

THE SNUFF BOX.

The snuff box played an important part in church and social life in the early days. In church, and frequently in the middle of the sermon, a worthy worshipper would take a snuff and pass it on to his immediate fellow worshipper, but just to the immediate ones, when it was at once called back. A look from the owner of the box was the sign when it must be returned. The minister could never see any inconsistency in such a diversion. But if a boy or girl smiled during the sermon, the eagle eye of the minister saw it and an open rebuke followed. It was essential that all should keep awake, and just as necessary that none should smile.

GOOD ADVICE IF CONSISTENT.

A well-known worthy who had just been having his glass of the "water of life," when leaving the hotel met a young man going into the bar-room. With solemn voice and an affectionate hand on the shoulder of the young friend, and with a persuasive gleam in his eye, he said, "Laddie! Laddie! Laddie! Bad habit! Bad habit!"

THE MINISTER'S DILEMMA.

Rev. Mr. Grant was on his way to Huron to marry two young couples, but when he reached the creek on the 20th side road, the only road then open from Lochalsh to Ripley, he found the creek flooded many feet deep. Three young men saw his difficulty and went to his assistance. They persuaded him that it was most dangerous to attempt to cross the swollen stream on horseback, and also tried to convince him that he should give up the journey. The minister fixed his piercing black eyes on the young men, and in a voice ringing with determination he said: "Turn back! Turn back, No! Think of it, if I turn back to-day they may never get married!" The minister's horse was put in the stable; a raft was made to carry him over the treacherous stream, but they could not make it touch the opposite bank. Impatient at the loss of time, he jumped into the icy water up to the waist. When he reached the top of the bank he thanked the young friends, and waving good-bye he cried, "I'll marry them yet!"

THE FIRST TREE FELLED ON THE 12TH CONCESSION OF ASHFIELD, EAST OF THE MANSE.

Dougald Matheson and John MacLean, with his young son Alexander, left Alexander Johnston's cabin on the lake shore to look for land on which to settle. They came to what is now the 12th Concession. Dougald Matheson said, when they came to the farm now owned by William Buckingham, "John, those trees look nice and even, and the ground is high and dry. You can go where you like, John, 'but I'll go no farther.'" John MacLean took up the next lot east of Dougald's choice. Leaving young Alexander behind while they went to find water, the full-blooded, restless lad could not stand idle. He took the axe and cut down a tree before his father and friend returned, and thus it was that Elder Alexander MacLean cut down the first tree on the 12th of Ashfield.