

In order to become a thrifty settler, a person must be almost a 'Jack of all trades,' especially if located along the sea coast; for it is no uncommon sight, to see the man who was yesterday industriously employed in drawing from their watery home the finny inhabitants of the deep, to-day engaged in finishing the inside of his humble dwelling, and thus rendering it more comfortable and commodious—perhaps the day following in building for himself a large shallop, as the increase of his family may enlarge his means of assistance in the occupation of life in which he is engaged, and thus he extends consequently his plans for future industry.

Our main roads, along the coast, though not altogether of that kind, it is thought, which their actual cost to the revenue of the Province gives us reason to expect, are nevertheless such as afford the industrious settler a facility in transporting produce to a market, to which our predecessors were entire strangers; and on the other hand of obtaining from the scattered towns throughout, those articles for food and clothing which he may really require, and which were unknown to our fathers. It is a well established fact, that the melancholy accidents witnessed by several of the earliest settlers, were many and painful, and the remembrance of them may be yet fresh in the recollection of some of those who to this day survive their stricken friends, and who may peruse these lines.

We recollect well, though now many years ago, in a ride with a friend from S—— as far as I. B—— as its waters, extending their broad sheet, were distinctly in view, we came to a small house which proved to be the home of MARGARET FRASER—a building reared by the benevolence of her neighbours, aided by a small subscription among a few females in the adjoining town, where she now dwelt, bowing in humble resignation, under the weight of accumulated sorrows of no common order, to the dispensation of an all-wise providence, at the age of more than three score years and ten! I felt gratified at being so near a place I had much wished to see, having learned long since that the mistress of this humble cottage was remarkable for true piety and worth. As we approached, the good old woman came to the door and gave us a very kind and cordial invitation to alight and rest for awhile. We soon entered her humble dwelling, which displayed much economy and neatness, as well as cleanliness and comfort—the certain concomitants of a well-ordered mind. On a shelf in one corner of the apartment were a few devotional books of standard value, and on a table, near which she had been sitting, was a Bible, with the psalms of David in metre, from which she had to all appearance very recently been drawing that divine consolation, which they never fail to afford the truly sincere worshipper.

After partaking of a draught of *spring water*—the best thing, the old woman said, she had to offer us—my companion observed that he had heard she had been the subject of an uncommon dispensation of providence, an account of