

feebly. And now go, put on your snow-shoes and your wraps, and I will shew you the beautiful Otonabee."

Minnie hastened to obey him. But not a little of her eager gladness was gone. In their English home, where Mr. Holford, before the loss of his property, had held an influential position, both he and his eldest daughter had been the rector's right hand in all schemes for the good of the parish. Mr. Holford was an earnest and consistent Churchman, and had carefully imbued his daughter with the same principles, so that a home where she would have to live without enjoying even the weekly, to say nothing of the daily, services of the Church, and would have to be content with perhaps only an Easter Communion, once a-year, seemed to her a very dismal and unhomelike abode indeed. It was with a heavy sigh that she glanced at her cherished little drawing of Weston parish church, which she had bestowed for safety's sake in her dressing-case, and sadly wondered who was filling her place in her own accustomed seat that morning within its hallowed walls, for it was the Feast of the Purification. Her father's voice cut short her musings, and in the exhilarating sensation of walking over the snow, through the fresh, not to say frosty air, her church griefs were for the moment laid aside. Beautiful, even in the ice-bound winter-time, was the rushing Otonabee. No frost could lay its subduing hand upon its leaping waters, no cruel ice-king bind it in deathlike trance. Overhung with