

her distress, he added that he had business for an hour in the cabin, and if the sailors chose to row her ashore she must understand that it was without his permission. The captain's tone and manner led her to infer that the consequences to the sailors were not likely to be very dreadful, and it will not be a matter of surprise to the intelligent reader to learn that Mrs. Smith soon found herself once more on terra firma with her barrel, her basket and her baby. As the twilight was now deepening, she proceeded at once to the house of her relation. She knocked vainly at the door, and finally peered in at the window. A glance sufficed to show the house was deserted. With night falling and the next house six miles away, the young mother was in a predicament. Her adventurous life in the New Brunswick forest had, however, taught her self-reliance and courage. She sought the barn, and to her joy discovered there were some cows in the stable. She made a bed for herself and her child among the hay and in spite of her lonely situation slept soundly, being confident that some one would come to feed the cows in the morning. Nor was she disappointed, for in the morning a cousin arrived, the former occupant of the house. He had purchased a new property to which he had removed with his family and had come to drive the cows there also.

Mrs. Smith soon reached her old home and was warmly welcomed. Her aged mother, who was now becoming childish, when she was told that Charity had come to see her, took her daughter's face in her hands and gazed long and earnestly at her, took her hands in her's and looked at them, and finally said, "Is it possible you were ever my child? You have grown so coarse!" It was a cruel speech, yet not entirely groundless. The hard toil and rough life of the wilderness had