

every matron prided herself in preserving and putting away quantities of it for home use, and dispensed it liberally, so that at this time the world was moving smoothly with the people. The changes that had been brought about by their industry during these years were marvellous: an immense tract of wilderness had been reclaimed, and waving fields and fruitful orchards occupied its place. It may have seemed to them, and indeed I think it did to many, that the sum of all they could expect or even desire in this world had been attained; while we who remember those days, and look back over the changes of fifty years, wonder how they managed to endure life at all.

It is true that the father, more from the force of habit than necessity, perhaps, continued to toil in the field, and the mother, moved by the same cause, and her maternal anxiety for the well-being of her family, still spent many a long hour at the loom. The son, brought up to work, followed the plough, or did battle with the axe, making the woods ring with his rapid strokes, and pictured as he reared a nest for himself in the unbroken forest behind the homestead, where the girl of his choice figured as the central charm, and the daughter who toiled through the long summer's day to the monotonous hum of the spinning wheel, drawing out and twisting the threads that should enter into the make-up of her wedding outfit, were all contented and happy. The time and circumstances in which they were placed presented nothing better, and in their estimation, the world had little more to offer than they already possessed.

It is more than probable that if we, with our modern notions and habits, could to-day be carried back into a similar condition of life, we would feel that our lines had fallen in anything but pleasant places. The flying years, with their changes and anxieties, like the constant dripping of water on a stone, have worn off the rough edges that wounded and worried during their pro-

gress, and only the sunny spots, burned in the plastic memory of younger days, remain.

The old homes, as I remember them in those days, were thought palatial in their proportions and conveniences, and so they were beside the old log houses, which often still remained as a reminder of other days, but had been converted into the base use of a cow stable, or a shelter for waggons and farm implements during the winter. They were, with very few exceptions, wooden structures, clap-boarded, and were painted either yellow or red. The majority, however, never received any touching up from the painter's brush, and as the years rolled on became rusty and gray with the beating of winter storms and the heat of the summer's sun. The interior rarely displayed any skill in arrangement or design. The living rooms were generally of goodly size with low ceilings, but the sleeping rooms were invariably small, with barely room enough for a large high-posted bedstead, and a space to undress in. The exterior was void of any architectural embellishment, with a steep roof pierced by dormer windows. The kitchen, which always seemed to me like an after-thought, was a much lower part of the structure, welded on one end or the other of the main body of the house, and usually had a roof projecting some distance over on one side, forming what was called 'the stoop.' In very many cases, the entrance to the spacious cellar where the roots, apples, cider, and other needs of the household were kept, was from this through a trap door, so that in summer or winter the good wife had actually to go out of doors when anything was required for the table, and that was very often. It really seemed as though the old saying of 'the longest way round is the soonest way home' entered not only into the laying out of highways, but into all the domestic arrangements. Economy of time and space, convenience, or anything to facilitate or lighten labour, does not ap-