UNDER THE MAPLES

BY

MRS. R. S. SIM
BLANDFORD STATION, ONT.

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PREFACE.

IN presenting "Under the Maples" to the reader, I have made use of short stories and anecdotes in an endeavor to make the book cheerful and bright and enjoyable to all. The names of all the people mentioned are fictitious, but the incidents were characteristic of all the various persons they were intended to represent. I had intended to make a continuous story, but found I could not illustrate the various details of pioneer life as well by doing so, and so decided to give it in this manner. I have used more of the Scotch dialect than was at first intended, but having commenced with Scotch characters I found it convenient to continue the occasional use of the same to the end. As the quiet, peaceful life of our early settlers in the "Queen's Bush" did not furnish any very tragic tales I have no extraordinary stories to tell of thrilling adventures and almost impossible escapes from great danger, but have used little anecdotes to show their life much as it really was. The steady and marked prosperity and advancement of our fair land since the time of which our story relates up to the present has been such as we should be thankful for, and my earnest hope is that this fair Dominion will make as much progress in the future as it has done in the past sixty years.

I am, yours truly,

MRS. R. S. SIM.

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UNDER THE MAPLES.

CHAPTER I.

IN THE CITY.

THE city to which I wish to introduce the reader is Glasgow, the commercial and manufacturing metropolis of Scotland. Not because this ancient city is hoary with the age of time and can trace her origin back through the past centuries of the world's history to St. Mungo, who founded it A.D. 560; not to the thickly populated portions of the city would I introduce you, some sixty-five years ago, but almost in view of the country's quiet retreat; not to the large mercantile establishments with many obliging clerks hurrying to and fro to wait on the surging crowds of people who come to purchase goods both wholesale and retail; but to a small shop or grocery, in the suburbs of this great city, which was kept by one Sandy Watt. The shop was small, as I said, and the dwelling house was attached to it, or, in other words, the grocery was part of the house, and was chiefly remarkable for the amount of goods it contained, and also for the excellent quality of the same. The customers who patronized him said Sandy was doing a fine business, which was indeed correct. Sandy believed in Franklin's proverb, "keep thy shop and thy shop will keep thee," which he did six days in the week. When a rush, or more customers came than he could wait on, he would step quickly to the door of the dwelling part of the house and call to Jean, his wife, who was always willing to leave her domestic

work and cheerfully assist in the store. Sandy was a typical Scotchman, of medium size. He had brown hair, blue eyes, and an honest, kindly face and generally wore a Scotch bonnet shaped like the tam-o'shanter now worn, only somewhat larger, a tartan jacket, dark trousers and large white apron, when in the shop or grocery. He had no hired help and kept his own books, so he knew just how his business stood.

When Saturday night came round Sandy put his shop in order before leaving it, and locked it up until Monday morning. Jean also prepared the food on Saturday for the following day so that they all might worship the Sabbath according to the fourth commandment of the decalogue. They also took their Saturday night's bath and donned clean clothing, thus making them clean and fit to rest well during the night and on the morrow. When the Sabbath day came Sandy, Jean and the bairns, of whom there were seven, went to the kirk, for they were Calvinistic Presbyterians. They were generally punctual in their attendance at worship and were almost always in their places before the church bell ceased ringing. Sandy almost invariably opened his pew doors, seated his wife and family and then took his place in the presenter's box, which was immediately in front of the high pulpit but much lower. The pulpit was ascended by a flight of some seven or eight steps, guarded by a railing. The good auld kirk minister with his black gown and white bands presented a venerable appearance as he stood in the pulpit looking down on the congregation. I might say the pulpits were large and had a low door which was generally closed after the minister went in.

When the Psalm in metre was announced and read by the minister, Sandy rose and started the tune and lead the singing. Most of the presenters had a tune fork by which to start the tune, and Sandy after sounding the right pitch with that melodious instrument started the singing, keeping time on the repeating tunes

by gently stamping with his right foot. The congregation readily joined in the singing including Jean and the bairns who had very often sung the Psalms and Paraphrases with Sandy in their own home at family worship

The sermons were much longer then than now, having many heads and generally a "firstly," "secondly," "thirdly," "fourthly," and "lastly." If the Lord's day was warm the good Scotch worthies got drowsy during the long sermon and before the "lastly" was finished quietly and reverently put a small pinch of snuff up their nostrils, which dispelled the sleepy feeling and allowed them to enjoy the fine sermon. The good women generally had a bunch of Sunderland wood which they smelled, or else they quietly chewed some cloves when they felt like visiting the land of nod during the church service, and all agreed that it was a grand sermon at the close. Their minister was a holy man and did not stint his time in preaching the great truth contained in the Bible nor in visiting amongst his congregation, especially where sickness and affliction had its abode. The children were expected to learn the shorter catechism, and those in their teens generallv knew it by memory from beginning to end, as their parents generally heard them repeat it on Sabbath night before retiring to rest.

The Lord's day spent in this manner was an inspiration to begin the Monday's business with a good conscience and clear mind. Thus Sandy spent many days, months and years, and time rolled on finding him in apparent contentment with his lot.

One morning Sandy had put his shop in its usual order for his day's work when one of his best customers, Jock Wilson, came to purchase, and as he had not far to come and bought often and paid promptly the grocer and purchaser were great friends. "What will ye have this morning?" said Sandy. "Ten pounds of oatmeal, one quart of treacle, one dozen herring, one pound of

tea, and one shilling's worth of sugar," was the prompt reply, and as the goods were being wrapped up in a leisurely manner the two friends talked as usual. "Well Sandy, we make awa' wi' a lot o sugar and treacle, the bairns have to have a wee drap on their porridge when we have no milk," said Jock. "So do we," said Sandy, "and I ha' a notion to go to the land where the sugar maple grows and make my own sugar." "What!" said Jock, "I aye thought you were contented with your lot, and so proud of this ancient city that you would live and dee here." "I ha' been contented, but I would like a change. I ha' been indoors many years in my shop and would like a freer air, besides our lads and lassies are growing up and we might get hames of our ain by leaving here and going to one of the colonies," said Sandy. "Weel," said Jock, "the sun never sets on the British possessions, where does your fancy lead you, Sandy?" "To Canada, which is the greatest of her possessions, taking everything into consideration we canna' go wrong by going there," said Sandy. "Weel," said Jock, "I ha' been reading muckle in the newspapers lately about the colonies and their wealth of good land, timber, minerals, etc., which should attract emigrants to their shores to seek homes and wealth by honest toil, and although I ha' said nothing to anyone but Peggie, my wife, I ha' a mind to try my luck in the Western Hemisphere, and I canna' see why Canada would na' suit us."

Others besides Sandy and Jock in the neighborhood had read the news about the cheap homes to be had in Canada, and were just as anxious to try the heavy timbered lands of old Ontario, as the boys of Ontario are now to try the prairie lands of the Great North-west. During the winter of 1840 the new land was discussed in the homes and business places, and the result was that some ten families were willing to leave the City of Glasgow in the spring and try their fortunes in the Canadian forest.

They had their conferences, their plans were well made, and

they concluded to go together for company across the ocean and locate all together in the wilderness. Each head of the various families disposed of his business and such articles of household goods and furniture as were cumbersome, and packed such articles as they wanted to keep the memory of Scotland dear to them, for they were still loyal to their native land. The young people were eager for the change. The boys or lads were anxious to get at the mighty trees of the forests and lay them low with the ringing axe, and the girls or lassies were anxious to churn butter and spin yarn, and the little ones to go and gather wild flowers which were pictured as growing in bright colors, by the newspapers.

Much enthusiasm prevailed amongst all the intended emigrants which increased daily as the time approached for their departure, which was set for about the first of May. Previous to this time Captain Grady, commander of the good strong whaling vessel Resolute was spoken to concerning the intended vogage, and a bargain was made to take all the passengers across the Atlantic, down the St. Lawrence and through Lake Ontario as far as Burlington Bay, Hamilton.

CHAPTER II.

ON DEEP WATERS.

WE are about to note the voyage across the Atlantic ocean, but to the intended voyagers a sail in the boats or vessels was a frequent occurence as Glasgow is built on both sides of the river Clyde, the frith of which is navigable as far as the city, and a trip to the falls of Clyde, 230 feet high in its upper course in Lanark, had been enjoyed by most of the older members of the intended voyage. While to a number of them the ever going and

coming of vessels was an everyday occurence, the voyage was anticipated by the most of them with pleasure. Captain Grady was a genial-hearted Irishman and boasted that the Resolute was a "foine strong vessel and had fought the wurst waves that ever swept the saes. Shure bayhs," he said, "she is not as pretty as some, but she is as good as the best," looking fondly at the strongly-built vessel. It was a well-known fact that Captain Grady was a cautious and expert seaman who was sure to have all parts of his vessel in right trim, and was well posted in all the knowledge which every good mariner should know concerning the ocean. Therefore, it was to him these cautious Scotchmen went to find passage for themselves and families.

On the first of May the Resolute stood in the Clyde harbor waiting for her precious cargo consisting of ten families and other emigrants, who all appeared in good time. While the goods were being taken on many farewells were said to friends and neighbors and a few tears shed as they waved a long good-bye to those on shore. Those who were going to seek their fortunes in the new land watched reverently as the receding shores of Scotland faded from their view, some of them murmuring softly,

> "Adieu, adieu, fair Scotland,
>   While we sail the wide, wide sea
> To seek another home beyond its strand,
>   We'll think of thee, of thee."

The voyage down the Irish Sea was enjoyed by all, the little folks watching the waves of the sea following each other in playful succession. Liverpool, the seaport rival of London, in England, was reached, and after a short stay taking in more passengers and goods, the great ship was turned straight westward across the Irish Sea to Dublin, the capital of Ireland, where Captain Grady visited his wife and family. "You look quite jaunty to-day," said a passenger to the captain on his return to the ship with a posy

in the button-hole of his coat. "O, just a bunch o' pink and white Shamrocks," said the captain, "that Mollie, my wife, put there. Shure and I always wore a bunch when I went to see Mollie Malone, and I think it brought me good luck, for she always loiked the shamrock because it was the emblem of Ireland. She praised its pretty flowers, and I was vain enough to think she liked me, so I just gently drew her swate face to the fair blossoms and tould her she was swater to me than all the shamrocks in the wurrld. 'Tim Grady, you are a bould boy,' she said, as she drew her face quickly away. I know I am, say I. Faint heart never won fair lady, and I want to be sure of winning you before I start on the saes again. 'When are you going?' she asked, the color in her face, which was deeper than the pink shamrock, disappearing and leaving it as pale as the white ones. In three days, says I, taking her hand which trembled in mine as I clasped it. 'Oh, Tim, there is danger on the saes,' said she. There is danger everywhere, says I, and I would feel brave if you would say you loved me. 'Yes, Tim,' she said, modestly, and I just put my arms around her and kissed her. In three days we were married and had a long honeymoon on the saes, for Mollie went with me on all my voyages until our bhays and girls were ould enough to go to school. Mollie always looked nice and saved money, too. She says, 'Tim, we want plenty to kape us well when we grow ould,' and she can have nice things and plenty to ate from less money than any other woman in Ireland. So the shamrock brought me luck. The English have the rose, and the Scotch the thistle as the emblem of their country, Wales, the leek or onion; but the shamrock, the three-leaved shamrock for me." Thus the jolly captain talked to the passengers as the final preparations were made at Dublin for the voyage, which was the last large port for the Resolute in the old world. As they steered through St. George's Channel, which separates Ireland from Wales, Wales

was viewed from the vessel and their course was within sight of land until after they passed Cape Clear. Land gradually faded from view, and water, water everywhere, met the gaze.

The Atlantic Ocean was in a gentle mood, and those who were somewhat timid when they first came on board the ship had begun to enjoy the gentle motion of the vessel.

The rising of the sun as it seemed to emerge from the bosom of the ocean in the east was a gorgeous sight, only rivalled by its glory when it disappeared again in the west after its day's course was completed in the firmament.

The three first days on the ocean were enjoyed by all on board the Resolute. On the evening of the third day out from land the sun set with unusual beauty. A halo of great brightness encircled the setting sun and overspread the sky for some distance. The people on board gathered to see the various deep-tinted colors in the western horizon where the sun was sinking in a small dark cloud. The wind had changed to the south-west and was beginning to blow in fitful gusts, and some of the old sailors shook their heads and said a storm was in the air and a bad one, too. The clouds spread quickly until the sky was overspread with quick flitting dark clouds. The wind had increased to a gale. The stormy petrels were flying low over the waves, uttering their peculiar notes. The lightning flashed and thunder crashed, and the rain fell in torrents. The waves of the ocean were moving mountains of foam ready to swallow the vessel and all on board. The captain and the sailors had made all preparation. The sails were lowered and the captain took his place at the helm and gave orders through a speaking trumpet. Each sailor was at his assigned post. The passengers had all been sent below when the storm first appeared, and the infants lay close to their mother's bosoms as if seeking protection there, the older ones clinging to their parents, and the fathers and mothers prayed to God to save

them from a watery grave. While there was no wild excitement amongst the older emigrants, yet a deep feeling of awe had taken possession of all on board the ship, and many a fervent prayer was made to the Supreme Being to still the troubled waters. Not a star could be seen in the firmament during that dark and dreadful night which seemed an unusually long one.

The captain and sailors struggled all night to keep the vessel in such a position that as each wave came she would not be engulfed by it.

"Are we drowning?" said a passenger to George Manning, the mate, who was an Englishman. Each wave seemed to strike the vessel with more violence than its predecessor. "Not this time! don't yer feel the ship quiver? If it quivers after each 'ard 'it, it ain't agoin' to sink. The Resolute has alus made a fight fer life after a 'ard blow," said the mate who was well versed in sea lore. This bit of news quickly spread amongst the passengers, and the quivering motion of the ship was noted after every wave. One wave seemed to strike with more force than the others and many thought the ship was going to the bottom of the ocean. Some were afraid of such sudden death and were wailing piteously at the thoughts of death by drowning; others took the matter more quietly, and tried to be resigned to this unexpected voyage from time to eternity. The fourth verse of the twenty-third Psalm was sung by Sandy Watt:

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill,
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

The ship had begun to quiver, she had emerged from the trough of the sea, and although the wind was still a gale, yet the danger of being sunk was not so great. Still another night and day of storm, which had now drifted the Resolute back until the

rugged, rocky shores of Ireland were in sight. Any effort to try to progress on the voyage had been abandoned when the storm first began, and the sole aim was to help the vessel to fight the waves and keep it from sinking, hence they had allowed it to drift a little to the north-east until the danger of being cast on the rocks seemed to be the next problem to face. The storm had certainly abated somewhat, but the vessel, notwithstanding all their efforts, was surely drifting towards the rocks. The people on the high cliffs gave pitiful cries of grief and pity which blended with the thunder of the pitiless surf. No port was in line of the vessel, so the danger was great. Drifting, slowly drifting towards the great rocks in spite of all efforts, the distance from the shore seemed only a stone's throw, and the passengers were again in danger, a worse danger than before.

Quietly sinking to death in the deep ocean was preferable to being dashed on the rocks. "Hoil! bring hoil, cried George, the first mate, who had been watching the rocks and sky, "the wind will change in a few minutes." Oil was brought and sprinkled liberally on the troubled waters south-west of the ship, which had the desired effect of stilling the raging waters immediately around the Resolute.

The ship could now be kept from the rocks. It was holding its own with the waves and although the wind was still high, yet it was changing and the gale had ceased, the sun now appeared at intervals between the clouds and turned the waves to the brightest emerald green with sparkling snow-white crests of foam, the great glassy green billows were growing smaller. The danger was past. "Thank God" was fervently exclaimed by all. The Resolute and its passengers were saved from a watery grave.

The wind was soon again in the right direction for good sailing and not too high. The sails were hoisted and the vessel started again on its course to the new world. She encountered

some small storms, but the worst was past and for many days the weather was beautiful and the Resolute made good time for a slow-sailing vessel.

"Yonder is a fountain," said a small city boy who was on deck one beautiful day, as he was watching a stream of water shooting up out of the ocean. "Oh, that is a dolphin come to the surface to breathe," said a sailor.

"What is a dolphin ?" asked the inquisitive child.

"A fish from six to ten feet long, who was supposed by the ancients to have affection for the human race."

"Where is the pop-gun that he shoots from ?" asked the boy.

"From a hole in the head nearly over its eyes It respires by lungs and is compelled to rise to the surface to breathe, throwing out the water from its head like a cloud of steam."

"Is the dolphin pretty ?" asked the child.

