

the hateful tyranny of evil passions, I did a very rash and foolish action. I need not mention the manner in which I transgressed God's laws—all the neighbors know it, and must have told you long ago. I could have borne reproof, but they turned my sorrow into indecent jests; and, unable to bear their ridicule, I made companions of my dogs and gun, and went forth into the wilderness. Hunting became a habit—I could no longer live without it—and it supplies the stimulant which I lost, when I renounced the cursed whisky bottle.

"I remember the first hunting excursion I took alone in the forest, how sad and gloomy I felt. I thought there was no creature in the world so miserable as me; I was tired and hungry, and I sat down upon a fallen tree to rest. All was still as death around me; and I was fast sinking to sleep, when my attention was aroused by a long wild cry. My dog—for I had not Chance then, and he is no hunter—pricked up his ears, but instead of answering with a bark of defiance, he crouched down, trembling, at my feet. 'What does this mean?' I said; and I cocked my gun, and sprang upon the log. The sound came nearer upon the wind. It was like the deep baying of a pack of hounds in full cry. Presently, a noble deer rushed madly past me, and fast upon his trail—I see them now, like so many black devils—swept by, a pack of ten or fifteen large fierce wolves, with fiery eyes and bristling hair, and paws that seemed scarcely to touch the ground, in their eager haste. I thought not of danger, for, with their prey in view, I was safe; but I felt every nerve within me tremble for the poor deer. The wolves gained upon him at every step: a close thicket intercepted his path; and rendered desperate, he turned at bay. His nostrils were dilated, his eyes seemed to send forth long streams of light. It was wonderful to witness the courage of the beast—how bravely he repelled the first attack of his deadly enemies—how gallantly he tossed them to the right and left, and spurned them from beneath his hoofs; yet all his struggles were useless, and he was quickly torn to pieces by his ravenous foes. At that moment, he seemed more unfortunate than me; for I could not see in what manner he had deserved his fate. All his speed and energy, his courage and fortitude, had been given to him in vain. I had tried to destroy myself; but he, with every effort vigorously made for self-preservation, was doomed to meet the fate he dreaded. Is God just to his creatures?"

With this sentence in his throat, he started abruptly from his seat, and left the house.

One day he found me painting some wild

flowers, and was greatly amused in watching the progress I made in the group. Late in the afternoon of the following day, he brought me a large bunch of splendid spring flowers.

"Draw these," said he: "I have been all the way to the Rice Lake Plains to find them for you."

"Oh! pretty, pretty flowers," lisped Katie, grasping them with infantine joy, and kissing, one by one, every lovely blossom.

"Those are God's pictures," said the hunter; "and the child, who is all nature just now, understands them in a minute. Is it not strange, Mrs. M——, that these beautiful things are hid away in the wilderness, where no eyes but the birds of the air, and the wild beasts of the woods, and the insects that live upon them, ever see them? Does God provide, for the pleasure of such creatures, these flowers? When I am alone in the forest, these things puzzle me."

Knowing that to argue with Brian was only to call into action the slumbering fires of his fatal malady, I asked him why he called the dog Chance?

"I found him," he said, "forty miles back in the bush. He was a mere skeleton. At first I took him for a wolf, but the shape of his head undeceived me. I opened my wallet, and called him to me. He came slowly, stopping and wagging his tail at every step, and looking me wistfully in the face. I offered him a bit of cooked venison, and he soon became friendly, and followed me home, and has never left me, night or day, since. I called him Chance, after the manner I happened with him; and I would not part with him for twenty dollars."

Alas! for poor Chance! he had, unknown to his master, contracted a private liking for fresh mutton; and one night he killed no less than eight sheep, belonging to Mr. D——, on the front road; who, having long suspected, caught him in the very act; and this mischance cost him his life. Brian was very sad and gloomy for many weeks after his favorite's death.

"I would have restored the sheep, four-fold," he said, "if he would but have spared the life of my dog."

All my recollections of Brian seem more particularly to concentrate in the adventures of one night, when I happened to be left alone, for the first time since my arrival in Canada. I cannot now imagine how I could have been such a fool, as to give way for four and twenty hours to such childish fears; but so it was, and I will not disguise the truth from my readers. M—— had bought a very fine cow of a black man named Mollineux, who lived twelve miles distant through