

despatched a messenger nine miles through the woods to Dummer, to fetch her youngest sister, a child of twelve years old.

'I was obliged to leave my bed and endeavour to attend to the wants of my young family long before I was really able. When I made my first attempt to reach the parlour, I was so weak that at every step I felt as if I should pitch forward to the ground, which seemed to undulate beneath my feet, like the floor of a cabin in a storm at sea. My husband continued to suffer for many weeks with the ague; and when he was convalescent, all the children, even the poor babe, were seized with it; nor did it leave us until late in the Spring of 1835.'

Ponder on this tale of suffering, ladies, even in our own little province, who, surrounded with physicians and nurses, and every luxury wealth and affection can procure, yet murmur at confinement and pain. Think of her as tenderly reared as the most gentle among you, in the hour of trial, alone; with sickness and death around her, and destitute of every common necessary of life; and then ask yourselves why you have deserved more than she. And yet hear how her hopeful spirit bore her up through all; how she cast all her 'care upon Him who careth for us,' and how nobly she met the torrent of evil.

'Memory was busy with the events of many years. I retraced step by step the pilgrimage of my past life, until, arriving at that passage in its sombre history, I gazed through tears upon the singularly savage scene around me, and secretly marvelled, 'what brought me here?' 'Providence,' was the answer which the soul gave. 'Not for your own welfare, perhaps, but for the welfare of your children, the unerring hand of the great Father has led you here; you form a connecting link in the destinies of many. It is impossible for any human creature to live for himself alone: it may be your lot to suffer, but others will reap a benefit from your trials. Look up with confidence to Heaven, and the sun of hope will yet shed a cheering beam, through the forbidden depths of this tangled wilderness.'

'Ah, glorious poverty! thou art a hard task-master, but in thy soul-ennobling school I have received more god-like lessons,—have learned more sublime truths,—than ever I acquired in the smooth highways of the world.'

But our space will not permit of further extracts. We could quote a hundred passages, exemplifying her nobleness of soul and courageous spirit, but we must leave our readers to satisfy their curiosity from the volume itself. It will amply repay the perusal: it is written with the attractiveness of a romance, and the convincing force of truth. Each successive page is turned with an eager interest, for the narrative is so vivid, that we identify ourselves with its writer, and wait with anxious hearts for each new development of her history. Trials thicken upon her as we proceed through the second volume, which almost make the soul grow faint to experience. But her high, hero spirit sustains her through all, and she bears cheerfully the lot providence has appointed her. Faithful friends rise up to cheer her in this dark wilderness; and the attachment of a servant, 'old Jenny,' is touchingly described. Two more sons were born to Mrs. Moodie during her residence in the back-