"Yes, it is large and pretty, but it has the most brilliant hues when dying."

"Are there any other fish ?"

"Yes, myriads of fish of all sizes from the herring to the great whale. Do you see that ugly-looking shark following the ship ? He is a white 'un, some of them are 36 feet long. There are other species of the shark, but they are not so large as the white."

"What is he following the ship for ?" inquired the boy.

"To get any offal that is thrown overboard ; he would eat people if he could get them," said the sailor, "but I am busy and do not want to answer any more questions."

The passengers had generally recovered from the effects ot the storm and sea-sickness, and there were many pleasant days on the vessel. Time passed on and the great island of Newfoundland was the first land sighted in the new world. While the vessel was approaching and rounding the island at the south, much

interest was shown by the passengers in viewing the fishing industry. The cod fisheries of Newfoundland are superior to those of any in the world. The value of fish annually taken is $8,000,000. Passing Newfoundland they are now in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, which is considered a great arm of the North Atlantic ocean, the tide ascending 432 miles up the river. The fertile island of Prince Edward, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia lie to the south. Onward the Resolute goes past the island of Anticosti, where the estuary or frith of the great St. Lawrence is 350 miles wide. The bed of the mighty stream grows narrower until it is a mile wide at Quebec, the capital of Canada East (since confederation called the Province of Quebec). Quebec, founded by the French in 1608, and confirmed to Great Britain in 1763, was an object of curiosity to the emigrants, its situation on the bluff of rocks and fortifications nearly three miles in circuit, caused them to think of Gibraltar of the Old World. The vessel anchored for a time there, and the beauties of that fair city were much admired. When the Resolute proceeded on her voyage again much interest was taken in the river and scenery.

"This river is larger than any in the auld country," said a little girl, "I wonder how large it is?"

"It is 2,000 miles from its source to the sea," said one of the passengers who was well versed in Canadian geography, "if we count the great fresh-water lakes. Taking its rise in the St. Louis river, which flows into Lake Superior, and from Lake Superior to Lake Huron by the St. Mary's river, and from Huron to St. Clair by the St. Clair River, and from St. Clair to Lake Erie by the Detroit river, and from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario by the Niagara river, which great chain of water is also the boundary between the United States and Canada, as is the St. Lawrence as far as Cornwall. After that it is a Canadian river. The course, however, from Montreal to the Atlantic is the

true St. Lawrence." This bit of information was not known to all the passengers, so was listened to with interest by more than the little girl. The ever varying scenery attracted the attention of the passengers. Beautiful rocks on either shore crowned with trees and shrubs, sometimes a stream of water emptying into the mighty river, sometimes a village or town on its banks, sometimes a vessel passing on its eastern course (steamboats were not so much in use then as now, the first one having been launched only some ten years before), all this delighted their eyes.

Montreal, the commercial metropolis of Canada, which was founded by Champlain in 1642, was reached in due time. Its beautiful situation on Montreal Island with Mount Royal behind it, from which it derived its name, was very picturesque. The width of the St. Lawrence here is 1½ miles and is now spanned by the great Victoria bridge nearly two miles long, and at a cost of $6,000,000. After a short stay at Montreal a start was made for Toronto, which is 333 miles from Montreal. The trip through the Thousand Islands on to Lake Ontario was a scene of great beauty and created wonder and admiration. The great fresh-water Lake of Ontario was soon reached and the emigrants were amazed at its size (190 miles long and 55 miles wide, and from 300 to 600 feet deep). The voyage on this body of water was keenly enjoyed by all, and Toronto, which was founded in 1793, was soon reached. From that time until 1834 it was known as York and sometimes called Muddy York, but at the last mentioned date it was made a city with the name of Toronto, and is the capital of Ontario, also the second largest city in Canada. Its location on level ground, on a well-protected harbor, on the north shore of Lake Ontario, was an agreeable change to the voyagers after the long stretch of rugged scenery on the St. Lawrence. Toronto has now excellent shipping facilities both by water and by railroad, there being eight different railroads to the city. Its well

paved streets and magnificent public buildings of all kinds justly earns it the title of the Queen City of the west and one of the finest cities on this continent. At the time our early settlers visited it there were no facilities for travelling by rail.

The Resolute was now near its journey's end and a few more miles brought the passengers to Burlington Bay, Hamilton, after being six weeks and a half making the voyage, and sailing more than 3,600 miles on deep waters.

IN THE QUEEN'S BUSH.

CHAPTER III.

Welcome! Welcome! fair land of our adoption;
We have crossed the deep, deep sea,
To find homes by honest toil and occupation
In thy forests wild and free.

A feeling of thankfulness took possession of all the emigrants as they left the ship and found themselves at last at their journey's end by water. The pretty town of Hamilton, on the west coast of Lake Ontario, with the mountain in the background and the lake in front, was a very beautiful landing place in the New World. Hamilton was founded in 1813 by George Hamilton, a member of Parliament for the Gore district. The Burlington and the Desjardins canals were completed in 1832, after which Hamilton became the head of navigation on Lake Ontario, but did not become a city until 1846. A beautiful view of the city, Burlington Bay and Lake Ontario can be had from the summit of the mountain. Those of the emigrants who came from

Glasgow only stayed in Hamilton until conveyances were procured to convey them to Galt, which for a short time was their intended destination. This journey (from Hamilton to Galt) was made with horses and wagons. Galt at that early date was a thriving village in the County of Waterloo, situated on the Grand river and named after Sir A. T. Galt. The country around it had been settled for some time chiefly by natives of the British Isles and Germany, and our would-be settlers chose Galt as their temporary home until they could get permanently located in the bush. After the fathers of the families had explored the thickly timbered lands to the north-west of Galt, they concluded to settle some 30 miles from that town, not far from the Conestoga river, which is a tributary of the Grand, on the boundary of the Counties of Wellington and Waterloo. Guelph, the Royal city, is the county seat of Wellington county, Guelph being the surname of our late good Queen Victoria before her marriage with Prince Albert, and perhaps for this reason the crown lands of Wellington county were termed the Queen's bush. Wellesley, in Waterloo county, was also on the boundary. The emigrants each bought a hundred acre farm, called crown lands from the Government and each marked his lot by writing his name along the trees and otherwise marking the location of their property, and before the month of June was ended they had their homes secured. We find in an old crown deed which was given for land that had been sold for the maintenance of education, dated 1859, that the sum of one hundred and thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents was paid for fifty acres, and another dated in 1858 was forty-three pounds and fifteen shillings for one hundred acres. The payments to the Government were made in easy instalments so that there was no difficulty in paying for their land.

As none of the settlers were wealthy, and as they were ignorant of farming in all its branches, all who could found employment

around Galt, by which they learned the methods of farming and at the same time earned some money. The work was strange to them and different from that to which they had been accustomed. One young girl who had been a dressmaker in Glasgow, was told by her mistress to churn, and having learned already to skim the milk, guessed the way to churn was to move the dash up and down in the old-fashioned churn. She churned until she blistered her hands, but she got butter at last.

When the harvest, which was cut by the cradle and raked and bound by hand was ended, the emigrants who had assisted with the harvest felt as if they had been in Penitentiary. In the early fall the settlers set out to make improvements on their farms. They took the bushwhacker's best friend, a good supply of axes, and some guns and ammunition together with plenty of provisions, some cooking utensils, a yoke of oxen and a wagon, and fodder for the oxen. One man drove the oxen and the rest walked, and when the road was almost impassable helped to make it better with axe and spade, until their land was reached. Here they erected a temporary shelter and commenced to build their respective homes, ten in number. A small clearing had been made in the bush where each home should stand. These houses were built of logs, having not very high ceilings and a low attic which was reached by rude stairs. The walls of the houses were chiefly made of maple logs and the shingles, long and rough, made of bass-wood and black ash. The chinks in the walls between the logs were plastered with lime and sand. Plenty of lime stones were in the neighborhood of the river, and a rude kiln was constructed on the side of a hill, and with good wood to burn it a good quality of lime was procured for plastering up the cracks in the houses and making fireplaces which were built of stones. The floor of the fireplace was laid with flat stones on a bed of mortar and the walls of it were built up with stones and mortar all the

way to the top of the chimney, the stones for the top being small ones, sometimes sticks and clay being used for the chimney, but stone and plaster were best, as brick was dear and scarce, and sticks and clay not considered so safe a guard against fire.

They could not afford stoves at the start, so the bread was baked in sheet-iron ovens, which were placed on the coals over the fireplace. The food to be cooked was placed in iron pots suspended from a hook placed on an iron crossbar in the fireplace. The floors were made of small bass-wood or ash ripped with a hand-saw and hewn on the outside to lie flat. This job was left until the boys, who were still working during the summer months for the farmers in the older settlements, came home to help. The chief object was to get the houses built and roofed before cold weather came. A stable was built for the oxen which was plastered with clay. The oxen and wagon had made several trips to the older settled regions for supplies while the building was in progress. These trips were rather difficult as the public road was a poor affair, indeed little more than a trail, and the progress could be but slow. Before the cold weather arrived the houses were completed, and very warm and comfortable they were. Then the settlers began moving their wives and families to their respective homes. The wives had been doing their share in getting ready for this new life. They had learned to spin and had made warm clothing to wear during the Canadian winter, and had also learned to knit mittens and socks. A good supply of warm quilts were added to the store which they brought with them across the ocean, and plenty of wholesome provisions were brought from the older settlements. The boys' term of service expired late in the fall and they all came home and commenced to clear the land, and lay the floors for the houses, the good wives or mothers sometimes assisting in that part of the work. A partition of the same lumber divided half the room into sleeping apartments below and

a similar partition was put upstairs in the attic where the boys slept. In most of the early homes a piece of furniture called a "bunk" was placed in the living room. The bunk had a hook on either end of the movable part which fitted into a staple in the stationary part and contained a bed which could accommodate two when unfolded and make a seat during the day. This bed was generally occupied by the smaller children at night as it was close to their parents' small sized room. The furniture in the early homes was not expensive. The table in the living room was a plain piece of furniture, generally made by the pioneers, and very few chairs were found in the homes. They made seats called stools from slabs of wood and logs. The logs were whittled with the axe and knife and inserted in augur holes bored in the slab. In one home some distance from this part of the Queen's bush, dwelt a family of twelve. Large augur holes were made in the walls into which strong pins were driven, and a board put across for a seat. In this same house four slept in the bunk, two little ones in either end. A bed stood in one corner of the living room, a high four-post one, with print curtains which enclosed the occupants, as no partition was in that home. The older boys of the family climbed up a ladder to the attic.

The early settlers had a great dread of debt. Money was scarce, and where there was a large family the problem of filling so many mouths was sometimes hard to solve. The above mentioned humble home was replaced by a splendid blocked stone residence forty-five years ago, and the same pine shingles which were made and shaved by hand are still on the roof. The most of that family have large and beautiful homes of their own and enjoy telling their grandchildren about their little low seat made in the wall and their warm bed in the bunk. The walls of log in the various homes were whitewashed with lime which improved their appearance. One whitewash brush did service in the whole settle-

ment. The settlers had no difficulty in keeping their houses comfortable as they had plenty of wood at their doors. Great logs were placed in the back of the fire and smaller wood in front, and a fire was generally kept all night in cold weather.

We have noticed that the early settlers had guns, but very little game had been secured as they had been very busy building and could not afford to spend much time in hunting, and besides were not very good marksmen. The Queen's bush was teeming with bears, wolves, deer and all kinds of animals which exist in the forests of the American temperate zone. Their cries could be heard at night, but they did not venture very near the dwellings. Once two settlers were returning from a raising at some distance from home. Darkness was coming on, and they were hurrying through the blazed road leading to their homes when a sharp yelp was heard which was followed by others in quick succession, and the terrifying sounds came nearer and nearer. The brutes had scented the men in the bush and were coming quickly on. "Let's climb a tree," said one. "We have not time," said the other, "the wolves are too close. I have heard they do not like the sound of an axe." So they each gave some vigorous strokes with their axes in the trees around them, creating a loud sound that echoed through the forest. The wolves did not like this peculiar noise and did not venture nearer.

Now that the Pioneers had their dwelling houses made comfortable, their attention was next turned to preparations for sugar making. While they were anxious to chop down timber and clear land, yet the sugar was the first product from which they intended to get returns.

The maple tree is almost as valuable to us as the palm tree to the natives of the tropics. Of all the exogenous trees it is the most useful both as regards the amount of heat it gives out and its duration, when burning, hence the hard maple wood is the

highest in the market. The maple is much used in furniture making and hard flooring. The birds-eye maple is so beautiful that it is classed amongst the most valuable of wood for decorative purposes, and skilled painters frequently imitate its appearance when graining and painting elegant rooms, etc. But the chief value of the maple is in the sugar and syrup which is considered a great luxury. When the preparations were made for sugar-making and the troughs laid up to season before the sunny days of March came, the men's next work was to start clearing the land of trees. This was a hard task. Besides a wealth of maple trees, large elm and beech, basswood and ironwood were here, there and everywhere through the forests, while some miles away and in damp or swamp land grew cedar, pine, hemlock and tamarac. Birch were found on soil that was not so heavy and dry. Pines of a large size grew where the ground inclined to be light or sandy, but just here where these settlers dwelt, the soil is clay and the trees are large and tall. They commenced to clear around their humble homes first, and succeeded in getting quite a piece cleared before sugar-making time came.

While cutting a tree which was hollow up to the trunk, a nest of bees was found and a quantity of honey secured.

Towards the end of February the girls of the various families came to see their homes and help with the sugar-making. They had stayed in the older settled regions to do domestic work, and earn some money. The best wage was four dollars per month, yet the girls clothed themselves respectably and had some money besides to help their parents along.

Life had become quite monotonous in the Queen's bush so far, but the advent of the young ladies made bright times. The boys celebrated their coming by getting up a good dance, before the sugar-making started. Tam Scott, who had done good service in the Battle of Waterloo, was the fiddler on the occasion. He was a

noted character, both in action and appearance. While in one of the hollow squares in that awful battle on June 18th, 1815, he received a sabre wound on the nose from a French horseman who galloped up to try to break the square and put the British to rout, but "we would dee rather than rin," said Tam. The wound on the nose had healed with a comical lump right on the bridge of that prominent member, and he walked with such a soldierly air that no one disputed his methods of training for war when he took a notion to drill the boys. Tam's hair was becoming silverly, but he felt young on that night and he fiddled for the dance until he felt as tired as he did after he had helped the Duke of Wellington to whip Napoleon at Waterloo. His son Jim "called off" at the dance, going through the reels at the same time with the rest of the boys and girls. Jim always had a fine suit for Sunday, and was looking quite handsome that night. Willy Watt made even a better appearance in a fine blue suit which had belonged to a bachelor uncle, who always presented his clothes to his nephew before they got badly worn. However, this one was just a little threadbare around the cuffs, and Will's sister Jennie had rubbed some button-blue in the spots on the cuffs, which covered this completely.

Archie McGregor and Hugh Weir were not so proud. They brought a tall Yankee, named Abe Howell, who was in better circumstances than his Scotch neighbors and who had learned to like the boys. Charlie Thomas and Alfred Hooper, who had recently come from England, also Tim Nolan and Pat Connor, lately from Ireland, were invited. About sixteen gentlemen in all were present, and about the same number of ladies. I have not been able to get a record of the costumes of all the fair ones, but Jennie Watt wore a pretty pale blue dress, and Jessie McGregor was dressed equally as well in pink. Mary Scott wore a fine pattern of lilac ; Bridget Nolan was in pale green ; Kitty Connor came in

a pretty heliotrope colored gown; Allie Thomas' dress was rose colored; Sarah Hooper's, lavender, and Rosy Howell's white. All the dresses looked fresh, and nearly all were trimmed around the waist and sleeves with white lace. The hostess, Mrs. Scott, was becomingly attired in a dark grey gown.

The furniture was removed from the room and the fire reduced to a few coals in the fireplace. The invited guests having all arrived about 9 p.m., the dance commenced with the Scotch Reel first, followed by the French four and other popular dances in quick succession. The floor was not waxed nor even, yet they danced exceedingly well. Near the midnight hour a luncheon was served, consisting of good bread and butter and maple syrup, some that had been made the latter part of February, and was pronounced good enough for the Queen. "We will get all we want, soon," they exclaimed. There was no parlor or drawing-room to retire to while resting, so they occupied benches in the corners of the room, and an observer could see that Cupid's darts could strike amongst the maples as truly as the Indian's arrows. Hugh Weir seemed to dance rather more with Mary Scott than with the other ladies, and although Jennie Watt laughed when the tall Yankee gent tripped and stumbled on the uneven floor, yet notice was taken that a few low words were spoken to Jennie in a manner that showed he was not offended with her. Will Watt had transferred the blue color which Jennie had rubbed into his coat sleeve to the waist of Jessie McGregor's dress while dancing, so that it had become streaked with blue. Jessie told Jennie that she did not know how it came there, but Jennie knew. Will and Jessie had been well acquainted in the Eastern Hemisphere, and became better acquainted as they crossed the ocean and now were quite close neighbors in the bush. The two parental homes were exactly across the road from each other, so they were considered lovers.

