

Now, indeed, we went to work in right good earnest. Father and Willie cleared the land, ploughed, and sowed the grain in the fields; while mother and I attended to our household duties, and cultivated with flowers a little patch of ground which my father had given us. I planted a running clematis under our south window, and taught it to twine its graceful tendrils around a frame which Willie made for me.

We also recited daily lessons to one another; and with work, study, and play—play, study, and work, our time was fully occupied. Willie spent his few spare moments in cleaning and rigging up an old gun, which he had begged or bought of some one of the neighbours, in hopes that a stray bear or wolf might make its appearance. After a long time he succeeded in repairing it to such an extent that it would carry a small charge of powder.

After this he might be found in his unoccupied moments sentinelled at a small loophole in the upper loft, awaiting the attack of any depredators. In a Quixotic manner, every waving bough which caught his eye in his imagination assumed the form of some wild animal, and was the signal for firing. After numberless efforts to find the imaginary game which he shot, he gave it up as