

dren that year. Her husband was at last obliged to leave her to get work at some distance, that he might procure food to keep them from absolute starvation. Just imagine the dreadful condition to which these poor creatures were reduced, when the husband was forced to leave his sick, helpless starving wife and children alone. It so chanced that the person to whom he applied for work, was a good and charitable man. He noticed the anxiety of the distressed husband, and asked the cause. This was soon made known, and without waiting for farther proof, the master instantly hurried him off to the relief of his suffering wife, loaded with food and necessaries for her and the children. "Oh, madam," said she, "sure never was sight so welcome to my eyes, as that of my husband, when he came in, and set before me, first one thing and then another; and I believe that want of food was one cause of my illness, for in a little while, I got well and strong. Our good master would never let my husband go home of a Saturday night, without something for me; and his dear wife would fill a basket with cakes, and butter, and milk, and eggs, and all sorts of nice things, for me; and never as long as I live, shall I forget the goodness of that blessed couple to me and mine."

The above sketch was written some years ago, and appeared in that excellent work, "Chambers's Journal." It was an extract from my "Forest Gleanings," and is so illustrative of Canadian scenes and characters, that I have not scrupled to restore it to its original place among them. It may not be uninteresting for my readers to know, that Bridget Jones, the heroine of my narrative, (and she was a heroine, though one in a lowly station,) has bettered her condition, by leaving the hemlock rock, on which her husband formerly toiled so fruitlessly, thinking it better to sacrifice the small sum they had paid in advance upon the lot, than expend years of labor on that which would yield them so poor a return. They are now living in Douro, and doing well, the children growing up to be useful. So grateful is this kind-hearted woman for any kindness or sympathy shown her, that she never failed coming to see me when in the neighbourhood, and would bring little offerings of maple-sugar, molasses, or fowls, as tokens of good will to the children. The little orphan girl, now a young woman