

churns, and many an hour have I stood with mother's apron pinned around me to keep my clothes from getting spattered, pounding at the stubborn cream when every minute seemed an hour, thinking the butter would never come. When evening came, we were wont to draw around the cheerful fire on the hearth or at the kitchen table, and read and work by the dim light of 'tallow dips,' placed in tin candlesticks, or, on extra occasions, in brass or silver ones, with their snuffers, trays and extinguishers. Now we sit by the brilliant light of the coal oil lamp, or gas. Then coal oil was in the far off future, and there was not a gas jet in Canada, if indeed in America. The making of tallow candles, before moulds were used, was a slow and tiresome task, and like the churning, though it came much less often, yet when it did come, it was trying to the arms and patience. Small sticks were used, about two feet long, upon each of which, six cotton wicks, made for the purpose, were placed about two inches apart, each wick being from ten to twelve inches long. Then a large kettle was nearly filled with hot water, upon which melted tallow was poured. Then two sticks were taken in the right hand, and the wicks slowly dipped up and down through the melted tallow. This process was continued until the candles had attained sufficient size, when they were put aside to harden, and then taken off the sticks and put away. It required considerable practical experience to make a smooth and even candle in this way, and to have them burn evenly—a sputtering candle was an abomination! The cloth with which the male members of the family were clad, as well as the flannel that made the dresses and underclothing for both, was carded, spun, and often woven at home, as was also the flax that made the linen. There was no sewing or knitting machines, save the deft hands that plied the needle. Carpets were seldom seen; the floors of the spare rooms, as they were called, were painted almost

invariably with yellow ochre paint, and the kitchen floor was kept clean and white with the file and sanded. The old chairs, which, for comfort, modern times have in no way improved, were also of home-make, with thin round legs and splint-bottomed seats, or what was more common, elm bark evenly cut and platted. Many a time have I gone to the woods in the spring when the willow catkins in the swamp and along the side of the creek turned from silver to gold, and the clusters of linwort nodding above the purple-green leaves in the April wind, and taken the bark in long strips from the elm trees to reseat the dilapidated chairs.

If the labour-saving appliances were so scanty indoors, they were not more numerous outside. The farmer's implements were rude and rough. The wooden plough, with its wrought-iron share, had not disappeared, but ploughs with cast iron mould boards, landsides and shares, were rapidly coming into use. These had hard wood beams, and a short single handle with which to guide them. They were clumsy awkward things to work with, as I remember full well, and though an improvement, it was impossible to do nice work with them. Indeed, that part of the question did not receive much consideration, the principal object was to get the ground turned over. They were called patent ploughs. Drags were either tree tops or a square wooden frame with iron teeth. The scythe for hay and the cradle for grain, with strong backs and muscular arms to swing them, were the only mowers and reapers known. The hand rake had not been superseded by the horse rake, nor the hoe by the cultivator; and all through the winter, the regular thump, thump of the flails on the barn floor could be heard, or the grain being trampled out by the horse's feet, and then the rattle of the fanning mill announced the finishing of the task. Threshing machines and cleaners were yet to come.