

to seek the protection of his own hospitable home, they were led away, stunned and silent, from the spot. Mr. Leslie's injuries were so severe that medical aid had to be procured at once, and it was another grief to the already stricken family to learn that his recovery was very doubtful, while if it ever should occur his illness and confinement would be severe and protracted.

It was now that the unselfish benevolence and sympathy, that characterize Nova Scotians as a people, was freely exercised. Though every neighbour would have been willing to lend his house as a refuge to the distressed family for a time, still five was too large an addition to any house during the long Winter season; so the first thought of those who now had to act for them, was to erect as speedily as possible, another house on the old homestead, and have it completed as far as possible before the winter arrived. Deed was as prompt as thought. One neighbour who had a frame prepared for building a cottage in the Spring, immediately offered it. This secured, another dwelling was soon raised and standing in the old familiar place. A carpenter in whose carelessness the fire was supposed to have originated, was working at Mr. Leslie's when it occurred, and had entered the work-shop adjoining the porch, with his pipe, late in the evening, where light shavings and other combustible materials were heaped. He was first to suggest that he might have dropped a spark among the inflammable pieces; and so keen was his sorrow at its lamentable consequences, that he devoted his whole time gratuitously to the building of the house until it was completed. It was small and insignificant, compared with the large substantial mansion whose place it occupied, but still sufficient for the accommodation of the family, who removed to it, unfinished and almost unfurnished as it was, about the middle of December. They could not bear to be a burden on the kindness of the Murrays, who unwillingly consented to their removal, and when at last they did so, provided them with many articles of furniture from their own well stocked and cheerful habitation.

Changed, indeed, was home to the Leslies. The small unplastered house, with its bare walls and cheerless apartments, contrasted sadly with their former dwelling—all those old household goods, which seem a part of ourselves, because we have grown up always accustomed to behold them in the same familiar place; those thousand home trifles unmissed by a stranger, but the loss of which we deplore daily and hourly, and which the wealth of the future can never replace—all the farming materials and a large portion of the stock had been lost by the fire, and they who had been so comfortable, and well provided with all things necessary for a farmer's life, had comparatively nothing to begin with again. Their money was gone, and in debt for their house and the few articles with which they had furnished it, they were unable to procure help, save that of a boy to attend to the remaining cattle, and provide, as best he could, fire wood for the winter's consumption.