

upon which he was standing, with my right hand resting on a sapling and nearly within reach of his axe, and as he was reaching further below the cut, I suddenly felt a stinging pain, and to my consternation found two of my fingers split to the bone (it was lucky my hand, or my head, for that matter, was not chopped off, for we were both green with the axe). Wrapping my fingers up with dead leaves, we went home, got a bunch of cobwebs in which my fingers were enveloped and sent for Dr. Ironsides at Chatham, who soon appeared and fastened the fingers together with sticking plaster. It was some time before I could again shoulder the axe, but quite recovered from the injury, though the scars are still left. I then began to realize the truth of my father's admonition, but this did not intimidate me in the least, and when I recall the first years of my farming experience it often provokes a smile at the ridiculous straits I was put to, yet what extraordinary things have been done with this simplest of implements, and how often from the stately forests, will we see the change that it will effect in a few short years. In my short span of life I have witnessed whole townships one