

borhood. While at that time the people thought nothing of travelling twenty or even thirty miles to hear the Word preached, yet the great part of the pastor's work consisted in pastoral visitation, going from house to house and giving each family in turn a thorough drilling in the fundamental truths of the Bible. The children had to undergo a strict examination in both the Bible and shorter catechism, which, to a Scotchman the world over, is only a little less sacred than the Bible. Woe betide the luckless youth who was not able to readily answer the questions asked. As the settlement grew, it was felt that a church should be built.



## *The Churches*

In 1834 events had reached the point, where the people felt that they could no longer do without a place of worship. Money was scarce, but timber was plentiful, and that of the very best. The people turned out in force, drew the logs to the mill, had

the lumber sawed, and hauled to the site on which it was decided to build. The site was given by the late Mr. James McKinley, and was on lot four, concession twelve, and was to be free of all charges so long as used for church purposes. The frame was of the best oak and the siding of whitewood, both calculated to withstand the ravages of weather and time for many long years. Early in 1835 everything was ready, and the able-bodied men for many miles around gathered together to assist at the raising. The honor of laying the corner stone was not considered very great at that time. Rev. Mr. Ross was asked to drive the pin that bound the foundation together, but at first positively refused, considering that it was beneath the dignity of a minister to do such a thing. His stand did not much please the sturdy Highlanders who were present, and one of them remarked sarcastically in Gaelic, "Behold the weaver's son." Rev. Mr. Ross, being the son of a weaver, the people did not think that he would need to be so anxious about the dignity of his calling. Thus early were the forests of Canada