

that the next *song* on the program would be a *dance*. An ardent youth in the audience with his lady love by his side, listened very attentively to a recitation which related the sorrows of an old man who went a-woo-ing, and took a younger friend with him to help him out. The younger man carried off the maiden. The recitation ends with a soliloquy by the forsaken bachelor:—

“For a team may be better for hayin', and plowin', and all the rest,
But when it comes to courtin', why a single hoss is best.”

“You bet,” came in most emphatic tones from the young man's corner of the room. The sentiment had evidently struck a responsive chord in the youth's heart.

But winter slowly disappeared, and with the approach of spring hope revived that we would once more behold the civilized world. It had been an unusually severe winter, and the ice was long in breaking up. Away beyond we could distinguish a very faint water line; but as yet there were at least four miles between us and the ever-broadening line which we so anxiously watched. One morning a strong north-east wind began to blow across the bay. About four o'clock a heavy mist settled down, and we saw no more that night. I was awakened in the morning by the excited exclamation, “The ice is gone!” I rushed to the window, and looked out. Instead of the white expanse of the day before, the black water was rolling and tossing and tumbling. Every particle of ice had disappeared. A fisherman on one of the islands told us afterwards that the ice had broken up and floated out within two hours. That night, when darkness had covered the face of the waters, I looked out again. Something beyond in the blackness, which aforetime had been there, was there once more. It was the mariner's beacon light. Then our ghost of hope returned, and we watched for the *first* boat.

It came at length, after many disappointments. How many sails and masts we fancied we saw before one appeared in reality, I cannot say; but enough there were to cause us to despair. We had had no mail for three weeks, and for a time were more closed in by the water than we had been by the ice. But at last we saw a sail, and the village turned out in a body to bid the little schooner welcome as she sailed up the river. How the throng shouted themselves hoarse with joy. One needs the experience to appreciate the situation.

Ere long we bade farewell, with feelings not unmingled with regret, to our little village of the backwoods. It is but a memory now, for I have not seen the little town since; but I have not forgotten, and probably never shall, the varied experiences of that winter in the backwoods.