

charming site could hardly have been chosen. Mr. Welch had brought with him three farm-labourers from the East, and as time went on he extended the clearing by cutting down the forest giants which bordered it.

In spite, however, of the beauty of the position, the fertility of the soil, the abundance of his crops, and the advantages afforded by the lake, both from its plentiful supply of fish and as a highway by which he could convey his produce to market, he had more than once regretted his choice of the location. It was true that there had been no Indian wars on a large scale; but the Indians had several times broken out in sudden incursions; three times he had been attacked, but fortunately only by small parties which he had been enabled to beat off; once, when a more serious danger threatened him, he had been obliged to embark with his wife and child and his more valuable chattels in the great scow in which he carried his produce to market, and had to take refuge in the settlements, to find on his return his buildings destroyed and his farm wasted. At that time he had serious thoughts of abandoning his location altogether; but the settlements were extending rapidly towards him, and, with a prospect of having neighbours before long, and the natural reluctance to give up a place upon which he had expended so much toil, he decided to hold on, hoping that more quiet times would prevail, until other settlers would take up land around him.

The house had been rebuilt more strongly than before. He now employed four men, and had been unmolested since his return to his farm, three years before the date of this story. Already two or three locations had been taken up on the shores of the lake beyond him; a village