Jim Scott, who aspired to be a medical doctor, paid rather more attention to Rosy Howell than to the rest. The party broke up in the early dawn of the morning, all expressing much pleasure to the host and hostess over the pleasant evening spent. "We 'ave 'ad a jolly good time," said the Thomas' and Hoopers. "Shure and we have not had so good a toime since we left ould Oireland," declared the Nolans and Connors. "Wa-al," drawled Abe Howell, "we did not calkerlate to have sech a good night," and Rosy sweetly smiled the same sentence to Mrs. Scott as she shook hands with her hostess, and the Scott boys said "We are glad ye ha cam and hope to see ye sune agen." This was the first gathering in the Queen's bush, but not the last.

MAKING MAPLE SUGAR.

CHAPTER IV.

THE first settlers' method of preparing for sugar-making was one that required a great amount of labor, but very little expense. The means employed more than fifty years ago, when forests were too plentiful, was to cut a small piece out of the tree with an axe straight in on the lower side. The cut was made in a sloping direction. An iron tool, called a gouge, was driven into the tree through the young wood next the bark (which contains the most sap), just below the above-mentioned cut with the back or side of the axe, causing a sharp ringing sound which was sweet music to every good sugar-maker's ears. The gouge was shaped in a half circle, sharp at the point, and had a short iron handle.

Any blacksmith could make one. After the half circle cut with the gouge had been made, a wooden spile which had been previously split by it from clear wood was driven into the cut made with the gouge. The spiles were generally made of dry pine, cedar or bass-wood and were about a foot or more long. The end that was intended to fit into the tree was whittled so that it could be easily driven into the tree with an axe. Small troughs were made of pine, black ash or bass-wood logs cut in short lengths, split through the centre and hewn out quite dexterously. Pine troughs were considered the best. Each trough was calculated to hold a patent pail of sap, and the thrifty sugar-makers were careful to have them seasoned as green troughs would leak the sap. After the spiles and small troughs had been made, a large store trough about twenty feet long was hewn out of a large pine log. They had to go a few miles for the pines as there were none close by. Some times well seasoned bass-wood logs were used for the store troughs.

The first days of March came warm and sunny with some frost at night, just the weather required for sugar-making. The inhabitants of each of the previously mentioned homes made ready for the task before them with great pleasure. The troughs were carried to the bush by the older ones and the little folks carried the spiles in pails and followed the one who carried the axe and gouge and handed out the spiles as they were needed. The echoes of the music furnished by the axe and gouge as the former struck the latter while the process of tapping was going on sounded throughout the forest everywhere. Sometimes, if the tree was large, two troughs were placed at it and it was tapped in two places.

The sap, clear like water and sweet to the taste, falls into the troughs or pails drop after drop in quick succession, and sometimes it runs in a tiny stream if the weather is extra favorable for

a sap run, which it always is after a slight frost in the early days of sugar-making after tapping. The Pioneers gathered the sap by hand, and in this task they had what was called a sap yoke, a piece of bass-wood made to fit around the neck and on the shoulders and ropes suspended from each end of the wood with iron hooks fastened on the ends of the rope. They hung the pails on the hooks which rested much of the weight on the shoulders, and was a great help in this wearisome task.

In the busy season fires were kept going all night, and many nocturnal visits were made by the sugar-makers to each other's camps. Sometimes a bunch of pine knot splinters lighted gave good light during these visits, but generally a tallow candle lantern was used. These lanterns had glass panes on three sides and a tin slide where the piece of candle was put in.

The visiting friends were generally treated to hot maple sugar. Sometimes the hot sugar was quickly converted into taffy by pouring it on the clean snow, and the process of eating it was slower but more fun was experienced at each other's expense. The dogs were generally treated also, and the frantic efforts of those quadrupeds in trying to get the sticky mass from between their teeth was amusing in the extreme. The general experience after eating a quantity of warm maple sugar is the conviction that we have had enough for many a day to come, but we are just as eager for more the next day. Sugar-making never grew monotonous as time rolled on. Sometimes a solemn owl would resent the fun and laughter around the blazing camp fires by hooting from his lofty perch at those strange intruders of his rights in the forests. Sometimes wild stories of adventure would make the listeners think some wild animal was lurking in the far-away shadows of the naked trees, but no real harm happened to them.

The camp where the sap was boiled was generally between two trees not far apart, and a cross-beam was held in place against

the trees by long crotches placed there for that purpose, and from the cross-beams were suspended wooden hooks to hold up the kettles. Those who had chains used them, but these were not very plentiful long ago. The sap was gathered by these energetic sugar-makers by hand, as there was just one yoke of oxen in the settlement, and there was enough work for them to do procuring supplies for the settlers. The store trough was placed near the camp or boiling place to store the sap as it was gathered in. The fathers and sons tapped the trees and got the wood ready for boiling the sap, and the young ladies helped to gather the sap and boil it. Great fires were piled around the kettles, and as good wood was plentiful the task of keeping the sap ever boiling was not a hard one. The snow was disappearing which made it easier getting around and the sugar season was a very sociable one, each one visiting each other's camp. In the busy season fires were kept going all night to get the quick flowing sap boiled up.

The camps were close to the homes the first year, so the distance was not far to go to the house to rest.

The sap was put into the kettles and as the boiling process progressed and the sap grew thicker more was added to the contents of the kettle, and any dross that gathered on top was skimmed before boiling again. The syrup as it thickened was dipped into the sugaring kettle and fresh sap added to the other. The thick syrup which was intended for sugar was taken off the fire, strained and left to cool and settle, as some dirt quite often blew in while boiling. The syrup was again put in to boil more slowly. A practical sugar-maker can almost tell without testing when the proper thickness is acquired for the syrup of commerce and how much longer to boil it for sugar. The test generally used is to pour a small quantity of the hot liquid into a cup of cold water or on some clean snow, and if it becomes a solid, waxy substance it is now sugar. There is also a gritty taste to the thick syrup when

thick enough for maple sugar. While boiling, small pieces of fat pork or butter are put into the kettles to keep the syrup from boiling over.

Although the work of the sugar-maker was hard, as we have noticed, it was very healthy, and good warm meals of pork or beef and potatoes with all kinds of vegetables were always supplied. The sugar-maker did not ask for pies or puddings for he had a better dessert, viz., bread and butter with plenty of good maple syrup and sugar of which he never tired.

I have said that the settlers were not troubled by the wild animals during the winter. Perhaps they did not like so many houses and people coming into the bush and the sound of the axe and falling timber ; but one fine spring day a large lean bear came into one of the camps and stood enviously looking at the kettles which were exhaling a smell of good, hot syrup. Bruin evidently enjoyed the scent of the maple syrup. He had never smelt anything so good before in his life, and after studying the problem of trying to get at the contents of the kettle he approached closer to the fire and received an unexpected salute of a dipper full of boiling hot sap in the face. One of the boys on the other side of the kettle perceiving the bear had quickly filled the dipper and thrown it at him. This caused the animal to cry out with pain and show some signs of retreat which were hastened by a burning fire brand tossed after him. He turned and soon disappeared from view. A sharp lookout was always kept for wild animals, but this was the only time bruin ventured near the dwellings in that neighborhood.

Two kinds of sugar were made,—the soft or crystal and the hard cake. The soft sugar was made thicker than the syrup of commerce and was poured into a barrel or vessel prepared for it, and the crystals gradually formed at the bottom of the barrel until a mass of beautiful, bright, shining, sparkling, sweet, hard sugar was located below the syrup. The sugar barrel was common in

the homes and generally had a wooden lid on the top and a fawcet to take the syrup out near the bottom.

In one little log cabin where a young couple resided, the barrel of soft sugar was kept in the milk-house built close to the dwelling-house. At the time the following incident occurred the syrup had been drained low. One day their only child, a little boy aged two years, was missing, and the frantic girl mother was hunting for her darling and calling "Alex! Alex!" everywhere. The fond young father joined in the search. The rude stairs were climbed and chests looked into lest he had climbed into one and the lid been closed over him, but nowhere was the child to be found, nor was there any response. He had always answered when called, "Here I is," but this time he could not be located by call and answer. When they had almost concluded to go farther in their search they chanced to look into the milk-house again and noticed that the lid had been removed from the sugar barrel, and on looking in found their precious boy standing amongst the sparkling crystals with his mouth too full to answer their calls, and with both his little chubby fists filled with the sweet sparkling gems which he had gathered at his feet in the barrel. It is needless to say that his fond young mamma had to give her sweet child a good bath to remove some of the sweetness from his person.

We have already noticed the process of preparing the syrup for hard sugar. When the syrup was thick enough for sugar it was poured into moulds to harden. These moulds were made of wood in the early days of sugar-making. The beautiful brown blocks or cakes of sugar were numerous, and the piles were getting larger as the season advanced and the girls, although quite often tired at night, were pleased with the results of their labor and felt happy in this new mode of getting plenty of fresh air.

Jessie Watt was boiling alone one day, and was in the act of

replenishing the fire with fresh wood, when Abe Howell appeared on the scene, and after putting on a good fire offered to carry sap for a little spell, but Jennie had the store trough full, so they talked pleasantly. "Your brother Jock is chopping alone, where is Will?" said Abe.

"He said he would rest a few minutes and go over to see Archie McGregor, but see! how well he is resting, he is carrying sap for Jessie," said Jennie, laughing.

"Wa-al," said Abe, "you do not give a fellow a chance to help you, you have your work done." Just then a crack was heard and they discovered that the wooden hook had caught fire. Abe had made such a good fire that the blaze had reached upwards until it caught the hook while they were watching Will and Jessie.

Abe grabbed a strong stick and rushed forward, slipped it under the kettle just as it was tipping, which saved the contents from being spilled. but in doing so he got his right hand burned with the hot fire.

They quickly threw cold sap from the store trough on the fire and got the kettle fixed again.

"Thank you, Mr. Howell," said Jennie, fervently, "you saved the kettle from being spilled very cleverly. But, Oh! you have got your hand burned," as she noticed the large blister which had already risen while they were both attending the kettle.

"Yas, but it will likely soon be well again," said Abe, carelessly. Jessie, however, saw that it was a bad burn and very painful, too, so she quickly got a dish with some cold sap to put his hand in and hurried to the house for salve. She then tenderly wrapped it up in a snow-white bandage, expressing sorrow at the accident, which filled Abe's heart with love for the pretty Scotch girl, and her's with admiration for the brave Yankee, of which we will hear more later.

The first season's sugar-making passed pleasantly, and all were well pleased with the results of their toil. A great amount of good sugar was made during the sap season, year after year, in the same primitive mode of the pioneers.

Little troughs, large troughs, gouges, spiles and sap yokes are all things of the past in the sugar-making industry of old Ontario.

The process of tapping, twenty-five years ago, was by boring a small augur hole half an inch into the albumen or small young wood of the tree, and the spile used was called the round spile. These were made of cedar, with a gimlet hole bored through the centre of the end of the spiles intended to be driven into the tree. The spile was made open after the three inches made by the gimlet for the sap to fall through The sap was received from the spiles into wooden pails, instead of troughs, and gathered and emptied into large wooden tubs placed in sleighs drawn by horses. The sap was then conveyed to the boiling place and emptied into the kettles or the large store tub at the camp.

The process at the present time is the driving of a short sheet iron spout through the bark into the new, soft, white wood or sap wood. Tin pails are placed close to the tree, or hanging on the spout or spiles, to hold the sap as it is conveyed by the spiles to the pails. Then the sap is boiled in the pan or kettles, which are fitted so that the fireplace is underneath and the heat confined around them by mason work to save fuel. The last of the sap was generally boiled to a thin syrup and vinegar made from it.

The maple sugar was used by our grandmothers for cooking, sweetening tea and preserving the wild fruits, which were plentiful. Cash was hard to get hold of, and maple sugar was traded by the first settlers for such articles of food, clothing and implements as were needed.

In the early settlers' homes little lumps of sugar were passed around in plates as we pass apples now.

PIONEER LIFE UNDER THE MAPLES.

CHAPTER V.

THE boys had been chopping down timber until the snow disappeared, when they commenced to put it in log piles with the aid of oxen. Two more yoke were purchased and some hay, also. The oxen enjoyed the young buds of the trees, especially those of the large elm and basswood, and this helped to furnish them with feed. Most of the settlers got a cow each when warm, spring weather came, and each cow was furnished with a bell fastened by a strap, or a strip of basswood bark, around the neck. A little hay was given to her, but she generally fed like the oxen on the fallen trees, or ate the undergrowth in the surrounding bush. The noise of the cow-bell could be heard a long distance, and it was necessary, as "bossie" did not always answer to the first call, but they did not generally go far, and it was a pleasant sight to see them standing not far from the humble home waiting for some salt, or sometimes a piece of bread or bran slop which they enjoyed. The milk and butter was inferior but healthy, as the cows generally got some leeks to eat in the spring which gave the butter a strong taste.

The best of wood could not be sold at the time our first settlers started in the bush, but some charcoal was made and sold. The wood was cut in lengths and the logs piled on top of each other, becoming narrower at the top of the pile. Earth was piled all around the wood and patted down well. Fire was put under the wood and the smoke found its way through the dirt. A close watch was kept while the pit was burning, so that the fire should not escape ; fresh earth was patted on where the fire was likely to

break through. Pine and basswood were considered the best to make charcoal.

The brush was first burned and the logs were then made into piles. This work was generally accomplished by asking a number of men to help. They called it a bee. A logging bee was always well attended and good work was generally done. The wives and daughters of the home where the bee was to be held prepared, as the ladies do now for the raising of a barn, only fruit was not so plentiful then, but potatoes and pork with fresh fish from the river, and dried apples and pumpkin pies, and the invariable rice pudding well spotted with raisins, and sometimes a huge plum pudding graced their tables.

The logs were put in piles by the willing workers, and I am sorry to say a jug of whiskey and cup was generally placed beside a stump or near the men, and little sups taken to stimulate them in the arduous work. The custom in the early times was to have whiskey or beer at a bee, and the person who did not have any would be considered stingy. However, we are glad that raisings and bees can now be managed successfully without intoxicating liquor.

A number of young ladies helped to prepare the food and wait on the men, and a dance was generally held at night after the bee. In one good home a prayer meeting was held on the Wednesday night and logging bee and dance on Friday night of the same week.

The log piles were burned to clear the land for crops, and the ashes sold or scattered over the land. The ashes from the hard wood have the elements of potash. The elm is considered the best, both as regards quality and quantity. The ashes for potash were pounded into boxes or frames called leeches, and water was poured into them. After a day or more the lye began to drip into a vessel placed under the sloping platform to receive it. Water

was still poured on the ashes until the strength was all drained out of them. Our grandmothers when making soap used a hollow log set on a platform to put the ashes in, and they made good soap as the lye was strong. The lye for potash is boiled in iron kettles until it is a seething mass of red hot fire, and when cooled is put in air-tight barrels and is as hard as a piece of rock. Great care had to be taken when working with it.

After the settlers had the logs and brush burned they put in some crops. Potatoes and all kinds of vegetables were planted, some grain was sown and dragged in the ground with what was known as a V drag, the oxen were hitched to the point and it did very good work amongst the stumps. The cleared land was fenced in a zigzag fashion with rails split from oak, elm, ash or cedar, when plentiful, as it made the best rails both in lightness and duration.

Many beautiful flowers of all colors grew wild. The pretty little blue violets and white and red lilies were to be found in the bush in the springtime. Later on the golden buttercups appeared among their large green leaves in the marshes, also the beautiful variegated blue flowers of the wild flag. The ladies' slippers and the large white pond lilies were also found. The tall golden rod and white-headed boneset nodded in the autumn breeze, and the bright little red berries of the wintergreens were eagerly gathered by the little ones. Many other beautiful flowers of all colors, which I have not named, were gathered. Some of the mothers had brought a great variety of flower seed which they planted around their doors. They ranged from the modest little daisies, pansies, pinks, larkspur, bachelor-buttons and ladies-take-your-choice, to the tall hollyhock and stately sunflower. Every home had a bush of old man, sometimes old woman, ribbon grass, sweet-scented thyme, sage and camomile. The lawns in front of our beautiful residences, dotted here and there with new varieties

of flowers, do not yield any fairer blossoms than those around our grandmother's humble homes.

