

woods, and each came in hard times : but Heaven sustained the fond mother through all !

Though written in a most modest and unpretending manner as regards herself, no feature in her character shines forth more strongly in her book than her devoted affection for her husband and children. Only this could have sustained her through so many difficulties, with such cheerfulness and hope ; and her most severe trial appears to have been when Captain Moodie left his home to take part in active service for his Sovereign, at the time of the Canadian rebellion. Then when he whom she calls 'her light of life,' was abroad the strong heart of the loving woman sank within her. We must find space for the account of his return, for a few days, to his family.

'June had commenced ; the weather was very warm and Mr. T—— had sent for the loan of 'old Jenny' to help him for a day with his potatoes. I had just prepared dinner when the old woman came shrieking like a mad thing down the clearing, and waving her hands towards me. I could not imagine what had happened. 'Joy ! joy !' bawled out the old woman, now running breathlessly towards us : 'the mather's come ! the mather's come !' 'Where ? where ?' 'Just up in the wood. Good gracious ! I have run to let you know—so fast—that my heart is like to break.' Without stopping to comfort 'poor Jenny,' off started the children and myself at the very top of our speed ; but I soon found that I could not run : I was too much agitated. I got to the head of the bush, and sat down upon a fallen tree. The children sprang forward like wild kids—all but Donald who remained with his old nurse. I covered my face with my hands ; my heart too, was beating audibly ; and now that he was come, and was so near me, I scarcely could command strength to meet him. The sound of happy young voices roused me up ; the children were leading him along in triumph ; and he was bending down to them, all smiles, but hot and tired with his long journey. It was almost worth our separation—that blissful meeting ! In a few minutes he was at home, and the children upon his knees.'

What a lover-like picture for the wife of a dozen years ! When things were at their worst Captain Moodie was appointed by the Governor, Sir George Arthur, to the situation of Sheriff of the county of V—— : the result of an application from his true hearted wife. This ended their trials in the backwoods : yet so strong is habit that it was with regret that Mrs. Moodie bade adieu to the scene of so much sorrow ; but it had also been the home of much happiness. With her removal to society and comfort, her story ends ; and our only regret on closing the volume is, that we leave her still an exile from England. Her strong love of home prevails so in every page and her heart-sick yearning for the 'daisied meadows' of her native land, which linger in her first volume, make us long to see her restored once more to the glorious land of her childhood. But she has acquired a love for her adopted country, and while she acknowledges that 'whatever is, is right,' we need not complain.

We have said so much in praise of this work, that we may be allowed to pass one censure, and it shall be brief. The only objection that strikes us, is a