

of farming. Several acquaintances from their immediate neighborhood in Scotland had already crossed the Atlantic and were settled in Darlington. Among these were Neil Grey, the McMillans and the Camerons. Blood is thicker than water, and naturally they desired the companionship of their former friends. After a short stay in the city Mr. Alexander Beith, Sr., and Mr. Robert Beith started for what was to be their future home. The journey was on foot and largely through the native forest. They reached Mr. Donald Cameron's and in due time commenced to search for the object of their quest. Finally they bought the beautiful farm upon which they lived for so many years. There can be no doubt as to the wisdom of their choice. Being joined by the other members of the family who followed from the city they occupied a house in the immediate vicinity for a time. Then commenced the hard struggle—a shelter was necessary for themselves and the stock; the land must be cleared etc.,—but those hardy Highlanders full of brawn and muscle were equal to the task.

Years afterwards the place, so fittingly named "Fairfield," was a model for others to copy. Educated, as nearly all Scotchmen were, with minds enriched by wide reading, they were just the kind of immigrants to make their influence felt in the surrounding community. The elder brother, Mr. Robert Beith, soon began to realize the disadvantages under which he and his co-workers were laboring and he was among the first (by example and precept) to bring about better methods. He was one of the most energetic promoters of our agricultural society, and to the importation and breeding of better farm stock, both of cattle and horses, he gave much attention. His life though a comparatively short one, was fruitful and the results of it are still being felt. His sudden illness and death was a terrible shock. To know him at all intimately would lead not only to friendship but to the higher development of our sentient nature. I do not exceed the limit in saying that he was beloved.

Mr. Alexander Beith, although of a different type of mind, less aggressive, was a strong character. He remained at "Fairfield" co-operating with the others for many years. He was the only one who married. Eventually the family bought a second farm in Clarshe and he removed there. He took the strongest possible interest in all political questions.

A man of earnest convictions, when he reached a conclusion nothing could change him. He did not become a public speaker but when off the platform he was a hard antagonist to meet. He had a clear, incisive faculty of sizing up a situation, and great readiness of speech in an argument. He would have made an excellent speaker had he cultivated his talents in that direction. He spoke on the subject of Missions in our church on one occasion, and I do not think I ever listened to a better address. I believe he was the first man in his party who suggested that the Hon. Edward Blake should be invited to West Durham. He married, in 1838, Miss McTaggart. They had five sons and three daughters all of whom are living except Mrs. Peter Murdock, namely—Mr. James Beith, our respected Collector of Customs, Mr. Robert Beith, ex M.P., with a continental reputation as the breeder of the Hackney horse; Doctor Alex. Beith a "McClure" in his profession, Mr. Duncan Beith, manager of the Waverley Stables, and Mr. William Beith, residing in Toronto.

Mr. Hector Beith, the youngest brother of the original stock, and Miss Mary Beith, remained at Fairfield till the place was sold. Mr. Hector Beith possesses all the intellectual resources of the others and is unassuming and kindly. He has never taken any very active part in matters beyond his own occupation, and has passed an even, happy life. When they moved into town he bought South Park which he and Miss Beith at present occupy.

The Presbyterian church in Bowmanville owes a great deal to the Beiths. From its earliest existence they have been among its staunchest supporters and most liberal contributors. I trust I am not passing the correct boundary in making a short personal allusion. My mother and Miss Beith had much to do in helping to build the first Presbyterian church. They personally canvassed for subscriptions between Cobourg and Toronto and assisted in every way to raise the necessary funds. Shortly after the families became acquainted a strong friendship was formed which, under all the changes of three quarters of a century, has never been marred.

The home at Fairfield from its earliest days was the very acme of warm-hearted Highland hospitality. No one who was ever engaged about the premises, as servants or otherwise, but entertained for the family the highest respect and