

In the midst of this grove was a small log house. David often asked his papa what this house was for, and papa always replied, "Wait until spring, and you shall see; those big maple trees have a surprise in store for you!"

One morning in early spring, when the sun shone very warm, and the snow was beginning to melt, papa said: "David, after breakfast you will find me at the log house;" then he hurried away. David soon finished his breakfast and started off in great haste, but stopped short at the first maple tree, for there hung a bright, shining tin pail. He wondered how it came there, and started to take it down when he saw that it was hanging on a spout, which was driven into the tree-trunk. From the spout was trickling something which looked like water as it "drip, dripped" into the pail below. As he looked about, he saw that every tree in the grove had one, two, or even three pails hung on spouts! This must be the surprise, but what was it for?

Off he went to the log house; and there he found that his father had built a fire, and over the fire was swinging a great iron kettle. "Papa," said he, "why is the water running out of the trees? What is the kettle for? Why have you built the fire?" "Well," replied papa, "I am very busy, but here comes mamma, who can tell you all about it, while you watch the rest of us work."

Then mamma told him how the maple trees had been sleeping and resting all winter, and how the warm sunshine and soft spring rains had wakened them, and set the sweet sap running. "But the trees do not need all the sap," said mamma, "so papa has driven these spouts in, that he may catch some of the sap as it hurries through the tree-trunk. And what you thought was water was this juice or sap of the tree trickling into the pails." Just then up came two or three men with buckets full of sap which they had gathered from the tin pails; they poured it into the kettle, but papa first gave mamma and David some to drink. It tasted like water with a little sugar in it, and David didn't care for it at all.

They then watched the sap in the kettle as it boiled and bubbled away; and every little while papa skimmed it with a big spoon, till by and by it was clear. David said, "It smells like maple syrup!" and papa replied, "That's just what it is!" He next poured it into big pans and little pans, and middle-sized pans; and it looked thick and brown and sweet, and David knew that when it was cool and hard it would be maple sugar!

Then mamma said, "There are several kinds of maple trees, but only this kind gives us sugar. Now what do you suppose we call it?" David thought its name must be sugar-maple, and sure enough it was! And now he wonders if there are any other children whom the sugar-maple is waiting to surprise. — *F. E. Mann.*

### The Great Freshet of 1854.

Extracts from a paper read by Miss Susie P. Fenwick at the Kings County, N. B., Teachers' Institute, Oct. 1901.

Where can be found a prettier stream than the Kennebecasis river, flowing through Kings County, widening out to form the bay of the same name, and finally flowing into the noble St. John. Yet, less than a century ago, this same pretty river was the cause of the greatest calamity which befell the early settlers of Kings County. This event has been called the great freshet of 1854. Kings County, along the river, was not very well settled, and the settlers were doing their utmost to clear their farms and construct the buildings and dwellings they required. They had had a beautiful summer, and their work was progressing rapidly.

On Saturday, November 11th, 1854, rain began falling, and for sixty hours continued to fall in torrents. The rivers and brooks soon began to increase in size and velocity. The Kennebecasis, where Apohaqui now stands, could not find an outlet for its surplus water on account of the thick woods which then grew down to the water's edge, consequently, the water backed up and became much deeper above, causing a general inundating of all the surrounding country. This caused the Millstream, a tributary of the Kennebecasis emptying into it, near Apohaqui, to do likewise, and consequently the farms of those persons settled along the margins of both streams were totally submerged. At twelve o'clock Monday night both streams had overflowed their banks and were rising at an alarming rate. An hour later the inmates of the houses nearest the streams were forced to seek shelter in the upper storey, or in some cases, to leave their homes altogether.

At the home of a Mr. Dobson, of Lower Cove, the mark may yet be seen about eight feet high on the wall, made by a canoe grating against it, which had been paddled through the doorway to the stairs to rescue the inmates from the second storey.

The wind blew a perfect hurricane, and the darkness could almost be felt, and still the rain kept on. The water continued rising, and above all these sounds could be heard the lowing of the cattle and the bleating of the sheep, as they realized their danger. At eleven o'clock Tuesday morning the storm had ceased, and the water began to fall. In a few hours the occupants ventured out to view the awful scene. The dead bodies of their cattle, sheep, swine and fowls lay on every side. Nearly all their grain and vegetables were spoiled, and the keen blasts of winter would soon be felt. All their fences were washed away, the foundations of their buildings greatly damaged, while some smaller buildings were missing altogether. It was the greatest catastrophe which ever befell the inhabitants of the parish of Studholm. Many incidents occurred which would provoke laughter, one of which might be mentioned. A well-filled hen-house, owned by Mr. Henry, was carried some distance down stream, but finally grounded on a small hill with water stretching out on every side. The occupants of the building could not have fully realized their exact position, for at the break of day the master of the roost was descried on the top of his little island home, flapping his wings and giving vent to a prolonged and joyful "cock-a-doodle-do."