

Thus nine or the ten children who "gathered round one parent knee" have gone the long journey that knows no earthly reunion, leaving me the sole survivor of the happy family. Providence favored me with a kind, true husband, in the person of Duncan Campbell. We were married on the thirtieth of March, 1841, and occupied the beautiful stone house near Rideau Ferry, built by the late W. R. F. Berford, of Perth. Nine children, six girls and three boys, blessed our union. Six of these still survive, are married and have families. David resides near the old homestead, which my husband put up after fire destroyed our first abode. Two daughters, Mrs. Thomas Gilday and Mrs. William Carnochan, live in Montreal; two others, Mrs. Richard Gilday and Mrs. Joseph Hoops, live in Toronto; Jessie, the youngest of the flock is the wife of Rev. David Miller, a Presbyterian minister at Stony Mountain, North-west. George, my second son died in the 35th year of his age, 1886, leaving a widow and three children. On the fifth day of May, 1898, as we were preparing to return home from Montreal, where we had spent the winter, my beloved partner was called to his heavenly home. He was laid to rest in the graveyard a mile from our home. For fifty-seven years we had journeyed together, to be separated at last by death. Of my irreparable loss it is impossible to speak adequately. It has shrouded my closing days in deep sorrow, "until the day dawns and the shadows flee away." Duncan Campbell was "one of Nature's noblemen," a friend to bank upon, generous, sincere and trustworthy. My children are tender and grateful to their mother, who, at the age of 85, lives in Toronto, waiting "till the shadows are a little longer grown." While it is sad to be left behind so many of my kindred and friends of former years, yet "the future is radiant with the hope of reunions in the land where partings are unknown. And so I abide patiently for the summons to "come up higher," not heeding each day "whether my waking find me here or there."