

about. With the first pinch of poverty over, and not enough wealth to spoil them, they lived to enjoy life, and see it enjoyed by others. If a real sunny-minded man settled on a concession, the light of his genial mind shone all along the line! It is most wonderful how such influence acts, and how long it lasts! There are parts of townships that may be as gloomy as they are at present for centuries, just because some miserable old muck-rake was the chief man at the beginning of the settlement. Others again use the maples in such a way that "they grow fragrant in burning" under their hands, and seem to plant with their first crop so many flowers in the soil, that it is like an outlying bit of Paradise ever after. One of these places was called "Fiddler's Hollow." Whether some stranded Orpheus had come to these Western wilds, and charmed the listening trees, I know not; but I do know that when a place once gets a name, the name sticks. In the first place, it wasn't much of a hollow; a few rather rolling farms, dipping, it might be, into a little lower level toward the lake; and in the next place, I never heard any fiddling there. But there was a heartiness about the farmers and their families, that it was a pleasure to come within reach of. A poor fellow in California, whose sands of life were no longer measured by the rocker, or even by the pan, but might be counted as they fell, wrote home that "he wished he was back again, to die in Fiddler's Hollow!" And the oldest man in the settlement, whose long white hair defied the ravages

of time except to bleach it, told me, as he sliced a musk melon on his verandah (and I helped him to dispose of it), "When I came here, it was all bush. I came with a pair of strong arms, and a cheerful heart. I loved to see the green trees, and hear the birds sing. I knew that God loved me, and I loved Him, and I did think that one of His sweetest smiles came down on this hollow! When an ill-conditioned grumbling character would come along, looking for land, I'd tell him that this heavy timber would be the death of him; that a singing man's axe would go right through a knot, just like they used to say sassafras would split rocks; but if he couldn't come with a cheerful heart, he'd better go to the open bush or the 'plains.' But when a poor fellow of the right kind would come along, I'd tell him to settle right in here, and I'd help him—if it wasn't more than just to cheer him up a little. And I do think we got a lot of the best fellows in here that you could think of. And every man of them has done well. And I suppose it was because we were all so happy and peaceable down here, that somebody got up the name on us—said we were all as happy as fiddlers; and so it got to be called 'Fiddler's Hollow.' But the name's nothing. Have another piece of melon?"

I quite agreed with the old patriarch, that it was the *people* that made the *place*; and where the right kind of people get into a locality together, that place would be a happy spot;—for my early belief has never left me, that "There is a great deal of happiness lying about loose in the world!"

## DON'T FORGET ME.

BY JOHN READE.

Don't forget me!"—Sweet and sad,  
Were those whispered words of thine:  
Like the voice of flowers at eve,  
When they fold each little leaf,  
And to sleep their life resign  
Till the Sun awakes them glad.

Ah! but I am not to thee  
As the sun is to the flowers—

They live only in his light,  
They live only in the might  
Of the brightness that he showers  
From his golden majesty.  
Bright and gentle, pure and good,  
Ever in mine eyes thou art.  
Far too good and pure for me—  
I can only worship thee!  
Keeping thee within my heart,  
Gladness of my solitude,