

enjoyed a sunny late autumn amidst the beautiful grounds and the woods which Hahnee loved.

There was much to accomplish in the long-neglected domain of Mr. Avondale; but he rejoiced in the prospect of a life of action, and projected improvements in farms, cottages, and grounds, as a means of at once employing and benefiting his people, and atoning for long-unfulfilled duties. Then he hoped to live to lead his child through the trials of youth to the soft and gentle virtues of womanhood.

And after years of salutary trial and suffering, God restored the Avondales to peace. The manners of their child softened into gentleness without losing their simplicity. The rude experience of her early life had rendered her persevering and energetic, and though, in her conversations with Harold in after-days, she sometimes blushed at the reminiscences of her feats of daring on the mountains and on the prairie, she never regretted those useful wanderings with dear papa Rodney and her beloved Harold, and rejoiced to remember that she was herself one of the BEAR-HUNTERS.

THE END.