

Landing, may notice a green waste by the roadside on either hand, and fancy that thereabouts our Canadian Crusoes' home once stood: he sees the lofty wood-crowned hill, and in spring time—for in summer it is hidden by the luxuriant foliage—the little forest creek; and he may, if thirsty, taste of the pure, fresh, icy water, as it still wells out from a spring in the steep bank, rippling through the little cedar-trough that Louis Perron placed there for the better speed of his mother when filling her water jug. All else is gone. And what wrought the change a few words will suffice to tell. Some travelling fur merchants brought the news to Donald Maxwell that a party of Highlanders had made a settlement above Montreal, and among them were some of his kindred. The old soldier resolved to join them, and it was not hard to prevail upon his brother-in-law to accompany him, for they were all now weary of living so far from their fellow-men; and bidding farewell to the little log-houses at Cold Springs, they now journeyed downwards to the new settlement, where they were gladly received, their long experience of the country making their company a most valuable acquisition to the new-come colonists.

Not long after, the Maxwells took possession of a grant of land, and cleared and built for themselves and their family. Hector, now a fine industrious young man, presented at the baptismal font, as a candidate for baptism, the Indian girl, and then received at the altar his newly-baptized bride. Catha-