

city, and came over sea and land with their little girl and baby boy to Winnipeg. There they lived for two years till with the land-yearning in their hearts they came out from the town to this far-back spot away beyond the Marshes. Here they cut out of the forest their home, and here they have lived amid the quiet, cool woods ever since, remote from the bustle and heat of the great world.

"Why to this place instead of to any other?" I ask.

"There was the hay from the Marshes to be sold, and the wood, too," answered the little man. "But," he went on, "I could not make much out of the wood, and I was too old to learn, so I gave it up, and went into Winnipeg to work at my trade. And, indeed," he added cheerfully, "I made very good wages of it."

I look at him, and think of the day when he gave up the fight with the wood, and came in beaten to tell his wife how he must go to the city. I know she smiled at him, her heart going down the while, and cheered him, though she was like to despair at the thought of the lonely winter. Ah, the pathos of it! Did God help them that day? Ay, and for many a day after. And may He forgive all people whose lives overflow with plenty of everything, and who fret their souls for petty ills.

Through the winter the snow piled up round the