

with his own hands. He chopped his way into the stubborn wood, and added field to field. The battle had now been waged for seven or eight years ; an addition had been made to the house ; other small comforts had been added, and the nucleus of future competence fairly established.

One of my first recollections is in connection with the small log-barn he had built, and which up to that date had not been enlarged. He carried me out one day in his arms and put me in a barrel in the middle of the floor ; this was covered with loosened sheaves of wheat, which he kept turning over with a wooden fork, while the oxen and horse were driven round and round me. I did not know what it all meant then, but I afterwards learned that he was threshing. This was one of the first rude scenes in the drama of the early settlers' life to which I was introduced, and in which I had to take a more practical part in after years. I took part, also, very early in life, in sugar making. The sap-bush was not very far away from the house, and the sap-boiling was under the direction of my mother, who mustered all the pots and kettles she could command, and when they were properly suspended over the fire on wooden hooks, she watched them and rocked me in a sap-trough. Father's work consisted in bringing in the sap with two pails which were carried by a wooden collar about three feet long, and made to fit the shoulder, from each end of which were fastened two cords with hooks to receive the bail of the pails, leaving the arms free except to steady them. He had also to cut wood for the fire. I afterwards came to take a more active part in these duties and used to wish I could go back to my primitive cradle. But time pushed me on whether I would or not, until I scaled the mountain top of life's activities ; and now, when quietly descending into the valley, my gaze is turned affectionately towards those early days. I do not think they were always bright

and joyous, and I am sure I often cnafed under the burdens imposed upon me ; but now how inviting they seem.

My next recollection is the raising of a frame barn behind the house, and of a niece of my father's holding me in her arms to see the men pushing up the heavy bents * with long poles. The noise of the men shouting and driving in the wooden pins, with great wooden beetles, away up in the beams and stringers, alarmed me a great deal, but it all went up, and then one of the men mounted the plate, (the timber on which the foot of the rafter rests) with a bottle in his hand, and swinging it round his head three times, threw it off in the field. This was the usual ceremony in naming the building. If the bottle was unbroken, it was an omen of good luck. The bottle, I remember, was picked up whole, and shouts of congratulation followed ; hence, I suppose, the prosperity that attended my father.

The only other recollection I have of this place was of my father, who was a very ingenious man, and could turn his hand to almost everything, making a cradle for my sister, for this addition to our number had occurred ; but I have no remembrance of any such fanciful crib being made for my slumbers. Perhaps the sap-trough did duty for me in the house as well as in the bush. The next thing was our removal, which occurred in the winter, and all that I can recall of it is that my uncle took my mother, sister, and myself away in a sleigh, and we never returned to the little log house. My father had sold his farm, bought half of his old home, and came to live with his parents. They were Quakers. My grandfather was a short, robust old man, and very particular about his personal appearance. Half a century has elapsed since then, but the picture of the old man, taking his

* The term bent, whether correct or not, is used by carpenters for a part of a frame put together, and then raised as indicated.