

love to the spring roundelay of the blackbird, whistled from among his bower of May blossoms. Here I had discoursed sweet words to the tinkling brook, and learned from the melody of waters and song of birds, the music of natural sounds. In these beloved solitudes all the holy emotions, which stir up the human heart in its depths, had been freely poured forth, and had found a response in the harmonious voice of nature, bearing aloft the choral song of earth, up to the throne of God. How hard it was to tear myself from scenes endeared to me by the most beautiful and sorrowful recollections, let those who have loved and suffered as I did, tell. However, the world had frowned upon me—nature arrayed in her green loveliness had ever smiled upon me as an indulgent mother, holding out her loving arms to enfold to her bosom her erring but devoted child.

Dear, dear England! why was I forced to leave you? What crimes had I committed, that I, who adored you, should be torn from your sacred bosom, to pine out my joyless existence upon a foreign shore? Oh! that I might be permitted to return and die in your arms, and rest my weary head and heart beneath your daisy-covered sod at last. Ah! these are vain out-bursts of feeling—melancholy relapses of the spring home-sickness. Canada! thou art a noble, free, and rising country. The offspring of England, thou must be great, and I will and do love thee, land of my adoption, and of my children's birth, and oh! dearer still to a mother's heart—land of their graves!

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Whilst talking over our coming separation with dear C—, we observed Tom Wilson walking slowly up the path that led to the house. He was dressed in a new velvet shooting jacket, and carried a gun across his shoulder—an ugly pointer dog followed at a little distance.

"Well, Mrs. M—, I am off," said Tom, shaking hands with my sister instead of me. "I suppose I shall see M— in London. What do you think of my dog?"

"It is an ugly beast," said C—. "Do you mean to take it with you?"

"An ugly beast? Duchess a beast! Why, she is a beauty—beauty and the beast—ha! ha! I gave two guineas for her last night. (I then thought of the old adage.) "Mrs. M—, Miss S— is no judge of a dog."

"My knowledge of their merits or demerits only embraces puppies," returned C—, laughing. "And you go to town to-night, Mr. Wilson? I thought as you came up to the house that you were equipped for shooting."

"To be sure—there is capital shooting in Canada."

"So I have heard—plenty of bears and wolves. I suppose you took out your gun and dog in anticipation?"

"True," said Tom. "Well, that's good. I really thought that I was going to Canada by the mail. Only imagine my surprise at landing in London to-morrow. Ha! ha! ha! that's a capital joke. Isn't that funny?"

"Very," said C—. "A most quixottish journey. But you surely are not going to take that dog with you?"

"Indeed I am. She is a most valuable brute. The very best venture I could take. My brother Charles has engaged our passage in the same vessel."

"It would be a pity to part you," said I. "May you prove as lucky a pair as Whittington and his cat."

"Whitting! Whittington!" said Tom, staring at my sister and beginning to dream, which he invariably did in the company of a pretty girl. "I surely have heard something about Whittington! Who was the gentleman?"

"A very old friend of mine—one whom I have known from a very little girl," said my sister; "but I have not time to tell you more about him now. If you go to St. Paul's churchyard and enquire for Sir Richard Whittington and his cat, you will get his history for a mere trifle."

"Do not mind her, Mr. Wilson, she is quizzing you," quoth I. "I wish you a safe voyage across the Atlantic. I wish I could add a happy meeting with your friends. But where shall we find friends in a strange land?"

"All in good time," said Tom. "I hope to have the pleasure of meeting you and your husband in the backwoods of Canada before three months are over. What adventures we shall have to tell one another! It will be capital. Good bye. Good bye, Miss S—; don't refuse a good offer for my sake."

"Not very likely," said C—, laughing. "Well, there they go, master and dog. What a pair. Shall we ever see their like again?"

"Before twelve months are over," said I, "he will be back to W—, or never call me a true prophet again."

### CHAPTER III.

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"We met—'twas in a crowd."

"WELL, Tom has sailed, Mrs. M.," said Captain Charles Wilson, stepping into my little parlor a few days after Tom's last visit. "I saw him and