When harvest time came, the crops were cut with the sickles and cradles. This was not a pleasant task as the green stumps were thick. The potato crop was generally good and all kinds of vegetables were plentiful. The first crops were threshed with a flail, sometimes called the poverty stick. The flail was composed of a handle or long round stick and a shorter thick one attached to the handle by what was termed a supple. The supple was quite often a piece of strong leather and connected the two pieces of wood by a round hole in one end of each piece. The grain was laid on boards put together (until they got barns, when the barn floor was used) and was beaten with the stick hanging from the handle. There was a great knack in swinging the flail and an expert at the business could thresh a surprisingly large quantity of grain in a day.

The cost of living was not very high, as the hogs fattened well on beech nuts, so that pork was cheap to buy. They caught good fish from the streams close by, occasionally shot a deer, and gathered various kinds of greens that were good for food. Wild plums, grapes, currants, gooseberries and raspberries were gathered and made into preserves, boiled generally a pound of sugar to the same quantity of fruit, put into crocks or earthen jars, and several plys of paper or cloth were tied or fastened over them. The glass jars we now have were not in use then, so more sugar was required to keep the fruit good, but it was used in smaller quantities.

The settlers prepared to build log barns the second year, as their crops were larger and they needed a place to store their grain in, as well as shelter for their oxen and cows.

Our grandmothers had no calendars hanging on their walls and sometimes got the time wrong. One good woman mistook

Friday for Saturday, and told a neighbor who called in to see them that she was going to have a busy day to-morrow,—churn, bake and scrub. This neighbor enjoyed a joke and came next morning to read the fourth commandment, commencing with "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," but he found the good mother and children cleanly dressed, and she was reading the Bible stories to the little ones. The little folks had seen another neighbor, who was generally away all the week working at a distance from home, returning to his home at night, which caused them to review the work done each day during the week, and then they found that this was indeed Saturday night. The mother hurried and got the churning done and a good quantity of scones baked, as it was too late to make bread, and the floor scrubbed before midnight, so that she could rest on the Sabbath.

Each year found the settlers in better circumstances than the previous one. They earned some money in the older regions which they used in buying wagons, sleighs, plows, and other implements. They each had now a yoke of oxen, and when the pioneer took his wife and family for a pleasure ride he hitched the oxen to the wagon and they climbed into it with as much happiness as we step into our top buggies. The wagon when prepared for a pleasure trip had two iron hooks fastened on either side of the inside of the box near each end, and a round green elm pole was placed on the hooks, and seats generally consisting of boards were placed on them. The heavy movement of the wagon caused the poles to spring gently back and forth which helped to make riding much easier over the rough roads. The oxen were slow moving animals when leaving home, but made much better time when returning, sometimes running in their clumsy fashion in their eagerness to get home. The homes were being gradually improved by putting additions to the houses and by getting better furniture, the most expensive of which were stoves, the Burr and

King being the cooking stoves in use in those early times. They were set higher than the stoves we have now and the oven was at the back of the fireplace and higher than it. They were great heaters, but burned more wood than our kind of cook stoves.

The cost of dress was not great, as the sheep generally furnished the wool for everyday clothing and sometimes for Sunday wear also. When the weather began to get warm the wool was clipped, and the good wife began to pick it to get any strav bits of dirt and burrs out of it. It was then sent to the carding mill and made into rolls. Sometimes the women carded it themselves, but better rolls were made at the woollen factory. After the rolls were brought home the process of spinning yarn progressed during the summer months. Mostly every home had a spinning wheel. After the spinning was finished, the yarn was well washed with home-made soap and then colored and sent to the weavers. Looms for weaving were to be found in many of the early homes. The cloth for men's suits was colored dark blue or black and fulled and pressed at the factory. The cloth was then made into good suits for fathers and sons, which they wore to church and on state occasions. The cloth for the mothers' and daughters' gowns were often a pretty check, pressed but not fulled. Some could wear a home-made suit ten years for Sabbath. Times have changed. Strong cottonade and flannelette take the place of woollen goods for everyday wear, and men's clothing is so cheap now that homespun goods are not made any more.

The young ladies who settled in the bush were not considered accomplished if they could not spin. They learned to play the spinning wheel and finger the yarn as accurately as our daughters do the keys of the piano.

Pumpkin sauce was made by most of the early settlers, and was a wholesome luxury if well made. The ripe pumpkins were laid in piles beside the place where they were to be boiled. The

sugar kettles were used for that purpose, and the pumpkins were boiled until soft and then the juice pressed out of them by a wooden structure called a pumpkin press. The juice was boiled thick and pieces of raw pumpkins put in to boil with it to help thicken it, sometimes allspice or other seasoning was put in to flavor it.

Home-made cheese was made by our grandmothers in a simple fashion. The milk, to which a quantity of rennet was added, was heated in the boiler. A white cloth was placed over it until it thickened, and it was then cut into small squares and left until the curd settled, when the whey was dipped from the top of the curd. It was then salted and put into a small cheese hoop. The press was often quite a rude affair ; sometimes the hoop containing the curd was placed on a piece of clean board and a clean flat stone placed on the lid of the cheese hoop and more stones gradually placed on the top to press the whey out. A board was nailed across the joists on the ceiling of the living room, and the cheese placed on the board or shelf next the ceiling to cure, if the weather grew cold. Sometimes quite a number of these pretty little cheese would be high up on the shelf curing, and when ready for use were delicious.

Fritz Smidt, a worthy and prosperous German neighbor on the neighboring line, taught his Scotch friends how to make saurkraut. "You shust cut the cabbage into leetle bits," and the willing learners soon had some ready, which Fritz quickly placed into the oak keg with a little salt, "and you shust pound dis vay," using the wooden beetle vigorously until the juice appeared on top of the bruised vegetable. "Shust put more cabbage and von leetle bit wee salt, and shust a leetle pepper and cloves and den pound again, and shust dis vay every time to the top, den shust cover dis way wif dis here wooden cover, and put a stone on top to keep the cabbage under the juice. Dis vos so goot saurkraut

in a leetle time dat Prince Vilheim vould be glet to get some," referring to the brave William who afterwards became King William I. of Prussia, in 1861, and Emperor of Germany in 1870. The saurkraut was as good as Fritz said, and was frequently made by our Scotch settlers as well as the Germans.

The early settlers were healthy and did not need much medicine. The remedy for any ailment was generally simple and easily procured. If any had a painful swelling, they took some slippery elm bark from the tree and steeped it and made a poultice of it. A severe cough was treated by using wild cherry bark tea and a little pine tar, also sarsaparilla. Wormwood was taken for worms and for intermittent fevers and summer complaint. Smart weed was used for hot fermentations in cases of internal inflammations. A friendly Indian told the settlers which trees and herbs were good for medicine, also the kinds to use for the various diseases, and they found the remedies good.

Sometimes the first settlers were a long distance from a grist mill, and great difficulty was experienced in getting a supply of flour, but our early friends were more fortunate than many as one, John Hawke, built a grist mill on the Connestoga river about 60 years ago, aud the thriving village of Hawkesville then had its origin, with its general stores and other industries. The village of Allensville was founded about the same time, some eight or more miles up the same stream, by one George Allen, who started a general store, and took much interest in the wellfare of the village. This name was afterwards changed to Glenallen, on account of its romantic location. Both the villages were convenient to our early friends.

Tea was quite a luxury, and cost more in those early days than now, so the first settlers did not drink too many cups of that beverage. Home-made coffee was a favorite beverage, and was frequently made from peas scorched brown. Sometimes wheat

and oats were used, sometimes being mixed together and ground in a small coffee mill which was to be found in most of the homes. This little mill was turned with a crank and soon reduced the brown kernels to powder.

The pioneers used tallow candles, and sometimes lard in lamps, to light their dwellings, as coal oil was not in use until 1859. The making of tallow candles was part of the good wife's work. Moulds made of tin were used to make the candles. There were generally six or more moulds united parallel to each other and candlewick, which was purchased at the store, was cut to the required lengths and put through the centre of the moulds and drawn through the bottom end which tapered to a small hole. The wicks were held in place by a small round stick at the top. The tallow was warmed to a liquid and poured into the moulds, and when solid the candles were drawn out by drawing the stick on top of the moulds.

Sometimes the candles were made by a process called dipping, which was to have a deep dish with liquid tallow and a large number of wicks suspended from long sticks placed across the vessel containing the liquid. One batch of wicks was dipped and placed across the vessel to harden while another was getting its coat of tallow. This process was kept up until they were the proper size.

Wild geese, ducks and partridges were plentiful and frequently captured. The owl sometimes stole a young chick at night, and the hawk would have liked to do so by day but was generally prevented by the old fowls.

The fur-bearing animals in the Queen's Bush whose skins were valuable were the bear, wolf, raccoon, otter, beaver, mink and muskrat. Some of our early settlers, accompanied by a friendly Indian as a guide, went hunting one day and on coming to a little stream of clear water found a spot with no trees. "We

thought we were the first settlers to cut down trees, but here is a space with only stumps," said they. "Injun no cut 'em trees, cut with beavers, they chew the trees through with their teefe all around 'em, which makes the cuts round to a point, and they can cut the hardest wood. They fight and bite their enemies with teefe," said the Indian.

"Where are the logs that were here?" asked one of the white men.

"They put 'em in the water to make dat dam, and mix branches, stones and mud to keep the water in the dam at the proper heighth they want. They build houses of the same material with two storeys, which is occupied by two or three families, the top storey is above water and is dry for shelter; the lower is beneath water and contains their stores of bark and roots, which they use for food."

"I do not see any doors" said the white men, now filled with great curiosity.

"Their door is under the water, and when attacked they burrow in the banks of the stream, sometimes swimming quite a distance under the water to deceive their enemies."

"Injun tell white man where fur good. Injun come and show white man when time comes to catch beaver."

The great perseverance and industry of the beaver is proverbial, and no animal could have been more wisely chosen to represent our Fair Dominion than the quiet and industrious beaver.

EDUCATION UNDER THE MAPLES.

CHAPTER VI.

THE first two or three years in the Queen's Bush the parents taught their children at home from the old school books that they brought across the ocean. After which a log school-house was built right in the corner where four roads met. There was no grounds for the children to play on only the roads, and that for a distance was well padded down with their nimble feet. Just enough ground on which the school was built was given, and when the back windows were opened on warm summer days the tall grain growing in the fields would, if the wind was in the direction of the school, be swaying almost in through the open windows.

No contractor made the estimates for building the first school.

The pioneers in the neighborhood of where the school was to be built gathered and discussed the ways and means by which they could get one, and the result was that all agreed to help build it. Three trustees were appointed to look after the interests of the intended school, and each farmer furnished a certain number of logs, rafters and sleepers, but they bought the flooring, windows and shingles. When enough material was drawn to the spot the building was quickly raised by the willing hands of fathers and friends of education in the neighborhood, each man carrying his lunch with him. The work of laying the floors and putting on the shingles was quickly accomplished, also the chinking and plastering with good mortar. The door was in the centre of the building, different from the style now-a-days when

doors are put in the ends. A pine desk was made for the master, and the desks for the scholars were long pine ones arranged on either side of the passage. Low pine benches were placed for the little ones along the front of those for the larger scholars.

The first master engaged was slender and boyish in appearance and named George Anderson. This was his first school and he was to board around in the homes in the neighborhood. The school opened at New Years with some forty scholars, and a remarkable-looking crowd they were dressed in home-made woolen clothes, the boys with trousers of dark color and jacket generally of plaid cloth spun and made by their mothers. The girls dresses were also made of the same strong material. Home-made caps of dark cloth, made by the mothers for the boys, were worn with ears of cloth to tie under the chin in cold weather. The girls hoods were also made of dark material and the capes or jackets were dark homespun. Thick stockings and cowhide shoes completed the costumes of the first scholars.

The scholars put their dinner pails or baskets on shelves which had been put up by boring large augur holes in the walls and laying a board securely across strong pins placed in the augur holes. Their clothing they hung on wooden pins placed in smaller holes in the walls. No bell was in the school yet, and when nine o'clock came the master called the school to order by wrapping on his desk with a pointer made from a piece of elm wood. The teacher then told the scholars that he and they were strangers to each other and that he hoped they would all soon be great friends as his duty here was to teach them and that they were here to learn. "Some of you here will not have long to stay at school," said he, "but I hope you will be able to learn something of those branches of learning that will be most useful to you in your journey through life. And, dear scholars," said he, "we can help each other by doing our duty." After that little speech, which

was delivered in a clear, fine voice, the teacher commenced the task of teaching the scholars and was not long in finding out who were the ones who were likely to learn.

The books studied were the old national series which were in use many years, and the scholar who was well versed in the affixes, prefixes, latin roots, and the history and chronological table contained in them were no dunces. Morse's geography, Lennie's grammar and Carpenter's spelling-book with the old national arithmetic, were also in use.

The intermission, as well as the dinner hour of that first day, were taken up while playing to discuss the school-master. The term "master" was then used for teacher. "He spoke real nice to us before school started," said Mary Wilson. "Yes," said Lizzie Watt, "if anyone don't learn it won't be his fault." "Oh! you girls will be sure to think he is nice," said tall Harry Edminston who was sent to learn, but liked all kinds of fun so well that to sit still and study was hard work for him. "You make him angry and you will see how nice he is." "We must try to please him by learning all we can," said Jim Scott, who was determined to learn all he could, as he hoped some day to go to college.

The master was in the school watching the scholars play. He overheard the remarks and was determined to keep good-natured as far as self-respect would allow, but nevertheless to rule with a firm hand.

The master was expected to make the fires in the mornings in the large box stove, and one morning, about a week after the above incident, when he had the fire burning briskly, he sat down to write the heading in the copybook for those who were to write, to copy from. As he was busily engaged the scholars started to come in, and just about the time for school to commence a coughing epidemic seized them. The master also was affected by it. None of the children who were questioned by him knew what

caused it. The door in the meantime was thrown open to let in the fresh air. The master looked around the school, and after using his pocket-handkerchief freely he commenced an investigation and discovered that fresh wood had been put in the stove and found something burning on the hot slide or damper in front of the stove.

"Who has been the author of this mischief?" asked the master, looking around at the scholars. No one ventured any information.

"Who put fresh wood in the stove?" asked the master, after a pause, during which he looked steadily at his pupils. Finally one small boy said, "Please, master, I saw Harry Edminston put wood in the stove." When Harry was questioned about it he admitted having put the wood in the stove, but tried to look innocent as to the cause of the coughing.

"When you put the wood in the stove," enquired the master, "did you put red pepper on the damper?"

"Why should you suspect me more that any of the other pupils," asked Harry, haughtily.

"Because," said the master, "some red pepper is on your clothes and also a little on your finger nails." This information made the scholars laugh. Harry looked confused, but admitted having put the pepper on the stove for fun.

"Henry," said the master, "there can be no fun in causing such discomfort to your fellow scholars, and such tricks must not occur again in the school. You are too large to punish, and I do not want to expel you as you need all the time you can get at school."

"Things did not work as I would have liked," said Harry at intermission. "I thought he would fire up and hit me a whack with the pointer and we would have a clench, but it would not work."

The school work proceeded favorably and there were evidences of good work being done by both master and scholars. However, the boys were of the opinion that the master was not strong, and Harry Edminston was anxious to test his strength, being acknowledged the champion wrestler.

He turned to the master, who was standing at some distance watching the scholars at play one day during intermission, and said to him, "Will you try a game?" "I do not care to wrestle, it is poor business, much physical strength wasted and nothing really gained," said the master.

"Oh! just once for fun," said Harry, anxiously advancing towards the master. The other boys were anxious, too, they wanted to see the fun.

"Well, just once," said the master, reluctantly removing his coat.

"All ready?" shouted the umpire, "One! Two! Three!" and they commenced. Harry soon found that the master was nimble, and after a few minutes he was sent sprawling on the ground, while the master returned modestly to the school amidst the loud applause of the boys.

"I got badly fooled," said Harry. "I thought I could throw him first clutch, but he was too smart for me." "He is a brick," said the other boys. "He did not brag about his smartness, either."

The boys had learned that the master was stronger than he looked, consequently no more mean tricks were played at school.

