

grain with a cradle, and then two men were required to follow. My father had no superior in swinging the cradle, and when the golden grain stood thick and straight, he gave two smart men all they could do to take up what he put down. Again, the younger fry came in for their share of the work, which was to gather the sheaves and put them in shocks. These, after standing a sufficient time, were brought in to the barn and mowed away, and again the girls often gave a helping hand both in the field and the barn. In all these tasks good work was expected. My father was, I have said before, a pushing man, and 'thorough' in all he undertook. His motto was with his men, 'follow me,' and 'anything that is worth doing, is worth doing well,' and this latter rule was always enforced. The ploughers had to throw their furrows neat and straight. When I got to be a strong lad, I could strike a furrow across a field as straight as an arrow with the old team, and took pride in throwing my furrows in uniform precision. The mowers had to shear the land close and smooth. The rakers threw their winnows straight, and the men placed their hay-cocks at equal distances, and of a uniform size, and so in the grain field, the stubble had to be cut clean and even, the sheaves well bound and shocked in straight rows, with ten sheaves to the shock. It was really a pleasure to inspect his fields when the work was done. Skill was required to load well and also to mow away, the object being to get the greatest number of sheaves in the smallest space. About the first of September the crops were in, the barns filled and surrounded with stacks of hay and grain.

My father was admitted to be the best farmer in the district. His farm was a model of good order and neatness. He was one of the first to devote attention to the improvement of his stock, and was always on the look out for improved implements or

new ideas, which, if worthy of attention, he was the first to utilize.

There is always something for a pushing farmer to do, and there are always rainy days through the season when out-door work comes to a stand. At such times my father was almost always found in his workshop, either making pails or tubs for the house, or repairing his tools or making new ones. At other times he would turn his attention to dressing the flax he had stowed away, and getting it ready for spinning. The linen for bags and the house was then all home made. It could hardly be expected that with such facilities at hand my ingenuity would not develop. One day I observed a pot of red paint on the work-bench, and it struck me that the tools would look much better if I gave them a coat of paint. The thought was hardly conceived before it was put into execution, and in a short time planes, saws, augers, &c., were carefully coated over and set aside to dry. Father did not see the thing in the same light I did. He was very much displeased, and I was punished. After this I turned my attention to water-wheels, waggons, boats, boxes, &c., and in time got to be quite an expert with tools, and could make almost anything out of wood. While children, although we had to drive cows, feed the calves, bring in wood and all that, we had our amusements, simple and rustic enough it is true, but we enjoyed them, and all the more because our parents entered into our play very often.

Sunday was a day of enjoyment as well as rest. There were but few places of public worship, and those were generally far apart. In most cases the school-house or barn served the purpose. There were two meeting-houses—this was the term always used then for places of worship—a few miles from our place on Haybay. The Methodist meeting-house was the first place built for public worship in Upper Canada, and was used for that purpose until a few years ago. It is now gone,