

spend the Sabbath in searching for the babes, in imitation of Him who went about doing good, and who gave examples of active benevolence even on the day set apart for rest and devotion. Many others sought to throw off by locomotion, and a sight of the localities, the load of doubt, and mystery, and apprehension, which oppressed them. From early morning till eleven o'clock, groups might be seen entering the steanboat, with hunting-coats, and strong buskins, evidently bound for the woods. The Preston road was covered with the ardent and eager, of all ranks and all ages, pressing onward with a zeal and determination worthy of any good cause.

We strolled into Meagher's early in the forenoon. The sick husband was in the woods. The bereaved mother, whose agony must have been intense throughout the week, while there was a chance of her little ones being restored to her alive, seemed to have settled into the sobriety of grief which generally follows the stroke of death, and when hope has been entirely extinguished. One sick child rested on her lap. Friendly neighbours were sitting around, vainly essaying to comfort her who could "not be comforted," because her children "were not."—All they could do was to shew, by kind looks and little household attentions, how anxious they were to prove that they felt her bereavement keenly. We plunged into the woods, and at once saw how easy it might be for children to lose themselves in the dense thickets and broken ground immediately in the rear of the house, and how exceedingly difficult it might be to find their bodies had they crept for shelter into any of the fir or alder clumps, through hundreds of which they must have passed, or laid down beneath the spreading roots of any of the numerous windfalls, which lay scattered on either hand. We wandered on, and on, occasionally exchanging greeting, or enquiries with parties crossing and recrossing our line of march. We reached the house of Brown, the coloured lad, who thought he heard their voices, and questioned him. His story was natural, and consisted with the facts as subsequently disclosed. He probably heard them, but not being aware that any body was lost, and finding his call unanswered, had thought nothing of the incident until subsequent information gave it importance. If they heard him, they may have heard in following sound, or shrunk from a strange noise, at a distance from home, with childish apprehensions. Leaving Brown's house, we again took to the woods, and, as we beat about north and east, to the neighbourhood of where the tracks and the piece of apron were found, voices were heard in the distance—well known faces crossed our path every few moments, and the tracks upon the light snow, remnants of which still lingered in the glens and thickets, became numerous, and in some places paths were beaten by the frequently recurring footsteps of the searchers. As we went on, and on, and on, clambering over windfalls, brushing our feet against granite rocks, or plunging into mud holes, the sufferings of those poor babes were brought fearfully home to us, as they must have been to hundreds on that day. If he who had slept soundly the night before—were well clad, and had had a comfortable breakfast, were weary with a few hours tramp—if we chafed when we stumbled, when the green boughs dashed in our faces, or when we waded through the half frozen morasses,—what must have been the sufferings of those poor girls, so young, so helpless, with broken shoes, no coverings to their heads or hands; and no thicker garments to shield them from the blast, or keep out the frost and snow, than the ordinary dress with which they sat by the fire or strolled abroad in the sunshine? Our hearts sunk at the very idea of what must

have been their sufferings. We would not have laid down in the warmest nook we could select in that wide wilderness, clothed as we were, and pass a single night at such a season, without food or fire, for an Earl's ransom. What then must they have endured as night closed on them, perhaps on the dampest and bleakest spot, to which mere chance directed their footsteps? We were pushing on, peering about, and dwelling on every probability of the case, when, just as we struck a wood-path, we met a lad coming out, who told us that the children were found, and that they were to be left on the spot until parties could be gathered in, that those who had spent the forenoon in search of them, should have the melancholy gratification of beholding them as they sunk into their final rest on the bleak mountain side.

