

head-stones on either side, showing, as my father said, where the emigrants had laid down their sleepers.

It is all changed long ago, and a large school has been built over a spot especially dear to my recollection. It was a mossy bank at the foot of a great old oak, which my father had spared in his clearing time, on account of its size and beauty, where our largest meadow almost met the forest, —a place of wild flowers and birds only to be seen in the American woods, —of softened shade and floating fragrance, where we saw the first tokens of spring and the latest lingerings of summer.

It was a favourite haunt with me, my younger sister, and our three little