

received his ancient friend with open arms ; and his own means being ample, saw with pleasure a growing attachment between young Sherwood and his daughter. They were married ; and in their happy home on the majestic St. Lawrence, the time-honored old soldiers fought full many a time their battles over again. On the marriage, young Sherwood wished naturally enough to introduce his bride to the home which his family had forfeited in the revolutionary struggle. They ascended together the fair lake-born river, enjoying the exquisite beauty of its archipelago of the thousand isles—crossed Ontario's bright waters. No Rochester then existed ; but they saw with delight, the beautiful falls of the Genessee. It was summer, and the stream barely curtained the bold outline of the rock beneath, with a veil of misty spray. For many days they travelled southwards—the roads were for wheeled vehicles horrible, but Mary was a practiced horse woman. Every night they found accommodation in happy smiling homes, where, although customs slightly differed from those of the English provinces, the cordial welcome