

submerged. A pleasant breeze was sending up to the shore little wavelets that chuckled gleefully under the logs and limbs of fallen trees that lay along the water's edge. From one of these logs a solitary mud-turtle dropped off at our approach, and pushed his way through the reeds. Lady Macdonald, looking on the same scene a few years before, and noticing the same turtle, or its companion, sitting on the same log, made this quaint exclamation :—

"There! There is the very old turtle my husband used to shy stones at when he was a boy."



THE MACDONALD HOMESTEAD AT ADOLPHUSTOWN.

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