

"Thank you, Sir, she answered, for your good wishes and encouraging words. I hope that they may soon be realized."

I had not as yet said a word about my leaving them any provisions; but the words which were to convey this happy information were trying hard to force themselves from my lips, and I had difficulty in repressing them. But what secret joy I experienced in the knowledge that I would soon change their dreadful fears into happiness. I then told her that I must return to Blanc Sablon, and that if her husband would come with me I would leave with him sufficient food and anything else I could obtain to keep them through the long winter so near at hand—to take courage, and heaven would reward her for her patience and sufferings.

Tears of joy streamed down her cheeks; the gratitude she expressed was without bounds, and blessings were showered upon those who had come to their rescue, and were about saving them from utter despair and starvation. It was now my happy moment—and I told her how generously Government had acted in commissioning me to enquire into their condition, and relieve their distress.

I can never forget that poor woman's astonished look and grateful expressions.

A silent shake of the hands, for no one could speak; beckoning Js. to follow, we left that house of suffering and want filled with sudden new-born hopes, and hastened on our journey back. Js. on the road become quite gay, and said so many things in an absent-minded way, that he asked me to excuse his manners; for the past hour had so changed his prospects for the Winter, that he was quite besides himself and hardly knew what he was saying. On our road back, I visited two other families, also very badly off for provisions, but fairly supplied with clothing. At about 7 o'clock in the evening, we reached Blanc Sablon Bay. Js. said he would wait at a fisherman's house, until I should send the articles I intended giving him ashore.