

tree under an inclined scar made with an axe. The spiles used in this case were split with the same instrument, sharpened at the end with a knife and driven into the cut. A person accustomed to the work would tap a great many trees in a day, and usually continued until he had done two or three hundred, sometimes more. This finished, came the placing and hanging the kettles. A large log, or what was more common, the trunk of some great tree that had been blown down would be selected, in as central a position as possible. Two crotches were erected by its side, and a strong pole put across from one to the other. Hooks were then made, and the kettles suspended over the fire. The sap was collected once and sometimes twice a day, and when there was a good supply in the casks, the boiling began. Each day's run was finished if possible, at night, when the sugaring-off took place. There are various simple ways of telling when the syrup is boiled enough, and when this is done, the kettle containing the result of the day's work is set off the fire, and the contents stirred until it turns to sugar, which is then dipped into dishes or moulds and set aside to harden. Sometimes when the run was large, the boiling continued until late at night, and although there was a good deal of hard work connected with it, there was also more or less enjoyment about it, particularly when some half dozen merry girls dropped in upon you and assisted at the closing scene; on these occasions the fun was free and boisterous. The woods rang with shouts and peals of laughter, and always ended by our faces and hair being well *stuck up* with sugar, then we would mount the sleigh and leave for the house. But the most satisfactory part of the whole was to survey the result of the toil in several hundred weight of sugar, and various vessels filled with rich molasses.

Now the hams and beef had to be got out of the casks, and hung up in the smoke-house to be smoked. The

spring work crowded on rapidly, Ploughing, fencing, sowing and planting followed in quick succession. All hands were busy. The younger ones had to drive the cows to pasture in the morning and bring them up at night. They had also to take a hand at the old churn, and it was a weary task, as I remember well, to stand for an hour, perhaps, and drive the dasher up and down through the thick cream. How often the handle was examined to see if there were any indications of butter; and what satisfaction there was in getting over with it. As soon as my legs were long enough I had to follow a team, and drag in grain, in fact, before, for I was mounted on the back of one of the horses when my nether limbs were hardly sufficient in length to hold me to my seat. The implements then in use were very rough. Iron ploughs, that is a plough with a cast-iron mouldboard, shear, &c., were generally used, and when compared with the ploughs of to-day, were clumsy things. They had but one handle, and though difficult to guide, were a great advance over the old wooden plough, which had not yet altogether gone out of use. Tree tops were frequently used for drags. Riding a horse in the field, which I frequently had to do, under a hot sun, was not as agreeable as it might seem at the first blush.

In June came sheep-washing. The sheep were driven to the bay shore, and secured in a pen, from which they were taken one by one into the bay, and their fleece well washed, and then they were let go. In a few days they were brought to the barn and sheared. The wool was then sorted, some of it retained to be carded by hand, the balance sent to the mill to be turned into rolls; and when they were brought home, the hum of the spinning wheel was heard day after day for weeks, and the steady beat of the girls' feet on the floor, as they walked forward and backward drawing out and twisting the thread, and then letting it run