

assemble to see the dead deposited in its last resting-place; but surely that resting-place should not be where the living congregate.

My wife came in from a pleasant scramble through the woods with Mrs. Gourlay, laden with hickory-nuts, and butter-nuts, and nuts of all sorts; and maple-leaves of every hue, of red and pink; and beech-leaves, tinted of delicate yellow and green; and many other forest spoils. The nuts we put in a bag; the leaves we pressed in a book, where they still retain all their gorgeous hues. I have since seen tables beautifully ornamented with dried maple-leaves. If they are gummed on to the wood, and then thickly coated with varnish, by which means their lovely tints are secured for ages. The ladies in their walk also came on an Indian burying-ground, a cleared open space, long since deserted, the only memorial remaining of a race, which, but a few years back, dwelt in the land. How rapidly have they passed away!

The next day, with my trusty stick in hand, I accompanied Mr. Whyte on a shooting excursion. Upwards of seventy as he is, I had hard work to keep pace with him over the snake-fences. Though we saw no game, properly so called, he killed a few birds to show me. Among them were robins, large brown birds with reddish breasts, which are said to make capital pies. The blue-birds are most common, which, with their bright azure plumage, as they flit in and out among the amber-coloured maple-trees, are very beautiful; but, however, the greater number of Canadian birds have long since migrated to warmer climes for the winter. The woods are full of squirrels of all sorts and sizes, and the funny little, wee chip-monk often ran along