

when I woke this morning was its rushing noise, and I can see the beautiful spray from my bedroom window. And, papa," she added, all in one breath, "where is the church? I must see that soon."

Mr. Holford's face clouded. "My dear child, where are your thoughts? Do you think it is possible that every ten or twelve farms cleared out in this remote bush should be so fortunate as to have a church and a pastor attached to them, as in our bonnie, long-established England? No, dear girl, it is the sorest loss of living in the Bush, and one of the 'contra's' that weighed most strongly in my mind when, on the loss of my property, I first began to debate with myself whether I should follow out this emigration plan."

"That was the reason I never got an answer from you, papa, when I enquired about the schools and church. But have we none within reach of our farm?"

"I did not like to run the risk of setting you against the place before you saw it, my child, by telling you of a want which I knew you would feel so greatly. There is a church at Peterborough, and in the better weather we can sometimes make an expedition thither. In time, I hope we may be able to get a church and a clergyman nearer at hand, and thus enjoy the benefit of full Church rites. Meanwhile I shall look to you, dear Minnie, to help me in supplying this terrible want as far as may be to the young ones, though we can do it but partially and