

him down, enveloped in one of Mrs. Liston's best blankets, and there he was found next morning in tranquil slumber by our domestic when she went to milk the cows !

Before the three weeks were over Peter Macnab almost paralyzed Aunt Temple by a cool proposal that she should exchange the civilized settlements for the wilderness, and go back with him, as Mrs. Macnab, to the Mountain Fort ! The lady, recovering from her semi-paralytic affection, agreed to the suggestion, and thus Peter Macnab was, according to his own statement, "set up for life."

Shall I dwell on the triple wedding ? No. Why worry the indulgent reader, or irritate the irascible one, by recounting what is so universally understood. There were circumstances peculiar, no doubt, to the special occasion. To Eve and myself, of course, it was the most important day of our lives—a day never to be forgotten, and for which we could never be too thankful, and my dear father pronounced it the happiest day of *his* life ; but I think he forgot himself a little when he said that ! Then old Mrs. Liston saw but one face the whole evening, and it was the face of Willie—she saw it by faith, through the medium of Eve's sweet countenance.

But I must cut matters short. When all was over Macnab said to his wife :—" Now, my dear, we must be off at the end of one week. You see, I have just one year's furlough, and part of it is gone already. The rest of it you and I must spend partly in the States, partly in England, and partly on the continent