

fantastic frostwork and glittering icicles, and surrounded by the beautiful but deathlike snow which lay thick upon its shores and upon every little islet in its course, it still hurried and danced along between the rocky banks, as gay and impetuous as in the blithe summer time.

"It keeps up a brave heart in the midst of difficulties," observed Minnie, quaintly.

"Guess as how it makes more nor half its difficulties for itself," said a peculiar drawling voice close beside her. "I've seen folks as managed that 'ere way too. But I never see'd that it wor the better for them anyway."

"Nay, Ichabod," said Minnie, laughing, "but it is the poor river's bed that makes its difficulties for it, and so it is perhaps very often with the people."

"And who wor it made the bed, if it worn't the river itself. No, no, 'tis the river makes the bed, and then the bed makes the river. And so it be with a sight of folks. And you'll make a sick bed for yourself if you stand gaping at the river in the snow, and then the sick bed will make you—sorry." With which pithy application of his theoretical analogy Ichabod walked back to his oxen.

In due time and in perfect safety the "young ones" arrived, under the careful escort of an uncle who owned a farm not far from his brother-in-law's grant of land, and who had indeed been one of Mr. Holford's chief inducements to settling in Upper Canada. And Minnie's time was so completely taken up with the