School was kept five and a half days in the week, or every other Saturday in most districts, but here the master kept Saturday forenoons, and amongst other studies the spelling match, in which all the scholars who could spell, little and big, took part. They were arranged in one long class. Small words were given first out of Carpenter's spelling-book, and those who misspelt a

word had to take their seats. This soon reduced the number, as one by one they were spelled down until only one remained. He or she was considered the best speller in the school.

The young men and young ladies who had finished their education on the Eastern side of the ocean were becoming afraid that they were forgetting their knowledge of spelling, and came to the conclusion that in order to refresh their memories they also would organize a spelling class. The school-master was interviewed concerning the matter, and it was arranged that a spelling match should take place every Friday night amongst the grown-up folks who did not go to school.

Friday night came. The vaulted blue sky was well sprinkled with golden stars and the pale moon shone with all her modest splendor, causing the snow to reflect a pearl-like brightness as the young folks hurried to the temple of learning.

The house was made comfortably warm before eight o'clock arrived, and candlesticks with tallow candles stuck in them were placed on brackets around the wall. There were two on the master's desk and a pair of snuffers with which to trim the candles when the wick began to burn down.

Some grey haired gentlemen had come out of curiosity, and when all had gathered the school was more than comfortably full.

When the time came to start Tom Scott arose, and with a dignified air said: "I would move, Maister Anderson, to get the foulks in order and give the spellings." This was seconded by Squire McIntyre, who had recently been appointed magistrate. The young people who wanted to manage the meeting themselves did not feel grateful to those elderly gentlemen. However, they quickly voted for the master, and he went to his desk and asked whom they should appoint to choose in this spelling contest.

Alfred Hooper and Timothy Nolan were selected to choose sides. Alfred had the first choice and Tim the next. They chose

turn about until all who wanted to spell were chosen, there being an equal number on each side. There was a great deal of fun during the choosing as the ladies and gentlemen took their places as they were called in turn. Tam Scott and Squire McIntyre were determined not to spell, but the boys were determined that they should ; at last they reluctantly took their places and the spelling commenced.

Many words were given in two, three and four syllables, and the squire was the first to go to his seat on the word "deficient," which he spelled d-e-f-i-s-i-e-n-t, and when told he was wrong he moved his head in an awkward manner which caused the young folks to wonder if his high, stiff collar was an ornament or an instrument of torment. "Try again," said the master. "Maister Andurson, I didna think I would ha' to spell the night, it's mair than fifty years sine I ha' ben to schule and I canna' see any ither way than d-e-f-i-s-e-n-t." "You have spelt well so far, but you are wrong this time," said the master, kindly.

"Give Mr. Scott words about war," said the boys as the old warrior's turn came. The words Wellington, battle, Waterloo were given as the time came for Tam Scott to spell and were promptly spelt, but he had to take his seat on the word "cannon," a great gun, which he spelt c-a-n-o-n. "It bates all hoo rusty my memory gets sence I quit the war," said Tam as he marched to his seat feeling the lump on the bridge of his nose.

The spelling was kept up in a spirited manner and the young people really spelt well. However, at length the number was reduced to five. Three on Alf's side,—Abe Howell, Hugh Weir and Mary Scott ; while on Tim's side were Jennie Watt and Alice Hooper. Abe spelt "campaign" wrong, so did Hugh, which left Mary Scott alone on Alf's side. All the defeated ones now listened intently, and the ones who were still in the contest were now very anxious. Allie Hooper went down on "resuscitate," and now just

one on either side. A number of words were given to each of the girls by turns.

"Which of the girls is going to win?" was whispered quietly around the room. "How long will they stay there?" "Oh! my, they are good spellers," as each word was correctly spelled. Abe Howell was looking intently at Jennie Watt, and Hugh Weir at Mary Scott. The girls wore anxious looks although they smiled sweetly at each other. The word "Antediluvian" was given. Mary spelt wrong and Jennie spelt right.

The contest had been fair and good nature prevailed. Some good songs were sung after the spelling was over, and all were anxious to continue the spelling class every Friday night until sugar-making commenced in the spring. The girls did not always spell best, but the boys were always willing to give them the palm of victory.

The public school work was progressing nicely, and although the teacher attended to the mental interests of all the scholars he spent more time on the larger ones who had only the winter months in which to get their education. For this kindness they thanked him when they left in the spring. During the summer months the school was represented by the smaller children. Some very little ones, who were too small to come in cold weather, made their appearance when the small spring weather came.

I have said before that they had no play ground but the road, but the one which led to the river, half a mile distant, was not travelled much on account of no bridge across it, and the children generally played there. A shady maple tree on the roadside, a short distance from the school, was a pleasant resort for the children. The water for the school was got from a well in the field on which the school-house was built. The well was not bricked or stoned, but it had a wooden curb and a strong branch cut long enough to reach the water. The branch or stick had a

short crotch on the end to form a hook to let the pail down when drawing the water for the school children.

The master had been staying some few days in all the homes in the section according to agreement and he became well acquainted with the people, old and young. Before the year was completed he was hired again for another year with an increase in his wages as he wished to board at one place on account of a desire to have his books always near him so that he could spend some time in study. "I have been well treated in all the homes in the neighborhood," said the master, "and still look forward to pleasant times in your homes."

General pleasure was expressed at Geordie Anderson being engaged as teacher. The sad story of his young life had become known, and a feeling of sympathy was felt for him. He had come to Canada two years before he started to teach school, from Scotland, in the company of a married sister and her husband, and they had liked this country so well that the rest of the family, consisting of father and mother, three brothers and two sisters, started for the new land. George and his brother-in-law had a comfortable home provided near their own, and the sister had helped to make it tidy and neat for their arrival. The letter containing the news of their intended departure from the old country arrived, and George went to Toronto to be there when the vessel was expected; but the ship they sailed on never came in. Another vessel came in port with the news that the one he expected had caught fire in mid-ocean and a large number of the passengers had found a watery grave, and that the vessel now in port carried some of the passengers. Intense anxiety and the hope of finding his relatives led him to observe each of the passengers closely, hoping to find those near and dear to him. After looking in vain for some time he recognized his fifteen year old rother Willie, who had his hands wrapped up. "They are a'

gone, Geordie," said Willie, bursting into tears at the sight of his now only brother.

Father, mother, two brothers and two sisters had found a watery grave in preference to burning, as had many others. The fire had started during the night and spread rapidly. His father and mother gathered the children all together as quickly as possible and hurried on deck to find the ship consuming rapidly. Confusion reigned supreme, and there were not enough boats for the passengers. The mother urged the father to jump and try to get in the boat, which was too rapidly filling, and she would hand him wee Jimmy and Mary, but the husband said "I will never leave you." The boat then swamped. In spite of all efforts the panic-stricken people threw themselves into the boat until it sunk. The fire was now likely to destroy those on board. No relief appeared, and they said a few words of prayer and dropped overboard. Many were struggling in the water shrieking for help. Willie saw it all and clung to the burning vessel until his fingers were scorched. He had seen his father, mother, brother and sisters go down together and the flames were now likely to get him as a victim instead of the water. He could not cling longer, so he dropped into the water also, but was rescued by a boat from another vessel which hastened to the rescue and took him to the vessel. They were kind to him and doctored his burned fingers and bandaged them.

This news Willie told Geordie amidst sobs and tears. Geordie's heart was sad indeed, but he tried to comfort his younger brother. Their sister and brother-in-law were always kind to them, but they had to struggle for an education, and Willie cut grain with the cradle all through the harvest to get money to go to the grammar school. Geordie had done the same earlier. Willie also became a school teacher, married an excellent lady, and later in life became a successful merchant in Ontario.

We have noticed that George Anderson was engaged again as teacher, and the large scholars came as in the year before. All the branches of learning were taken up. The master was very particular with the Latin roots in the old fourth book, also the fifth book, with its history and the dates of the chief events, both ancient and modern. The tables in the old arithmetic were well learned. British currency was still in circulation and the table on sterling money was well learned, many questions in *£ s. d.* being given to the scholars. The old Canadian money was in use, and the York shilling was considered a handy coin then, but the new Canadian money, or that which has been in use since the Confederation in 1867, proved to be the easiest counted and altogether the most convenient, as the denominations are just dollars and cents, which is so much better than the old way,– 4 farthings make 1 penny; 12 pence 1 shilling; 5 shillings make 1 dollar, and 4 dollars 1 pound.

The old blackboard was of planed boards nailed together and painted black. The length of the first blackboard was six feet long and about four feet high. Excellent progress was made in Lennie's grammar; "an" and "the" were called articles, and the nouns, pronouns, verbs, adverbs, adjectives, prepositions, interjections and conjunctions were all studied in their order, and some of the sentences in the good old book were impressed by the master on their young minds, especially while parsing that beautiful sentence: "A good conscience and a contented mind will make a man happy." He wrote that sentence on the blackboard and requested them to remember it and try to live according to the precept the sentence contained. The old Morse's geography, with its definitions of islands, straits, capes, continents, seas, rivers, moutains, etc., was gone over, also the countries in each continent with their capitals, and quite an exciting time was spent pointing out various places on the large map. The early scholars

never learned to be good writers during the winter months as the seats were too crowded to do very good writing.

Some years passed much as the first, and the master quit teaching to go to college to study for the ministry, but he generally spent part of his holidays amongst the old friends where he had taught school.

The next master was James Hueston, and he did good work and was respected, but he never commanded the genuine respect of the scholars that the former teacher had done because they did not think him so kind. He taught some four years, and went to the medical college and became an M. D. Jim Scott also went to the same college and graduated with high honors, and was a prominent physician in one of our large towns, but he often visited his parental home, and although dressed well and driving a splendid horse and rig, he always took the hard hands of the old friends in his soft ones, and spoke kindly to them.

We will now leave the school for a time, with the assurance that it prospered and kept pace with the times.

RELIGION IN THE BUSH.

CHAPTER VII.

WHILE the early settlers worked hard and under great disadvantages, yet a religious feeling had possession of the most of them, and the Sabbath was observed as a day of rest and worship. They did not hear a sermon very often, so the first two or three years they gathered together in each other's houses, and Sandy Watt was generally chosen to read a portion of the Bible. Sandy did not boast of being an orator, but he was a good reader. His neighbors said he could read so that you could "tak a' he read to hert." Sandy was also a good singer, and he generally led the singing of the Psalms with the help of Jean, his wife, and also most of the neighbors. Several Psalms and sometimes the Paraphrases were sung at each meeting, and the solemn repeating tunes were really pleasant to hear. The meetings were closed by prayer. Thus the Sabbath was kept when no minister was near.

The ministers who came the first two or three years were taken from one settlement to another in a waggon by oxen, or else they walked. They generally preferred to walk, sometimes walking a long distance, and they were willing to accept the humble settlers' accommodations, which were scant indeed. However, the lack of that was made up by the heartfelt kindness of old and young in the early homes. The ministers generally carried a portmanteau containing a Bible, a clerical suit, often quite threadbare, which was worn on the Lord's day, a change of underclothing and one or more fine shirts. They wore high silk hats on state occasions, much higher and rounder in appearance than those in fashion now, hence their nickname, "stovepipe hat." Many of the settlers also had one hidden away in a bandbox, some

of them having been brought across the ocean, and they were not very often worn.

The ministers that came amongst the settlers were Presbyterians, Baptists and Methodists. The Presbyterians were the most welcome amongst the Scotch settlers, and a good Baptist minister who came one Sabbath to preach, having given out a hymn and read the lines, looked around for someone to start it. "Can ye no start it, Sandy?" said Jock Wilson, in a loud whisper. Sandy's countenance had a troubled look as he said, "I cannot sing any o' them ranting tunes, I can only sing the Psalms of David." "We will sing a Psalm," said the Baptist preacher. Psalms were sung, and the minister preached. "Ye ha' preached a guid sermon," said Sandy, "and I would na' like to be a bigot, but I ha' been used to the Psalms around the sermon, and the hymns may be all right, but na' so handy to me." Sandy got better acquainted with the Baptists later when his oldest daughter, Susie, married a Baptist Deacon, and he always spoke well of Susie's husband.

We might, in passing, notice the homes where the meetings were held. Seats were prepared for the occasion by placing boards across the stools or across blocks of wood, while the pine table was covered with a snow-white cloth and a chair was placed close to it for the minister. If the service was to be held at night tallow candles were placed around the room and sometimes iron lamps, holding lard and a wick, were used. The lamp was placed where it could be kept warm while burning. Snuffers were used frequently during the evening to trim the candles.

Whenever services were to be held a good congregation turned out to hear the minister. Prayer meetings were also held from one humble home to another on Wednesday nights, and were quite often led by one, Tom Hooper, a jolly good-hearted Englishman, who was a devout Methodist, and who always

attended the meetings with his family. The Presbyterians had started the prayer meetings and they intended that they should be led on Calvinistic principles, but Tom said "Amen" when the Scotch were praying and helped to sing the songs so well that they held a private conference, which resulted in a motion that Maister Hooper be asked to take part in the meetings, "and," added the mover in a low voice, "if he gives us over muckle Arminian we'll just drap him." Mr. Hooper and family came as usual to the prayer meetings and Tom was called by Sandy Watt to lead the meeting. "This is a 'eartfelt surprise to me," said Mr. Hooper. "I 'ardly like to intrude, but I love the prayer meetings and will be glad to take part for our great h'aim should be to serve our great Divine Master, wherever we h'are and try to do His will." Mr. Hooper was a loud and fluent speaker and lead the meeting with great ability, and even the cautious Scotchmen owned that he did "weel." Thenceforth Mr. Hooper quite frequently led the meetings.

Sabbath school had been started by a young man named Peter Simpson, who lived some three miles away. He came on Sunday to one of the homes in the neighborhood to teach the young. Not only did the little ones come to his class, but the young men and women came also. The International lessons were not in use then, but a portion of Scripture was read, verse about, and many verses were repeated from memory. They did not have an organ to help them in singing, but the Sunday school teachers generally kept time with their right hand, as they led the little ones. There was a genuine pleasure in listening to the children singing and watching their happy countenances as they would warble out the sweet songs of praise. The hymns in use then are not often heard now. The first verse of one was :—

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright, as day."

and those beautiful words on religion, of which there was one verse, then :—

> "Tis religion that can give
> Sweetest pleasures while we live.
> 'Tis religion must supply
> Solid comfort when we die."

The first verse of another hymn was :—

> "Around the throne of God in heaven
> Ten thousand children stand,
> Whose sins are all forgiven,
> A holy, happy band."

and still another, entitled "The Sweet Story," was sweetly sung, commencing with the following words :—

> "I think when I read that sweet story of old,
> When Jesus was here among men,
> How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
> I should have liked to have been with Him then."

We could note many other quaint old hymns, but will not take time.

Each scholar was given a card with a verse of Scripture to learn to repeat for the next Sabbath. The very little girls were dressed in white lawn sun bonnets, well starched and ironed, print dresses, white cotton stockings and sometimes not very good shoes in warm weather : indeed, sometimes the little boys and girls went to the Sunday school barefooted during the hot summer days.

One year, a nice New Testament was given to each of the Sunday scholars who repeated the Gospel of St. John by memory.

Anniversary services were held once a year. Some hymns were sung by all, and speeches made by friends of the Sunday school workers, and paper bags with various kinds of cakes, tarts and candies were given to each scholar, while the parents and

friends ate their luncheon from the baskets passed around.

Christmas-tree entertainments were not in fashion in these early days. Sunday school picnics came later.

Notwithstanding the primitive mode of work in the Sunday school, yet many of the children during the years that it was held in the old log school-house, grew up noble, Christian men and women. While we must admit that most of them had good home training, yet we must not forget that the Sunday school had some influence in moulding their characters.

Death did not often occur amongst the first settlers, and when they were afflicted in the days before they had a minister among them, the services were simple and solemn and were conducted by the first Sunday school teacher, Peter Simpson.

The Third Paraphrase commencing at the first verse:—

> "Naked as from the earth we came
> And entered life at first,
> Naked we to the earth return
> And mix with the kindred dust."

was generally sung in a slow, sad manner.

The Eighth Paraphrase was also sometimes used, the first verse of which is:—

> "Few are thy days and full of woe
> O, man of woman born
> Thy doom is written, dust thou art
> And shall to dust return.

The Fifth hymn in the Bible was generally sung and those beautiful words for a departed servant of the Lord The words of the last verse were particularly beautiful:—

> "The hour of my departure's come,
> I hear the voice that calls me home;
> Now O, my God, let trouble cease,
> Now let thy servant die in Peace."

