

to-be-forgotten landmark, where, could the spring, the river, or the pine, maple, oak or birch trees speak, they would tell many a tale of "trysting places" of many of the young folks of that time, and of the great beauties of fish caught by the light from the blazing pine-knots in the light-jacks. I doubt if there is even a frog left to tell of his ancestors' fates, as their great white hams were browned to a nicety in the golden butter that only those who are proud of their culinary art can cook to perfection. In fancy I yet can see dear Empy and Doctor Martin and others smacking their lips over the juicy, delicious flavor; nor do I think they will ever forget the *go-round* that struck the ear as soon as they swung into the "Old Dutchman's Bay," bent on filling their larders with the many good things that abounded in that region. Here we paid a visit to our friends, Mr. and Mrs. James Wakelin (*nee* Fanny Bowen). Arthur came for us with the carriage, and, late as it was, we partook of the "cup that cheers but not inebriates!" and a most substantial supper, leaving for Annie's at midnight (she being with us, of course). After a very happy time, though so short, we bade our friends good-bye, and after a short drive in the beautiful moonlight (Daddy saying, "Well, mother! you have surely made the best of every minute; and did you ever see such a glorious night? enchantment is no name for it!") we were soon home and fast asleep.

Next morning we were awakened by the gong for breakfast at 4.30, and before the day dawned, had said "adieu" to our loved ones, and were on