

Memoir.

It was a time of greatest interest and rejoicing, when, on a farm in Haldimand Township, Northumberland County, Province of Ontario, early in the morning, there came the first-born child—a son. It was one of those charming days in a Canadian September, in the year 1848, and in the twentieth day of this delightful month. All hearts were glad over the happy event, and Charles Albert Massey made his earthly advent amid joyful acclamations—a most welcome guest. The youthful parents soon realized what a prize had been given them, and the infant visitor added daily to his fame. His large and well-shaped head, beautiful features, fine physique and “orderly manners” drew about him admiring friends. He was the joy of the farm, the pet of the household, and the growth of the new-born babe was watched with interest by all. Little Charles was blessed with good health and disposition, consequently caring for him was not a burden, and there was but “little noise about the house.”

It was very fitting that the subject of these lines should begin life upon a farm; his business life and associations always had to do with that which related to the farm and the farmer.

But the stay of our little friend upon the farm was not very long—he was just nicely out of babyhood when stakes were pulled up and the family left the farm, changing the country for the village. Before leaving, however, the first-born child received in Christian baptism the name by which he should always be known. This sacred ceremony was performed by Rev. John Douse, according to the ritual of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. In this rite two uncles were remembered—the first, respectively, a brother of the mother and the second a brother of the father—and Charles Albert was the name.

In those days it was quite a different thing to make so radical a change to what it is now, and to leave a prosperous farming busi-