These were generally sung at the funeral and a portion of suitable Scripture, together with a few well chosen words of consolation to the bereaved and exhortation to the neighbors and friends who were gathered together, comprised the service. There was no such thing as a hearse, and the remains were taken to their last resting place in a wagon or sleigh, and the coffin was covered with a white cloth. Such was the mode of conveying the dead to their last resting place for some years.

The services, which had been held from house to house, were transferred to the school-house as soon as it was built, and were held every Sabbath. On one occasion a noted Presbyterian minister was expected from a distance, and a large crowd of all denominations had gathered. The settlers were good walkers and often walked a long distance with ease, and on this occasion some had walked many miles, and they all waited some time, expecting the minister to arrive. At last a clerical-looking figure was seen in the distance mounted on a good saddle horse which was cantering along approaching the place of worship. "Here he comes ta last," said some who were watching for the divine's appearance, but on approach they discovered that the tall clerical figure in the silk hat was a Baptist minister named Elder Simpson, who had a farm some three miles away, and had come to hear the great minister with whom he was acquainted. "Our minister has na come," said Sandy Watt to his neighbor, Jock Bryce, "and the folk are droughty this hot day," looking at the wooden pail which was placed near the door of the schoolhouse with a dipper in it for the accommodation of those who had travelled a long distance, and were drinking heartily of the cold water. "We want something to refresh the spirit the day," said Jock "and hoo would it do to ask Meister Simpson to preach to us." Sandy approached the elder and shaking hands with him said, "Our minister did na' come but there is corn in Egypt yet, I see,"

meaning that there were other preachers, "and when so many are here it would be a pity to let them gang awa' home without some spiritual food, so we would be glad to ha' ye preach to us." The elder, who was witty, consented, and chose for his subject, "Corn in Egypt," and gave an excellent sermon on God's providence. The Presbyterian minister who failed to come had been taken very ill the day before, and there was no telegraph to despatch the news to them of his sudden illness.

The Methodist ministers came sometimes to preach, and one evening the candles had burned low until the wick dropped over on the side of the tallow and no snuffers were to be found, but one good old lady, who believed in doing the best she could under all circumstances, quickly rose and wetting her thumb and fore-finger in her mouth quickly removed the burnt wick with her fingers, threw it on the floor and gently put her foot on it to extinguish it. She then sat quietly down and gathered the long mantle which she wore more closely around her and listened intently to the sermon.

The greatest crowd that gathered in and around the old log school-house was to hear George Anderson preach. He had been their first teacher, and they wanted him to preach his first sermon in the log building. He had spent many of his holidays amongst them during the time he was at college, and he had promised to preach for them before going far away to become a minister in a distant field of labor. The news that he was going to preach was spread rapidly. The notable Sabbath was a beautiful, bright summer dav, and the young minister's thoughts were those of thankfulness. He had had a hard struggle to get through college, but had succeeded in passing with high honors, and he now looked forward to a life of great usefulness as a minister of the gospel. He prayed the Lord to help him in the services of the day that he

might preach not for self-praise, but for the honor and glory of his Divine Master.

The children, little and large, gathered early. Those who were small when he first commenced to teach were now almost grown, and all were more anxious to hear him preach than they had been to hear him teach. The most of the boys were around the door of the school-house to welcome their former teacher, and the girls were just as eager but more modest, and were seated in the front seats. The windows had all been hoisted and crowds had gathered around them as well as at the open door after the building was filled.

"Oh! my, how pale he looks," said one little girl, "and what a pretty long black coat and white tie," said another, who had always seen him in neat but cheap clothing before. "I wonder how he will preach," said another, as he took his place at the familiar pine desk where he had stood before in a different vocation. He glanced slowly around the room. There were the grey-haired settlers and wives, in whose homes he had always been welcome; the middle aged and the young, all the way down to the infant in its mother's arms. His memory went back to his father and mother who had found a watery grave beneath the Atlantic ocean, and he felt much regret that they had not been spared to hear him preach his first sermon. However, he quickly collected his wandering thoughts and commenced worship by giving out his mother's favorite, the Twenty-third Psalm, commencing with: "The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want."

His prayer was one of gratitude for past blessings and mercies and thankfulness for the present, including the great pleasure of meeting again his many old friends; but he told them how much greater are the blessings beyond the limits of time where those who love the Lord meet to part no more.

The subject of his sermon was "Jesus Only," and he chose

for his text, Heb. xii., first and second verses, dwelling more particularly on the first clause of the second verse, "Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith."

"In order to impress upon the Hebrew Christians the importance of looking to Jesus," said the preacher, "the Apostle Paul had his mind on the public games which were keenly contested, especially in Greece. What were termed the Olympic games were contested not only by the natives of Greece, but many from other nations came to take part in the games. Great crowds gathered to witness them. Those who were to run laid aside everything that would impede their progress in the race, hence the words of our text, 'Let us lay aside every weight and the sin that does so easily beset us, and run with patience the race that is set before us.' Some of the sins that so easily beset us are anger, wrath, malice, blasphemy, and evil communication or vile words. The many cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches cause us either to stumble in the race or go slowly. We are exhorted to run with patience, and in Paul's Epistle to the Romans, twelfth chapter and twelfth verse, we find these words: 'Rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation, continuing instant in prayer.' In this life we have trials and difficulties, but by watchfulness and prayer we can overcome those difficulties. If we did not have these trials and crosses we would not enjoy the crown. Hope, the great anchor to the soul, encourages the child of God to run the Christian race with patience, with the knowledge that the reward is great. Those who were running the race ran with quickness, every effort to win was make. Anxiety was depicted on their countenances as they ran with the greatest eagerness toward the end of the allotted journey. Nothing whatever could induce them to look either to the one side or the other, but forward, forward, to the end of the journey, forward to win the prize. Forward, then, ye Christians, looking unto Jesus, the author and

finisher of your faith, who for the joy that was set before Him endured the Cross, despising the shame, and is now set down at the right hand of the throne of God. Christ, the great atonement for our sins, became the end of the law for righteousness' sake to everyone who believeth. His great object in leaving high heaven and coming to this sinful world, was to give Himself up as a sacrifice, whereby sinful man might have a way of escape from the wrath to come, beause all have sinned and fallen short of the glory of God.

"Original sin came through our first parents disobeying God's commands in the garden of Eden, and the result was that on themselves and their posterity the curse of God rested. The load of guilt, both original and actual, was so great that man could not free himself from it, and all would have been eternally lost if Jesus, the great Savior, had not come to rescue the perishing. The coming of the Savior had been prophesied, and the Jews were expecting Him, but they were not prepared to receive the babe in Bethlehem as their Savior. The news of His birth had been heralded by the angel to the shepherds watching their flocks by night. The holy shepherds willingly believed the message of the angel and the multitude of the heavenly host that appeared, praising God and singing 'Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good-will to men.' To the wise men of the East the star guided them to where our Savior was. We have these two instances on record in which the great event of Christ's birth was directly revealed from heaven to God's servants, who directly came and worshipped him. By coming in this manner, and growing up amongst the working class, he was prepared to understand the various troubles and difficulties that the honest children of toil have to endure. We find Him at the age of twelve in the temple hearing the learned men and asking them questions, with the result that all who heard Him were astonished at His

understanding. We further read that He was an obedient child, and increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man. I have no doubt that there was something remarkable in Christ's appearance and actions that made those who lived beside Him love Him for His goodness. We also read that He worked as a carpenter until He commenced the work of the ministry, which he did after he was thirty years of age, showing that He led an industrious life.

"We have the record of His baptism and temptation, and the matchless manner in which He withstood Satan's temptations with the sword of the spirit, which is the Word of God. He ever went about doing good, casting out devils, healing the sick and cleansing the lepers. By His human nature He could know hunger, thirst and pain, and consequently He was able to sympathize with afflicted humanity. By His divine nature He could feed the hungry and heal the sick.

"Are we lonely? So was He alone in the garden of Gethsemane, with the great load of man's guilt causing Him to sweat, as it were, great drops of blood. Are you forsaken? So was Christ forsaken, for when He was arrested they all forsook Him and fled.

"We have noticed Christ as the author of our faith, and in order to view Him as the finisher we will view His mock trial, in which He was arrayed in a purple robe and had a crown of thorns placed upon His brow, and was spit upon, after which He was crucified. Crucifixion was a Roman mode of execution, and was considered the most cruel and shametul on record. Hence the spiteful Jews cried 'Crucify Him! Crucify Him!' We read that Jesus' sufferings on the Cross were very great, and just before He expired He said, 'It is finished.' The great work of man's redemption was finished. The price of this great redemption cannot be fully valued. Jesus' love for lost humanity was so

great that it caused Him to leave the heights of glory and descend to the lonely grave, for He left the heavenly court, surrounded by its bright angelic throng, and, after suffering death on the Cross, He was laid in the dark and silent grave ; but He rose again the third day, so that we not only have a Savior that was dead but is alive, and is now set down at the right hand of the throne of God, ever living to make intercession for those that come to God by Him. He had endured the Cross, despised the shame, and now has the joy that was set before Him,—joy that by His death and suffering a way had been made whereby sinful man might be saved from eternal death and woe, and become an heir of eternal life and happiness.

"In the Grecian race the victors were crowned with a wreath of wild olives or laurel, which faded in the noonday sun ; but Paul, the great apostle of the Gentiles, said, 'Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give to me in that day, and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing.' The Grecian victors were conducted home in triumph. The glory of the conqueror was inestimable and immortal as far as the Grecian nation was concerned. But those who run the Christian race have the service of angels, for in Hebrews, first chapter, twelfth verse, we read : 'Are they not all ministering spirits sent for to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation.' The glory of those who win the Christian race is Eternal in Heaven. When we view all this let us continue looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith ; Jesus, the Son of God, who so loved us as to die for us ; Jesus, who is now in heaven, whom we can see by the eye of faith, is always willing to hear our prayer. Let us look to Jesus only."

The Fifty-fifth Paraphrase was sung, which was very appropriate to the sermon.

I have not given quite all of the young minister's first sermon, as nearly fifty years have elapsed since it was preached, and some of the good words spoken by him that day have vanished from the memory of those who were present. After the sermon the minister shook hands with all the congregation, large and small, old and young, but he seemed to have more regard, if possible, for the young he had formerly taught than for the rest. His ears were filled with murmurs of praise as he moved amongst the mixed throng present, and when he came to Sandy Watt, Sandy took both of the young divine's soft hands in his hard ones and said, "The Lord o' grace has been wi' ye the day, my lad, and I pray the Lord ye may always be so imbued with the power from on high." The minister felt grateful to Sandy for his expression of good-will, for Sandy had been like a father to him during the years he had lived with him while teaching school. Sandy's wife, Jean, had, with her kind motherly hands, tied the snow-white band around his neck and was particular to get the ends even because, she said, "the foulk will look weel at you !" So we need not wonder that she shed a tear or more of joy and pleasure over the grand sermon, while some of the other matrons said with emotion, "he is so young-looking to preach so well," and the young who had been his scholars looked at him with a feeling of veneration as well as love as they bade him a sorrowful farewell.

We will leave the religious worship of the settlers, knowing that it prospered, and soon they bade farewell to the good old log school and helped to build good churches in the neighboring villages which were springing up ; and they soon had horses and light rigs in which to drive to worship.

LOVE AND COURTSHIP UNDER THE MAPLES.

CHAPTER VIII.

AS we have already hinted, love and matchmaking commenced almost as soon as the Pioneers and their energetic sons and daughters were well located in the bush, and was just as spicy there as in the city. The ones who seemed the least likely to court and get married were the very first ones to embark on the voyage of matrimony. Peter Simpson, the first Sunday school teacher, was a very quiet and religious man and a deacon in his brother's church, which was located some half-dozen miles distant. Indeed, he was suspected of not caring for the ladies, and of being like the Apostle Paul, so consecrated to religious work that he would rather remain single ; but while teaching Sunday school the good deacon had fallen in love with Susie Watt, although no one suspected any such thing. Susie did not dance. She was continually remonstrating with her sister Jennie about the foolishness of going to all the dances around, but Jennie went, and Susie stayed at home.

Perhaps Susie's fine manner in reading the verse of Scripture as her turn came in Sabbath school, and her excellent knowledge of the Bible, had as much to do as her sweet face in causing the Deacon to fall in love with her.

Susie's father would rather she would marry a Presbyterian, but her mother said, " we canno get a' things richt, Sandy, and although he likes ower muckle water to christen in, we monna complain, as he is a guid lad and has some o' this warld's goods.

She will be near by as he has bought the pretty farm on the other side of the river."

The Deacon lived with his father and mother, and as he had church meetings to attend to as well as business affairs, his parents had no suspicion that their son went love-making. His mother, who was genteel in appearance and manners, and was descended from the ancient Leslies, Lairds of Fetterneir, was anxious that her family should do well in life as every good mother should be. The Deacon intended to tell his gentle mother of his love affairs, but had delayed, hoping for a more convenient time, until the time came in a manner he did not anticipate. When going to visit Susie, Watt's big yellow dog, "Skip," heralded the good Deacon's approach in loud canine language. Sandy said Skip's love and hatred for the human race was almost human. If he cared for a person he would give him a royal welcome in dog manners and language, but some he never liked and would soon show his hatred by snarling and showing his sharp ugly teeth in a manner that made him look like a fierce wolf ready to attack his prey. Skip soon seemed to consider the Deacon as one of the family, and formed the habit of escorting him to his home through the intervening pieces of bush during the night and returning home again before morning. One dark night however Skip remained the rest of the night at the Simpson home, evidently wishing to know more of the place. The Deacon's father was an early riser, and on opening the door Skip presented himself at the door and in a fawning manner tried to introduce himself. "Whose dog?" said the aged gentleman, who was of a kind disposition and did not speak harshly to the animal. "Whose dog?" was again repeated, and when the son appeared the dog, after a few more demonstrations of kindness, bounded away to his own home. The dog had scarcely disappeared when Steve Taylor, a chum of Peter's, came in on an early errand, and to whom the elderly

gentleman said, "a friendly yellow dog was at the door this morning when I opened it." "Oh!" said Steve, "that was Mr. Watt's dog. He has a friendly interest in all the Watt family far and near." Peter's mother overheard the remark and spoke to her son later about it, which caused the good Deacon to tell his aged mother of his courtship and intended marriage and asked her approval, which she readily gave.

The marriage took place soon after, and was a quiet affair. Just the fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters of both were present, and the marriage ceremony was performed on a bright Autumn day under the wide-spreading branches of the maple tree close to the house. Parents and relatives took their places on the rustic seats and Elder Simpson placed the tall manly bridegroom and modest bride facing their friends, and then in a slow solemn manner performed the ceremony which united them for life. After the ceremony, all those present sat down to the wedding dinner, which was served in the kitchen on a long table extending the length of the room and covered with a snow-white cloth and laden with the good things of the season. Roast fowl, cold ham and lamb on plates, well bordered with green parsley, mashed potatoes and well-prepared kail, plum pudding and pumpkin pies, various kinds of cakes, including short-bread and the wedding cake, which was round and scalloped, and had been baked in a tin with a funnel-shaped centre with the idea of causing the cake to bake as quickly in the centre as the sides. The wedding cake was placed on a low, round stand, in the centre of the table, and was banked around with flowers from the garden, and in the centre of the cake was a bunch of white asters. Wild plum preserves, maple syrup, good bread and butter and home-made cheese completed the bill of fare.

I must not forget to mention that the costume of the bride was a blue Orlean gown, made with the front of the waist shirred

and fastened behind with hooks and eyes, and a blue silk bonnet which was shaped something like the bonnets now worn by the Salvation Army, but scarcely as wide around the front, with a border of frilled net in the inside of the front of the bonnet and some white daisies in the top of the border. The bonnet was trimmed with a small quantity of blue and white ribbon, and long broad blue ribbons fastened under the chin. The wrap worn was a pale drab cashmere shawl, worn folded in a three-cornered fashion.

The wedding journey took place after the dinner had been done justice to, and was just to their new home across the river, a mile away, and many happy years they spent there. After their family grew up and got homes of their own they left the farm and lived in one of our beautiful cities, where they enjoyed the company of their children and grandchildren for some years, and their bodies now rest in the silent city, while we think that their spirits have gone to the city whose builder and maker is God.

We have noticed before that Abe Howell had fallen in love with Jennie Watt, and although Jennie was somewhat of a flirt and had many admirers, yet she really cared the most for her Yankee lover, and Abe loved Jennie not only for her pretty blue eyes and rosy cheeks, but for her sweet winsome manners. Abe had been courting Jennie for some time and was not making much headway as he seemed never to summon up courage to speak about the all-important topic, and Jennie did not help him any.

