

ber the first boy who taught me to say bad words. I vainly thought that if I had not seen him I would not have learned that habit. Whenever my playmates were a better class I fell in with their influence. In Smithsville my opportunities for fostering any good desires were better than formerly. My sister Rebecca and I attended the Sunday School regularly while staying there. I could never compete with my dear sister who was very proficient in committing Scripture to memory. Our teacher was the late Ebenezer Griffin, long since gone to his reward. His father, Smith Griffin, whose name the village bears, was a local preacher in the M. E. Church, one of the leading men in the church and in the village, being owner of the grist mill, saw-mill, carding machine, store and ashery. What a blessing it is to any place when the leading man is a Christian!

Here I had the opportunity not only of Sabbath School, but of preaching, forming the acquaintance of the early pioneer preachers. I had the pleasure of hearing and forming the acquaintance of the late Elder Ryan, whose home was near. He was one among the first Presiding Elders in the M. E. Church in Canada. His District comprised all Upper Canada, part of Lower Canada and a large portion of New York State. Here I also heard the wonderful Isaac Peffer of precious memory, who travelled this circuit the first year of our stay in Grimsby. I distinctly remember the first text and the first hymn gave out at his first appointment, which was in Acts; "Repent ye therefore and be converted