

say "What am I to do now?" and then she laughed outright. She extricated herself very naturally, and very kindly, too; replying in the same dialect in which the little fellow had spoken;

"Now, Johnny, gin I do that what will I hae for mysel'? But Johnny, I'll gie you wool for a pair o' socks whenever she's clippet;" and Johnny was satisfied.

Agnes was more. There may, perhaps, have been happier hearts in the Townships, but hers at the moment was as full of happiness as it could hold. I have said that she had few pretensions to beauty, but as she stood there in the evening light, her flaxen hair bound neatly back with a blue ribbon, the colour deepened on her cheek, and her eyes, lit up with unusual animation, glancing from her ewe to her little brother, she would have been no uninteresting subject for the pencil.

Seven years more have passed over the Township, and the green heads of many of its trees have been laid low. Whose is this new clearing? I can discern the shanty: it is not far from the road, though it must be far from any other dwelling. Let us go forward. Here is a maple grove, in Township phrase a *sugar-bush*. Have they been making sugar this year? They have; the trees have been tapped, and carefully tapped too, so as not to injure them; and the sap troughs have been gathered up when the season was over, and piled within the shelter of the sugar cabin.

Part of this clearing has been chopped the winter before last, for the raspberry bushes have sprung up thick along the fence, and yonder is a little girl disencumbering some of them of their rich, ripe, crimson fruit. There is a small field of rye and a larger one of mountain barley, and about an acre planted in potatoes, and beyond that a patch of oats, and two or three acres on which the last stage of *piling and burning* is marked by the smoke of the fires now dying away; and between us and them a cow, and four ewes, with their lambs, are browsing on the shoots and nibbling the blades of grass springing among the recently felled wood. Let us pass to the west of that large stump and we will not disturb them.

We are at the back of the shanty now. I can see a woman stooping over a cradle as if to lift a child. Pass on; we must go round the fence of the little garden to get to the door; it opens to the south. There is a window or rather an opening to admit air at this end near the top, and there must be a sort of garret—I can see the rolls of fleece lying within. There are in the garden three young rose bushes, a few violets, and the buds of a yellow lupin are just peeping

out; and there are two currant bushes, some onions and carrots. There is no chimney to the shanty, but the usual substitute in summer, an out door fire-place not far from it. Potatoes, from which the water has just been poured, are smoking still, and by them, on the decaying *embers*, are trout, fine large trout, nicely browned and ready to put to table. A few paces from the door the linen, or, to speak with more truth, the cotton of the family is hung to bleach (Township fashion,) on a pole placed horizontally; there, leaning against the fence, are two new cart wheels, and here comes the little girl. She has placed her basket of raspberries on a rough bench at the door and gone in; here she comes again with a *tureen*, as it is termed, of coarse earthenware, and picking out, as she turns them over, the little bits of straw and leaves that had got among the berries, she puts them all into it; now she is washing her hands in a sugar trough that stands by the garden fence, but she has no towel to wipe them on and is not going to get one; looking towards the wool as she shakes the water from her tiny fingers, she calls out "Here's Hugh! here's Hugh comin'!"

The mistress of the shanty is on the door-step now with her infant, of a few weeks old, in her arms. You may observe by the tinge on its little cheek that it is newly waked from a pleasant slumber; and now, through the trees, we can see Hugh. He is coming with his axe in his hand and a piece of half-squared wood, large enough for an axle tree, on his shoulder; but which of all the Township Hughes this is, or if indeed it be one of them, I cannot tell. A traveller on horseback is passing, and his dog, making a circuit through the clearing, has startled the sheep. They have all run up to the shanty; but one comes nearer than the rest, and standing there with two lambs beside her, she listens to the bark of the retiring dog, and stamps her foot again. "Poor Maggy," said the young mistress of the dwelling, looking kindly at her, and the ewe gave a bleat as if in reply. Reader! that little girl now seated on the grass, and extending her arms to take the infant, is Sarah Jane. Johnny caught the trout, and she carried them all the way from her father's that morning; that sheep close to the shanty, the mother of the flock, was Agnes' first ewe. Need I say who is the young and happy looking matron?

Long, long may it be ere a false and vicious taste for dress, or display of any kind beyond their means, blight the sweet buds of real happiness that can bloom so fair even on these rugged hills, or freeze the warm current of affection which has held its course, amid poverty and difficulty, a pure and sparkling stream.