

London, thus ending an experience that we never forgot. We had been away about six weeks, and were much astonished, and not a little grieved, that our baby boy did not know us nor care to come to us.

IN THE NEW HOME.

We lived in a cottage on Fullarton street, next to the foundry, for seven years, after which we moved to our new house on Talbot street, the first day of August, 1854. We left the old home with considerable regret, as we experienced much happiness and comfort while residing there. Our three sons were born there. Nothing of special interest happened during those seven years. The opening of the Great Western Railway, which was of vast importance and caused much excitement and rejoicing. In our new home our three daughters were born. Dear Locust Mount (old it may be called now, for I have lived there nearly forty years), how many happy hours I have passed within its walls, and experienced not a few sorrows! Our first was the death by diphtheria of my eldest daughter, Alice, when six years old; and again, when we were called upon to part with our second son, Edwin, at the age of twenty-two, on the 6th June, 1873. Notwithstanding these sorrows, and the departure of other relatives and friends of our own age, our lives were very happy together. In the spring of 1889, failing health began to make itself manifest in my husband, and he was compelled at Easter to leave his Parliamentary duties at Ottawa, and was not able to return. The following July, he was prostrated by nervousness, and for twenty-two months was confined to our home, not being able either to walk out or drive. He bore this affliction very patiently to the end, expressing himself as being submissive to God's will and ready to depart. On the 14th May, 1891, he passed quietly away, and was laid to rest alongside his parents and children in Mount Pleasant.