

their hearty laughter and the airs they warbled, making their sweet voices blend with the gentle hum of their wheels. Old times have changed, old manners gone, and the unpoetic, matter of fact, woolen factory has usurped the throne of the companionable and venerable spinning wheel. The spinners too are going. It does not require the ken of a prophet to observe that soon few will be found in the land who will know how to spin. With the spinners will go the wheelwrights, and both making and using the wheel will be classed amongst the lost arts. In some households the spinning wheel may still remain as an heirloom, to finally pass, with other trumpery, to a neglected lumber room, where one day it may be scrutinized by people whose last guess may probably be that it formed part of some very absurd and antiquated bicycle.

At dinner time the spinners and stumbers take their seats around a bounteous table spread in the best room, or sometimes outside, under the shade of the trees and the hour is whiled away with pleasant conversation. The afternoon or evening repast is similarly enjoyed, and a good day's work being done, the friendly helpers bid their host good bye and wend their way to their several homes. The events of the day would be repeated on the morrow, and so on, until all the neighbors had their turns.

The period to which these remarks apply came to its close while I was still quite young, but I have a fair recollection of the state of the country and the customs and manners of the people. The glimpses into life which we get as children are really visions to us, and remain distinct on the tablets of memory; while the impressions received by later contact with the world pass quickly away. This may be the reason why it seems to me that there was more heart in the