Abe's father and mother were both tall, active Americans and natives of Vermont, where they had sold their farm and left the land of the Stars and Stripes and located in the Queen's Bush, about two miles distance from Jennie's home. Abe bought a farm less than a mile from Jennie's home, and had his log house built on the hill side, not far from the road. He white-washed his house outside as well as inside, and painted the doors a dark red.

His father had given him what was termed a good start by furnishing him with seed, oxen and implements, and had also helped to build his log barn, so Abe was not in bad circumstances. His mother had a suspicion that Abe's courtship was not progressing very rapidly, and one evening while they were having supper, amongst the other dishes of food which was on the table was Johnny cake, otherwise known as corn cake. Abe's mother and sisters could cook corn-meal in the various methods with any Yankee woman in the land, and Abe was enjoying piece after piece of the yellow cake. Rosy said "Enjoy all the corn cake you can, Abe, because you will have to turn Scotch and eat oatmeal cake: Jennie won't know how to cook corn-meal cake." "I guess I won't. I have not got Jennie yet," said Abe, shortly. His mother now looked at him over her spectacles and retied the strings of her white cap. "Abraham," she said, "I would not waste time fooling with that ere girl, she seems to be nice enough, but there is Lucy Ames and Charity Windsor, who can cook corn meal as good as I can, and would have you as quick as you asked them, and I reckon would be powerful glad to catch ye." "Wa-all," said Abe, "I never seem to find out Jennie's mind, but I will know soon."

Immediately after supper Abe's mother got the cream into the churn and said, "Abraham, will you churn, Rosy and Mary are tired. I like the cream churned in the cool of the day" she said, as she got the fine salt ready and the butter bowl and ladle, while the girls cleared the table and washed the dishes after tea, and then sat down to do fancy work while Abe's brother milked the cows. Abe was thinking seriously while he moved the dash up and down in the churn, and his mother now took her knitting.

"Abraham, my son, I would just let that 'ere Scotch girl see that you are not soft; why a nice feller like you should get as nice and smart a gal as there is in the land," and then a whistle was

heard and Abe, who was churning in the shadow of the house outside, looked up and saw Will Watt and Archie McGregor going to the little village. They asked Able to accompany them. "I am churning," said Abe, and his mother, who was sitting inside the door, came out. So did his sisters, industrious Rosy having the lace she was knitting still in her hands and Mary her embroidery. "Come in," said Mrs. Howell and Abe. The two young men came in and Rosy said, "Say boys, what have you in your baskets?" "Butter," said the boys. "Well boys, if it was not for the churn I would go, too," said Abe, moving the dash as fast as he could. "Say, Abe, let's give you a hand," said Will, who took the dash and moved it as quickly as Abe had done, and Archie talked to the ladies. Will soon got butter. "You are a right smart fellow and deserve a good gal," said Abe's mother.

"Oh! don't praise me too much, this is my first attempt," said Will.

"La! me, don't you churn?" said the elderly lady, looking at Will with astonishment through her glasses.

"Why, no, mother, and the girls never ask us to churn, they do it theirselves."

"Why, Will, you should churn for them, for it is real hard work."

"I certainly would," said Will, "if they wanted me to, but I think they like to see the farm work get along so they would rather not hinder us."

"But you could do it, as Abe was to-night."

"Oh!" said Archie, "the girls each churned their butter early this morning, and said we should have it to get hats and ties."

"Would you please let us see how the girls do up the butter?" said Mrs. Howell.

"You are entirely welcome." said both young men.

"La! me, what nice hard rolls," as she replaced the rhubarb

leaves around the butter and smoothed the snow-white cloth over them.

"Jennie put the butter down the well this morning, and did not bring it out until just before we started," said Will.

"How did she manage that," asked Mary, smiling.

"Oh ! she wrapped it up in wet cloths and put it in a large pail, with a rope attached to it to let it down by and keep it from sinking in the well, and secured the end of the rope to a stake at the top of the well. ; Jessie did the same," said Archie.

"Wa-all, now, ain't they clever," said Mr. Howell, who had just come from feeding the calves and heard the last sentence.

"Your baskets are heavy, and you will have nearly four miles to go to the village," said Mrs. Howell, kindly.

"We are good for it," said Archie, "as I had a good hearty supper. I went across to see when Will was going, and Jennie had a large corn cake made, and they were having their supper and asked me to have mine, which I did, and Will and I made a hearty meal of corn cake and maple syrup. I have tasted corn cake before, but this one was certainly the best I ever ate." "I thought so, too," said Will, "but we were hungry, and hunger is good sauce and makes food taste better than it really is."

Abe was now ready, and the three young men started for the village at a brisk rate, and the homes of the two American young ladies, whom Abe's young mother had recommended to him as worthy of more than ordinary respect, was passed. Mr. Ames had just finished the churning and his good wife was doing up the butter, and Lucy, neatly dressed, was sitting sewing, and Charity Windsor was working a sampler, while the men were coming in with the milk, and her mother had her dishes ready to strain it in.

"Do you American men all milk the cows?" asked Will.

"Why, yes," said Abe, "don't you?"

"No, I never milk. They taught me to milk, but never asked me," said Will.

The American girls were industrious, but their mothers did not ask them to do much hard work. They had been farmers in the Eastern States, and a few families had come together from there and located in the Queen's Bush. They had some money from the sale of their property which helped them to start comfortably in the land of their adoption. The Americans and Scotch got along nicely and were great friends, hence this social conversation that we have just noticed. Abe's mother was not the only one who gave advice. Jennie's mother had also lectured Jennie about having so many lovers, and told her she would gain nothing by trifling with their affections. Jennie laughed and said she was only civil, but her mother said, "ye ha' a way of being civil that is not right, Jennie, ye try to win their love, and I just wonder if you have sense to care for any guid man."

"O, yes, I do," said Jennie; "I care the most for Abe, but you would not have me forward?"

"No, my daughter; aye be modest, but dinna trifle wi' a good man's love ower long. Abe is a dacent hard-working lad, and we never heard o' his courting ither girls. He has a guid start in life and should get a good wife."

The next night after the walk to the village, Abe took a stroll over his farm and was pleased with the appearance of the crops. He then unlocked his house and looked in, and the loneliness was so oppressive that he hastily locked it again and wandered up the road until he came to the Watt's home, which he reached about dusk. He could see Jennie watering the flowers around the door, and now as he approached she was looking at them so intently that she did not see him approach until he was almost beside her. He saw how lovingly she looked at the fair blossoms, and memory went back to the time when she tenderly wrapped up

his burnt hand which he got helping her to save the boiling sap in the sugar bush, and although she liked fun, yet he knew she had a warm heart.

She looked up and said "good-night," and he replied, and also complimented her on her beauty and variety of the flowers. After viewing them a few minutes, Jennie asked Abe into the house, but he said, "Not tonight, Jennie. This is such a beautiful night, I prefer to enjoy the shade of the maple tree."

"Very well," said Jennie, "I left my sewing there before I went to water the flowers." So they repaired to the maple tree, and Jennie requested Abe to be seated on the rustic seat under the tree, from which she removed the print dress which she was making and folded it up.

They talked about the little events that had occurred since they met last evening,—Will's new hat and the tie he had got the night before was praised, until Abe realized that the evening was passing as the others had done, and he made up his mind to speak about things more important to his welfare. He rose from his seat and stood before her; she had remained standing, declaring she was tired, sitting so steady sewing that day.

"Jennie," said he, "I have made many visits here. Can you guess what for?"

Jennie's eyes dropped before his earnest gaze, and she pretended to smell the bunch of flowers which she had in her hand. She had given Abe a bunch also, which he had stuck in the buttonhole of his coat.

After a pause he said, gently, "Jennie, it remains for you to say whether I shall again visit you or not?"

"Why?" said Jennie, looking up at him. "Because," said Abe, kindly, "I want to know if you care for me?"

"Why, yes, Abe; I do care for you," she said, in a whisper Abe then took her hand gently in his and said, "Jennie, I

love you, and must know if you care enough for me to love me some ?"

Jennie again bowed her head, and Abe felt her hands tremble as she whispered "Yes," and Abe gently, but firmly, said again, "do you love me enough to become my wife ?"

Jennie, who admired a brave man, now blushed, looked at him and sweetly said "Yes," and Abe gently took her in his arms and kissed her, saying, "My own darling" ; and before the winter's snow came they had started wedded life in the white log-house on the hillside, where they lived some years and then moved to a fine residence on another hillside, on a farm which they bought, opposite the original homestead, and they still live in their beautiful home called "Cliff Retreat," which is approached by an avenue of maples whose wide-spreading branches interlace overhead. Abe and Jennie are now over eighty, and have lived all their married life (fifty-seven years) on a hillside, the new residence being scarcely five minutes' walk from where the old one stood. They are lovers still, which can be quickly observed as they walk side by side planting and cultivating the beautiful flowers around their doors and lawn, and even beyond the cedar hedges they have beds of flowers for cutting and filling vases in the varions rooms. In this occupation they are sometimes aided by some of their grandchildren who, when home from college, are glad to retreat to the "Retreat" to rest from book-lore.

We have noticed that Will Watt and Jessie McGregor were lovers at an earlier date than the others, and they really loved each other ; but Jessie coveted wealth, and was determined to start as rich as possible. Will was poor, but was sure he would get rich. He had now a hundred-acre farm some eight miles away, and had built a comfortable log house ; but Will Bryce was an only son and lived with his father and mother, who were in better circumstances than Will's parents who had four sons and

three daughters. Will Bryce came on the sly to court Jessie, but Will Watt would not believe any such thing, as Jennie denied it. Jessie had consented long ago to become Will's wife and meant it, but when Will Bryce came and asked her later she just made up her mind to have him, or rather his wealth, as she knew in her heart that her last lover was not in any respect to be compared with her first. Will Bryce had been a petted, spoiled child and was a selfish young man, but Jessie thought she would improve him after they were married. So she consented to unite her lot with his, and the time of their marriage was set at an early date. The time when she and her first lover were to be married had been arranged before her last lover appeared on the scene, and preparations were also made for the event. But Will Bryce and Jessie were married the week before her intended marriage with Will Watt. Jessie got up very early one morning and walked a short distance down the road where Will Bryce with his driver and new buggy was waiting for her. They wanted to fool the neighbors and took this method of doing it. They then drove some miles to get an old minister with whom the Bryces were acquainted to perform the marriage ceremony. They also visited some friends of the bridegroom for a few days.

Her relatives were surprised at her disappearance, and Will Watt felt exceedingly anxious and grief-stricken, but his mother said, "Willie, I guess Jennie has gan awa' to get married."

"Whatever made you suspect that, mother?" said Will.

"Because Wiliie Bryce is na' home either, and you are better without her. I never could see why a nice, kind, bright lad like ye should fa' in love wi' such a crafty, cunning, artful jade as Jessie McGreggor."

"Why, mother, you always said that, notwithstanding her sweet voice and ways, but I thought you were prejudiced "

"Aye, Willie, love is blind, and ye ha' been blind. I am

sorry that ye were sa long in getting your eyes opened and in this way, but cheer up, it is better to find out before it is too late."

"The folks around will laugh," said Will, "because I have really been blind, or I might surely have had suspicion of Will Bryce."

"Oh ! my poor lad, ye will live long after ye are laughed at, and there is better lassies than Jesse, or I would be ashamed of them, and dinna waste yer life in useless grief, but wark awa' on yer farm. Hard work keeps grief awa', and ye may be as well off as Willie Bryce yet and get a better-hearted wife, so cheer up."

"You are a wise mother," said Will, and that day packed up and went to his farm. He took some supplies with him and worked so hard that he did not have time to break his heart ; he found so much to do that he seemed not to find time to go away. He hired his bread baked and washing done and cooked his own meals, and settled down from the gay, fun-loving boy to a sober, level-headed business man, with always a few pleasant words when meeting friends.

Thus two years went quickly past, and Will was having his supper in his neat home, for Will hated dirt and was tidy indoors as well as out. He had got well started to enjoy his meal, when an elderly well-to-do neighbor, named Mr. Welch, came in to spend the evening.

"Good evening, Mr. Welch," said Will, "just sit up and have some supper."

"Thank you, I have just 'ad my supper before I left 'ome. I just come to visit you a bit, I thought you might be a bit lonesome, but you look quite pert and comfortable."

"Oh ! I don't take time to get lonesome, but I am always glad to have visitors."

"You 'ave a fine farm here, said Mr. Welch, "and so close to the village that is to be."

"Yes," said Will, "I find the little store and post-office, that was opened last month, quite convenient."

"A fine, smart chap like you should 'ave a good wife," said Mr. Welch.

"I have not been troubling myself about love affairs lately," said Will.

"You are not a woman hater, are you?"

"Oh ! no, said Will. Some day I may find a nice girl who would make me a good wife, but I am not fretting about the matter."

"Well, my lad, ye have an old man's mind about it. I just loved once, and there was no happier man when Sally and I started our married life in old England ; but the great light of my love was snuffed out when Sally died two years after we were married and left our little daughter, Sally, a babe a week old. She said, 'George, I am going to leave you and our little Sally, be father and mother to her.' I am not a model of perfection, but as far as a human being can do I have done what I could for Sally. She has been a good daughter to me, and I am growing old and not likely to live long, and I would like to know that Sally had some one to protect her. I 'ave no relatives in Canada, and would like to see her get a good 'usband, and you are the chap I like of any I 'ave met yet, but Sally must never know 'er foolish old father was saying this to you. She could 'ave lots of chaps that would be right glad to marry her, but they are not of the sort I like. I believe in conducting love and marriage on good, honest principles, but not try to force a contract unless they are likely to love each other truly. But I am not well tonight, or I shonld not 'ave talked so foolish."

"Have a cup of tea ?" said Will, as he poured out one and sweetened it with maple sugar, and gave him some crackers soaked in a little milk, which seemed to revive him.

"Mr. Welch," said Will, "your daughter is worthy of a good man, and I respect her."

It was now dark and the old gentleman rose to go, but staggered.

Will said, "just rest a few minutes until I wash the dishes and I will take you home."

The old man sat down and waited. Will soon got done and hitched up, and took the old gentleman home.

Sally came to the door as the rig drove up and said, "Father, I have been anxious about you. Where were you?"

"I went for a walk, and was feeling a bit tired, and Mr. Watt drove me 'ome," said her father.

"You are very kind, Mr. Watt," said Sally, very sweetly, while her father was attempting to get out of the rig, which he seemed to do very feebly. Sally went to his assistance and Will dropped the reins and carried him in with the assistance of Sally. They put him to bed and Sally, very much frightened, sobbed, "Oh! father, father, you are the only one I have in all this world." She then ran and got some pure grape wine and Will raised his head while Sally gave him some, which revived him. Sally noticed that he was cold and chilly and quickly proceeded to get on a good fire, and put warm blankets around him, and warm flat irons wrapped in cloths, to his feet, all the while speaking kindly to him. Will had taken his hat and was fanning him, and these kind attentions had the effect of restoring him to consciousness.

"Don't be frightened, Sally," said her father. "I walked too far and got tired and faint, but I am better now. I will be quite pert after a good sleep and rest." Will waited awhile until he was sure that the old gentleman was really better and then he took his departure, promising to come again to see him.

When he had gone, the old gentleman said: "Sally, my

daughter, I would like to see you 'ave a good 'usband, and that chap that has just gone is the sort I like. Just be right good to him when he comes."

"Why, father, I never thought of getting married as long as you lived because you are very, very dear to me, and you will need more care as you grow older, and I would gladly remain single to try to repay the great care you took of me when an infant."

"Yes, Sally, I got a good nurse to care for you, but I have never left you a single day. I would watch your sweet face when you were too young to know me, and you soon learned to love me and smiled just as your dear mother did, for you look just like her. Your winsome ways, when you were small, kept me close at 'ome for I 'ated to leave you, and your obedience, and thoughtful care all these years 'ave been a real blessing to me. You will 'ave plenty to keep you, but you ought to 'ave someone to protect you hafter I am gone, and if you and that young chap, as was here tonight, could love each other I would be pleased, but I do not want to make you do what you do not want to do."

"Why, father, I have never thought of any young man in particular, but I cannot see why Mr. Watt would not be alright."

