

with mournful and majestic cadence through the lofty pines, the stars peered down between the leafless branches, and again Minnie's admiration was aroused, in spite of weariness and fatigue, by the novel and beautiful scenes through which they were travelling.

"You will soon learn to love Canada, I hope," said her father, observing her pleasure in the forest beauty. "If you like it in its winter dress, how much more will you like it in the summer."

"Do you set me the example of loving it, papa?" asked the daughter, a little archly.

"I have not tried it yet under the best aspect, separated as I have been from you and the rest of my darlings. But even as it is, during the year that I have been getting ready for you all, I have grown very fond of our new home. It is a noble country, this Canada,—worthy of being the daughter of our glorious England. There are those who complain, and agitate, and grumble in both provinces, and murmur all kinds of disloyalty against the dear old mother-country, but these are people who would grumble anywhere and everywhere."

"Have they any ground for their murmurings, papa?"

"Oh, there are some things perhaps that need setting to rights, but where in this faulty world are there not? Some day I will put you up to all the abuses of your new country, my daughter, but just now we are nearing our home, and you are too cold and tired to benefit by a political lecture."