

An incident occurred in the very early days of my grandfather's and grandmother's early life that I might record, showing that the poetry of life was to the fore when quite young. My grandfather was in his thirteenth year, my grandmother in her tenth year, when the first love letter was sent, and which I here give a copy. It would appear that my grandfather had been reading McPherson's "Ossian," which about that time was much talked about, and my grandfather, in his short love letter, imitated the style of the author:

"RETH,—Dare I approach the halls of purity and all the virtues with which thou art endowed, to humbly interrogate thee upon a question which lies nearest to my heart: 'tis simply this—

LOVEST THOU ME?

I love and have loved you ardently. Can you reciprocate my affection? Your answer will be life or death. Warrant my hopes, for which in suspense I humbly wait.

"Yours devotedly,

"JONATHAN."

And still another incident in their lives that occurred about two years afterwards,

and which perhaps made impressions on their youthful characters, that eventually brought them closer into unison, and they saw qualities of mind in each other that drew them together into greater intimacy.

One evening there called upon the household of Ruth's mother and father an Indian squaw, with a basket of beadwork—bags, moccasins and other fancy articles of Indian beadwork—which at that time was sold from house to house, and which was quite an every-day occurrence in the early history of Toronto. She (the squaw) was got up in all the peculiar and somewhat romantic garb of her Indian race—her short blue cloth skirt, her moccasined feet and leggings, her four-point government blanket covering her head of long black hair, her swarthy complexion and her deep dark blue eyes, her noiseless, stealthy walk, so peculiar to the Indian race—indeed, those people were always an object of interest, especially to those who had come over the seas. She laid down her basket of beadwork, and directed attention to them by signs, for as a