

sometimes spirit him away to the village tavern which was usually provided with a large room called a ball-room, where he would fiddle while they danced the hours gaily away. At home the family gathered round the glowing fire, where work and conversation moved on together. The old motto of 'early to bed and early to rise' was strictly observed; nine o'clock usually found the household wrapt in slumber, (and often at an earlier hour.) In the morning all were up and breakfast over usually before seven. As soon as it began to get light, the men and boys started for the barn to feed the cattle and thrash, and thus the winter wore away.

Very little things sometimes contribute largely to the comfort of a family, and among those I may mention the lucifer match, then unknown. It was necessary to carefully cover up the live coals on the hearth before going to bed, so that there would be something to start the fire with in the morning. This precaution rarely failed with good hardwood coals. But sometimes they died out, and then some one would have to go to a neighbour's house for fire, a thing which I have done sometimes, and it was not nice to have to crawl out of my warm nest and run through the keen cold air before the morning light had broken in the east, for a half mile or more to fetch some live coals. My father usually kept some bundles of finely split pine sticks tipped with brimstone for starting a fire: with these, if there was only a spark left, a fire could soon be made.

But little time was given to sport, although there was plenty of large game. There was something of more importance always claiming attention. In the winter an occasional deer might be shot, or foxes taken in traps. It required a good deal of experience and skill to set a trap so as to catch the cunning beast. Many stories have I heard trappers tell of tricks played by Reynard, and how he had night after night baffled all their ingenuity, upset the traps, set them off, or removed

them, secured the bait and away. Another sport more largely patronized in the spring, because it brought something fresh and inviting to the table, was night-fishing. When the creeks were swollen and the nights calm and warm, pike and suckers came up the streams in great abundance. Three or four would set out with spears, with a man to carry the jack, and also a supply of dry pine knots, as full of rosin as could be found and cut up small, which were deposited in different places along the creek. The jack was then filled and lit, and when it was all ablaze, carried along the edge of the stream closely followed by the spearman, who, if an expert, would in a short time secure as many fish as could be carried. It required a sharp eye and a sure aim. The fish shot through the water with great rapidity, which rendered the sport all the more exciting. All hands, of course, returned home thoroughly soaked. Another and pleasanter way was fishing in a canoe on the bay with the lighted jack secured in the bow; while there its light shone for quite a distance around and enabled the fishers to see the smallest fish at quite a depth in the clear calm water. This was really enjoyable sport, and generally resulted in a good catch of pike, pickerel, and very often a maskelonge or two.

Early in the spring, before the snow had gone, the sugar-making time came. Success depended altogether upon the favourable condition of the weather. The days must be clear and mild, the nights frosty, and plenty of snow in the woods. When the time was at hand, the buckets and troughs were overhauled, spiles were made, and when all was ready the large kettles and casks were put in the sleigh and all hands set out for the bush. Tapping the tree was the first thing in order; this was either done by boring the tree with an auger, and inserting a spile about a foot long to carry off the sap, or with a gouge-shaped tool about two inches wide, which was driven in the