

pretty market town, is the same. The school house is half a mile distant and it is pleasant now walking through the maple lane morning and evening; the grass is so green and fresh and the trees bursting into such beautiful buds, some of them are a lovely red. One can watch the birds flying through the branches of the trees so much better now that there is no green screen to hide them. I believe they have all come now, even the tardy oriole and cat-bird. The oriole came last week, a little earlier than usual, and, oh! he is such a delightful bird; his cheery notes are the very best oriole language I ever heard. The cat-bird generally arrives about the 12th or 14th of May. He has not much to say yet, he has only once given us a hint of what he can do; he made a very clever attempt at imitating the oriole. What a lot of notes the cat-bird can sound. Isn't he a wonderful bird! He seems so friendly, and one has never any difficulty in discovering where the nest is hidden. If you approach it you pretty soon are told to "quit, quit." It's a splendid place for bird music, and if one wants to hear a bird concert in all its sweetness, just get up at break of day and you will be well repaid for doing so. The cat-bird, blue bird, song sparrow and robin, all seem to try to excel one another. It makes living in a village very pleasant when one can enjoy the beauties of nature and have the advantages of the village too. And now, farewell, Uncle Tom, I do not expect any prize for I think there are others older than I who will surely gain, but as you so kindly asked all to send you a pen-picture, and do not seem to think it a bother to be kind to us, I felt encouraged to send you mine.

HATTIE ROBINSON (aged 11).

Welcome, Ont.

DEAR UNCLE TOM.—I saw in the *ADVOCATE* your invitation to your young friends to send you a pen picture of their homes. In the following I will try to give you a sketch of mine. Point de Bute is a small country village situated on the ridge bordering the famous Tantram marsh, or dyked land in Westmoreland Co. We are near the line separating New Brunswick and Nova Scotia midway between Sackville and Amherst. Most of the people are farmers, owning large tracts of marsh, many of them cutting more than a hundred tons of hay. We have a pretty little Methodist church, a public hall, school house, two stores for general merchandise, one boot and shoe factory, a tanery and harness shop. We are great temperance people, having a good Division of the Sons of Temperance, and no rum-seller has dared to open a shop here for many years. Old Fort Bausejour, now Fort Cumberland, is about three miles distant. The dwelling house for the officers and the magazines are still standing. A few years ago we found a bird's nest built in the mouth of one of the old cannons. The Intercolonial railway runs near, Aulac is our station, two miles distant. Our house is brick, built by my great grandfather in the last century, the date cut in the stone over the front door being June 14th, 1799. The walls are covered with Virginia creepers and honeysuckle, and at their roots are several varieties of roses, one a pure white, the "parent stem" of which came from my grandmother's garden in Scotland, and may be a relation of those you mentioned in your old home. There is an orchard in front of the house, some of the old trees in it

were planted before the house was built; one we call "grandmother's tree," set out by my great grandmother quite a hundred years ago, is still bearing. Family tradition says, the dear old grandmother carrying her first born baby in her arms, was looking for the cows when she found this apple tree, and brought it home from the woods with her and planted it. We have also many large willow trees, into whose great branches I love to climb and study my lessons. From the hill on which our house stands there is a fine view of Sackville with its colleges and academy, and at the foot of the hill there was a beautiful pond, but the dam has partly gone out and the mill has become a ruin, from which a lovely brook runs down through the pasture land, where Brindle, Molly, Cherry and all their sisters and daughters love to drink and cool their feet on warm summer days, it then babbles on, and like Tennyson's brook, "Winds about and in and out" until it joins the Aulac river, which empties in Chignecto Bay and thence into the muddy waters of the Bay of Fundy.

ISABEL R. TRUEMAN (aged 14).  
Point de Bute, Westmoreland Co., N. B.

