

only a bundle of straw and some rugs in a corner for a bed. One of them, John McArthur, living on the 5th concession of the township of Huron, when working in St. Mary's one summer, got a letter from home informing him that his wife was very sick. He walked to Stratford that night, and from there to his home next day, over sixty miles. He told me himself that he trotted most of the way, and was in sight of his own shanty and clearing just as the setting sun lit up the tops of the trees on an opposite hill.

In a certain family in the same neighbourhood several boys had been born, but they all died in infancy one after another. The loss of their children was naturally a great sorrow to the bereaved parents, but they did not know what to do. At last, however, they secretly consulted a wise old woman in that settlement, who had the reputation of being a witch, and was therefore supposed to be in close alliance with the devil. But not so at all, quite the reverse. She advised them to change the name of the next boy to McDonald, his mother's family name, instead of his father's surname, which they did, and called him Donald McDonald—the double name, I presume, to make sure—and he lived, and grew up to be a man, and for aught I know is living yet. David Martin, on the next concession, got his first name in the same way, it having been an unknown name in the family before then, and he lived after all his elder brothers had died at an early age, and is a prosperous farmer there to this day.

Very strange and incredible, some may say, but it