

When the news of the fearful death of her friend reached the child she was inconsolable. For many weeks she wandered alone in the deep shades of the forest, taking but little nourishment and shunning all society. She had a sweet voice and was often heard singing in her loneliness. But little attention was paid to what she was singing until it was found to be a lament for her lost friend. At this time the little church stood on the Pavilion farm, and the child having made other friends attended the services.

The priest L'Abbe de Calonne knew the child's history, and between the services, as the congregation were seated on the banks of the spring which rose from a hill not far from where the church stood at this time, asked the child to sing her wonderful and weird song. Her answer was "I cannot to-day, this is Sunday",—the explanation of which is that probably the day was always too sad on account of its being that on which her friend met her awful fate. But after a little, relenting, her voice broke forth moving her rude audience to tears. The voice is forever silent; but the writer often visits that limpid spring whose sparkling waters glitter like gems in the sun, and with which the writer has been fondly familiar during a long life; and in imagination loves to picture the pious priest and his devoted people seated as of old and to hear in fancy that childish voice. The writer has already seen six generations of some of those present on that day.

In the year 1809 the Craswell family came to the Island and purchased 208 acres of land in what is now known as St. Eleanor's village. William Craswell resides with his family on part of this property, the Jones family on the other part.

Another farm of 258 acres was bought by the same family in 1814, in what is now known as North St Eleanor's, a mile distant, and is now partly occupied by Mr. John Albert Craswell and his two sisters, son and daughters of the late Hon. James Craswell. Part also is now in possession of two grandsons; Eugene, who is postmaster and general dealer at North St. Eleanor's Corner, and Collins, who resides on the adjoining farm.

Referring in conclusion, once more, to the old chapel, it