DEAR UNCLE TOM.—Your kindly interest in the happiness and advancement of your nephews and nieces has tempted me to write the desired letter, although it was a long time before I could decide to do so, stumps and potato crops being rather poor material for description. There is nothing very romantic or enchanting about the scenery of the neighborhood; it is seldom, if ever, visited by tourists or artists, the mountain being too small and unpopular for their refined taste. Yet for all this it is a very fine section of the country. Settled seventy or eighty years ago, it lacks in appearance the roughness of the newly settled parts, and, at a comfortable distance from one of our largest cities, its chances for improvements are greater. The houses are generally large and comfortable, built chiefly of brick and stone, and I may add that this brick is obtained from the mountains which extend from our village to the city of Hamilton. Although these mountains are not noted in geography, it is not because they are not fine in themselves. They are always picturesque, especially in autumn. I wish you could see them, Uncle Tom, when their shrubbery is lined with red and gold, the high, dark pines and masses of gray rock helping to make a very fine picture quite beyond my description. There are also a few very nice falls, one of which an artist thought worthy of the room it occupies on canvas. It falls over a steep rock into a small, winding stream; behind it are the peaks of the same mountains. There are a few quiet, pleasant and interesting places in the neighborhood which I enjoy visiting. One a small cemetery, which belongs to the first family which came into the neighborhood and who own it still. It is surrounded by a stone wall and near it is a grove of trees. It is now pretty well filled up. Near my home are some very high hills, from which you can see the surrounding country for quite a distance. The green and brown fields, the orchards, the farm houses, and the high, dark pines in the background look very interesting indeed. On the same hill stands a quaint, gray church, strictly modern, yet with a certain indescribable ancient appearance about it. Over the way is the district school, the grounds of which are considered the finest in the

county, although the building itself has a rickety appearance, quite customary in our country schools. Unfortunately, there are no bodies of water of importance in the place, creeks being poor substitutes for rivers, and the croak of the frog in the small pond for the roar of the ocean. The woods consist chiefly of pine, but are being pretty well cleared out. We occasionally enjoy a stroll through them, especially when the flowers are blooming and the moss and ferns are fresh. It seems almost supernatural, when in the dense part of these woods with nothing but the beautiful sky, the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the pines; when we can take in all this loveliness, we can only stand, awed, and wonder. I have almost forgotten to tell you where the place I am describing is situated. It is about ten miles from the city of Hamilton. It is glorious to view the city from the top of the mountains, especially in summer when the waves of the bay and lake are sparkling in the sunshine, and the city itself looks picturesque. Dundas, the "Valley City," is five miles away. It is a very nice little town with the mountains on the one side and the level country on the other sides. I have already taken up quite a lot of your time, Uncle Tom; there are many places of interest which I would like to tell you about and which are very nice to look at, and always help to make up the desirable whole, but which would appear very insignificant and unlovely when described on paper.

Yours sincerely,  
RACHEL H. HARRIS (14 years).

Ancaster, P. O., Ont.

DEAR UNCLE TOM.—I saw your letter in last month's *FARMER'S ADVOCATE* and I thought I should like to give you a picture of our home in the North-west. We live twenty miles from Calgary on the Bow River. Our house is built like a Swiss cottage, on some rising ground, a little way back from the Bow River. On the right there is a small wood which slopes down to the river. In it grows fir and cotton-wood trees, &c., and also all sorts of wild fruits in the summertime. On the left the valley goes back a long way, with what looks to me like a large ring of green hills all around. On the top of them the prairie is dotted about with settlers' houses. On a clear morning, as we go to school, we see the beautiful white Rocky Mountains looking almost close to us, and when the sun is shining on them they look nicer than anything I ever saw in England. They are really about seventy miles off. We came out to Canada last summer and like it very much indeed, especially now the winter is over. In the river near us there are several small islands, on which grow trees and shrubs. When I go for a walk around the cut bank and look down at them lying in the middle of the blue water they look beautiful, and if you saw them I know you would say so too. I cannot think of anything more to tell you about our neighborhood, so will close my letter.

FLORENCE BANISTER (12 years).

Dunbow P. O., Calgary, N. W. T.

"Riches take unto themselves wings and fly away," said the teacher; "what kind of riches is meant?" And the smart bad boy at the foot of the class said he "reckoned they must be ost-riches."