In a few moments after we met others rushing from the woods, with the painful and yet satisfactory intelligence, hurrying to spread it far and wide. We soon after hove in sight of Mount Major, a huge granite hill, about six miles from Meagher's house, and caught a sight of a group of persons standing upon its topmost ridge, firing guns, and waving a white flag as a signal of success. The melancholy interest and keen excitement of the next half hour we shall never forget. As we passed up the hill side, dozens of our friends and acquaintances were ascending from various points—some, having satisfied their curiosity, were returning, with sad faces, and not a few with tears in their eyes. As we mastered the acclivity, we saw a group gathered round in a circle about half way down on the other side. This was the point of attraction. New comers were momentarily pressing into the ring, and others rushing out overpowered by strong emotion. When we pressed into the circle, the two little girls were lying, just as they were when first discovered by Mr. Currie's dog. The father had lifted the bodies, to press them, cold and lifeless, to his bosom, but they had been again stretched on the heath, and their limbs disposed so as to show the manner of their death. A more piteous sight we never beheld. There were not the holiday dresses of the Babes in the Woods, for their parents were affluent, and it was for their wealth their wicked uncle conspired against them. Jane Elizabeth & Margaret Meagher were the children of poor parents, and they wore the common dress of their class, and scanty enough it seemed for the perils they had passed through. The youngest child had evidently died in sleep, or her spirit had passed as gently as though the wing of the Angel of death had seemed but the ordinary clouds of night overpowering the senses.—Her little cheek rested upon that of her sister—her little hand was clasped in hers—her hair, almost white hair, unkempt and dishevelled, strewed the wild heath upon which they lay. The elder girl appeared to have suffered more. Her eyes were open, as though she had watched till the last—her features were pinched and anxious, as if years of care and of anguish had been crowded into those two days. If life is to be measured by what we bear, and do and suffer, and not by moments and hours, that poor girl must have lived more in two days than some people do in twenty years. From the moment that she found herself really bewildered, and began to apprehend danger, until that in which she threw the remains of her little apron over her sister's face to keep the snow out of her eyes, pillowed that cold cheek upon her own, and grasped the hand by which she had led her for long wearisome hours, what a world of thought must have passed through that youthful brow—how must that young spirit have been over-informed, that young heart been tried!

Neither of the girls had any thing on their heads. Their legs were dreadfully torn and lacerated—the large toe of the elder, which protruded from her boot when she left home, was much cut. To this wound, or to one upon her leg, occasioned by a fall, it is probable that a piece of apron, which directed the search so far into the wilderness, had been applied. We were reminded of the Corn Law Rhymers' lines—

And the stones of every street,
Knew their little naked feet.

But the stones of the street are smooth compared with the rough rocks, and tough branches and brambles, which these poor Babes had encountered. We pity the man who could have stood over them for an instant without shedding a tear, for their fate and for their sufferings. There were few who did. We looked round us as we broke from the circle—there were men of all ranks, and ages—Soldiers in fatigue dress—the merchant, the mechanic, and the professional man with the town garb variously disguised—the Preston, Lawrence Town and Cole Harbour farmers, in their homespun suits,—the Chizeetcook Frenchman in his moccasins—the coloured man in his motley garb,—and apart from the rest, a group of Indians, sharing the common feelings and sentiments of our nature, but calm and unruffled amidst the general excitement of the scene. The hill on which the children were found, was the last place any body would have thought of looking for them, and yet when upon it, the reason of their being there seemed sufficiently clear. A smooth platform of rock, clear of underbrush, and looking like a road, approaches the base of the hill, from the direction in which the children probably came. They doubtless ascended in order that they might ascertain where they were: and it is more than likely that when they saw nothing but forest, bog and wild barren, stretching away for miles around them, without a house or clearing in sight, that their little hearts sunk within them, and they laid themselves down to refresh for further efforts, or, it may have been, in utter despair, to cling to each other's bosoms and die.

There was one thing which brightened the scene, sad as it was, and seemed to give pleasure even to those who were most affected by it, "In death they were not divided." It was clear there had been no desertion—no shrinking, on the part of the elder girl, from the claims of a being even more helpless than herself. If she had drawn her sister into the forest, as a companion in the sports of childhood, she had continued by her in scenes of trial and adversity that might have appalled the stoutest nature, and broken the bonds of the best cemented friendship. Men, and women too, have been selfish in extremities, but this little girl clung to her sister with a constancy and fidelity worthy of all praise. From the tracks, it was evident, that she had led her by the hand, changing sides occasionally as the little one's arm was weary. "A touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and the tenderness and constancy of this poor girl, no less than the sufferings of them both, seemed to speak but one language to every heart on that wild hill side, no matter what garment covered it, and to call forth the same response: "Thank God, there was no desertion—in death they were not divided," seemed to be the language of every one, as they turned away from the spot where the "Babes in the Woods" lay in each other's arms.

The bodies have been buried in a rural and quiet little grave-yard, about two miles from Dartmouth. It is proposed to build a monument over their remains, to which the person