

a young man was sitting in an easy-chair with very white hands crossed before him. He was evidently an invalid, for he did not rise when we went in. A pretty, fresh young lady sat by the window sewing.

"This is my brother, Robert Jessop, and my niece, Amelia Marston," said my companion, adding, "I found Miss Ray at the mill, on her way to Minister McGillivray's."

Miss Marston came forward and greeted me as kindly as if I had been expected, took me into a bedroom, and removed my bonnet with her own hands, poured out water for me to bathe my face, for she said I was roasted with the heat, and waited on me like a sister.

It was indeed a very red face I saw in the glass instead of my usual pale one. I bathed my face, brushed my hair and came back to the parlor, feeling a little cooler, and found Mr. and Mrs. Jessop, who welcomed me with great kindness. Old Mr. Jessop asked me a great many questions about the old country, my voyage, my impressions of Canada and its people, until I, remembering my unfinished journey, said I must be going. "If you will kindly put me on the road again," I said to young Mr. Jessop, "I hope I will keep it better this time."

Old Mr. Jessop protested that I should not leave the house that night. I was tired, unused to walking and had missed my dinner. "Get a cup of tea, good wife," he said, "and I will enjoy a chat with this young lady. We may turn out to be relations. Do you know, Miss Ray, that I come from Gray Abbey? I was born there; so was my wife. There were a great many Jessops there; I had an uncle, Thomas Jessop, who married a Ray. Perhaps I may turn out to be an uncle of yours, and my boys your cousins."

Mrs. Jessop bustled off to get the tea. Miss Marston followed, leaving me to the tender mercies of the old gentleman, who nearly questioned me to

death. Dear me, the questions he did ask! and I never was good at parrying questions. Mr. Richard Jessop came to my aid, but in vain: he could not turn aside the torrent of questions. There was certainly a good prosecuting attorney lost to the world when Mr. Jessop settled in the backwoods of Canada. It was a relief when we were summoned to tea. The tea-table was loaded with different kinds of cake and preserves, hot biscuit, cheese and honey—everything that they possibly could put on it—and Mrs. Jessop told me she was sorry she had not known of my coming, as she would have prepared something nice for tea.

After tea Mr. Richard Jessop asked me whether I preferred going on to Blair Athol or remaining where I was all night. I said I would rather go on if I could.

"I am going past Mr. McGillivray's on my way to Mount Pleasant, and will drive you there," he said.

"You can call for her on your way back," said his mother, "and bring her here to stay all night."

"Of course bring her back," echoed the father, "till we finish our talk about Grey Abbey."

This kindness was perfectly overwhelming. I was really tired walking, and enjoyed sitting in the light carriage, and having a fast horse whirl me over the miles that lay between Jessop's and Minister McGillivray's. The noise of the carriage wheels brought the minister's wife to the door.

"I have brought you a young lady who lost her way coming to your place. This is Miss Ray, a sister of young Ray, Ramsay's clerk. She wishes to see the minister.

"Are you not coming in yourself, Mr. Jessop?" said Mrs. McGillivray.

"I will come in for Miss Ray when I come back. I am going on to Mount Pleasant," he said, and drove away.

"You have not been accustomed to travelling through the bush," she said