

ago that it was now more productive than ever before.

It was in the year 1844 that my grandmother's family left England for Canada, which included her father and mother, their six daughters and one son, leaving one married daughter on the farm at Long Marston. Only Joseph, a retired physician, and my grandmother Ruth survive. The elders were too advanced in life to take up farming in Canada, while their only son, who from boyhood had a longing for a liberal education, found opportunities in Canada that were not so easily got in England. He studied medicine at the Rolph School of medicine, attended the University under Dr. McCaul, passed in due time, and practised his profession in this country. He had a passion for Greek and Latin, and now at his advanced age reads his *Iliad* with enthusiasm and delight.

The mother of Ruth was of a remarkable gentle and refined nature; for although the northern farmer was, as a rule, of the earth, earthy, and put his trust pretty much

in his crops, his stock and his land—and is perhaps fairly described by Longfellow :

" He has no fine string sentiment who puts
His trust in bollocks and in beeves "

this northern farmer was an exception to the rule. He was a God-fearing man, a lay preacher both in England and Canada, and a man who walked justly, loved mercy and walked humbly with his God. But there was in this northern farmer's wife, the mother of Ruth, a fine spiritual nature, which was quickened into unselfish and holy activity. She carried in her pocket for many years the "Imitation of Jesus Christ," by Thomas à Kempis, which she read every spare moment of her time. She also read with much profit the life of Mrs. Fletcher and Hester Ann Rogers, Wesley's sermons and journal, while the sacred Scriptures were her constant book of reference, where she found her solid rest and constant source of comfort.