Will came again to see Mr. Welch, and Sally was as kind to him as her father, so he had a pleasant time and soon became a frequent visitor. The young people had ideas alike, and soon got quite attached to each other, so their engagement soon took place, and Sally's father surprised her by giving her a good purse of money for her wedding present, saying, "Sally, I want you to be the nicest-looking bride in these parts." And when Will and Sally came, after they were married, to visit his parental home, Will's old friends were sure he had got a very fine lady, and when they got acquainted with her they said, "she is real kind and not proud, although she holds her head high, and is so well dressed."

Will took his bride to church and happened to get seated in

the seat just ahead of the Bryce's seat, and Mr. and Mrs. Will Bryce soon came in and took their seat, and Jessie had a good opportunity to view the bride's beautiful plum-colored silk dress and cape, also the beautiful white ostrich plume on her bonnet. After the service Will introduced his bride to Mr. and Mrs. Wm Bryce. Will looked so happy, and his pretty bride smiled so sweetly as she extended her daintily gloved hand to shake hands with Jessie's hard, ungloved one, that Jessie's heart was so sad that she could not find words of welcome and soon turned to hide her tears, which her mean husband noticed and said, "I tell you what, Jessie, it was a good thing for Will that you jilted him."

Will and Sally prospered, and when their sons grew up Will sold his hundred acre farm and bought several hundred acres in one of the northern counties of old Ontario, and he and wife and sons and daughters moved there, so that they might all get farms together.

Will and his good wife still live and have retired to the village close to their last farm to live. Will is a great temperance worker and orator, also an elder and Bible-class teacher in the Presbyterian church in the village, and his wife is also loved for her kind words and works. The most of their sons and daughters are married and located near them, and they always have some of their grandchildren beside them in their pretty home.

Will Bryce and his wife are both dead. Jessie committed suicide several years ago, and her husband, who always did indulge in intoxicating liquors, grew to like them better as he grew older, and some three or four years after Jessie's death he died of delirium tremens.

Hugh Wier and Mary Scott were true lovers, and got married quietly hoping to escape a charivari. But the boys got wind of it and gave them more than a royal one. Cow bells, dinner horns, and many other things that would make a hideous

noise were brought to the home of the new married pair, and the concert started with great energy. Hugh opened the door and complimented them on their musical ability and requested more music, which they gave with classical variations.

The other lads and lassies whom we have noticed in the Queen's Bush, all got married, some of them to strangers, and we have lost trace of them, but hope they lived happily, as all good married people should. The primeval bush has vanished before the pioneer's axe, and maple trees have been planted around their beautiful homes, some of which have grown quite large. During a recent visit to the familiar places I noticed that courtship under the maples was not out of fashion yet.

NOW AND THEN.

CHAPTER IX.

I HAVE reviewed pioneer life as it was sixty years ago, and will now briefly notice the great improvement everywhere that has taken place since the commencement of our storv, and in doing so we will find the contrast great between now and sixty years ago. In the first chapter ("In The City") the little shop where Sandy Watt kept his goods, in the City of Glasgow, has disappeared long ago, and large and beautiful blocks of buildings are located on the spot where the suburbs were sixty years ago, and far beyond we find the great city has stretched as its manufacturing and commercial business increased, until it now has nearly 750,000 inhabitants.

The emigrants' voyage on deep waters and across the Atlantic was a long and weary one sixty years ago, as we have already noticed. The great, strong, slow-sailing vessels are not used now, as the swift-moving steamboats, with all their modern improvements, can perform the journey across the Atlantic in almost as many days as it took weeks then, and the comforts and luxuries of the voyage are such that our grandparents never dreamed of.

Great changes have taken place in sixty years, and that which was the bush then in Old Ontario is now beautiful well-tilled fields, and the bush is now a few acres at the back of the farms. In some instances the forests have vanished altogether, and the farmers are burning coal. The hardwood stumps generally rotted out in half-a-dozen years, but the pine stumps had to be extracted from the ground with a stumping machine, as they would remain a lifetime in the ground. The pine stumps are made into fences and make a very homely-looking one. However, their durability makes up for their lack of beauty as they are an excellent fence and will last a long time. The old zigzag rail fences that our grandfathers made have disappeared. Straight fences made of rails or boards, and kept in place with posts and wire or nails, as the case might be, were great improvements from the original. But the beautiful wire fences, with iron posts in some instances, are the leading fences in Old Ontario.

The log houses which our grandparents started pioneer life in have disappeared long ago, although many lived in them until they built their splendid residences of brick or stone. Some even kept their old log home standing to remind them of their early struggles, trials and hallowed associations.

The splendid new house, with its pretty lawn, shrubs and flowers, inhabited and enjoyed by the occupants, and the old log one deserted and alone behind a great bunch of lilacs or snowballs, is a scene which vividly contrasts the present time with the long ago.

Most of the country homes have a fine orchard of apples, pears and other fruit trees near their residence, and no better apples can be found anywhere than in Old Ontario. Instead of pumkin sauce, cider apple sauce is made in large quantities, and many thousand barrels of choice apples are shipped to the mother country and to the young sister provinces of the great Northwest.

The log barns have disappeared, and splendid frame barns with stone foundations, or stables underneath for the accommodation of the stock, have taken their places.

Farmers' wives seldom make cheese now, but get their supply from the factory, where the milk from their cows is manufactured into cheese and butter.

The ladies seldom spin wool now, as cotton and flannelette goods are very cheap, and woollen goods can be bought cheaper than they can be made in the homes.

A top buggy was a novelty that was never seen in the Queen's Bush, and seldom in the older regions. Buckboards and light wagons, with spring seats, came into use as the pioneers got in better circumstances. Carriages or democrats, with the springs under the box, came later, and top buggies are now so plentiful that most farmers have one or more. The clumsy stage-coach conveyed the travelers through the older regions sixty years ago, as there were no railroads then, but now our fair land is intersected with railroads, making traveling comfortable, convenient and speedy. The great steam-horse has now invaded what was our Queen's Bush, and the great forest-clad hills, with the Conogstoga river swiftly flowing in the valley below, has been robbed of much of its natural appearance by the art of man, who has skilfully made the mountain low and filled the valley, or rather that portion where the railroad is located.

The track across the river, on great piers of solid masonry, is a great piece of skilful engineering, and nature and art blended

together make it a spot of great romantic beauty near and where it crosses the public road.

The public road, which is also the separating line between the counties of Waterloo and Wellington, was made more than fifty years ago, and the labor of cutting down the big Conostoga hill and making the embankment to the river, was a great task.

A little distance up the bank and easy to reach, was a tiny spring of water which could be easily procured from the little round-shaped basin which had been scooped out of the stiff clay. The clear, cold water has been oozing out of the bank for half a century, and is still trickling down. The thirsty traveller can freely drink of the refreshing stream, and perhaps just such a stream amongst the hills of Judea gave the Apostle John the idea of symbolizing the Gospel invitation to sinners in those beautiful words in Revelations xxii., verse 17: "And let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will let him come and take of the water of life freely."

Electric cars make travel convenient and speedy in our towns and cities; also in many places the electric road runs between large towns. The automobiles now speed along our public roads at a rate that would terrify our ancestors sixty years ago. The telegraph system gives speedy information to all parts of the world. Many weeks frequently elapsed before news by letter could be sent across the ocean, but now the Atlantic cable can convey news in less than two hours. The laying of the submarine cable between the old and new world was successfully completed August 5th, 1858, but was faulty and failed in less than a month. Another cable, after several attempts, was successfully landed at Newfoundland in perfect working order July 27th, 1866. In September following, the lost cable, which had broken while laying it in 1865, was picked up and completed. Samuel F. B. Morse, of New York, is credited with the invention of the electric

telegraph in 1837, and to Thomas Edison we owe the invention of the electric light. The invention of the telephone by Prof. A. G. Bell, in March, 1876, is now much in use, and is a marvellous mode of transmitting the sound of the human voice many miles so that conversation can be held through the instrument as if in one room.

Our grandmothers did all their sewing by hand. They sewed and stitched by the pale light of the tallow candle, sometimes away into the late midnight hours to get a garment that was needed finished, and they did quite a lot of sewing in a little time with the needle. The sewing machine was not an article of furniture in their homes, as it is now. The first sewing machine was invented by Elias Howe in Boston, 1845, and machines were not in general use in the homes for many years afterwards.

Other articles of labor-saving machinery found their way into the homes and on the farm. The scythe to cut the hay, and cradle to cut the grain, are only used occasionally, as the mower and reaper do the work much quicker. The first reapers required one man to drive and one to throw off the sheaves with a stout wooden fork. The next improvement was a self-raker, and the driver would throw off the sheaves by touching a spring with his foot. The self-binder, which cuts and binds the grain, is the machine in use at the present time. Hay loaders in the fields, and slings or forks in the barns, are all in great contrast to the mode of farming half a century ago.

The log school-houses have disappeared in Old Ontario, and those made of brick or stone have taken their place. The old log school-house in the Queen's Bush, where George Anderson taught, disappeared long ago, and a splendid brick one was erected on the opposite corner with an acre of playground, on which a number of maple trees have been planted, which affords a fine shade for the scholars.

The excellent system of education in the Canadian schools is unsurpassed by any country in the world, and the privileges and advantages that the school children have now are much greater than those of fifty years ago.

The little log and frame churches that were built more than fifty years ago have also disappeared, and splendid large sacred edifices of brick or stone have taken their places.

Of the original families who came to the Queen's Bush more than sixty years ago, the descendants of four of them are still living on each of the respective, beautiful homes. One by one the first Pioneers have gone to that bourne from which no traveller ever returns, and many of the descendants who were in their teens then have gone also.

Amongst the first of the oldest settlers to depart this life was Sandy Watt. He had lived to a good old age, and had by perseverance and industry got quite well off. Sandy had been feeling the infirmities of old age creeping on him as the years of his life advanced. He frequently complained of feeling weary, and one day had been resting on his bed, and his wife was preparing chicken broth for him, when he called to her in a feeble voice: "Jean! sit doon! I want to speak a wee while. Jean! I am going to ma rest."

"Aye mon, but ye maun drink this broth first," said Jean, in her kind persuasive manner, "it will ge you strength, and ye'll no be so weary when ye ha' rested."

"Yere aye kind, Jean my woman, but I dinna mean my temporal rest. I mean my everlasting rest."

"Oh! Sandy, Sandy, ye dinna mean ye are going to dee and leave me and the bairns. We canna get along without ye," sobbed Jean.

"Listen, my guid wife, I ha' been spared to see them a' grow up and they ha' hames of their ain, and ye are weel provided for.

Ye will miss me, but be reconciled to Providence, and put yer trust in the great husband of the widows, and ye'll get consolation."

Jean had the doctor hastily called, but he said the system was worn out, and he would gradually go. He would give some stimulating medicine, but could not effect a cure.

Next day Sandy said ; "Get the lads and lassies hame, and our minister." They all arrived on short notice. Jean had remained beside him, gently waiting on him and quietly wiping the tears from her eyes so that her grief would not distress him. Jean rose to give her seat to the minister when he came into the room, but he gently refused it and stood beside some of the neighbors who had also come in, and were looking sad. "Its only last week he wrote out my will," said one. "He looked frail, but I did not think he would go so soon," was whispered amongst themselves.

Sandy's eyes wandered slowly to his neighbors, and he said, "Ye ha' a' been kind neighbors to me, and the Lord reward ye."

"Oh ! don't say that," said the distressed neighbors, "you were always so kind and ready to oblige us, that it was but little that we could do to repay you, for all these years you have been a true neighbor."

"My minister," said Sandy, still slowly and feebly, as his eyes wandered to the face of his minister, "Yer sermons ha' been a great blessing to me, and the Lord grant that yer words may still be like manna to the hungry soul. I could na' go without thanking you for the feast of spiritual food that you gave us every Sabbath day."

The minister stepped towards the bed and said with emotion, "Mr. Watt, your presence every Sabbath in your pew, and the encouraging words you always spoke to me, were a greater help to me than I can tell you."

Sandy's eyes looked slowly and lovingly around the group of

children who were around his bed. "My bairns," he said, and his speech became more feeble, "I see ye all, and the lads' wives and the lassies' men around me. Dinna grieve sa sair," he said, as he heard the smothered sobs of his daughters and saw the tears in the eyes of his sons and children by marriage. "Ye h' a' been kind and obedient to us. Dinna forget yer mother. I ha' had her company to the end of time with me, but she wonna ha' me, and ye can make her auld age brighter by kindness. Its hard for me to speak, so I will just say, dear bairns, continue to be diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. Ye ha' a' been invited the day to meet in yer earthly father's hoose. But when the invitation comes to meet Him, I hope you will be ready to go where we'll part no more."

Sandy was exhausted, and the family were grief-stricken. Jean was sitting with his right hand in both of hers, and after a brief rest he spoke again. "Jean, my lass, we were young when we clasped hands and started the journey of life together. When the way was a bit hard we helped each other along, and when dark storms came we assured each other that a bright, clear sky always came again. Oh! this has been a grand warld, but I am going to a better, Jean." Jean was now weeping sadly, and murmured, "Oh! Sandy, if we could gang together."

"Ye maun—bide—yer—time," said Sandy, now speaking with difficulty. After a short time he spoke, almost in a whisper, "Jean,—my hand—is growing cold in yours, I canna—rest here noo,—I am going—to my—heavenly hame," and gradually he breathed slower until he ceased to breathe.

It was a sorrowful crowd of friends and neighbors who gathered to pay their last respects to the remains of Sandy Watt. Many of his acts of kindness and usefulness were quietly mentioned after his decease, and all that was mortal of him was tenderly laid to rest in the new churchyard.

Jean did not get the wish she expressed while Sandy was dying, but lived a few years. Much of that time she visited her children, and was generally employed knitting stockings and mittens for her grandchildren.

The old ladies long ago were fast knitters, and to aid them in their employment they generally carried a sheath secured to the left side of the waist of their dress. Sometimes it was a bunch of quills stuck in the band of the apron, and they would read or converse readily while plying their needles. It was a pleasant sight to see two or more old ladies visiting with their knitting in their hands, and while they talked the click of their needles furnished a musical accompaniment to their conversation. Each elderly lady and, I might add, young married ones also, wore a white cap with a frill border, well starched and ironed, and large print aprons. Black lace caps or head dresses came in fashion later. Our grandmothers also wore a handkerchief of fine white material around their neck, instead of a collar. This mode of dress was plain, but clean and neat, and suited their surroundings.

The most of our homes now have musical instruments in the shape of organs and pianos, but our grandparents had their music on smaller instruments. They had the fiddle, accordion, flute and mouth organ, which furnished good music when well played, and there were always plenty of musicians and singers to entertain either in the home circles or large gatherings.

We might mention many more great changes from sixty years ago to now, but will just notice the difference between the value and use of money. Money was so scarce sixty years ago that barter or trade was carried on at such a rate that it was marvellous how they could buy and sell or exchange so well without it. All goods the early settlers had to sell were cheap, except the little wheat they had at first. But they planned well to keep a good hold of what money they had. Money was not plentiful,

and was lent quite often at ten per cent, and even more. So the unlucky person who once borrowed had great difficulty in paying back again. Now the great prosperity of our fair land is such that cash is readily obtained for all products, and the interest on money is five per cent, and even less.

The Canadian silver coins that have been in use since Confederation are denominations that are easily counted, and every true patriot will tell you that the wreath of maple leaves stamped on our coins is a beautiful and fitting emblem of our Fair Dominion.

We will now bid adieu to the Pioneers and their descendants "Under the Maples." But before doing so, we will sing our Canadian Anthem, composed by Alexander Muir :—

THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER.

In days of yore, from Britain's shore,
Wolf, the dauntless hero came,
And planted firm Britannia's flag,
On Canada's fair domain ;
Here may it wave, our boast, our pride,
And join in love together,
The thistle, shamrock, rose entwine,
The Maple Leaf forever.

At Queenston Heights, and Lundy's lane,
Our brave fathers, side by side,
For f eedom, homes, and loved ones dear,
Firmly stood, and nobly died ;
And those dear rights which they maintained :
We swear to yield them never,
Our watchword ever more shall be,
The Maple Leaf forever.

Our fair Dominion now extends
From Cape Race to Nootka Sound,
May peace forever be our lot,
And plenteous store abound ;

And may those ties of love be ours,
Which discord cannot sever,
And flourish green o'er Freedom's home,
The Maple Leaf forever.

On Merry England's far-famed land
May kind Heaven sweetly smile ;
God bless Old Scotland evermore,
And Ireland's Emerald Isle :
Then swell the song both loud and long,
Till rocks and forest quiver,
God save our King and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever.

CHORUS

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
The Maple Leaf forever ;
God save our King and Heaven bless,
The Maple Leaf forever.