

should be in learning how to make our actions harmonize with connected circumstances, so as to produce good results.

Either from personal or local causes, or from both, every feature of my life has been checkered and deformed. Although I have become naturalized to Canada, and familiar with its forest scenes, there are but few interesting incidents connected with them; and therefore I reflect upon much of my past existence with detestation and regret. Though born amid favourable circumstances, I was taken from my native soil in early years, and transplanted as an exotic among the rugged wilds of a forest, where my parents—who being tired of a city, and, like many others, unacquainted with bush life—effected the hazardous attempt in finding a home.

Many parts of the surrounding country had been inhabited for years; but the settlement into which we retired was newly formed, and bore all the original features, with the exception of a few openings hewn out of the dense woods, and was characterized by huts of the rudest fashion; whilst the appearance of things indicated a famine, and the uncertainty of fortunate results. Well do I remember the rude fabric into which we entered. Its previous possessor having been discouraged by a fruitless attempt to satisfy the demands of necessity, had sold out, and removed to a more genial part of the country. It was built on the latest improved model of forest architecture, and therefore was considered a fashionable dwelling-house. The floor consisted of movable slabs, interlined with clay, and the walls were emblazoned with smoke-work. From the rude basement of a hearth, the vapor curled in graceful columns about the room, and found an exit by a hole in the roof. One grand feature of its economy was a