

walks about the place, in his closely-fitting snuff brown cut-away coat, knee breeches, broad-brimmed hat, and silver-headed cane is distinctly fixed in my memory. He died soon after we took up our residence with him, and the number who came from all parts of the country to the funeral was a great surprise to me. I could not imagine where so many people came from. The custom prevailed then, and no doubt does still, when a death occurred to send a messenger who called at every house for many miles around to give notice of the death and when and where the interment would take place.

My grandmother was a tall, neat, motherly old woman, beloved by everybody. She lived a number of years after her husband's death, and I seem to see her now sitting at one side of the old fire place knitting; she was always knitting, and turning out scores of thick warm socks and mittens for her grandchildren.

At this time a great change had taken place, both in the appearance of the country, and in the condition of the people. It is true that many of the first settlers had ceased from their labours, but there were a good many left—old people now who were quietly enjoying, in their declining years, the fruit of their early industry. Commodious dwellings had taken the place of the first rude houses. Large frame barns and out-houses had grown out of the small log ones. The forest in the immediate neighbourhood had been cleared away, and well-tilled fields occupied its place. Coarse and scanty fare had been supplanted by a rich abundance of all the requisites that go to make home a scene of pleasure and contentment. Altogether a substantial prosperity was apparent. A genuine content, and a hearty good will, one towards another, in all the older townships existed. The settled part as yet, however, formed only a very narrow belt extending along the bay and lake shores. The great forest

lay close at hand in the rear, and the second generation, as in the case of my father, had only to go a few miles to find it, and commence for itself the laborious struggle of clearing it away.

The old home, as it was called, was always a place of attraction, and especially so to the young people, who were always sure of finding good cheer at grandfather's. What fun, after the small place called home, to have the run of a dozen of rooms, to hunt the big cellar, with its great heaps of potatoes and vegetables, huge casks of cider, and well-filled bins of apples, or to sit at table loaded with the good things which grandmother only could supply. How delicious the large piece of pumpkin pie tasted, and how too handsome the rich crullers that melted in the mouth, that came between meals! Dear old body, I can see her now going to the great cupboard to get me something, saying as she goes, 'I'm sure the child is hungry.' And it was true, he was always hungry; and how he managed to stow away so much is a mystery I cannot now explain. There was no place in the world more to be desired than this, and no spot in all the past the recollection of which is more bright and joyous.

My father now assumed the management of affairs. The old people reserved one room to themselves, but it was free to all, particularly to us children. It was hard to tell sometimes which to choose, whether the kitchen, where the family were gathered round the cheerful logs blazing brightly in the big fire-place, or a stretch on the soft rag-carpet beside the box stove in grandmother's room. This room was also a sanctuary to which we often fled to escape punishment after doing some mischief. We were sure of an advocate there, if we could reach it in time.

The house was a frame one, as nearly all the houses were in those days, and was painted a dark yellow. There were two kitchens, one was used for