

ter, as well as himself, have gone to the rest that remaineth for the people of God. His remaining five children are still living in that country in fair circumstances. My brother's leaving Nissouri gave me great pain because it seemed to break up our labors in Church, day and Sabbath School work. Our families being large sustained the schools.

My sister Rebecca, as well as myself, was born in Lower Canada. While attending Sabbath School she was very proficient in committing scripture to memory—often repeating a whole chapter, to the great amazement of the school. After coming into Nissouri she became the wife of the late William Uren.

The War of 1812.

My father lived in Lower Canada about sixteen years, moving several times and finally settling on Colwell's Manor, near Oddletown. I was then about seven years of age. While living here the war of 1812 commenced by the American Government declaring war against Great Britain. When the news reached Canada I remember asking father how long the war would last. He told me the Revolutionary war lasted seven years, but it was impossible to say how long this would last. In common with the whole neighborhood, our family felt a great terror of the Indians from the knowledge we had of their cruelties in the last war; the very sight of one of them would cause great excitement. One evening a fire was kindled in the edge of the woods not far from us.