

side of the river and by so doing they sadly wounded the conscience of a devout citizen who, instead of going direct to the young men and telling them that they were breaking the law, went to a magistrate with a view to laying a formal information against them. The magistrate, however, did not issue a summons, but called upon the young men and informed them that their conduct was contrary to the laws of the country, of which they pleaded ignorance, and promised to be better boys in future, and thus the matter ended. Zeal on the sabbath was in our early days often carried to extremes. About the year 1846 or '7 a man named Jones, who was a maker of fanning-mills, worked in a building on the hill, away from any habitation. He belonged to a religious denomination known as Seventh Day Baptists, who believed that Saturday was the day which should be observed as the day of rest, and consequently he felt that he was justified in working on Sunday so long as he interfered with, or molested no one. But he was not long allowed to enjoy his liberty of conscience, for one of our citizens on ranging through the bush, encountered this desecrator of the Sabbath, and forthwith laid a complaint before some justice, who issued a summons, and the man was fined.

For the first few years after Mr. Inghs became proprietor of the Grist-mill at the Falls, many of his customers were obliged to travel a long distance to get their grain ground, and in order that they should be detained as short a time as possible he kept his mill running so long as there was a grist on hand for anyone was waiting. At one time, as a man, living on the Toronto and Sydenham road, was returning, on a Sunday morning, with his grist, having left his family without flour, some person took upon himself to detain him till the next day when he was brought before a justice of the peace and fined. Such

occurrences were then by no means rare. A similar game was sought to be played upon me. As I, with two companions, were returning from Toronto, when a short distance on this side of Smith's hotel in Normanby, we were met by three men, who, when they came abreast of my horses' heads, stood still. As it was common in those days for people, when they met, to stop and have a chat, thinking that those parties had stopped for a like purpose I rained up my horses, when the foremost, looking me full in the face, said, "This work must be stopped!" I asked him, "what work?" "Why, travelling on Sunday," was the reply. "Are you not travelling on Sunday," I asked? "Well, but we are going to church," he said. "And how do you know we are not going to church too?" I queried again. "You must go back to the hotel!" was the reply in peremptory tones, the speaker at the same time, making an attempt to lay hold of my horses. I raised my whip and told him to "touch them if he dare!" At this he drew back, and I drove on, leaving the three worthies looking after us but not attempting to follow.

Had those young Frenchmen refrained from disturbing the squirrels and woodpeckers, and allowed them to enjoy their Sunday in peace, I would not have been led into a discussion on the subject of Sabbath desecration, but as I have been somehow drawn into it I intended having my say, but in doing so I must come down to the year 1869. This period will seem recent to the elders like myself, but to the younger portion of the community will appear quite remote. During the summer of that year, the late John Frost contracted with a brickmaker to manufacture brick on his own premises, he, Frost, agreeing to furnish wood with which to burn the kilns. On a Sunday morning, while a kiln was being burned, Frost received notice from the brickmaker, that the