

to join us. "The young man is a very nice fellow, indeed. We had better walk a little faster, and I will introduce you; and go and tell Clara to come along, too; I'm sure he'll be delighted to make her acquaintance."

"Very well," said Willie, "although I very much doubt her complying; she is so very bashful."

"Never mind, just tell her I want to see her."

In a moment Willie had returned with Clara, who, having braced up her nerves, was quite prepared to be introduced to any one.

"Now, come along; let us go a little quicker."

"What's his name," asked Clara, in a rather excited tone.

"His name is Richard Bickell, and the gentleman on his right is his father."

"I wish he would look around and let me have a glimpse of his face," said Clara.

"Oh, just have a little patience and your curiosity will soon be satisfied."

At this moment Emma cried to us to hurry on, that the *cabanes* were in sight.

Clara, finding her courage failing fast, made a bold rush up to Emma, who, noticing her distressed state of mind, immediately introduced Mr. Bickell and his son.

The trying ordeal was now over, during which Clara, by an almost superhuman effort, managed to retain her self-possession, and was now recovering fast under the pacifying influence of young Bickell's lively conversation.

"Here we are at last," cried Frank, as we entered a large forest of maple trees.

Minnie could not help remarking how strange an appearance these trees presented, some with tin cans and other wooden pails tied around them on either side, about four feet from the ground. These vessels were intended to catch the sap as it oozed out from numerous apertures in the maple.

"How slowly it comes out!" remark-

ed Emma. "What an immense amount of patience these *habitants* must have! I really thought it poured out like water from a pump!"

"Oh, you little goose," said Willie.

"Is that all you knew about it? If you considered that there are generally over three hundred trees to look after, besides keeping up the fires to boil the sap, and not more than two or three men to do so, you would not think it came out at all too slowly."

Mr. Bickell asked one of the men to explain the process of sugar-making, which request he readily complied with, and led us into a wooden building about 12 x 10 feet and six feet high, constructed of logs rudely put together. This he told us was the boiling-house, and the large iron boiler on the right contained the sap as it was collected from the trees. In this vessel the sap is allowed to boil for eight hours; it is then transferred to another boiler containing water, where it remains for three hours, and is then poured out as sugar into moulds of various shapes and sizes and allowed to cool for one hour; it is then fit for eating.

"What a very simple method!" said Minnie. "I thought the sap had to undergo a much more complicated process."

The man asked us if we would like to taste some of the sugar, and, breaking a large lump into several pieces, we served ourselves, and found it most delicious.

"Where is the bag you were to have brought with you, Arthur?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, by-the-by, I must have left it in the cariole."

"Well, run and get it, and borrow another from the old woman. We might as well bring home a good supply when we're about it."

Frank suggested that as it was now half-past twelve, we might all return and take dinner, after which the bags could be filled, and no doubt we will be able to procure something to hold the syrup in.