

journey and the cold of it, contrasted with the present warmth and rest, her pretty foster-child had dropped into a quiet doze.

"Bless her," murmured her quondam nurse, "she is just the same innocent babe in the look of her face and her pretty ways as she was eighteen years ago." And stooping down, the tall and hale old dame lifted the slight girl in her arms almost as easily as she might have done those said "eighteen years ago," and bore her into an adjoining room, where another cheery fire gleamed and flickered upon a small uncurtained bed, homely enough and hard-looking, but withal scrupulously clean and white. And not until the morning sun shone through the uncurtained and unshuttered window full upon her face, did the weary girl awake to the comforts and discomforts—for both are to be found there—of her Bush-home. Naturally of a buoyant and hopeful disposition, except when depressed by fatigue or illness, the former were the most quickly espied by her cheerful eyes when they opened fresh and invigorated by a good night's rest to the novelties of a Bush breakfast and a log-house.

"Your uncle will not arrive with the young ones for some hours yet, Minnie," observed her father, as they concluded their meal of home-made hot cakes and milk.

"Meanwhile I will see that the boxes are unpacked, and things put in order for them," responded Minnie. "And oh, papa, can you spare half-an-hour to take me down to the river. The first thing that I heard