

When Grandmama was Young—An Incident.

BY W. H. M.

IT is full seventy-five years since grandmama was young, and for twenty years the quiet days and silent nights have hung over her grave in the "Anderson" Presbyterian Church of French River, New London, where she sleeps, with grandfather, in the last long sleep. Yet, how clearly memory brings her picture to me—a calm, strong face, from a life that had lived, and loved, and suffered, now illumined with the peace of a life well spent; a dear, kind grandmother's face, that one trusts and loves involuntarily. But to tell of an incident of her younger days, as I've heard her tell when we children begged for a story, is my purpose.

Eighty years ago in French River the interior portion of each farm clearing was bounded by forest, unbroken except by the occasional encampments of wandering Indians.

One summer afternoon in 1823 or 4, grandma, then a girl of sixteen, strayed in search of strawberries some distance within the outer forest fringe, and finding the berries plentiful, was rapidly filling a small basket, made by stripping the white birch bark, when, being startled by a noise, and turning in alarm, she saw a half grown bear swinging leisurely towards her. Frightened beyond measure, and thinking too late of her father's warning to keep within their clearing unless accompanied by him, she jumped to her feet, and holding fast to the berry basket, ran for the clearing with the speed that terror supplies. The bear quickened his lumbering gait, and ere she reached the opening was almost at her heels.

With a wild prayer for help, swift thoughts of home so near—father, mother, and perhaps of him who even then claimed the right to see her home from the "singing," flash in an instant before her. Without heeding she still grasps the berry basket. Her bonnet—the strings becoming untied—is lifted from her head and falls just in front of the bear, who stops, sniffs it, and then comes on again. Panting and breathless, she now thinks