine white fish to the contents of the sack, and sent her youngest son to help Mr. T—— along with his burthen, and to bear us company on our desolate road.

Leaving the Colonel's hospitable house on the left, we again plunged into the deep woods; and after a few minutes' brisk walking, found ourselves upon the brow of the steep bank, that overlooks an extensive Beaver Meadow, which contained within its area several hundred acres. There is no scenery in the bush which presents such a novel appearance as these meadows; surrounded by dark, intricate forests, and high rugged banks, covered with the light, airy tamaruck and silver birch, they look like a lake of soft rich verdure, hidden in the bosom of the barren and howling waste. Lakes they certainly have been, from which the waters have receded, "aye, ages long ago," and still the whole length of these curious level valleys is traversed by a stream of no inconsiderable dimensions. The waters of the narrow, rapid stream, which flowed through the meadow we were about to cross, were of sparkling brightness, and icy cold. The frost-king had no power to check their swift, dancing movements, or stop their perpetual song. On they leaped, sparkling and flashing beneath their ice crowned banks, rejoicing on their lonely way. In the summer, this is a wild and lovely spot, the grass is of the richest green, and the flowers of the most gorgeous dyes. The gayest butterflies float above them, upon painted wings; and the Whip-poor-will pours forth from the neighboring woods, at close of dewy eve, his strange, but sadly plaintive cry. Winter was