

would be plenty of time to help David, and to get back before the sugar boiled, ran to assist him. They found the sleigh firmly fixed, and it took them longer to clear it than they had expected it would. They had just got it clear, when a loud bellow reached their ears from the direction of the boiling-sheds. Leaving David and Tommy to manage the oxen, Michael and Rob ran back to their charge. They arrived in time to see one of their cows, with her muzzle well covered with molasses, galloping off through the bush, followed by her companions, while the kettle lay upset, the contents streaming out on the fire, and burning away, and threatening to set all the sheds in a blaze. The cows had found their way into the bush, and being fond of sugar, one of them had put her muzzle into the boiling liquid, little expecting to have so warm a greeting.

"I hope it will teach her not to steal sugar for the future," observed Michael, as he and his son righted the kettle. They had to pull down some of the shed before they could put the fire out; but such trifling events were too common in the bush to disturb their tempers, and they were thankful that matters were no worse.

Just before this, a neighbour's cow had got into his sugar bush and drank so much cold molasses that she burst and died. Michael determined another year to enclose his sugar bush to prevent any such accidents.

In two weeks enough sugar was made to last the family all the year, to make all sorts of preserves,