

to have no distinct recollection of my parents. He said at that time he was like a walking skeleton. What a great change ! Before I left him I told him that I was an Episcopal Methodist. He seemed to receive this information with some regret and did not give me so cordial a good-bye as when he first received me. I learned afterwards that he was one of those who were very much opposed to those that remained Episcopal Methodists in 1833.

Father was a short, thick, heavy, bald-headed man of a cheerful lively disposition, very active, of a sound mind and a ready talker. Although not successful in gaining much of this world's goods, yet he was very precise in keeping his family from associating with low company, notwithstanding the fact that he had lost much of his religion and was living in a back-slidden state. But it was not so with my mother. She maintained her integrity with God, always guarding her children with great care and Godly counsel. In a secondary sense I owe all my religious impressions to her teaching. She often said when I used naughty words in her hearing that she would rather I would strike her. I sometimes fancy that I can almost feel now the impress of her hand on my head saying, "Prepare to meet thy God." So amiable her disposition that in her lifetime she never had a dispute with any one.

When my father came to Canada his family consisted of three children—two girls and a boy. My eldest sister Elizabeth became the wife of Reuben Gleason, who with his family came into Missouri in 1828. Although in very moder-