

wear in going to town, and if one of them happened to be away none of the others could leave home until he came back. It was rather inconvenient, but perhaps after all the true philosophy of life is to have as few possessions as need be, and take the world easy. We are all nomads now, and travel too much. In the Scotch settlements neighbours visited each other a great deal, and especially in the long winter evenings. The Gaelic name for such friendly intercourse is to go and "ceilith," pronounced kaley, a distinctly social word. Calls, entertainments and parties are meaningless in comparison to it. There was usually a jug of liquor in every house, not whiskey then, but Jamaica rum, and most of the treating was done at home. The "cup of kindness" eulogised by Burns was a very different thing from a hurried drink in the bar-room of a hotel.

In nearly all farm operations the women helped the men in the field. The hay was cut with the scythe, and the oats and barley with the sickle. Wheat would grow there, but an insect called the weevil always destroyed the grain in the ear before getting ripe. The threshing was done with the old-fashioned flail. There was very little gardening, except a patch of potatoes and other vegetables. At Hallowe'en the boys would lead the girls blindfolded out to the kail yard, and each girl had to pull up the first cabbage head that she touched with her hand in groping around for it. If it had a short runty stalk her husband would be a small man, and if a long stalk he would be a tall man, and so on. They firmly believed in all sorts of charms and spells on that night, and young