

suasion of mine could induce her to put it out of sight.

Many painful and conflicting emotions rose up in my heart, but found no utterance in words, as we entered the forest path, and I looked my last upon that humble home of many sorrows. Every object had become familiar during my long exile from civilized life. I loved the lonely lake with its magnificent belt "of dark pines sighing in the breeze;" the cedar swamp—the summer home of my dark Indian friends; my own dear little garden with its rugged fence, cultivated by my own hands, in which I had so often braved the tormenting musquitos, black-flies, and intense heat, to provide vegetables and melons for the use of the family. Even the cows, which had given a breakfast for the last time to my little ones, were regarded with mournful affection. A poor laborer stood at the deserted door, holding my noble water-dog, Rover, in a string. The poor fellow gave a joyous bark as my eyes fell upon him, and struggled to get free.

"James J—," I said, "take care of my dog."

"Never fear, ma'am! he shall bide with me as long as he lives."

"He and the poor Indians, at least, feel grief for our departure," I thought. "Love is so scarce in this world that we ought to prize it, however lowly the source from whence it glows."

We accomplished only twelve miles of our journey that night, which lay through the bush along the banks of the grand, rushing, foaming Otonabee river—the wildest and most beautiful of forest streams. We slept at the house of kind friends, and in the morning resumed our long journey. Winter had now set in fairly. The children were glad to huddle together in the bottom of the sleigh, under the buffaloes and blankets; all but my eldest boy, a child of four years old, who, enchanted by all he saw, continued to stand up and gaze around him.

Born in the forest which he had never quitted before, the sight of a town was such a novelty that he could find no words wherewith to express his astonishment.

"Are the houses come to see one another?" he asked. "How did they all meet here?"

The question greatly amused his uncle, who took some pains to explain to him the difference between town and country. On putting up for the night, we rejoiced to find that truly the long distance which separated us from the husband and father was nearly accomplished. During our ride we had got rid of old Jenny and her bonnets, whom we found a very refractory travelling companion. Fortunately, we overtook the sleighs with the furniture, and Mr. S— had trans-

ferred Jenny to the care of the driver; an arrangement which proved satisfactory to all parties but little Donald, her darling pet, who was fast asleep in my lap when Jenny and her bonnets made their exit. At supper he asked for his old nurse, and his uncle, to tease him, told him that Jenny was dead and that we were going to have some of her fried for supper.

When the beef stakes were brought to table, in spite of his long day's fast, Donald cried piteously, and refused to touch a bit of them; until some fried chickens making their appearance, one of the children cried out—"See, Donald! here is more of Jenny."

"No! no," said the sobbing child, wiping his eyes and laughing once more. "Ninny is not dead, for I know she had not wings."

The next morning was so intensely cold, that out of tender consideration for our noses, Mr. S— would not resume the journey until past ten o'clock; and even then, it was a desperate experiment. We had not proceeded four miles before the horses were covered with icicles. Our hair was frozen as white as old Time's solitary forelock, and our eyelids were stiff, and every limb aching with cold.

"This will never do," said my brother, turning to me. "The children will freeze. We must put up somewhere. I never felt the cold so severe as this."

"Where can we stop?" said I. "We are miles from any inn, and I see no prospect of the weather becoming milder."

"Yes, yes, I know by the very intensity of the cold, that a change is at hand. At all events, it is much warmer at night in this country than during the day. The wind falls off, and the frost is more bearable. I know a worthy farmer who lives about a mile a-head. He will give us houseroom for a few hours, and we will resume our journey in the evening."

My teeth were chattering with the cold. The children were crying in the bottom of the sleigh, and I gladly consented to the proposal.

A few minutes' ride brought us to a large frame house, surrounded by commodious sheds and barns. A fine orchard opposite, and a yard well stocked with fat cattle and sheep, sleek geese and plethoric looking swine, gave promise of a land of abundance and comfort. My brother ran into the house to see if the owner was at home, and presently returned with the gentleman, whose portrait we have already drawn, followed by two fine young women, his daughters, who gave us a truly warm welcome, and assisted in removing the children from the sleigh, to the