

will with which all the children regarded the kind old woman, soon reconciled her to her new home. Her accounts of poor Mrs. — soon deeply interested me in her fate; and Jenny never went to visit her friends at Dummer, without an interchange of good wishes passing between us.

The year of the Canadian Rebellion came, and brought with it sorrow into many a bush dwelling. My dear husband was called away to help to defend the frontier, and I and old Jenny were left alone in the depths of the dark forest with four little children, to help ourselves in the best way we could. Men could not be procured for love nor money, and I now experienced the usefulness of Jenny's manlike propensities. Daily she yoked up my oxen and brought down from the bush fuel to supply our fires, which she chopped with her own hands. She fed the cattle and kept all things snug about the doors, not forgetting to load her master's two guns, in case the rebels should attack us in our lonely retreat.

The months of November and December had been unnaturally mild for that season of the year; but the middle of January brought an unusually severe spell of frost and snow. We felt very lonely, crouching round the blazing fires, that yet scarcely chased the cold from our miserable log dwelling; but this dreary time was cheered by the presence of a beloved friend, who came to spend a few days with me in my forest home. She brought her own lovely baby boy with her, and an ample supply of buffalo robes, not forgetting a treat of baker's bread and sweeties for the children. Oh! dear Emilia!—best and kindest of women, though absent in your native land, long, long shall my heart cherish with affectionate gratitude, all your visits of love, and turn to you as to a sister, tried, and found most faithful in the hour of adversity.

Great was the joy of Jenny at this accession to our family party; and after my friend was well warmed and had partaken of a cup of tea, we began to talk over the news of the place.

"By the by, Jenny," said she, turning to the old servant, who was busy undressing the little boy by the fire, to put him to bed; "have you heard lately from poor Mrs. —? We have been told that she and her family are in a dreadful state. That worthless man has left them for the States; and it is supposed, has joined McKenzie, on Navy Island—but whether this is true or not, he has deserted his wife and children, leaving them without money or food."

"The good lord! what will become of the creatures?" responded Jenny, wiping her wrinkled cheek, with the back of her hard brown hand.

"An' they have not a soul to chop or draw them fire-wood; an' the weather so uncommon severe. Ochone! what has not that *baste* of a man to answer for—!"

"I heard," said Mrs. S—, "that they have tasted no food but potatoes for the last nine months, and scarcely enough of them to keep life together; that they have sold their last cow—and the poor young lady and her brother bring all the wood for the fire, from the bush in a hand-sleigh."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" sobbed Jenny, "and I not there to help them—and poor Miss Mary! such a tender thing. Ah! it is hard, terribly hard upon the creatures, and they not used to the like!"

"Can nothing be done for them?" said I.

"That is what we want to know," said Emilia, "and was one of my reasons for coming up to Douro. I wanted to consult you and Jenny on the subject. For you, who are an officer's wife, and I, who am both an officer's wife and daughter, might, perhaps, devise some plan of rescuing this unfortunate lady and her family from ruin."

"Oh! if we could help her, it would give me the deepest pleasure—"

"Well! you see the ladies of P— are all anxious to do what they can for her; but they first want to learn if the miserable circumstances in which she is said to be placed, are true. In short, my dear friend, they want you and I to make a pilgrimage to Dummer, and to see the poor lady herself, and then, they will be guided in their movements by our report."

"Then let us lose no time in going to see her—"

"Oh! my dear heart! you will be lost in the woods," said Jenny; "it is nine long miles to the first clearing, and that through a lonely blazed path. After you have passed the Beaver Meadow, there is not a single hut to rest and warm yourself in. It is too much for you; you will be frozen to death on the road."

"No fear!" said my benevolent friend. "God will take care of us, Jenny; it is on His errand we go—to carry a message of mercy, to one about to perish."

"Well! the Lord bless you, for a darlint, as you always were," said Jenny, devoutly, kissing the little fellow, whom she had let fall asleep upon her lap, in her anxiety about her old mistress. "May your own purty child never know the want and sorrow which is around her, poor dear! and her little children!"

Well, we talked over the Dummer expedition, until we went to sleep; and many were the plans we thought of, for the relief of the unfortunate